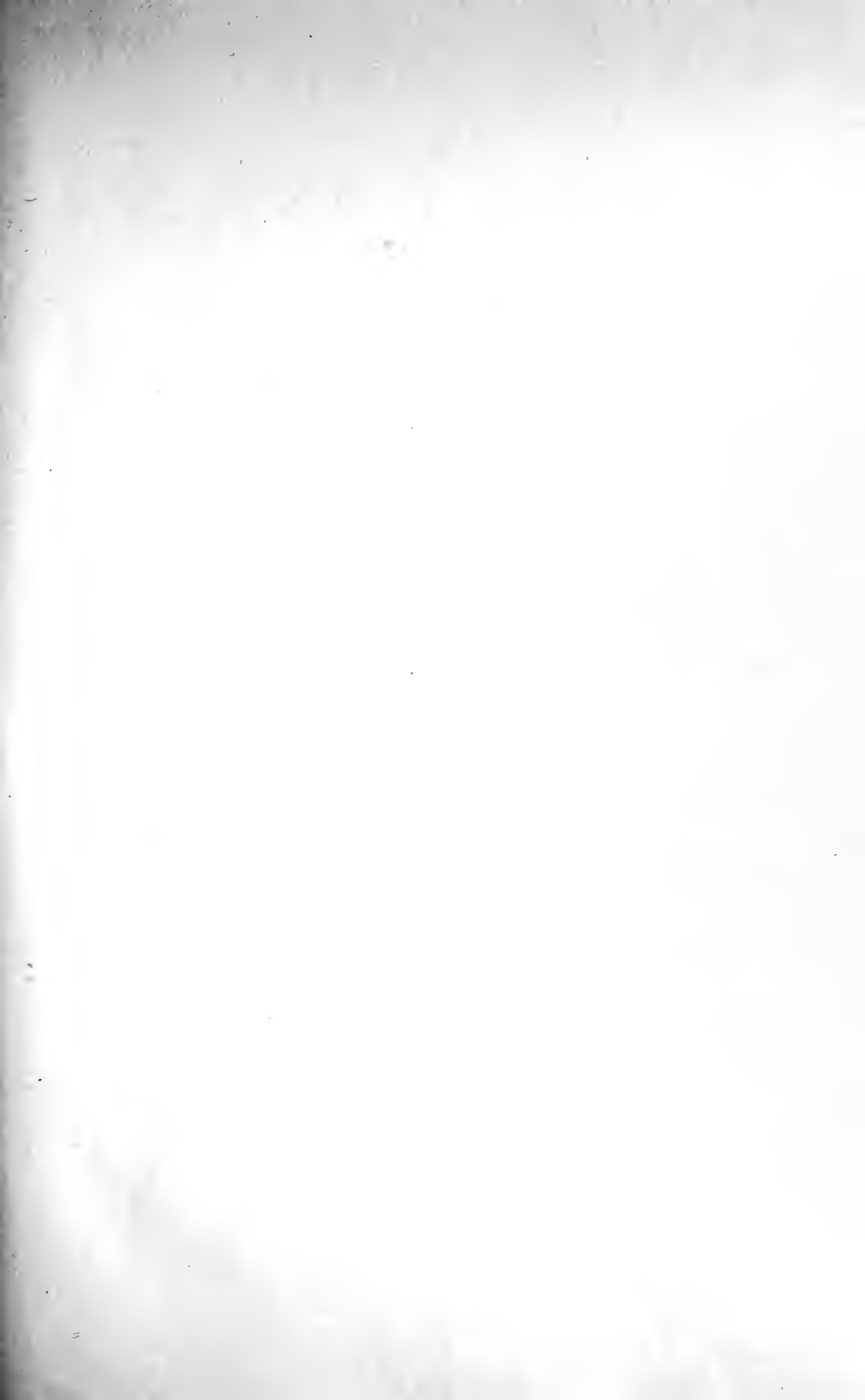




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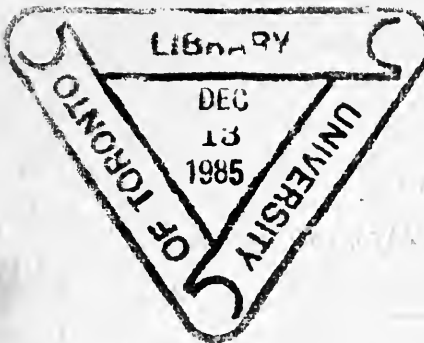
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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 1.

CANVAS-BACK AND TERRAPIN.



DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

THE Chesapeake has conferred upon Baltimore the title of the "gastronomic capital" of the country. The fish, the game and the reptiles of its generous waters, and the traditions of the Maryland kitchen, have made Baltimore a Mecca toward which the eyes of all American *bon-vivants* are turned with a veneration that dyspepsia cannot impair. Places have their dishes and exult in them. New England points with pride to an unsullied record of pumpkin-pies. New Orleans has its pompano,

and boasts it much as Greenwich does its white-bait. In San Francisco you win the confidence of the Californian by praising his little coppery oysters and saying that they remind you of "Ostend penn'orths" or Dublin's Burton-Bindins, and that after all the true taste of the "natives" is only acquired in waters where there is an excess of copper in suspension. At Norfolk the sacred dish that is offered upon the altar of hospitality is the hog-fish. The modest New Yorker, in the acerbity of the lenten

season, asks his foreign friend if he ever saw anything like "our shad." In Albany you partake of "beef" sliced from a Hud-



AB OVO—A BRITISH SUBJECT.

son River sturgeon; a fish of which cutlets from the shoulders are served in San Francisco to excellent purpose as *filets de sole*. Chicago has been heard to speak of white-fish. In Calcutta one inwardly consumes with curry. Bird's-nest soup, made from the gelatinous and insipid secretion of the sea-swallow, is the dish of honor at Shanghai. But Baltimore rests not its reputation upon the precarious tenure of a single dish; it sits in complacent contemplation of the unrivaled variety of its local market and calmly forbids comparison. While the Chesapeake continues to give it its terrapins, its canvas-backs, its oysters and its fish, this may be done with safety; and among the pleasantest recollections that a stranger may have shall be those of a Maryland kitchen in the "season." Visitors from the mother-country seldom overlook it and they have recorded their sentiments ever since the old colonial days. In these days of rapid transit it were strange if our trans-Atlantic cousins did not know more about it; and Liverpool receives many a crate of canvas-backs, many a barrel of choice oysters, and many a can of terrapin, cunningly packed in Baltimore. There have recently been dinners given in London and Paris at which every article of food upon the table came from America.

The shores within reach of Baltimore are of considerable extent and are for the most part owned by wealthy citizens. In winter they are known as "ducking-shores," in summer as "fishing-shores." Some are leased to "clubs" just as trout and salmon rivers are in England and Scotland and Norway, but a majority are private property and are carefully guarded. The ducks of the Chesapeake are the same birds that are seen in Hudson's Bay and on the northern lakes. They follow the edge of the winter along the Atlantic coast, and the water they prefer to feed in is that in which ice is about to form or from which it has just disappeared. Nowhere are they so good

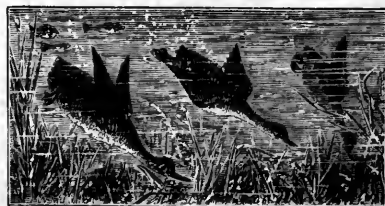
for the table as in the Chesapeake. Elsewhere they are tough or fishy, but the great vegetable beds of its shallows, and the quantity of wild celery that they contain, impart to their flesh its greatest delicacy and best flavor. In the matter of variety they are known as canvas-backs, red-heads, bald-pates, black-heads and mallards. There are numbers of smaller ducks with arbitrary names depending apparently very much upon the locality and its peculiar ornithological bent. In the way of larger birds there are swans and geese. Their numbers are inconceivable, but they are very wild and hard to approach. Both, for the table, are as fine in their way as any game bird that flies.

There are various ways of shooting the ducks of the Chesapeake and its broad affluent, the Susquehanna. Gentlemen for the most part shoot from "blinds" and use decoys; while market gunners use the "sink-boat" or the "night reflector." "Blinds" are any sort of artificial concealment placed at an advantageous point upon the shore. They generally consist of a seat in a sort of box or shelter some four feet deep, and capable of containing three or four persons and a couple of dogs. They are thoroughly covered up with pine branches and young pine-trees, and communicate with the shore by a path similarly sheltered. The water in front is comparatively shallow, and, if it



DIVING FOR CELERY—NO. 1.

contain beds of wild celery on the bottom, is sure to be a feeding ground for the ducks. About thirty yards from the "blind" are anchored a fleet of perhaps a hundred and fifty decoys. They are wooden ducks roughly carved and painted, but devised with a strict regard for variety and sex. At a little distance they are calculated to deceive any eye, and they certainly have a great



DIVING FOR CELERY—NO. 2.

deal of weight in determining the action of a passing flock or "bunch" of ducks. The sink-boat is in reality a floating blind. It

is nothing more than an anchored box or coffin with hinged flaps to keep the water from invading it. The gunner lies on his back in it, completely out of sight, and around it are placed the decoys. It is extremely tiresome work, but very destructive to the birds. They float down the stream when shot and are picked up from a boat stationed below. It is a wholesale murdering sort of thing and has little "sport"

hesitation is felt at having a crack at the "pot-hunter's" nefarious light.

Accepting an invitation for a day's duck-shooting at B.'s gave me a personal experience of one of the best "shores" in Maryland. Seated in a good, serviceable wagon, our party of three left Baltimore in the afternoon, and a brisk trot of two hours and a half over roads for the most part in excellent condition brought us to the ducking-



THE NEFARIOUS POT-HUNTER.

about it. The "night reflector" is quite as bad. It consists of a large reflector behind a common naphtha lamp and mounted upon the bow of a boat. The latter is rowed out into the stream where the ducks are "bedded" for the night, and the birds, fascinated by the light, swim to it from every side and bob against the boat in helpless confusion. The number of birds secured depends only on the caliber of the gun. From twenty to thirty ducks to each shot fired is a common experience. The hunter who uses one of these reflectors may succeed in getting into half a dozen "beds" in a night. Another thing he sometimes succeeds in is getting a charge of shot in his body from some indignant sportsman on shore. If a rifle is handy and any one chances to be up and about at the hour, no

shore on Bush River. The last mile or so was through the "woods" over a comparatively new road with water on each side of it, the surrounding ground being evidently in a marshy condition. The undergrowth was very thick and young, as if it were taking the place of a forest recently destroyed by fire. There were, however, plenty of tall gum-trees, chestnuts and pines, and it was, as B. enthusiastically described it, while pointing to the track of an animal in the road, a splendid spot for 'coons and 'possums. We drew out shortly into a clearing, on the other side of which was a house and some out-buildings, the only habitation in sight or within a considerable distance. The barking of innumerable dogs welcomed our approach, and, as we pulled up in front of the door, the river, about four hundred

yards in width, came into view just in the rear. It was evidently the establishment of a plain, comfortable farmer, whose guardianship of the ducking and fishing doubtless greatly diminished the annual rental to the owner. Our "traps" were soon inside and the horses stabled. We had one large room containing six small and well-kept beds, and at one end a capacious fire-place, on which a great pile of hickory logs was burning and diffusing a genial glow and the not disagreeable odor of a wood fire. On the ceiling were fishing-rods, nets, and tackle of every description; while around the walls were gun-racks, clothing, and hunting paraphernalia in profusion. At seven o'clock a substantial and well-cooked dinner or supper was served in the adjoining kitchen, to which our farmer sat down with us. The conversation related chiefly to some recent incidents of 'coon-hunting, and a discussion as to the probable direction of the wind in the morning. Apprehensions of a north-west wind were expressed, but the general idea was that it would blow up from the south-west with snow or rain, in

the kitchen. A hasty douse of water with an eighth of an inch of ice on its surface, and a liberal "nip" of whisky,—the latter insisted upon for sanitary reasons of obscure origin but evidently great weight,—and we sat down. Either there was something in the air or the spirits were at the bottom of it, but at any rate the heavy supper of the previous evening seemed entirely forgotten and the quantity of breakfast consumed was amazing. We were out in the sharp, frosty air and bright moonlight at a quarter to four o'clock, excellently fortified to meet the demands of the day and the rigor of the weather.

It was but a few yards from the house to the water, and we had a row of a mile and a half to the "blind." We got into a good, steady, flat-bottomed boat, in which two dogs, whom no one had called, took their places in perfunctory and solemn fashion, and we shoved off, while about a dozen hounds and yard-dogs howled a muffled and anxious adieu from the bank. The moon hung low near the tree-tops, the river was dark and its outlines black and



OUR QUARTERS.

which case the ducks would be plentiful. After half an hour spent in selecting guns, filling cartridge-belts and satchels, and in other preparations, we turned in at nine o'clock, and, although the hour was somewhat unusual to me, I slept soundly. At three o'clock our farmer came in and called us and lit the lamp. Breakfast—beefsteak, rashers of bacon, eggs and coffee—was already sputtering and crackling in

mysterious. About a quarter of an inch of ice had formed, and as we crashed steadily through it, odd and fantastic echoes came from the gloomy and silent shores. As we reached the broader water nearer the mouth of the creek the ice disappeared, but the surface was calm and nowhere gave back a reflection of the moon. M. was in the bow and I in the stern, our host, B., rowing in the middle. Suddenly he

stopped, seized his gun and loaded it. M. did the same; I was too mystified to understand the proceeding and was content to wonder and look on, peering around in the

The ducks, on rising, had wheeled around, making a semicircle of half a mile, and, as my friends' experience led them to expect, had come directly down the river. There



ROWING DOWN TO THE BLIND, 4:30 A. M.

gloom to find the occasion and seeing nothing but the impenetrable shadows and the undefined depths of the dark shore.

"Hist!" said B. "There is where they are," and taking his gun between his knees he pulled a few strong, quiet strokes again. In a moment there was a most astonishing and startling noise, and I saw, about five hundred yards to the right, a long line of bright silver break upon the water. Thousands of ducks that had made a great "bed" in the creek during the night had been startled and were taking wing simultaneously, and the noise made by their splashing as they rose was tremendous. Presently, as the last duck lifted into the air, it ceased and all was as silent as before. Not a duck could be seen, but my two friends had their guns cocked and were apparently listening intently. In a minute I heard a curious whistling sound. It grew louder and seemed to approach, but I could see nothing whatever. As I looked, both my companions brought up their guns and fired both barrels almost simultaneously overhead.

"Hush!" said B. "Listen carefully. Mark one! Mark two! Mark three!"

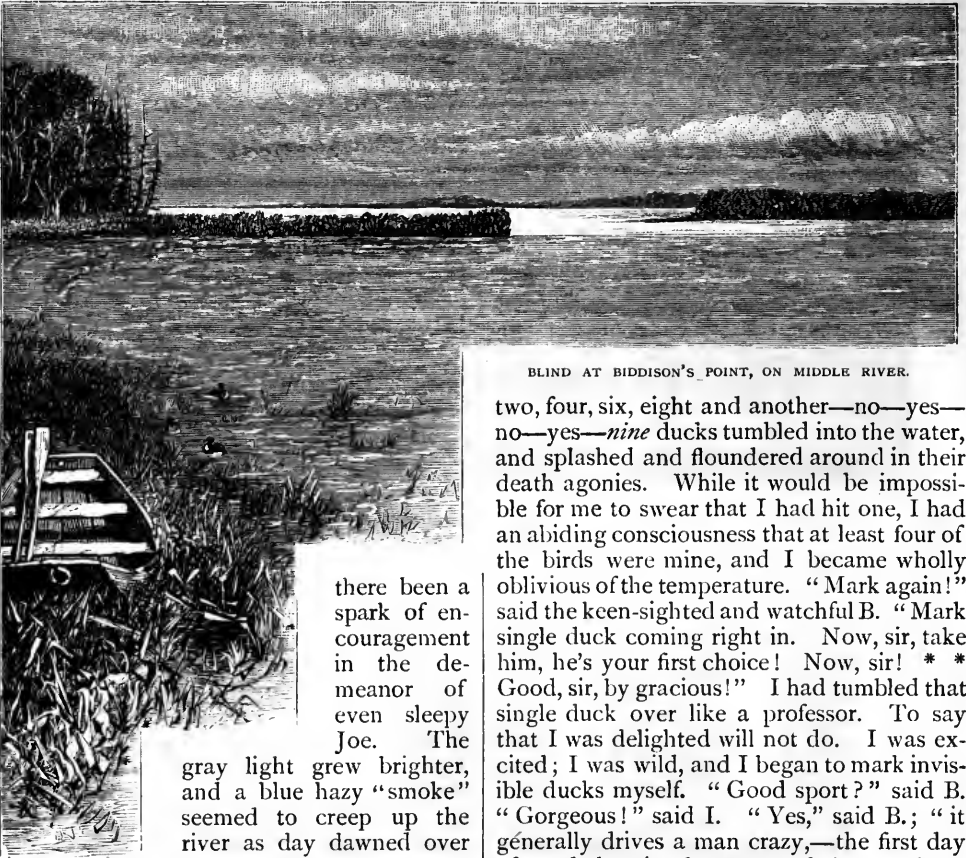
I heard the splashes, and as the birds falling broke the water it faintly caught up the moonlight and we could see three ducks struggling not one hundred yards off; at the same moment both dogs, without an order from any one, disappeared overboard.

"How did you know where to fire?" I asked.

"You are not used to it yet," replied B. "When you are you'll see ducks easily enough on the darkest night."

were thousands of them in the air and the whistling sound was made by their wings. In the meantime both dogs came up to the side to be taken in. Each had a red-head in his mouth; the third bird having died, could not be detected in the darkness and was abandoned.

A further pull of some ten minutes brought us to the blind, inside of which we found Joe, the darkey who had put out the decoys during the night. He was fast asleep in the straw, though the thermometer was below freezing-point. He took our boat and rowed it away out of sight around the nearest point, and then returning, lay down by the dogs and went asleep again. We seated ourselves to wait for day-break and ducks, and I endeavored to persuade myself that I was not cold. My companions spoke in hushed ecstasy of the south-west wind that blew up the river as the moon went down. It struck me as the coldest wind I had ever known, and I drew my hands up my sleeves and made a manful effort to keep my teeth from chattering. A gray light stole across the eastern sky and I began to see the *canards* riding at anchor in front of our blind. I was undeniably cold, and it was all I could do to keep from confessing to myself that I felt miserable. Besides, my companions had been whispering dismal experiences of whole days in blinds without a solitary shot, and I began to despise the whole business. The blind became a dry goods box in a bush, and the decoys an unblushing and unworthy device, and I could have readily proclaimed the whole thing unsportsmanlike and disgraceful, had



BLIND AT BIDDISON'S POINT, ON MIDDLE RIVER.

there been a spark of encouragement in the demeanor of even sleepy Joe. The

gray light grew brighter, and a blue hazy "smoke" seemed to creep up the river as day dawned over the cold water. Presently

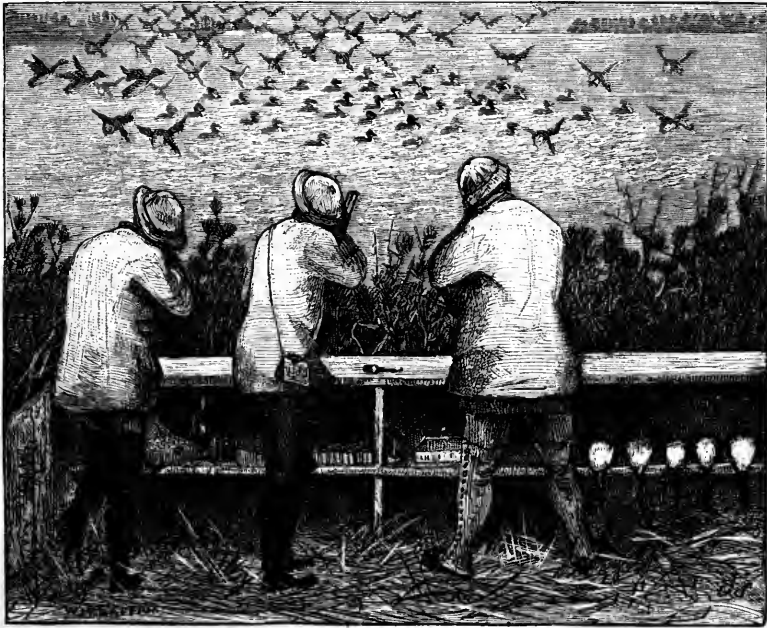
we heard a shrilly feeble whistle, precisely such as the young puddle-duck of the barn-yard makes in his earliest vocal efforts. "Bald-pates!" said B., and overhead, far out of reach, we saw four ducks. "There'll be lots of them now," said B. "They are coming up the river before the wind. H'sh! mark, mark, now, quiet everybody!" Right out of the blue smoke, coming directly toward our blind, came not less than two hundred black-heads. On they came, straight toward the decoys. Within a hundred yards of our noses, the leader swerved and out they all went, not one coming within gunshot. Before I could give way to my disappointment, B. gave his warning again. "Mark! mark a bunch of canvas-backs!" and from the same direction, flying within a foot or two of the water, came some twenty ducks. They saw the decoy flock, turned in, and in a moment more were hovering within a few inches of the wooden heads. All three stood up, and as the ducks hung fluttering, six barrels were poured into them, and one,

two, four, six, eight and another—no—yes—no—yes—*nine* ducks tumbled into the water, and splashed and floundered around in their death agonies. While it would be impossible for me to swear that I had hit one, I had an abiding consciousness that at least four of the birds were mine, and I became wholly oblivious of the temperature. "Mark again!" said the keen-sighted and watchful B. "Mark single duck coming right in. Now, sir, take him, he's your first choice! Now, sir! * * Good, sir, by gracious!" I had tumbled that single duck over like a professor. To say that I was delighted will not do. I was excited; I was wild, and I began to mark invisible ducks myself. "Good sport?" said B. "Gorgeous!" said I. "Yes," said B.; "it generally drives a man crazy,—the first day of good shooting he gets, and then we have to take him up here in the woods and tie him to a tree till he calms down, and is fit to be allowed back in the blind." I did not think I was so excited, but I soothed myself. But by this time it was almost sunrise, and we could see ducks coming up the river in countless numbers. Presently a large flock left the middle of the stream, and swept out about half a mile below into a broad bay. At first it seemed as if they would "bed" there, but they turned and headed for the blind. We crouched low, and scarcely dared to breathe lest they should swerve out into the stream again. On they came like a whirlwind, and were fluttering and splashing on the decoys as we rose and fired six barrels into the thickest part of them. Not less than twenty canvas-backs and red-heads fell, and, as some, only disabled, tried to swim away, a few more shots made sure of them.

"Mark, gemmen, mark!" said Joe, holding down the dogs, and "whir" came a flock of bald-pates right over us from

behind. B., who shoots from his left shoulder, had his gun up in an instant and fired both barrels directly over his head, and two large, heavy birds fell wounded outside the line of the decoys. Neither M. nor myself had been quick enough. "Now, Joe," said B., "out with you; quick!" Joe let go the dogs and dived under the blind and in a moment more was paddling out and picking up duck after duck with his little canoe. Here came in the office of the dogs, whose wonderful instinct and training and perfect experience constitute one of the most astonishing examples of animal intelligence that one may see. They were not, in appearance, dogs that would attract any

dog each time waiting patiently for the duck's re-appearance, and each time getting nearer and nearer to it. Finally, with a sudden dash and a partial dive, each dog seized her duck, and turning, swam to shore with it. They would not trouble themselves with the ducks that Joe could secure, but selected those that required their particular attention, swimming after each not less than a quarter of a mile. When a shot is fired and a duck falls, a dog trained as these were will, unless forbidden, leave the blind immediately and secure the bird. If no duck falls he lies down again, invariably using his own judgment as to the result of the shot. He will never stir



OVER THE DECOYS.

special attention. They belonged to the breed known as Chesapeake duck-dogs, and they certainly showed that retrieving ducks was their vocation. They went out straight through some thirty birds, in and around the decoys, toward the two bald-pates, which, only slightly disabled, were swimming rapidly away. Each dog selected his bird, and went for it steadily. As the dog drew near, down went the duck. The dog stopped, and, as it were, stood up in the water turning slowly round in a circle looking for the duck to re-appear. The moment it came up he went for it again. This time he got nearer. The same thing was repeated, the

without express orders if he thinks the shot has been ineffectual. The breed is peculiar to these waters. It is a short-haired water-spaniel, drawn from imported stock, and peculiarly adapted to the cold water, and has been cultivated for years and is greatly prized by the sportsmen of Maryland.

By nine o'clock we had ninety-six fine ducks in our blind, and a very handsome and imposing-looking lot of game, indeed, they made. After that hour the ducks ceased "trading," as flying from one point to another is termed, and began to form great beds of countless thousands out in the



JOE.

open water. As far as the eye could reach, the middle of the stream and the broad water of the river below were covered with them. There were literally acres of ducks of all kinds, but "trading" was at an end, and shooting, except of an occasional single or stray duck, was temporarily suspended.

"Well," said B., "I suppose, now, you'd like to see some duck-tolling?"

"I'd like to be told," I replied, "what tolling is."

B. declined to explain, and said the only way to find out was to see it for oneself. It was determined to go over to Cold Spring, and as a walk of half a mile across one of these peninsulas will take one from one estuary to another, we shouldered our guns and were soon in sight of it. It was just such another sheet of water as we had left, with woods growing thickly down to a sandy shore. We walked leisurely over, and Joe, having gone to his cabin for a young spaniel in his keeping, overtook us. Cold Spring was full of ducks, but they were all "bedded" far out from the shore. We made for a sheltered cove, and were shortly crawling on our hands and knees through the calamus and dry, yellow-tufted marsh grass, which made a good cover almost to the water's

edge. Joe left the dogs with us, and, going back into the woods, presently returned with his hat full of chips from the stump of a tree that had been felled. The ducks were swimming slowly up before the wind, and it seemed possible that a large body of them might pass within a few hundred yards of where we were. The two dogs, "Rollo" and "Jim," lay down close behind us, and Joe, lying flat behind a thick tuft a few yards to our right, and about fifteen feet from the water's edge, had his hat full of chips and held the young spaniel beside him. All remained perfectly quiet and watched the ducks. After nearly three-quarters of an hour's patient waiting, we saw a large body of ducks gradually drifting in toward our cove. They were between three and four hundred yards away, when B. said:

"Try them now, Joe! Now, boys, be ready, and don't move a muscle until I say fire!"

Then Joe commenced tolling the ducks. He threw a chip into the water, and let his dog go. The spaniel skipped eagerly in with unbounded manifestations of delight. I thought it for a moment a great piece of carelessness on Joe's part. But in went another chip just at the shallow edge, and the spaniel entered into the fun with the greatest zest imaginable. Joe kept on throwing his chips, first to the right and then to the left, and the more he threw, the more gayly the dog played. For twenty minutes I watched this mysterious and seemingly purposeless performance, but presently, looking toward the ducks, I noticed that a few coots had left the main body and had headed



POSTHUMOUS MIGRATION—A CRATE OF CANVAS-BACKS FOR LONDON.

toward the dog. Even at that distance, I could see that they were attracted by his actions. They were soon followed by other coots, and, after a minute or two, a few large ducks came out from the bed and joined them. Others followed these, and then there were successive defections of rapidly increasing numbers. Several ducks stood

movement. The more wildly he played, the more erratic grew the actions of the ducks. They deployed from right to left, retreated and advanced, whirled in companies, and crossed and recrossed one another. Stragglers hurried up from the rear, and bunches from the main bed came fluttering and pushing through to the front to see what it



A TOLL OF DUCKS COMING IN.

up in the water by the aid of their wings, sustained themselves a moment, and, sitting down, swam rapidly around in involved circles, betraying the greatest excitement. And still the dog played, and played, and gamboled in graceful fashion after Joe's chips. By this time the ducks were not over two hundred yards away, and, taking heart of their numbers, were approaching rapidly, showing in all their actions the liveliest curiosity. It was an astonishing and most interesting spectacle to see them marshaling about, to see long lines stand up out of the water, to note their fatuous excitement and the fidelity with which the dog kept to his deceitful antics, never breaking the spell by a fatal bark or a disturbing

was all about. By this time the nearest skirmishers were not a hundred yards off, and as Joe threw the chips to right or left and the dog wheeled after them, so would the ducks immediately wheel from side to side. On they came until some were about thirty yards away. These held back, while the ungovernable curiosity of those behind made them push forward until the dog had a closely packed audience of over a thousand ducks gathered in front of him.

"Fire!" said B., and the spectacle ended in havoc and slaughter. We gave them the first barrel sitting, and, as they rose, the second. We got thirty-nine canvas-backs and red-heads, and some half dozen coots.

Another way of "tolling" ducks, said to



INTERRUPTED PILGRIMS.

be very effectual, is with a gorgeous yellow-and-red bandana handkerchief, waved above the grass and rushes on a stick. Ducks will walk right up on shore to examine it and pay the penalty of their curiosity. The canvas-back has the bump of inquisitiveness

more largely developed than any other wild variety.

Upon the table, the canvas-back makes a royal dish, though few can distinguish between it and the red-head when both are in season. Only those very familiar with the birds can tell which is which when alive, and, when served, it becomes almost an impossibility. The celery flavor is more marked in the canvas-back in the best of the season. It is seldom served precisely as it should be anywhere out of Maryland. If allowed to remain in the oven five minutes too long, it is unfit for the table. A great deal also depends upon the carving. A good quick oven will cook a full-sized duck in twenty-two minutes. It should never remain in over twenty-five. After a duck is picked and drawn, it should be simply wiped dry. Water should never touch it, and it should be fairly seasoned before going to the fire. When done, the birds should be placed in pairs in hot, dry dishes. There is no need to prepare a gravy; immediately they are cut, they will fill the dish with the richest gravy that ever was tasted. One canvas-back to each "cover" is considered a fair allowance at a Maryland table, but when the bird is only an incident of the dinner or supper, of course half a bird is sufficient for each person. Slicing the bird is unheard of. The two-pronged fork is inserted diagonally astride the breast-bone, and the knife lays half of the bird on each side, leaving the "carcass" on the fork between. The triangle of meat an inch thick comprised between the leg and the wing, with its apex at the back and its



IN THE LARDER.

base at the breast, is considered the most delicious morsel of meat that exists. The canvas-back in Maryland is served with large hominy fried in cakes, celery, and a dry champagne, or a bottle of Burgundy that is Burgundy.

Terrapin, in the order of dishes, precedes the duck at the table. In Baltimore it is a great lenten dish, devout and wealthy Catholics finding that it greatly facilitates the observance of the "regulations." It is singular that it should appear to be exempt from the church prohibition, for when on the table it would be hard to define it as anything but very positive meat. It is certainly quite as much meat as a broiled leg of a frog. Terrapins are worth from \$25 to \$36 a dozen during the season. A dozen terrapins consist of twelve "diamond-backs," no one of which measures less than seven inches in length on the under shell. A seven-inch terrapin is called a "count terrapin," and anything smaller is not counted. The largest known do not exceed ten inches in length and eight pounds in weight; and such are extremely rare. The seven-inch terrapin averages four pounds in weight. "Sliders," the common river turtles of almost all the rivers of the region, grow to a much larger size. They sell at from \$6 to \$9 a dozen, and are largely used by hotels and restaurants, where they are retailed at \$1 and \$1.25 a dish as genuine diamond-back terrapin. It is next to impossible to get a genuine dish of terrapin at a public house. The one or two people controlling the trade say they sell almost exclusively for private tables.

Terrapin are caught all the way from Savannah and Charleston to the Patapsco River at Baltimore, but the genuine diamond-back belongs only to the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. The majority of the sliders are brought to Baltimore from the James River. The terrapin-catchers make from \$5 to \$50 per week, and they find the reptile, or "bird" as the *bon vivant* calls it, by probing the mud in the shallows with sticks. The terrapin is dormant, and when found is easily secured. A four-pound terrapin taken about September 15th, will exist prosperously in a dark, cool place, without food or drink, until April 15th, and (the dealers say) will gain two ounces in weight. After that time it gets

lively and active, and will take hold of a finger with great effusion and effectiveness. The male terrapin is known as a "bull," and the female as a "cow." The latter is much more highly prized and generally contains about thirty eggs. No dish of terrapin is thought complete without being garnished with these. It is sad to be compelled to state that the sinful restaurateur and hotel man betakes him to the egg of the pigeon,



TERRAPIN-HUNTING.

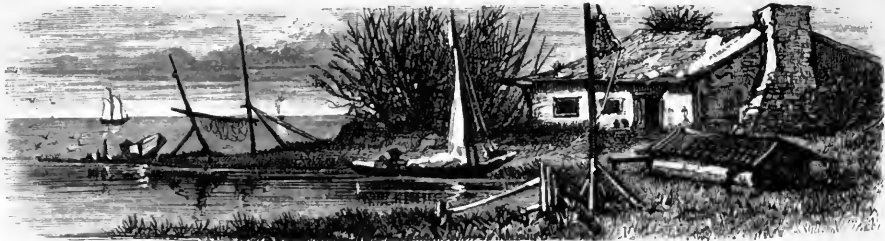
wherewith to set off his counterfeit presentment of a noble reptile.

Thirty years ago the largest dealer in Baltimore had hard work to dispose of the terrapin he received at \$6 a dozen. The product, he tells me, is about the same, year in and year out. He sells as many now as he did then. But old people on the eastern peninsula bring to mind the time when of a warm day the terrapins basking in shoals on the surface of the water were caught in seines and fed to the pigs. That day, however, is of the past, and it is doubtful if this valuable article of food is not gradually becoming extinct. The negroes who make a business of sending them to market complain of their increasing rarity, and nothing but the high price has stimulated them to keep up the supply.

The negroes are credited with having been the first to bring the virtues of the terrapin to notice. They cooked, and still

cook it by placing it alive among the hot coals or in an oven. When it is sufficiently cooked the under shell is easily removed with a knife, and the contents are then eaten from the inverted upper shell, nothing being

a box or two addressed to the New York restaurant. With all due respect for a New York *cuisine*, neither the terrapin nor the canvas-back is ever the same when eaten away from, so to speak, its native heath.



A TERRAPIN-HUNTER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

removed but the gall sac. There are many, particularly epicures of long experience with the terrapin, who maintain that this is the true way to cook it. One noted for his knowledge of Maryland dishes, invariably cooks his terrapin as follows: He places a "count," alive, on its back in an old-fashioned ten-plate stove, roasts it until the under shell is easily detached, removes the gall, adds a little butter, salt and a glass of good sherry or madeira, and then eats it with a sense as of a Mussulman discounting the delights of the seventh heaven. He has never met Mr. Bergh.

Baltimore consumes most of the terrapins caught. Large numbers are shipped to New York. Delmonico is a good customer of the Baltimore market, and Scoggins's game and terrapin d  p  t is seldom without

There is an indefinable halo of originality about Maryland cookery, wholly independent of the process, just delicately alluded to in connection with terrapin, that obtains nowhere else. A Maryland dinner is simplicity itself, but it would tax the capacity of the "best men" of a New York club.

Washington eats more fish than any other city in the United States in proportion to its population, but Baltimore probably eats more good things generally. There is a sort of refined barbarism about such a *menu* as that of a plain winter dinner in Maryland that would doubtless vex Mr. Felix Del  e, and his confr  res of that august fraternity, the *cordons bleus* of New York. Here it is, without any of the "illusions" in which a French artist would so like to enshroud it: "Four small oysters from Lynhaven Bay

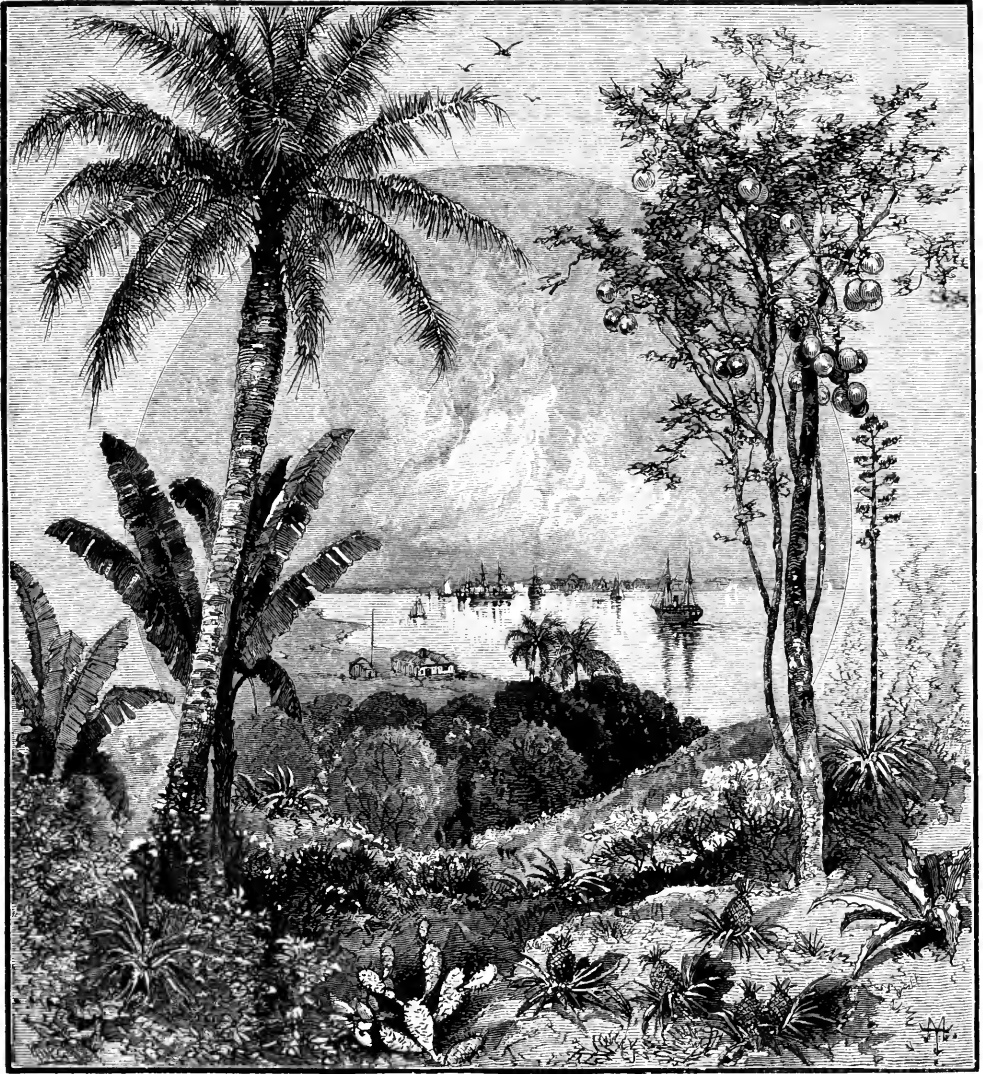


TERRAPIN FOR THREE.

(once opened they would never again be inclosed in the self-same shell); terrapin *à la* Maryland; canvas-back ducks; a small salad of crab and lettuce. Vegetables:—baked Irish potatoes; fried hominy cakes,

and plain celery." If this shall have been attended by adventitious circumstances it will put the artificialities of refined cookery of the exalted order entirely to the blush.

AN ISLE OF JUNE.



NASSAU HARBOR, FROM HOG ISLAND.

It was on a cold, rainy morning in February that we left Savannah on the steamer for Nassau. We steamed through the yellow waters of the Savannah River and over

the bar at its mouth, and soon were fairly out at sea, where the long, even swells took our vessel gently in their arms and rolled her slowly from side to side as if they were

trying to put her to sleep. Those of the passengers who remained on deck wore overcoats or other wraps, and did not find it very convenient to do much promenading. However, the light of hope was burning in every eye, and by sunrise next morning we found ourselves off St. Augustine, Florida, with the rolling swell changed to short, chopping waves, which suited some persons better and other persons not so well.

stronger. It seemed as if we had suddenly sailed into early June, or the latter part of May. The sea was smooth, the air was mild, the skies were lovely. Everybody was on deck.

Off came our overcoats. It was no longer winter!

These ever-summer seas were lovely. Out of the waves rose the flying-fish, skimming in flocks through the air, and dropping down



MEMORANDUM MAP OF THE ROUTE TO THE BAHAMAS.

We sailed over the bar and anchored in front of the town. The disposition to get off for an hour or two was very strong, but our captain gave us no time for landing. He took on the passengers who stood clustered on the wharf, hoisted anchor and was over the bar again before the tide fell.

We kept on down the Florida coast until the next morning, when we turned eastward into the Gulf Stream. And now the hope on every countenance grew brighter and

again just as we were beginning to believe they were birds; the porpoises leaped and darted by the vessel's side, and every now and then we passed a nautilus, cruising along in his six-inch shell, with his transparent sail wide-spread and sparkling in the sun.

Early in the afternoon of this delightful day we descried, far in the distance, a speck on the horizon, and were told that this was land—a part of the Great Bahama Island; and as we drew nearer and nearer, we saw

a little tuft in the air and a little thread beneath it, connecting it with the land ; and the tuft and the thread were a cocoa-nut tree!

We were journeying to find a pleasant winter climate,—one that could be depended upon. We knew of very commendable semi-tropical resorts—Florida for instance ; but among the northern visitors to Florida that year had been frost and ice. We could get all we needed of such things at home, and so we had agreed to postpone, until later in the season, our trip to the state of flowers and alligators, and in our search for the happy land we longed for, to do as Columbus did, and begin at the beginning. First to the Bahamas came he, and thither would we go too. These islands might be called the first chapter of America ; we would turn back and see how our continent opened to the eyes of the venturesome Genoese.

And here we were. True, that distant island was not San Salvador, but it was all in the family.

Through the whole afternoon we cruised down the shores of the Great Bahama, and then left it and went southward toward New Providence. Early in the morning, from my open port, I heard voices coming from the water, and the thumping of oars. I hastily looked out, and there was Nassau. We were almost at the wharf. A long boat, full of negroes, was carrying a line to the shore.

I hurried on deck and looking over the rail saw to my astonishment that we were floating in water not more than a foot deep ! This great ship, with her engines, her cargo, her crew and passengers, was slowly moving along



THE FIRST CHAPTER OF AMERICA.

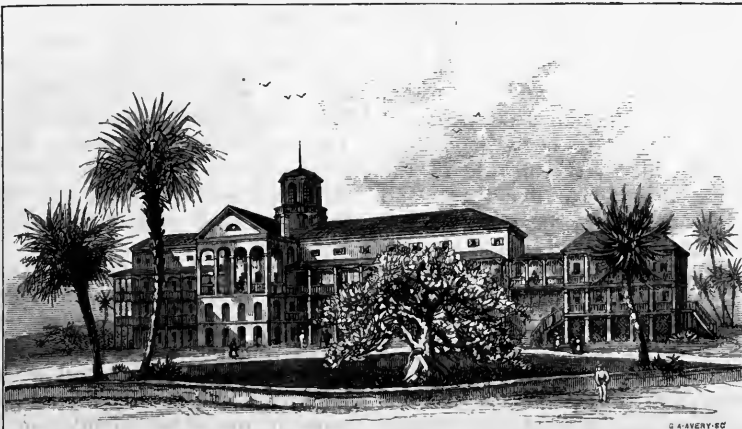
in water not up to your knees ! The bottom was clearly visible—every stone on it could be seen as you see stones at the bottom of a little brook. I could not understand it.

“How deep is this water ?” I asked of a sailor.

“About three fathom,” he answered.

I had heard, but had not remembered, that the waters around Nassau, especially when you looked down upon them from a height, were almost transparent, but the explanation did not make the sight any less wonderful. As to the color of the water, I had heard nothing about that. This water was of an apple-green or pea-green tint,—as charming as the first foliage of spring.

The town—a very white town—stretched before us for a mile or two along its waterfront, and seemed to be a busy place, for



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU.

there were many vessels, large and small (principally the latter), moored at the piers; there were store-houses on the street by the land called Hog Island. In spite of its name this island is a very ornamental and useful one, for it acts as a breakwater, and



VUE DOWN GEORGE STREET, NASSAU.—LOOKING FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
[CATHEDRAL ON THE RIGHT, VENDUE HOUSE AT END OF STREET, HOG ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.]

water; there was a crowd of people on the wharf; there were one-horse barouches, driven by negroes wearing red vests and dreadfully battered high silk hats, and altogether the scene was lively and promising.

The town was larger than I had expected to see it, but it ought to be a good-sized place, for nearly all of the people of the island of New Providence live there, and they number some eleven or twelve thousand. Columbus named this island Fernandina, which was a good name,—but the poor man never had much luck in christening the lands he discovered.

The town is certainly very well placed—all the passengers agreed to that. It lies on the northern edge of Fern— of New Providence, and in front of it, less than a mile away, stretches a long, narrow piece of

in a picturesque way, helps to inclose an admirable harbor for Nassau.

There is no lack of islands and islets in what might be called the Bahamian Archipelago, which stretches some six hundred miles from San Domingo nearly to Florida. The collection comprises, according to official count, twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks,—assorted sizes.

New Providence is the most important member of this collection, but like many other most important things, it is by no means the biggest, being only twenty-one miles long and seven broad, while the Great Bahama, Abaco, Eleuthera, Andros, and some of the other islands, are very many times larger, some of them being a hundred

miles long. But New Providence has the brains, the other islands have merely size.

The health-officer came on board, and we were soon free to go ashore. We found that, like ourselves, nearly all our fellow-passengers were going to the Royal Victoria Hotel. We speedily secured one of the one-horse barouches; the red-vested driver pulled his silk hat a little tighter on his head, cracked his whip and away we went. As we rode through the town we noticed that the streets were very hard and smooth, and white and narrow, and that there was a great preponderance of wall in every direction; and in about two minutes we noticed that we were at the hotel.

The hotel made quite an impression upon us, even before we entered it. It stands high, spreads wide, and looks large, and cool, and solid. It is a hotel of which Her Majesty need not be ashamed. In front of the main door-way, which is level with the ground, is an inclosed and covered court. In the sides of this are arched gate-ways through which the carriage-road passes, and in the front wall are four or five door-ways. The space—and there is a good deal of it—between the carriage-way and the house is paved and is generally pretty well covered with arm-chairs, for this court, as we soon found, is the favorite resort of the guests. The sun can get no entrance here, while through the numerous door-ways cut in the massive walls the breezes come from nearly every direction. The interior of the house is also arranged with a view to coolness and shade. There is not a fire-place or a chimney in the whole structure. The cooking is done in a separate building, and in Nassau the people do not

need fires for warmth. We found, in fact, that Nassau is almost a town without chimneys. In looking over the place, from some of the high piazzas of the Royal Victoria, scarcely a chimney could be seen on a



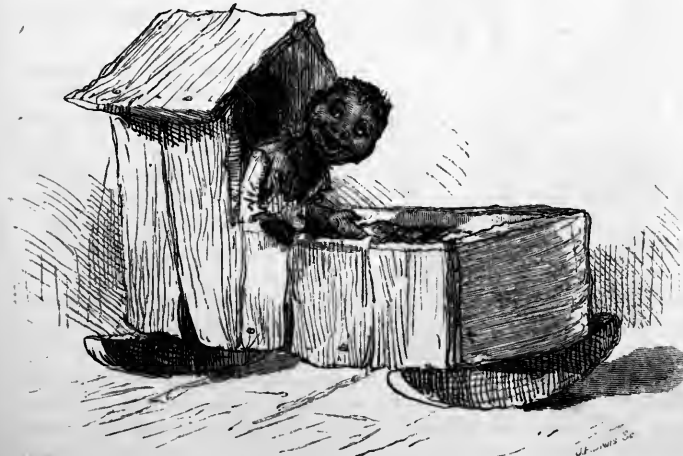
A LITTLE BOY IN FULL DRESS.

dwelling-house, and those on the little outside kitchens were so covered up by foliage that they were not easily perceived.

We went to breakfast with hopeful hearts. It was a good breakfast. In addition to the fare which one would expect at a first-class and well-kept hotel, we had fresh fruit, radishes, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, and other little matters of the kind to which we were not accustomed in winter-time.

The very first thing I did after breakfast was to go and buy a straw hat. I always wear a straw hat in sliced tomato time. I saw a little of the town while I was buying my hat, but I did not look at it much, for I did not wish to take an unfair advantage of my wife; and, as soon as possible, we started out together to see the town.

It was certainly a novel experience to walk through the streets of Nassau. At first it seemed to us as if the



"GIVE US A SMALL COPPER, BOSS."

whole place—streets, houses and walls—had been cut out of one solid block of the whitest lime-stone, for the material in all appeared to be the same. There are very few side-walks, and these are generally not so good to walk on as the middle of the street. The houses are wide and low, and generally have piazzas around them on every story. Nearly every house has a garden,—sometimes quite a large one,—surrounded, not by a fence, but by a high stone-wall. It is these walls, over which you see the broad leaves of bananas, or the beautiful tops of cocoa-nut-trees, with other rich and unfamiliar foliage, which, more than anything else, give the town its southern, and, to us, its entirely foreign, appearance. The gardens, and all the spaces about the houses, are crowded with trees, bushes and flowers. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and oleanders, twenty feet high, waved their pink blossoms over the street.

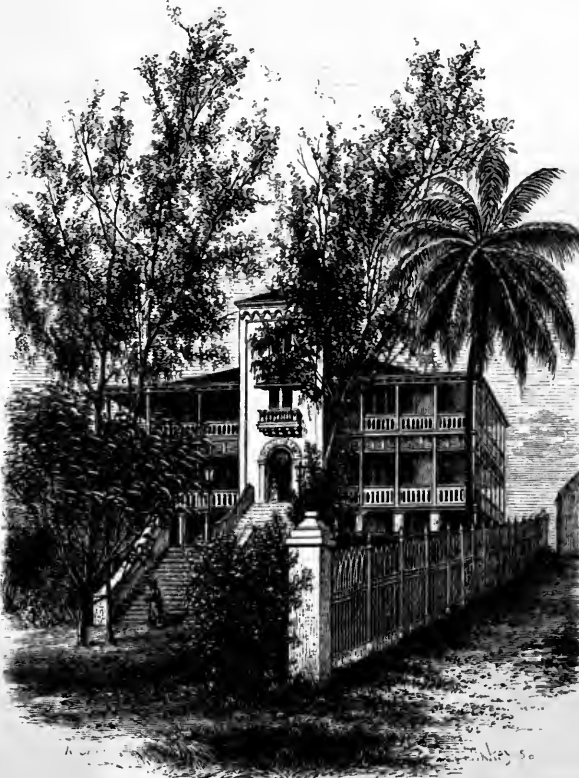
We walked down Parliament street, which leads from the high ground on which the hotel stands to Bay street, which is the principal thoroughfare and business avenue of the town. This street runs along the water-front, and on one side for some dis-

tance there is a succession of shops and business places of various kinds. On the water side of the street are the wharfs, the market, the Vendue House, the barracks, and quite a number of stores and counting-houses. And all these, taken in the aggregate, give Bay street quite a busy appearance.

And here we began to understand what is meant by the statement that there are negroes in Nassau. If I should say that the whole surface of the ground as far as the eye could reach, up or down the street, was covered with darkeys of every possible age, sex, size and condition in life, I should say what is not exactly true. It is difficult, however, to erase that impression from the mind,—for there they were strolling along the sidewalks (this street boasts those conveniences), standing in groups, laughing, talking, arguing, sitting on stones and door-steps, and by gate-ways, selling bananas, short pieces of sugar-cane, roots, and nuts; running hither and thither, flirting, begging, loafing, doing anything but working. Down by the market they swarmed like bees, some selling, some looking on, a few buying, and all jabbering away right and left.

When we next took a walk, we rambled to the south of the town,—to the suburbs, where these darkeys live. We went down a long street, or lane, bordered on each side by little gardens, in which stood thatched cottages and small low houses of various kinds, all in the most picturesque state of dilapidation, and surrounded, covered, embraced, sheltered and fondled by every kind of bush, tree and vine that will grow without the help of man; and, as nearly all the vegetation in Nassau will do that, bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges and tamarinds clustered around these contented-looking little huts in masses of every shade of green, picked out with the golden hues of oranges, and the colors of every blossom that grows.

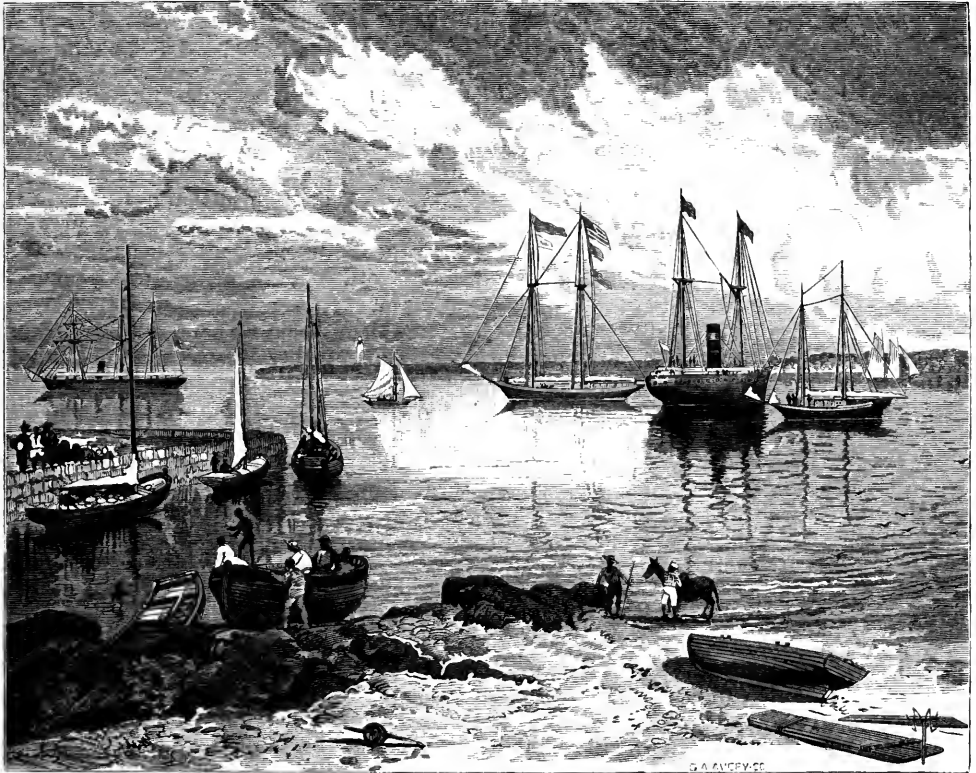
Looking down the lane, the view was lovely. The tall cocoa-nuts, with their tufts of long, magnificent leaves, waved on each side, until in the distance they seemed to touch across the white street that ran down through the



A NASSAU MANSION.

sea of foliage which spread away on either side, broken only by the thatched and pointed roofs that rose here and there like islands out of the green. The red shawls of the distant negro women gave the brilliant points of color, while the strong sunlight gave warmth to a scene that was more than semi-tropical. In the street, in the gardens, on the door-steps lounged and lay the happy people who had

if I gave half of what was asked, I conferred a measureless content upon the seller. Subsequently I learned that about one-eighth of one per cent. of the sum asked was enough for an opening offer, when trading with the negroes of Nassau. The youngsters who had no wares to sell were nothing loth to ask for donations, and "Give us a small copper, boss," was the refrain of most of the infantile prattle that we heard.



NASSAU HARBOR.

all this for nothing. They are true lotus-eaters, these negroes, but they need not sail away to distant isles to eat and dream. Their lotos grows on every cocoa-nut-tree, and on every banana; it oozes out with the juice of their sugar-cane, and they bake it in their yams.

From out of the huts and gardens the brown, black and yellow little girls came with roses and bunches of orange-blossoms. We first bought of one and then of another, until, if we had not suddenly stopped, we should have ruined ourselves. The prices they asked were but little more than the flowers would have cost in the hot-house of a New York florist, but I soon found that

If colored people feel lazy in the Bahamas, it is not to be wondered at. Everything feels lazy, even the mercury in the thermometers. It is exceedingly difficult to get it to move. While we were there, it was always at, or about, seventy-four degrees, once rising to eighty degrees, but soon subsiding again to the old spot. For myself, I like mercury that is content to dwell at seventy-four degrees. There is no better spot on the whole surface of the thermometer. And why should people toil and sweat in this happy island? The trees and vines and vegetables do not ask it of them. Things grow in Nassau for the love of growing; they do not have to be coaxed. In the

negro suburbs we saw very little cultivation. The trees and plants did not even seem to care about soil to any great extent. We saw large trees growing, apparently, right out of the stones and rocks. Of course, there was some earth in the crevices, but there was precious little of it anywhere. The whole island is of coral origin, and is now like a great lime-stone rock, covered with a very thin layer of rich soil. But this thin layer suffices for the luxuriant vegetation of the Bahamas, although I think that one of the long carrots of our country would find it very difficult to grow at Nassau, unless it were furnished with a rock-drill at the extremity of its root.

There is a fine, large jail here, a very cool and well-arranged edifice. The inmates are almost exclusively negroes. There was one white man there when I saw the place, but he was a sailor from a foreign ship in port, who did not know, perhaps, that it was not a custom of the country for white folks to get themselves put in prison. When a negro enters this jail,—and he generally goes in for petty larceny or a similar crime,—his habits undergo a complete revolution. He has to work hard. Dressed in white shirt, trousers and cap (for here white is the color that does not show dirt), with bare feet and a long chain running from each ankle to a belt at his waist, he marches in military order with a company of his fellows to sweep the streets, mend the pavements and work in the public grounds. He also labors in the jail and learns to despise, from the bottom of his soul, the temporary, but deplorable, weakness of Adam. But it must not be supposed that these criminals are the only negroes who are industrious. There are colored people in Nassau who have found out that it pays to work,—moderately,—and so have arrived at positions of ease and comparative independence. The policemen here, with one or two exceptions, are black men. They wear handsome blue uniforms, and walk slower and put on greater airs of dignity and authority than any other body of police officers that I have ever met.

The government of the Bahamas appears to be highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a colony of Great Britain, the islands have a colonial governor, who is assisted in his governmental duties by Her Majesty's executive council and Her Majesty's legislative council. The people at large have also a voice in the matter through the representatives they send to the House of Assembly, a body of about thirty members.

The currency in use is a curious mixture of American and English money, with occasional additions of the coins of other climes. Our greenbacks are readily received at par, and our silver half and quarter dollars at a slight discount, but the smaller money in use with us will not pass current. The small change is principally English coin,—eight, six, four and three-penny pieces, a small silver coin called a "check," worth a penny and a half, and copper pennies and halfpence. Among the latter we met with a great many friends of other days in the shape of our old-fashioned copper cents. One or two of the guests at the hotel, who were coin collectors, found prizes among the coppers. The negroes gave, in change, not only rare United States cents, passing for halfpence, but copper coins of the same general size, from various parts of the world. It quite recalled the feelings of my youth to get change for a quarter, and go about with a lot of heavy coppers jingling in my pocket.

But there is no difficulty at all in getting rid of this weighty change. An opportunity is afforded twice a day at the main entrance of the hotel, where, after breakfast and after dinner, will be found on every week-day a regular fair or market. The negroes come with the greatest variety of commodities for sale, and range themselves around the inside of the inclosure, some sitting down by the walls with their baskets before them, others standing about with their wares in their hands, while others, more enterprising, circulate among the ladies and gentlemen, who are taking their after-meal rest in the numerous arm-chairs on each side of the door. It would be impossible to name everything which may be bought in this market, for new and unique commodities are continually turning up. Flowers and fruit of every kind that grows here, sponges, shells of almost every imaginable variety, canes and hats of native manufacture, star-fish, berries, conchs, sugar-cane, sea-beans of all kinds and colors, and all sorts of ornaments made of tortoise-shell and other shells. One day a boy brought a little dog; a girl had a live bird, which she would either sell or liberate on the payment of a small sum by any humane person. A big black man brought a tarantula spider in a bottle, and you can always get centipedes, if you want them. Many things—sponges, for instance—can be bought at very low prices by people who are willing to bargain a little.

We bought and tasted of almost every kind of native fruit; some of it was very curious to look at, and some was very good to eat. The sappadillo is a small round fruit, the color of a potato on the outside, and as sweet as sugared honey inside. The grapefruit has the flavor and taste of an orange, and is a rich and juicy fruit for a hot day, but the skin and pulp must be avoided. Guavas are fragrant and luscious. Jamaica apples, which are masses of sweet custard, covered with a thin skin, are almost too rich for a novice in West Indian fruits. Mangoes are said to be delicious, but they ripen later in the season. The sour-sop is a great green fruit, like a bloated cucumber, and has been aptly compared, in regard to taste, to cotton soaked in vinegar. The lemons are enormous and very fine, and there are limes, and star-apples, and tamarinds, and other things of the kind which I cannot remember. But the fruits we liked best were those to which we had been accustomed, — oranges, pine-apples and bananas. We had not, however, been accustomed to pine-apples naturally ripened. Those sent from Nassau to the United States are shipped in a partially green state, and ripen themselves as well as circumstances allow. But a pine-apple ripened in its native soil, and under its native sun, was an unknown joy to us. It was not the pine-apple season, but in this happy climate season does not make much difference to fruits, and there were generally some pine-apples to be had.

Not only venders of merchandise but every one who has any means of making money out of the visitors is to be found at this hotel-door market,—men with horses and carriages to hire; captains of sail-boats; humbler folk who will take you rowing, or commanders of fishing-smacks anxious to take a fishing party "outside." As soon as possible I engaged a man to take me fishing.

I have always delighted in the sport, and here I should certainly have some new experiences. We started after breakfast, myself and the fisherman, in a tight little, round little, dirty little sloop, with a "well" in it to keep captured fish alive, and decked over fore and aft. The boat was strong and safe, if not very pretty, and away we went over the bar and out to sea. We anchored off Hog Island, some distance from land, and my good man lowered his sail and got out his lines and bait. The latter was conch-meat. He took up a conch, several of which he had bought in the market before we started, and broke the shell to pieces with a small iron bar. Then he pulled out the inmate, which resembles an immense clam with a beak and a tail, and examined it for pearls. In these conchs, pearls of a pretty pinkish hue are occasionally, but not often, found by fortunate fishermen and divers. One of them sold for four hundred dollars in London, I was informed. Small



SELLING A TARANTULA.

ones, worth from ten to a hundred dollars, are occasionally seen in the Nassau shops. Finding no pearl, my fisherman laid his conch on the deck and hammered it with a wooden beater until it was soft enough to cut up for the hooks. All this made a good

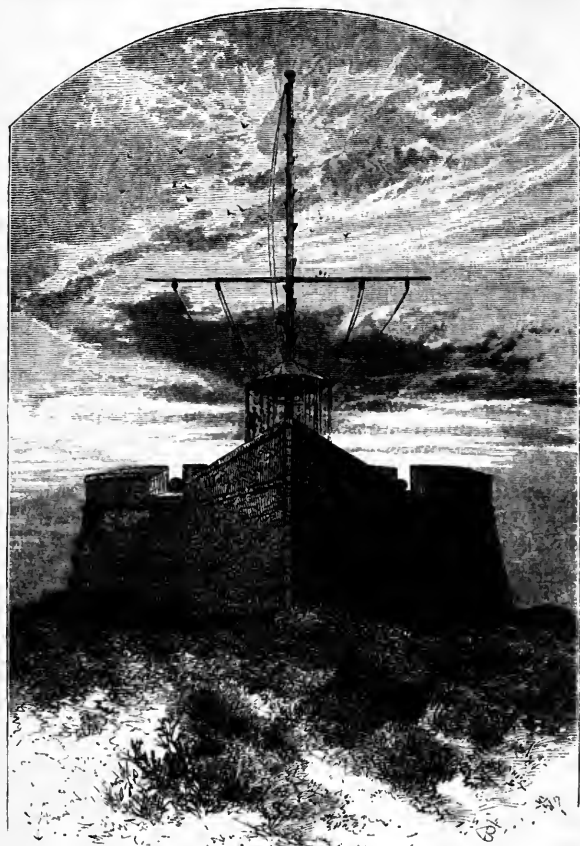
deal of noise, which I was afraid would frighten away the fish, but when the hooks were baited and we were ready to commence operations, the man took an old and empty conch-shell, and holding it over the water

deck he drew forth a "water-glass," which is a light wooden box, about twenty inches long and a foot square, open at one end, and with a pane of glass inserted at the other end, which is somewhat the larger.

He held this box over the side of the boat, and sinking the glass end a few inches below the surface of the water, he put his eye to the other end and looked in. —"Yes," said he, "there's lots of fish down there. Take a look at them." I took the box and looked down into the water, which was five or six fathoms deep. I could see everything under the water as plainly as if it had all been in the upper air,—the smooth white sandy bottom; the stones lying on it, covered with sea-weed; the star-fish and such sea-creatures lying perfectly still, or gently waving themselves about, and the big fish slowly swimming around and occasionally turning up one eye to look at us. Looking through this "water-glass," it was as light as day down under the sea.

The fisherman, who was of white blood, although he was tanned as dark as a mulatto, knew all the different fish and told me their names. The "mutton-fish" and the "groupers" were the largest we saw. Some of these were two or three feet long. We now lowered our lines and began to fish. The man kept the water-glass in his hand most of the time, so as to see

what would come to the lines. Sometimes I would take a look and see the fish come slowly swimming up to my bait, which rested on the bottom, look at it, and perhaps take a little nibble, and then disdainfully swim away. They did not seem to be very hungry. Pretty soon the fisherman caught a "hind,"—a fish about a foot long, of a beautiful orange color with red and black spots. I soon caught one of the same kind. Then the man hauled up a "blue-fish," one of the very handsomest fishes I ever saw. It was not at all like our so-called blue-fish. This was about twenty inches long and of a beautiful polished, dark sky-blue all over—fins, head, tail and every other part. It was more like a very bright blue china-fish than anything else.



FORT FINCASTLE.

hammered it into bits, making as much noise as possible in so doing. This, he said,—and he seemed to know all about it,—was to attract the fish. These proceedings were very different from what I had been accustomed to in my fishing excursions at home, when everybody kept as quiet as possible, but my fisherman's next move astonished me still more. He coolly remarked that he would look and see if there were any fish in the water about our boat. We were gently tossing on waves that were entirely different from the transparent water of the harbor, and apparently as opaque as any other waves. I could see a few inches below the surface perhaps, but certainly no more. But my man knew what he was talking about. From under his little

This man had a queer way of classifying fish. "There's one at your hook now, sir," he would say, and when I would ask if it was a big one he would sometimes answer, "Well, about two shillin's," or "That's a big feller; three shillin's, sure," and sometimes, "That's a little one, biting at you, about sixpence."

While we were fishing, we saw, at a short distance, some conch-divers at work. There were two of them, and neither of them wore any clothes. One of them sculled their small boat, while the other fellow stood like a bronze statue in the bow. Every now and then they would stop and look into the sea with a water-glass, and if they saw a conch, over would go the diver into eight or ten fathoms of water and bring it up. It seemed like a very lonely kind of business, to go away off on the sea in a little bit of a boat and then to leave even that, and dive down into the ocean depths, among the quiet fishes and the solemn rocks, for a three-cent conch. I asked my fisherman if there were sharks hereabouts.

"Plenty of 'em," he answered; "sometimes they come around my boat and snap at my fish as fast as I catch 'em. They soon break the lines and make me pull up and get away. Yes, there's lots of 'em, but they wont bite a nigger."

We soon became convinced that February is June in Nassau. The weather was that of early summer, and everybody was in light clothes and straw hats. In the sun it is often quite warm; in the shade you can generally rely on seventy-four degrees. We never found it too warm to go about sight-seeing, and there is a good deal to see in and about Nassau, if you choose to go and look at it. Back of the hotel, on a commanding hill, stands Fort Fincastle, a curious old stronghold. Viewed from the front, it looks very much like a side-wheel steamer built of stone. The flag-staff increases the delusion by its resemblance to a fore-mast. This fort was built long before steamboats were heard of, so that the idea that it is a petrified steamer is utterly ridiculous.

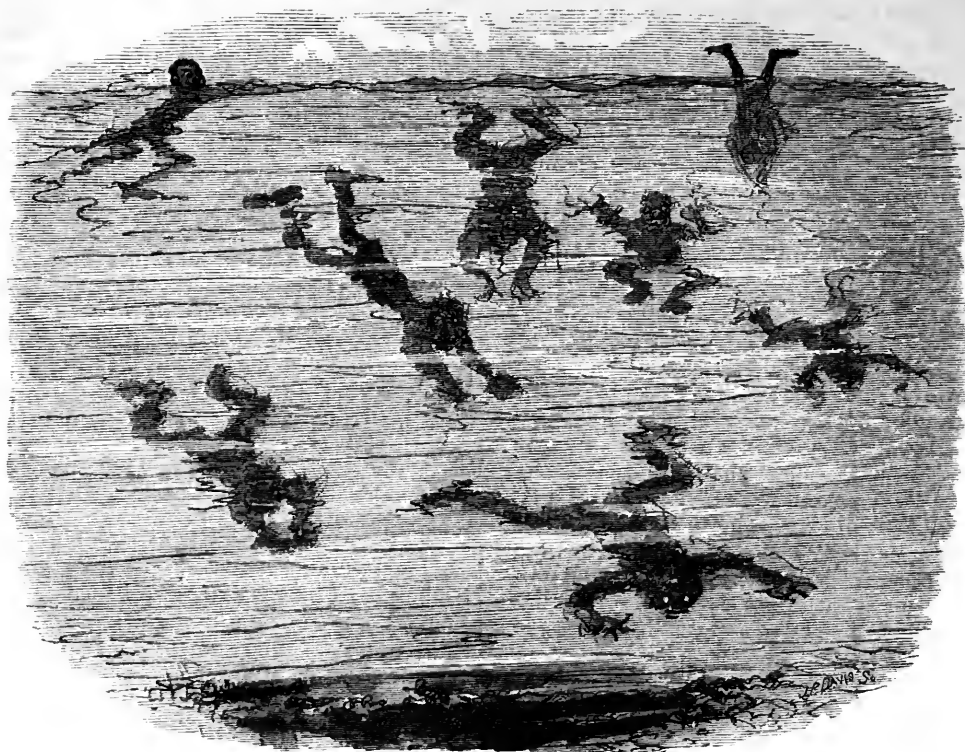
The fort is commanded and garrisoned by one man whose duty it is to signal the approach of vessels. He must have had a lively time, during our late war, when so many blockade-runners came to Nassau, and when a steamer might come rushing into the harbor with a gun-boat hot behind it—at any time of day or night.

Fort Charlotte, at the western end of the town, is a good place to go to, if you like

mysterious underground passages, deep, solemn and dark chambers, cut out of the solid rock, and all sorts of uncanny and weird places, where a negro with a double-barreled lamp leads you through the darkness. In this fort, which was built by the Earl of Dunmore, nearly a hundred years ago, there is a curious deep well, with circular stairs leading to the bottom of it, and the stairs, central pillar and well are all cut out of the solid rock. We went down that dismal well, slowly and cautiously, and we found at the bottom a long passage which led to the "Governor's room." There was no governor there, for the fort is now deserted, except by a couple of negroes, who help the Fincastle man to look out for vessels, but it must have been a very good place for a governor to go to, if his subjects did not love him.

The military element is quite conspicuous in Nassau. There are large barracks at the west end of the town; a British man-of-war generally lies in the harbor, and in the cool of the evening you may almost always see, down the white vista of the narrow street, the red coat of a British soldier.

There is a nice little public square which lies on the water side of Bay street and fronts the public buildings, where are the court-houses, house of assembly, Bank, and other similar places of resort. Whenever we would go—on a pleasant morning, afternoon or evening—to this square, to sit by the stone boat-stairs, or to stand on the sea-wall and view the lovely water with its changing hues of green, its yachts, its ships, and all its busy smaller craft, and sniff with delight the cool salt breeze that blows so gayly over the narrow back of Hog Island, there would certainly come running to us two, three, or a dozen little black boys with the entreaty: "Please, boss, give us a small dive." If I happened to have any change, and wished to see some funny work in the water, I put my hand in my pocket, and instantly every little black boy jerked off his shirt. It is no trouble for the negro children to undress in Nassau. The very little ones wear only a small shirt and a straw hat. Sometimes there is not much muslin in this shirt, but they are always particular to have it come down low enough to cover the breast-bone. If I find a penny, I toss it into the water, and instantly every darkey boy, clad in nothing but his scanty trowsers, plunges in after it. Sometimes a spry little fellow catches the coin before it reaches the bot-



DARKEYS DIVING FOR PENNIES.

tom, and it is never long before some fellow comes up with the money in his mouth. Sometimes when a coin is not readily found, it is curious to look down through the clear water and see the young rascals moving their legs and arms about down at the bottom like a lot of enormous brown frogs.

There are not many places of public resort in Nassau; but there is a library which has eight sides and six thousand books, and where the pleasant young people of Nassau—and there are a great many of them—go to see one another, and to look over the volumes in the cool alcoves.

There is another place which always looks delightfully cool and shady, and which, if it is not patronized by lovers, ought to be, and this is a very long, narrow and deep ravine which was cut in the lime-stone rock, not far from the hotel, many years ago by the people who were building the town. At the upper end is a long flight of steps leading to the hill on which Fort Fin-castle stands, and this is called "The Queen's Staircase." It has been long since any stone has been taken from this ravine. The stairs, which were admirably

cut out of the rock, have been worn away in places by many feet, and the whole place has grown up cool and green, with all sorts of vines and shrubbery. Here we found a great many of the "life-leaf" plant,—a curious growth, from the fact that a leaf of it will live for months, pinned to your wall, and not only that, but little plants will come out of the edges of the leaf and grow just as comfortably as if they were in the ground.

It is genuine pleasure to take a ride about Nassau. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal to be seen, it is delightful to ride over roads which are so hard, so smooth, and so level that it does not seem to be any trouble whatever for a horse to pull a buggy. If it were any trouble, I don't believe the Nassau horses would do it.

The first time we took a buggy-ride, our little mite of a horse bowled us along at a lively rate, and all was charming—fine breeze, lovely road by the water, suburbs fading into country; and all that—until we met a wagon. Then we came very near having a smash-up. For some reason or other, myself and the other driver turned right into each other. We pulled up in time to prevent damage; the other man swore,

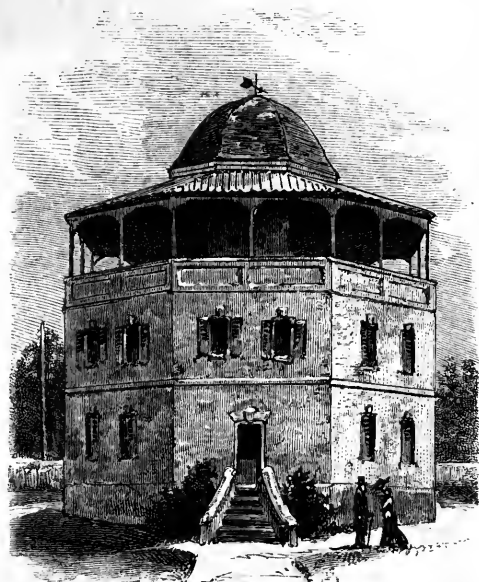
and, jerking his horse around, drove off angrily. I could not imagine why this should have happened, until I suddenly remembered that this was, theoretically, English soil, and on English soil drivers turn to the left. It was well I thought of this and remembered it, or else on our return, when we met all the fashionable people of Nassau taking their afternoon air on the road, I should have run into the governor's carriage containing some of his family; then, in a few minutes, into the governor himself, riding rapidly on a fine horse, and after that into a number of ladies and gentlemen in buggies or one-horse barouches. Some of those in buggies were visitors from the hotel, and very difficult to avoid, having a habit of turning sometimes one way and sometimes the other.

The governor, who resides in the government house, a spacious building on the heights back of the city, is a tall, handsome Englishman, who has filled his present post for about two years to the satisfaction of everybody, I believe, excepting those enterprising people who wish to revive the old business of wrecking, for which the Bahamas used to be so famous. It is certain that there are very few islands which are so advantageously placed for this sort of business; for it is not only difficult for ships sailing in these waters to keep at a safe distance from the twenty-nine islands, the six hundred and sixty-one cays, and the two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks, but there is a constant temptation to skippers to run a vessel ashore and share with the wreckers the salvage money. Then, too, it is so much more enjoyable (to wreckers) to see a vessel smash her sides on a coral reef than to see her sail stupidly into port that any one who endeavors to persuade these people that it will be better for all parties to give up the time-honored business of wrecking and devote themselves to raising oranges and pine-apples, has a hard task before him.

The principal road on the island runs along the northern shore for fifteen miles or more, and is a beautiful drive, for the most part along the edge of the harbor. This was the road we took on our first ride, and among the curious things we saw on the way was a banyan-tree. There it stood by the roadside, the regular banyan of the geographies, with its big trunk in the middle and all its little trunks coming down from the branches above. I always thought of the banyan as an East Indian tree, and

did not expect to find it in the Bahamas. However, there are not many of these trees on the island, I believe, of the size and symmetry of this one.

There are a good many trees of distinction in and about Nassau. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Swann, rector of the cathedral, there are two very fine royal African palms, and back of the public buildings is a "silk cotton-tree" which is a wonderful specimen of what Nature can do when she tries her hand at curious vegetation. This tree, which is inclosed by a fence to protect it from visitors, is nothing very remarkable, as to its upper works, so to speak, except that it bears a pod which contains a silky cotton, but it is very remarkable indeed when one considers its roots. These stand up out of the ground six or eight feet high, like great wooden walls, radiating from the trunk ten or twenty feet outward, making an arrangement somewhat resembling a small, circular church with high-backed pews. The branches extend outward for a great distance, making this the most imposing tree on the island, although



THE NASSAU LIBRARY.

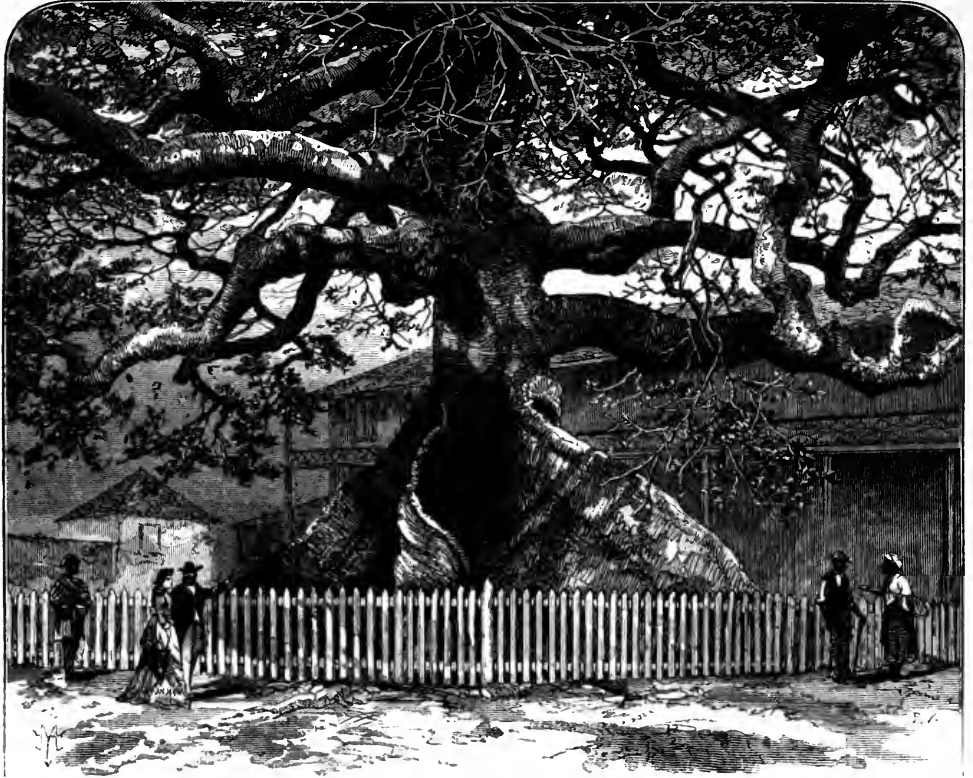
silk cotton-trees are not at all uncommon. There is a very fine one on the hotel grounds.

In the interior of the island are some very pretty lakes. One of these, called, I am sorry to say, Lake Killarney, is a charming spot. We rode over there one afternoon in a one-horse barouche with a high-hatted driver. The road for some miles

leads westwardly along the beach, and gives views of some lovely bays and coves, and the cays that guard the western side of the entrance to the harbor, with the white foam dashing up against their coral sides. Then we struck back into the country and

green and yellow in the leaves, the blossoms and the young fruit, made a very striking picture.

From the top of the hill on which the plantation lies may be had the finest view in the whole island. Before you lies Lake



SILK COTTON-TREE.

rode through the pines to the lake, which stretches up and down for three miles. Its water is a beautiful green, like that in the harbor, and the banks, which were cut up into picturesque little bays and peninsulas, were heavily wooded, except in one spot, where a hill running down to the water's edge had been cleared and planted with pine-apples. Going out on a rude little pier we saw a couple of negroes in a boat, returning from a duck-hunt. One of these we hired to row us to the pine-apple plantation, about a mile away, leaving our stately driver to enjoy the shade of the wild orange and lemon trees until our return.

A pine-apple plantation was something entirely new to us, and this was a very large and fine one. The plants were set out all over the field about two or three feet apart. The alternations of bright pink, purple,

Killarney, its apple-green waters sparkling between its darker-hued shores, while back to the left, you see another and a larger lake shimmering in the distance, and back to the right, over the masses of foliage that stretch away for miles and miles, you can see the ocean, with the steeples of the town peeping up along its edge.

We took another long ride—the road running by the beach all the way—to what are called the Caves. Two of these are good-sized caverns near the shore, but there is another one, better worth seeing, which is nearly a mile back in the country and to which we walked, for there is no road across the fields. The outer portion or vestibule of this cave is divided into two portions at right angles with each other, and one of them is not at all unlike a small cathedral, with altar, pillars, a recessed

chancel, and long cords like bell-pulls or supports for chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The latter were slender rootlets, or rather branches seeking to become trunks, which came down from banyan-trees on the ground above, and finding their way through crevices in the roof, took root in the floor of the cave. I took away one of them, about one-third of an inch in diameter and some fifteen feet long, and coiling it up, put it in my trunk. When my travels were over, and I had reached home, I hung the coil on a nail in the wall, and there, at least three months after it was cut, that bit of banyan, which had remained perfectly green and flexible all this time, began to sprout out rootlets down toward the carpet, and these are now six or seven feet long. This ridiculous piece of wood is growing yet, without water, without earth, and with no other culture than that of being packed in a trunk and hung up on a nail.

As to the main cavern, which opens from what I have called the vestibule caves by means of a four-foot hole, and which extends for a half mile or thereabouts toward the beach, we did not visit it. We were told by our negro guide, with many gesticulations, that this was a wonderful cave, and that if we had candles and plenty of matches it would be a good thing to go in, but that if we should accidentally be left there in the dark we would never, never come out alive!

The Hog Island beach is one of the best places that I know about Nassau. It is a short row across to the island, which is so narrow that a minute's walk takes one to the other side. Here the shore is high and rocky, rising, in most places, twenty feet above the water-level. The rocks are what are called "honey-comb rocks," and are worn and cut by the action of the waves into all sorts of twisted, curled, pointed, scooped-out, jagged forms, so that it is difficult to pick your way over them, although their general surface is nearly level. The surf comes rolling in on the rocks, and dashes and surges and leaps against them, while every now and then a wave larger and mightier than its fellows hurls itself high up on the shore, throwing its spray twenty or thirty feet into the air, like an immense glittering fountain.

In many places the rocks are undermined for a considerable distance, and the sea rolls and rumbles in under your feet. Here and there are holes, three or four feet wide, down which you can look into the submarine caverns and see the water boiling and surging and hissing, while occasionally, a great wave rushing in below sends a water-spout through one of these holes, high into the air. When the wind is from the north the sight here must be magnificent. There is a reef a short distance from the beach which breaks the force of the surf somewhat, but when there is a strong wind blowing directly on shore, the waves often leap clean over Hog Island and dash into the



A PINE-APPLE IN ITS NATIVE SOIL.

harbor. At such times the light-house on the point would be a better place to view the scene than the rocks where we usually sat.

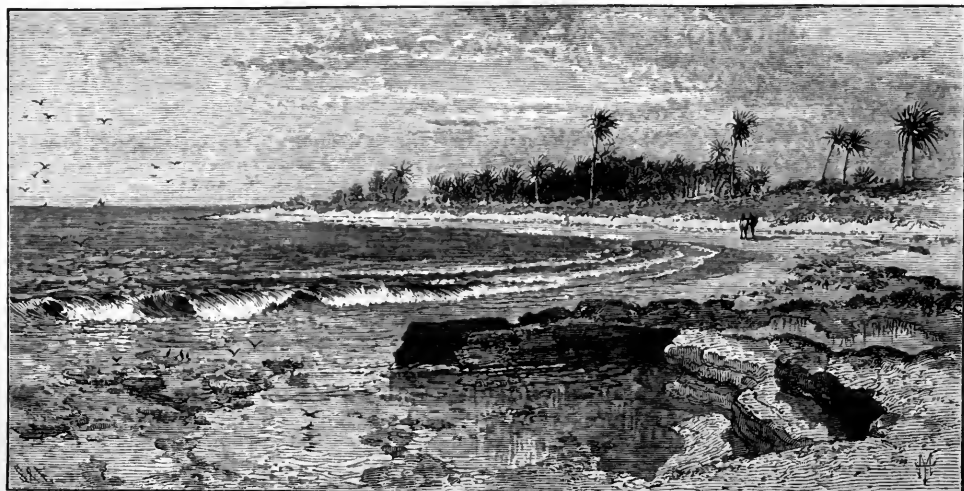
Toward the eastern part of this island, there are several little coves with a smooth beach, of the very whitest sand that a beach can have. Here the surf is not high, and the bathing is excellent. A comfortable sea-bath in winter-time—a bath in water that is warm, and under skies that are blue with the blueness of our summer mornings, is a joy that does not fall to the lot of every man. But here you may bathe in the surf almost any day, and along the water-front

of the city there are private bath-houses, for still-water bathing, and I was told that others are to be erected for the use of the Royal Victoria, which gathers under its wings nearly all the winter visitors, though there are one or two small hotels in Nassau, one good American house of the first class, and some boarding-houses.

Once a year there are regattas at Nassau, and the occasion is made a grand holiday by all classes—the principal holiday of the year. We were lucky enough to be there on regatta day, which fell on the sixth of March, and it would have warmed the cockles of anybody's heart to see so many happy people. All the places of business were shut up, and everybody came to see the sights. The buildings fronting on the water were crowded with white folks, and the piers and wharves, and coal-heaps, and piles of lumber, and barrels, and boxes, and posts were covered with negroes, as ants cover a lump of sugar. And better than sugar to ants was this jolly day to that black crowd with so few shoes and so many hats. Like the shore, the water was crowded. Craft of every kind were to be seen: sloops just in from sponging expeditions or voyages to the "out islands;" vessels at anchor; sail-boats shooting here and there; and among all, wherever there was room for a row-boat, there a row-boat was. There were races for schooners, yachts, fishing-smacks, spongers, and for row-boats of all grades; and there were swimming matches, and a "duck-hunt," in which an active fellow in a little boat was chased, for a wager, by other boats. But the best thing of all, to me, was the per-

formance of "walking the greased pole." This amusement is far superior to climbing a greased pole—there is something æsthetic about it—when the grease is thick. A long round spar is projected horizontally over the side of a vessel, and at the extreme end of it hangs a bag containing a pig. The upper surface of the pole is covered with a coating of grease. Along this pole the competitors must walk and seize the prize—the pig in the bag. About a dozen young negro men, clad in nothing but short muslin trowsers, gathered on the deck to engage in the sport. One at a time, these fellows would walk cautiously out, doing everything in their power to keep their balance and to avoid slipping, and then, before they knew it, up would go their feet, and down they would tumble, head foremost, into the water, amid yells and screams of laughter from the excited crowds on shore. But they did not mind the water, and would climb up the ship's side and try it again. After about fifty attempts, during which the negroes on the wharves became so excited that if they had all tumbled overboard amid their wild yells and gesticulations, I should not have been surprised, a long, thin, black fellow made a run along the pole, slipped off the end, but seized the bag in his fall and hung fast to it. The crowd screamed in one mad spasm of delight, and the thin black man got the prize.

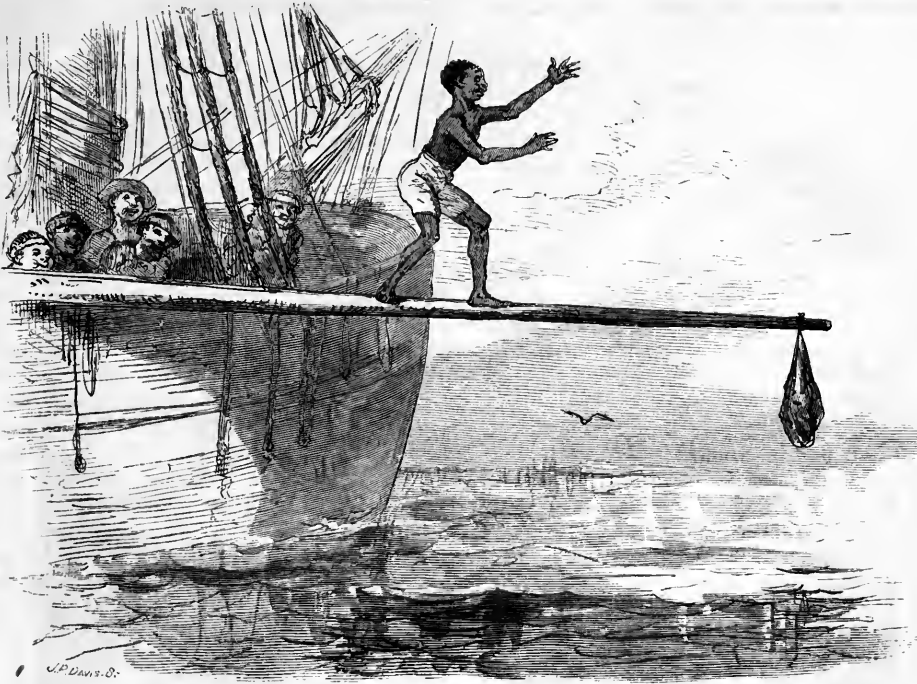
But it is not necessary to participate in a regatta in order to have good sailing in Nassau waters. Sail-boats and yachts are continually cruising about in the harbor, and you can always hire a craft for a sail.



A LITTLE COVE AT NASSAU.

The best sail we had while we were there—and we have no reason to expect ever to have a better one—was an excursion to a coral reef, some five miles from town. We were a party of four, with Captain Sampson Smart at the helm; and we took with us

water." And his words were true, only what we saw was more like a garden than a farm. Down at the bottom we could see—quite plain with the naked eye, but ever so much better with the water-glass—a lovely garden where there were sea-fans,



A NASSAU DIVERSION.

two young negro divers. Captain Sampson is a fine sailorly-looking darkey, and if you believe him, he can take you in his little boat and sail you to the lowlands low, or the highlands high, or to any other place on earth accessible by water. He certainly can sail a boat, and he took us away on about five Japanese fanfuls of wind, up the harbor, and past the town, and close by Potter's Cay—a narrow island lying lengthwise between Hog Island and the mainland; and past the long suburb of little cabins and cottages belonging to fishermen, and spongers, and other folk with watery occupations, and among the little fleet of small craft always to be found here, and so on to the end of Hog Island, where a strip of channel, called "The Narrows," separates it from Athol Island, which here relieves Hog Island of the duty of harbor guard. We sailed through the Narrows, and in a short time were anchored on the reef, in about ten or twelve feet of water. Here, the captain had told us, we should see "a farm under

purple and green, that spread themselves out from spurs of coral; sea-feathers whose beautiful purple plumes rose three or four feet high, and waved under the water as trees wave in the wind; curious coral formations, branched like trees, or rounded like balls, or made up into any fantastic form or shape that one might think of, and colored purple, green, yellow and gray, besides many-hued plants that looked like mosses, lichens, and vines growing high and low on the coral rocks. All among the nodding branches of the curious sea-plants, swam the fish. Some of these were little things, no longer than one's finger, colored as brilliantly as humming-birds,—blue, yellow and red,—and there were large blue-fish, and great striped fish, with rich bands of black and purple across their backs. Down into this under-water garden we sent the divers to pick for us what we wanted. Whenever we saw a handsome coral, or a graceful sea-feather or sea-fan that pleased our fancy, we pointed it out to

one of the young fellows, and down he plunged and brought it up to us.

I have never been in the habit of going about with governors' wives to call upon queens, but on one fine Sunday afternoon, the wife of a governor—not the governor of the Bahamas—did take us to call upon a queen—not she of England, but one of un-

ing no authority. Of course we were anxious to see her, and so, as I have said, the governor's wife accompanied us to her house. On the way I took a few lessons in African from our obliging guide, and succeeded in learning one or two phrases which I thought might be useful at court. The queen's palace was larger than an old-fashioned high-



THE GLASS WINDOWS, HARBOR ISLAND.

doubted royal blood. We first went to see the governor. He is a native African, Sampson Hunt by name. About forty years ago, a couple of slavers, containing select cargoes of Africans, were captured by an English man-of-war, and the liberated negroes were brought to the Bahamas. They settled down on the outskirts of Nassau and have since kept pretty well together, the older ones using their native language among themselves, although most of them can speak English. Sampson Hunt is their governor and lives in a little two-roomed house with a tall flag-staff in front of it. He is an intelligent man, and showed us a portion of the Bible printed in his language, the Yuruba. Among these Africans, when they were captured, was a young queen, who still lives, enjoying her rank, but hav-

posted bedstead, but not much. In one of its two rooms we found her majesty, sitting in a rocking-chair in front of the door, while on a bench at the side of the room sat four grizzled old negro men. The queen was a tall woman, with a high turban and a red shawl wrapped majestically about her. She stood up, when we entered, and gave us each her hand, making at the same time a low courtesy. She either felt her royal blood or had the lumbago, for she was very stiff indeed. She did not seem to be able to talk much in English, for the governoress spoke to her in African and her majesty made a remark or two to us in that language. Here was a chance for my phrases, so said I to the queen, "*Oqua gallie*," which is equivalent to "good evening." What the queen said in answer I don't know, but the

four grizzled old negroes on the bench jumped as if they had been struck by lightning. They rolled about on the bench, their eyes sparkled, their teeth shone, they were convulsed with joy. "You been dar?" asked the grizzliest. He was sorry to find that I had never visited his native land, although he probably thought it strange that I did not go, knowing the language so well. When he found it necessary to subside into English, he gave us a very interesting account of the life on the slave-ship and the stirring events of the capture.

The reputation of Nassau as a health-resort is increasing every year. There are many reasons for this. Not only is its climate in winter warm and equable, but its air is moderately dry, its drainage excellent, and its drinking-water plentiful and wholesome. The island, according to excellent medical authority, is entirely free from malarious diseases, and it is, moreover, very easy of access. Its peculiar attractions draw to it, from our shores, a great many invalids and persons of delicate constitutions who would find it difficult to keep alive during our terrible and deceptive winter weather, but who, under the blue skies of the Bahamas, are happy as kings and are out-of-doors all day. At times there is a good deal of moisture in the air, especially at sunset, when a heavy fall of dew may be expected for an hour or two. But as there is very little change of temperature night or day, even persons with rheumatism and neuralgia may find relief in this steady-going climate. The doctor, from whom I had most of my information on these points, thought that while he would hardly recommend patients having those forms of lung trouble in which there is much expectoration and perspiration to visit the Bahamas, he considered that in the early stages of chronic pneumonia, and tuber-

culosis, in convalescence from acute diseases, in malarial affections and in exhaustion from overwork and worry, Nassau was one of the most healthful resorts of which he had any knowledge. This physician, a New Yorker who visited Nassau and made himself thoroughly acquainted with it, has since written very strongly in praise of the place. He went so far as to have some of the ordinary drinking-water analyzed, and found it very similar, indeed, to Croton water, each of them containing 0.4852 grains of chlorine to the gallon. I never discovered this in drinking it, but I know the water is very good. It may also be remarked, to the credit of the town, that the importation of ice is carefully attended to.

When we speak of this part of the world we generally say Nassau, because it is, so to speak, the center of the whole Bahamian system. But there are many attractions on the twenty-eight other islands, on which are some fifty small towns and settlements, and about thirty thousand inhabitants.

Harbor Island on the northern edge of the group, boasts the most pretentious provincial settlement. Dunmore Town has two thousand inhabitants, and attractions of its own, some of which its citizens believe to be quite equal to anything of the kind in the Bahamas. The "Glass Windows," a high arch or natural bridge, eighty or ninety feet above the level of the sea, is one of the lions of Harbor Island.

I have said it is easy to get to Nassau, and it is indeed a great deal easier than most persons suppose. There is a steamer every ten days from Savannah to Nassau, touching at St. Augustine, and the trip is always short, and generally smooth and pleasant. We made a good, long stay in Nassau, and set sail for St. Augustine, our faces browned with Bahama sunshine, and our souls fired with the spirit of seventy-four Fahrenheit.

PEACE.

THE king encumbered of his crown,
In cot content, can lay it down;
The bird far faring from her nest,
Some kindly spray may rock to rest.

The lark led on through upper air,
At eve forgets his journey there;
And th' eagle's eyes on glories far,
Ere long recede from sun and star.

The leaves which people lofty trees;
The snow—shed foam of th' over seas;
The rain that rings along the sky,—
Together meet and lowly lie.

Thou too, O Soul, striving to soar
Each flight beyond the flight before,
Shalt, past the vexed years that yearn,
To humbler haunts of Peace return.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



THE HOE-DOWN AT KIRTLEY'S.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARBECUE.

You would have known that it was a holiday in the county-seat village of Luzerne, had you fallen in with a party of country boys dressed in white cotton shirts and trowsers of blue jeans, who hurried along the road at sunrise, to the summit of the hill that overlooks the town. You might have guessed that it was an occasion of merry-making by the eager speech and over-reaching steps of the boys, hastening, boy-like, hours beforehand to the scene of anticipated excitement, trembling lest some happening of interest should be unseen by them. Job's war-horse was never half so eager for the fray. Hearing already the voices of others of their kind shouting in the village streets below, they do not pause a moment on the crest but plunge forward down the "dug-road" that slants along the steep hill-side, until it reaches the level plain below

and debouches into the main street of the town.

But you, had you been of their company, must have halted on the hill to look off eastward where the sun is quivering in the thin yellow-and-white horizon-clouds that hang over green hills. You must have stopped to look at the Luzerne island in its many shades of green, from the dark maple-leaf to the lighter cotton-wood and sycamore, the whole fringed by a margin of yet paler water-willows which dip their outermost boughs into the placid water of the broad Ohio, glistening in the early sunlight like the apocalyptic river of life. You must have paused and looked away in the other direction to the long stretch of river to the westward, till at last in a grand sweep to the south you lost sight of that majestic current, which first by the Indians, then by the French, and then by the English-speaking settlers has been called "The Beautiful." You must have looked across the mile-wide cur-

rent to the little Kentucky village on the bank opposite you, its white houses shut in by a line of green hills behind. And just beneath, on the nearer bank, lies Luzerne, one of the oldest towns in this new country, and the fairest object in the landscape. There are no fine houses—only white “frame” and red brick ones, with now and then an aboriginal log-cabin standing like an old settler, unabashed among more genteel neighbors. But all the yards are full of apple-trees and rose-bushes and lilacs—*lay-lacks* the people call them—and altheas and flowering almonds. Here one sees chimney-tops and roofs jutting out of the surrounding green of the trees, and there are large patches of unfenced greensward or “common” upon which the newly milked cows are already congregating, their bells, each on a different key, keeping up a ceaseless tinkling. You see the brand-new courthouse with glittering brass ball above the belfry, standing in the treeless, grass-green “public square;” and there in plain sight is the old town pump in front of the courthouse, and about it the boys and girls who have come hither for water.

But the party of country boys with whom we started have almost reached the foot of the hill. They have gone down running, walking, and leaping by turns. Now and then one of them stops, and looking over the valley and the village, swings his cap and cries out: “Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!” or, “Hurrah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!” Not, perhaps, because he knows or cares anything about the candidates for the presidency, but because a young cock must flap his wings and crow. Most of the enthusiasm of a political canvass is the effervescence of animal spirits. The struggle of the leaders is to make this overflowing tide of surplus life grind their grists. It was the processions and hard cider and log-cabins of 1840 that gave the Whigs the election.

But now other parties of straggling boys and men are coming into the village, afoot and on horseback, over this hill, and over others, and along the river-banks; while skiffs are crossing from Kentucky. In the village the trees are full of birds; yellow-hammers, jays, blue-birds, sap-suckers, red-birds, pee-wees, cat-birds, martins, and all the others that abound in the genial climate of southern Indiana, are filling the air with their whistling calls to one another; the singing locust sends forth everywhere in quick-following vibrant waves his curious

notes; but we do not hear these things. The usually quiet streets have already the premonitory symptoms of the on-coming excitement of the day, and the village lads in Sunday clothes, but barefoot none the less, are singing lustily to one another, such refrains as this:

“Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!
Beat the Dutch or bust your b’iler!”

to which some sturdy Democratic boy, resolved not to strike his colors, replies with a defiant, “Hurrah for Little Van!” and the Whig, feeling himself in the ascendant for the day, responds by singing:

“Little Van’s a used-up man,
A used-up man, a used-up man,
A used-up man is he!”

But the opposite side can readily answer again with ditties quite as forcible and ungrammatical.

By this time it wants a quarter of six o’clock, and the bell in the belfry of the tavern is ringing in a jerky fashion its warning for breakfast. It is the one invariable thing—holidays may come and go, but the tavern bell never fails to ring at six and twelve and six, with a first bell fifteen minutes before the hours for meals. The movements of all the people in the town are regulated by this steady old bell, and were it to waver in its punctuality the life of the community would be thrown into disorder; clocks would have no regulator; meals would be out of time; farmers would not know when to start toward home; preachers would have no reminder of the length of their sermons.

By seven o’clock on this day of the barbecue, the village is in a state of general expectancy. Girls are traveling to and fro singly and in squads; women are talking to each other over garden fences, and at front gates; merchants in their Sunday clothes are standing on the sidewalks, and boys are hurrying away to the great beech-woods on the river-bank above the town, where the barbecue is to be held, and then hurrying back to the village to see what is to be seen there. Wagons loaded with provisions of various sorts are constantly arriving from the country and making their way direct to the barbecue ground.

“Where are you going, Roxy?” asks a girl of sixteen in a lawn dress of another a year older, perhaps, in a bright new gingham. She speaks with that flutter of expectancy in her voice which girls always have at such times.

"To the beech-woods to see them roast the oxen,—I thought it might please Bobo, here," and saying this she turned toward a pale boy whom she led by the hand.

"Please Bobo here," the lad echoed with a childish exultation, and a strange wistful look in his eyes.

"I wonder what poor Bobo thinks about these things?" said the girl in lawn, looking at the lad's pale face and uncertain eyes.

"Bobo thinks about these things," he echoed with a baby-like chuckle of happiness.

"I believe he does, don't you, Roxy?"

"I know he does," said Roxy, looking at her unfortunate charge tenderly; "to be sure he does."

"To be sure he does," chimed in Bobo, with a delight, which was increased by the smiles of the girls.

"You see," continued Roxy, "he was a very smart little fellow till he got that fall. I don't think his mind is injured, exactly. It is only the brain. It seems to me like old Mrs. Post's cataract over her eyes, a sort of film,—a cataract over his mind, Twonnet.* Things don't get in and out well, but he seems to keep trying to think inside."

"Think inside!" cried the foolish fellow, beginning now to pull Roxy's hand to signify that he wanted to go, and saying, "See how nice!" as he pointed to the flags suspended over the street.

"He is very fond of red," exclaimed Roxy.

"You're better than most people, Roxy. They'd be ashamed to take anybody that was—was—simple—you know, around with them."

"Why?" said Roxy in surprise. "I think Bobo will always be one of those 'little ones' that are mentioned in the Bible. He don't know any harm, and I won't let him learn any. I could hardly live without him." Then she added in a lower tone: "I used to feel a little ashamed of him sometimes when people laughed. But that was a very bad feeling, I am sure. Good Bobo!"

"Good Bobo!" he chuckled, still pulling at Roxy's hand until she had to go on, Bobo expressing his pleasure whenever they passed beneath the flags. Going through the crowd of people in holiday dress, who were slaking their thirst at the town pump,

—the handle of which had no rest,—they turned at last into the principal street running toward the river. The village was chiefly built upon the second bank or terrace. The street led them down to the lower bank, which was thinly occupied by one or two hay warehouses and some dilapidated dwellings. This part of the town had once been in a fair way to take the lead on account of its proximity to the landing, but in the great flood of 1832 the river had quite submerged it, rising almost to the height of the rooms on the second floor, and floating away one or two buildings. The possibility of a repetition of this calamity had prevented the erection of new houses on this level, and some of the better ones had been given up by their owners, so that now this part of the town was the domain of fishermen, boatmen, and those poor people who, having always to struggle to keep the soul in the body, are glad to get any shelter in which to keep the body itself. The fewness of their chattels made removals easy, and since they were, most of them, amphibious creatures, they had no morbid dread of a freshet. Several of the better class, too, had held on to their rose-embowered homes on this lovely river-bank, declaring their belief that "the flood of '32" had deepened the channel of the river, so that there was now no danger.

But this lower bank seemed all the more beautiful to Roxy and Bobo that there were so few houses on it. The fences for the most part had not been rebuilt after the flood, so that there was a broad expanse of greensward. Their path took them along the river-bank, and to Roxy the wide river was always a source of undefined joy.

Following the hurrying squads of boys and men, and the track of wagons, they came at last into the forest of primeval beech that stretched away for a mile above the town, on this lower flat bordering the river. Here were not such beech-trees as grow on the valley hills of New England, stunted in height and with a divided trunk. These great trees, having a deep and fertile soil, push their trunks in stately columns heavenward, sending forth, everywhere, slender lateral limbs that droop soon after leaving the trunk, then recover themselves and droop a little once more at the distant tips, almost making Hogarth's line. The stillness of the deep shade was broken now by the invasion of busy men and idle boys; there were indescribable

* This orthography best represents the common pronunciation of the name among the village people. It rhymes exactly with the word "bonnet."

cries; the orders, advice, and jokes shouted from one to another, had a sound as of desecration. Here a table was being spread, set in the form of a hollow square to accommodate a thousand people; in another place hundreds of great loaves of bread were being cut into slices by men with sharp knives.

All of this pleased Bobo, but when at last Roxy led him to the pit, thirty feet long, over which half a dozen oxen split in halves were undergoing the process called barbecuing, he was greatly excited. A great fire had been kept burning in this trench during the night, and now the bottom, six feet below the surface, was covered with a bed of glowing coals. As the beeves over this fire were turned from time to time, they kept up a constant hissing, as such a giant's broil must; and this sound with the intense heat terrified the lad.

He was better pleased when Roxy led him away to a tree where a thrifty farmer was selling ginger-cakes and cider, and spent all her money—five old-fashioned "coppers"—in buying for him a glass of cider which sold for five cents, with a scoloped ginger-cake thrown in.

But now the drum and fife were heard, and Roxy could plainly see a procession of Whigs from the country coming down the hill in the rear of the village. Others were coming by the other roads that led into the town. The crowd of idlers who scattered about the grove now started pell-mell for the village, where all of these companies, in wagons and on horseback, were to be formed into one grand procession.

But Roxy took pains to secure for Bobo a perch on a fence-corner at the end of the lane by which the wood was entered. When at last the procession came, the poor fellow clapped his hands at sight of the wagons with log-cabins and great barrels of "hard cider" on them. Every waving banner gave him pleasure, and the drum and fife set him into an ecstasy. When the crowd cheered for Harrison and Tyler, he did not fail to join in the shout. The party of country boys who had come over the hill in the morning, observing the delight of the poor fellow, began to make sport of him, calling him an idiot and quizzing him with puzzling questions, thus drawing the attention of the crowd to Bobo, who sat on the fence, and to Roxy, who stood by, and tried in vain to shield him from the mockery.

Happily, about that time the procession halted on account of some difficulty in turning an angle with the long wagon which

held the twenty-five allegorical young girls from Posey township, who represented the two dozen states of the Union, with a plump Hoosier Goddess of Liberty presiding over them. It happened that in the part of the procession which halted opposite to Bobo's perch on the fence, was Mark Bonamy, who was quite an important figure in the procession. His father—Colonel Bonamy—had been a member of Congress, and as a Whig son of a Democratic father of such prominence, the young man of twenty-one was made much of. Reckoned the most promising young man in the county, he was to-day to declaim his maiden speech before the great audience at the barbecue. But being a politician, already ambitious for office, he chose not to ride in the carriage with the "orators of the day," but on his own horse among the young men, to whose good-will he must look for his political success. The boys perched on the "rider" of the rail-fence were now asking Bobo questions, to which the simple fellow only gave answer by echoing the last words; and seeing the flush of pain on Roxy's face at the laughter thus excited, Mark called out to the boy to let Bobo alone.

"It don't matter," replied the boy; "he's only a fool, anyhow, if he is named Bonaparte."

At this the other boys tittered, but young Bonamy wheeled his horse out of the line, and, seizing Bobo's chief tormentor by the collar of his roundabout, gave him a vigorous shaking, and then dropped him trembling with terror to the ground. His comrades, not wishing to meet the same punishment, leaped down upon the other side of the fence and dispersed into the crowd.

"Thank you, Marcus," said Roxy.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mark, with Western unconventionality. He tried to look unconscious as he again took his place in the ranks with reddened face, and the same crowd that had laughed at the ridicule put upon Bobo now cheered Mark for punishing his persecutor. Even Bobo showed satisfaction at the boy's downfall.

The Whig leaders of 1840 roasted beeves in order to persuade the independent voters to listen to arguments on the tariff; they washed down abstruse reasonings about the United States Bank with hard cider; and by good feeding persuaded the citizens to believe in internal improvement. But in order to the success of such a plan, it was necessary that the speeches should come first. The pro-

cession, therefore, was marched to the stand; the horsemen dismounted; the allegorical young ladies, who represented sovereign states, dressed in white muslin, took places on the stand; and most of the other people seated themselves on the benches in front, while the drums and fifes were played on the platform, where also were ranged the speakers and some ornamental figures,—an ex-Congressman, a colonel of the war of 1812, and a few lingering veterans of the Revolution, who sat near the front, that their gray hairs, solitary arms, and wooden legs might be the more conspicuous.

Since Mark Bonamy's interference in her behalf, Roxy had rapidly elevated the young man into a hero. She cared nothing whatever about banks or tariffs, or internal improvements, but now she was eager to hear Mark make his speech. For when an enthusiastic young girl comes to admire a man for one thing, she straightway sets about finding other reasons for admiration.

Mark was sent to the front to make the opening speech, upon which one of the young men got up on a bench in the back part of the audience and cried: "Three cheers for Bonamy!" The grateful Roxy was pleased with this tribute to her hero, whose triumph seemed somewhat to be her own. Bobo recognized his deliverer and straightway pointed his finger at Mark, saying to Roxy:

"Look y', Roxy, look y' there!"

Indeed, she had much trouble to keep him from pointing and talking throughout Mark's speech.

In Roxy's estimation the speech was an eloquent one. There were no learned discussions of banks and tariffs, no exhaustive treatment of the question of the propriety of internal improvements by the general government,—all of these questions were to be handled by Judge Wool, who was double-shotted with statistics. Mark Bonamy's speech was not statesman-like. It was all the more popular for that. He had the advantage, to begin with, of a fine presence. His large, well-formed body, his healthful, handsome countenance, his clear eye, and the general look of quick intelligence about him, and a certain air of good-fellowship won upon the audience, even while the young man stood with flushed face waiting for the cheering to subside. He did not lack self-possession, and his speech was full of adroit appeals to national pride and to party spirit. He made some allusions to the venerable soldiers who sat by him and

to their comrades who slumbered in their bloody graves on the hard-fought fields of Bunker Hill and Brandywine, and Germantown and Trenton. He brought forth rounds of cheers by his remarks on Harrison's log-cabin. Measured by the applause he gained it was the best speech of the day. A critic might have said that many of the most telling points were unfairly taken, but a critic has no place at a barbecue. How else could Roxy judge of such a speech but by the effect?

Very few of the voters were able to follow Judge Wool's argument against the veto of the Bank Bill and the removal of the deposits, and in favor of the adoption of a protective tariff that should save the country from the jaws of the British lion. But the old heads declared it a "mighty weighty" argument, and the young ones, feeling its heaviness, assented. After some stirring speeches by more magnetic men, there was music by the drum and fife, and then the hungry crowd surrounded the tables, on which there was little else but bread and the barbecued meat.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE FEAST.

WHEN Roxy wended her way home that afternoon she found the streets full of people, many of whom had not limited their potations to hard cider. Flem Giddings, whose left arm had been shot away while he was ramming a cannon at a Fourth of July celebration, was very anxious to fight, but even his drunken companions were too chivalrous to fight with a one-armed man. So the poor cripple went round vainly defying every man he met, daring each one to fight and declaring that he "could lick any two-fisted coward in town, by thunder and lightning!" A little further on, big Wash Jones kept staggering up to plucky little Dan McCrea declaring that Dan was a coward. But Dan, who was not quite so drunk, was unwilling to strike Wash until at last the latter slapped Dan in the face, upon which the fiery little fellow let his hard fist fly, doubling the big man against a wall. Roxy, terrified at the disorder, was hurrying by at that moment; she saw the blow and the fall of the bleeding man, and she uttered a little startled cry. Forgetting herself and Bobo, the excited girl pushed through the crowd and undertook to lift up the fallen champion. Dan looked ashamed of his blow

and the rest crowding round felt cowed when Roxy, with tears on her face, said:

"What do you stand by for and let drunken men fight? Come, put poor Wash on his horse and send him home."

The men were quick enough now to lift up the sot and help him into his saddle. It was notorious that Wash could hardly be so drunk that he could not ride. He balanced himself in the saddle with difficulty, and the horse, who had learned to adapt himself to his reeling burden, swayed from side to side.

"Psh-shaw!" stuttered the rider as the blood trickled upon his mud-bespattered clothes, "aint I a-a-a purty sight? To go home to my wife lookin' this a-way!"

Whereupon he began to weep in a maudlin fashion and the men burst into a guffaw, Jim Peters declaring that he 'lowed Wash would preach his own funeral sermon when he was dead. But Roxy went home crying. For she was thinking of the woman whose probable sufferings she measured by her own sensibilities. And the men stood looking after her, declaring to one another that she was "a odd thing, to be sure."

When Roxy had passed the pump on her return, and had come into the quieter part of the village, Bobo, who had been looking at the flags, perceived that she was crying. He went directly in front of her, and taking out his handkerchief, began eagerly to wipe away the tears, saying in pitiful tones, "No, no! Roxy mustn't cry! Roxy mustn't cry!" But this sympathy only made the tears flow faster than ever, while Bobo still wiped them away, entreating her not to cry, until at last he began to cry himself, upon which Roxy by a strong effort controlled herself.

The house in which Roxy Adams lived was one of the original log-buildings of the village. It stood near the edge of the common, and some distance from the large, four-chimneyed brick which was the home of the half-witted Bobo, who was first cousin to Roxy on the mother's side. Roxy's father was the principal shoe-maker of the village; he could make an excellent pair of "rights and lefts," and if the customer insisted on having them, he would turn out the old-fashioned "evens,"—boots that would fit either foot, and which, by change from one foot to another, could be made to wear more economically. The old shoe-maker was also quite remarkable for the stubborn and contentious ability with which he discussed all those questions that agitated the village intellect of the time.

When Roxy passed in at the gate with

Bobo, she found her father sitting under the apple-tree by the door. He gave her a word of reproof for her tardiness,—not that she deserved it, but that, like other people of that day, he deemed it necessary to find fault with young people as often as possible. Roxy took the rebuke in silence, hastening to milk the old, black and white, spotted muley * cow, whose ugly, hornless head was visible over the back gate, where she stood in the alley, awaiting her usual pail of bran. Then supper had to be cooked in the old, wide-mouthed fire-place. The corn-dodgers—or, as they called them on the Indiana side of the river, the "pones"—were tossed from hand to hand until they had assumed the correct oval shape. Then they were deposited in the iron skillet already heated on the fire, coals were put beneath, and a shovelful of hot coals heaped on the lid—or "led," as the Hoosiers called it, no doubt from a mistaken derivation of the word. The coffee was ground, and after being mixed with white of egg to "settle" it, was put into the pot; the singing iron teakettle hanging on the crane paid its tribute of hot water, and then the coffee-pot was set on the trivet, over the live coals.

By the time the tavern bell announced the arrival of the hour for eating, Roxy had called her father to supper, and Bobo, who found no place so pleasant as Roxy's home, sat down to supper with them. While they ate, they could see through the front door troops of horsemen, who, warned by the tavern bell, had taken their last drink in honor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and started homeward in various stages of inebriety, some hurrahing insanely for Harrison and Tyler, many hurrahing for nothing in particular.

The pitiful and religious soul of Roxy saw not a particle of the ludicrous side of this grotesque exhibition of humanity in voluntary craze. She saw—and exaggerated, perhaps—the domestic sorrow at the end of their several roads, and she saw them as a procession of lost souls riding pell-mell into a perdition which she had learned to regard as a place of literal fiery torment.

Is it strange, therefore, that when Mr.

* This word, like many of our most curious and widely prevalent Americanisms, is not in the dictionaries. It may have come from mule—the aboriginal English cows are hornless, and our hornless breed is, perhaps, hybrid. Hornless cows on Long Island are called "buffaloes." The word *muley* is not to be confounded with "mooley cow," a child's word for any cow.

Whittaker, the Presbyterian minister, came in after supper, she should ask him earnestly and abruptly why God, who was full of love, should make this world, in which there was so awful a preponderance of sorrow? It was in vain that the minister tried to answer her by shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of man, who committed sin in Adam, "the federal head of the race;" it was in vain that he took refuge in the sovereignty of God and the mystery of His existence. The girl saw only that God brought multitudes of people into life whose destiny was eternal sorrow, and whose destiny must have been known to Him from the beginning. She did not once venture to doubt the goodness of God; but her spirit kept on wounding itself with its own questioning, and Mr. Whittaker, with all his logic, could give her no relief. For feeling often evades logic, be it never so nice and discriminating. Whittaker, however, kept up the conversation, glad of any pretext for talk with Roxy. The shoe-maker was pleased to see him puzzled by the girl's cleverness; but he seemed to side with Whittaker.

It was not considered proper at that day for a minister to spend so much time in the society of the unconverted as Whittaker did in that of Roxy's father; but the minister found him, in spite of his perversity, a most interesting sinner. Whittaker liked to sharpen his wits against those of the shoe-maker, who had read and thought a good deal in an eccentric way. The conversation was specially pleasant when the daughter listened to their discussions, for the minister was not yet quite twenty-five years of age, and what young man of twenty-five is insensible to the pleasure of talking, with a bright girl of seventeen for a listener?

When the minister and her father seated themselves under an apple-tree, it cost Roxy a pang to lose the pleasure of hearing them talk; but Bobo was exacting, and she sat down to amuse him with a monotonous play of her own devising, which consisted in rolling a marble round the tea-tray. The minister was not quite willing to lose his auditor; he asked Mr. Adams several times if the night air was not bad, but the shoe-maker was in one of his perverse moods, and refused to take the hint.

At last the time came for Roxy to lead Bobo home, and as she came out the door, she heard her father say, in his most disputatious tone:

"I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, Henry the

Eighth was the greatest monarch England ever had. He put down popery."

"But how about the women whose heads he cut off?" asked the preacher, laughing.

"That was a mere incident,—a mere incident in his glorious career, sir," said the other, earnestly. "Half-a-dozen women's heads, more or less, are nothing to what he did for civil and religious liberty."

"But suppose one of the heads had been Roxy's?" queried Whittaker, watching Roxy as she unlatched the gate.

"That's nothing to do with it," persisted Adams. "Roxy's head is as light as the rest."

Roxy was a little hurt by her father's speech; but she knew his love of contradiction, and neither she nor any one else could ever be quite sure when he was in earnest. His most solemn beliefs were often put forth in badinage, and he delighted to mask his jests under the most vehement assertions. I doubt if he himself ever quite knew the difference between his irony and his convictions.

But after Roxy had gone the father relented a little. He confessed that the girl's foolishness was different from that of other girls. But it was folly none the less. For if a girl isn't a fool about fine clothes and beaux and all that, she's sure to make up for it by being a fool about religion. Here he paused for Whittaker to reply, but he was silent, and Adams could not see in the darkness whether or not he was rendered uncomfortable by his remark. So, urged on by the demon of contradiction, he proceeded:

"Little or big, young or old, women are all fools. But Roxy had it rather different from the rest. It struck in with her. She was only ten years old when old Seth Lumley was sent to jail for stealing hogs and his wife and three little children were pretty nigh starving. That little fool of a Roxy picked blackberries three Saturdays hand-running and brought them into town three miles, and sold them and gave all the money to the old woman. But the blackberry-briers tore more off her clothes than the berries came to. The little goose did it because she believed the Bible and all that about doing good to the poor and so on. She believes the Bible yet. She's the only person in town that's fool enough to think that all the stuff you preachers say is true and meant to be carried out. The rest of you don't believe it,—at least nobody tries to do these things. They were just meant to sound nicely in church, you know."

Again he paused to give Whittaker a chance to contradict.

"I tell you," he went on, "I don't believe in over-pious folks. Roxy would take the shoes off her feet to give them to some lazy fool that ought to work. She will take care of Bobo, for instance. That gives Bobo's mother time to dress and run 'round. Now what's the use in Roxy's being such a fool? It's all because you preachers harp on self-denial so much. So it goes. The girls that are not fools are made fools by you preachers."

Adams had not meant to be so rude, but Whittaker's meekness under his stinging speeches was very provoking. Having set out to irritate his companion he became irritated at his own failure and was carried further than he intended. Whittaker thought best not to grow angry with this last remark, but laughed at it as pleasantry. The old shoe-maker's face, however, did not relax. He only looked sullen and fierce as though he had seriously intended to insult his guest.

"Preachers and talking cobblers *are* a demoralizing set, I grant," said Whittaker, rising to go.

"It is the chief business of a talking cobbler to protect people from the influence of preachers," answered Adams.

Suspecting the growing annoyance of his companion, Adams relented and began to cast about for some words with which to turn his savage and quite insincere speech into pleasantry. But the conversation was interrupted just then by the racket of two snare-drums, and one bass-drum, and the shrill screaming of a fife. The demonstrations of the day were being concluded by a torch-light procession. Both Whittaker and Adams were relieved by the interruption, which gave the minister a chance to say good-night and which gave Adams the inscriptions to read. The first one was a revolving transparency which had upon its first side "Out of;" then upon the second was the picture of a log-cabin; on the third, the words "into the;" on the fourth, a rude drawing of the "presidential mansion," as we republicans call it; so that it read to all beholders: "Out of a log-cabin into the White House." There were many others denouncing the administration, calling the president a "Dutchman," and reciting the military glories of the hero of Tippecanoe. Of course the changes were rung upon "hard cider," which was supposed to be General Harrison's meat and drink. At the

very rear of the procession came a company of young fellows with a transparency inscribed: "For Representative, Mark Bonamy—the eloquent young Whig."

Meantime Roxy stood upon the steps of her aunt's house with Bobo, who was transported at seeing the bright display. She herself was quite pleased with the inscription which complimented Mark.

She handed little Bonaparte Hanks over to his mother, saying,

"Here's Bobo. He's been a good boy. He saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta."

"Saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta," said the lad, for he had lived with Roxy until he had come to style his mother as she did.

Aunt Henrietta did not pay much attention to Bobo. She sent him off to bed, and said to Roxy:

"He must be great company to you, Roxy. I like to leave him with you, for I know it makes you happy. And he thinks so much of you."

And then, when Roxy had said good-night and gone away home, Aunt Henrietta turned to Jemima, her "help," and remarked, with great benignity, that she did not know what that poor, motherless girl would do for society and enjoyment if it were not for Bo. And with this placid shifting of the obligation to the side most comfortable to herself, Mrs. Henrietta Hanks would fain have dismissed the subject. But social distinctions had not yet become well established in the West, and Jemima, who had been Mrs. Hanks's school-mate in childhood, and who still called her "Henriette," was in the habit of having her "say" in all discussions.

"You air rale kind, Henriette," she answered, with a laugh; "it must be a favor to Roxy to slave herself for that poor, simple child. And as he don't hardly know one hand from t'other, he must be lots of comp'ny for the smartest girl in Luzerne," and Jemima Dumbleton laughed aloud.

Mrs. Hanks would have been angry, if it had not been that to get angry was troublesome,—the more so that the indispensable Jemima was sure to keep her temper and get the best of any discussion. So the mistress only flushed a little, and replied:

"Don't give me any impertinence, Jemima. You haven't finished scrubbing the kitchen floor yet."

"I'm *much* obleeged," chuckled Jemima, half aloud, "it's a great privilege to scrub the floor. I'll have to git right down on my knees to express my gratitude," and down

she knelt to resume her scouring of the floor, singing as she worked, with more vigor than melody, the words of an old chorus:

"Oh, hender me not, fer I *will* serve the Lord,
And I'll praise Him when I die."

As Roxy walked home beneath the black locust-trees that bordered the sidewalk, she had an uncomfortable sense of wrong. She knew her aunt too well to hope for any thanks for her pains with Bobo; but she could not quite get over expecting them. She had taken up the care of the boy because she saw him neglected, and because he was one of "the Bible little ones," as she phrased it. Her attentions to him had their spring in pure benevolence and religious devotion; but now she began to rebuke herself sternly for "seeking the praise of men." She offered an earnest prayer that this, her sin, might be forgiven, and she resolved to be more kind than ever to Bobo.

As she entered the path that led out of the street to the edge of the common in which stood their house and garden-patch, she met the minister going home. He paused a moment to praise her for her self-denying kindness to her unfortunate cousin, then wished her good-night, and passed on. Spite of all Roxy's resolutions against caring for the praise of men, she found the appreciative words very sweet in her ears as she went on home in the stillness of the summer night.

When she came to the house, her father stood by the gate which led into the yard, already reproaching himself for his irascibility and his almost involuntary rudeness to Mr. Whittaker; and since he was discordant with himself, he was cross with Roxy.

"Much good you will ever get by taking care of Bobo," he said. "Your aunt wont thank you, or leave you a shoe-string when she dies."

Roxy did not reply, but went off to bed annoyed—not, however, at what her father had said to her. She was used to his irritability, and she knew, besides, that if she were to neglect Bo, the crusty but tender-hearted father would be the first to take him up. But from his mood she saw that he had not parted pleasantly with Whittaker. And as she climbed the stairs she thought of Whittaker's visit and wondered whether he would be driven away by her father's harshness. And mingling with thoughts of the slender form of Whittaker in her imagination, there came thoughts of the fine pres-

ence of Mark Bonamy, and of his flowing speech. It was a pleasant world, after all. She could afford to put out of memory Aunt Henrietta's ingratitude and her father's moods.

Mark, on his part, was at that very moment drinking to the success of the log-cabin candidate, and if Roxy could have seen him then, the picture with which she pleased herself of a high-toned and chivalrous young man would doubtless have lost some of the superfluous color which the events of the day had given it.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTRY HOE-DOWN.

It was some weeks after the barbecue that Mark Bonamy, now a Whig candidate for representative in the Indiana legislature, set out to electioneer. He was accompanied on this expedition by Major Tom Lathers, who was running for sheriff. Both the young politician and the old one had taken the precaution to dress themselves in country jeans, of undyed brown wool, commonly known as butternut. Lathers was a tall, slim, fibrous man, whose very face was stringy. He sat straight up on his rawboned, bobtailed horse and seemed forever looking off into vacancy, like a wistful greyhound. Mark had not succeeded in toning himself quite down to the country standard. He did his best to look the sloven, but there was that in his handsome face, well-nourished physique and graceful carriage that belied his butternut clothes. He was but masquerading after all. But Lathers was to homespun born; his gaunt, angular, tendonous figure, stepping when he walked as an automaton might when worked by cords and pulleys, was not unbecomingly clad in brown jeans and "stogy" boots.

The two were riding now toward Tanner Township, the wildest corner of the county. Here on the head-waters of Rocky Fork there was a dance appointed for this very evening, and the experienced Lathers had scented game.

"I tell you what, Bonamy, there's nothing like hoe-downs and the like. Everybody is good-natured at a dance. I went to church last Sunday,—I always go to church when there is an election coming on. People think I am in a hopeful state and the like, you know, when they see that, and they vote for me to encourage me."

Here Lathers gave his companion a significant look from his small, twinkling gray eyes and then diving into his pocket he drew forth a plug of tobacco and bit off a large corner of it, which he masticated for a while with all the energy of a man of serious purpose.

"You see," he proceeded, "a man's mind is always on his own business even in meeting and the like, at least mine is when I'm running for anything. Well, I heerd Whittaker read something from the Apostle Saul, I believe. No, I aint jist right shore, now. Now I come to think, I believe he said it was from the first apostle to the Corinthians, an' I swear I aint well 'nough up in Bible to know who was the first and who was the second apostle to the Corinthians."

Here Lathers spat meditatively, while Mark turned his head away.

"Well, never mind. It was either Saul or Paul, I think. He said something about a feast, or big goin's-on and the like, at Jerusalem, that was to come off sometime shortly. And he said that a great and effectooal door was opened to him. Well, I says to myself, that old Saul—Saulomon his full name was, I reckon—understood his business mighty well. He took folks when they was a-havin' a good time and the like. Them was my meditations, Mark, in the house of the Lord."

And Major Lathers stopped to laugh and wink his gray eyes at Mark.

"An' when I heerd they was a good, ole-fashioned hoe-down over onto Rocky Fork, I says a great and effectooal door—a big barn-door, it 'peared like—is opened to me and Mark Bonamy. Tanner Township is rightly Locofoco, but if you show your purty face among the women folks, and I give the men a little sawder and the like, you know, we'll use them up like the pilgrim fathers did the British on Bunker Hill that fourth of July."

About sunset the two arrived at Kirtley's double cabin. Already there were signs of the oncoming festivities.

"Hello, Old Gid," said Lathers, who knew just when familiarity was likely to win, "you alive yet, you 'old sinner? How air you, any way? It's mighty strange you an' me haint dead and done fer, after all we've been through. I wish I was half as hearty as you look."

"Well, Major, is that air you?" grinned Kirtley. "Howdy, ole coon?" and he reached out his hand. "I'm middlin' peart.

Come over this way to get some votes, I reckon? 'Taint no use. Darnedest set of Locos over here you ever see."

"Oh, I know that. I tho't I'd come along and shake hands and the like with a ole friend, and quarrel with you about Old Hickory, jist for fun. You always hev a bottle of good whisky, and you don't kick a ole military friend out-doors on account of politics and the like. Blam'd if I don't feel more at home when I'm inside your door than I do in ary 'nother house in this county. How's the ole woman and that doggoned purty girl of yours? I was afeard to bring Bonamy along, fer fear she'd make a fool an' the like out of him. But I told him you was a pertic'ler friend of his father, the colonel, and that you'd perfect him."

"Wal," said Kirtley, hesitating, "I wish I could make you comfortable. But the folks is got a hoe-down sot fer to-night, an' you-all wont git no sleep ef you stop over here."

"A hoe-down!" cried Lathers, with feigned surprise. "Wal, ef I'd knowed that, I'd a fixed things so as to come to-morry night, seein' as I want to have a square, old-fashioned set-down and the like with you." Here he pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket and passed it to Kirtley. "But next to a talk with you, I'd enjoy a reel with the girls, like we used to have when I was a youngster." Saying this, Lathers dismounted, without giving Kirtley (who was taking a strong pull at the bottle) time to object. But Mark hesitated.

"'Light, Mr. Bonamy, 'light," said Kirtley; "ef you kin put up with us we kin with you. Come right in, gentlemen, and I'll put your hosses out."

"Pshaw!" said Lathers, "let me put out my own. Bonamy and me knows how to work jist as well as you do. You Rocky Fork folks is a little stuck-up and the like, Kirtley. You don't know it, but you air. Blam'd ef you haint, now. You think they haint nobody as can do real tough work an' sich like but you. Now Bonamy, here, was brought up to that sort of thing, and as fer me, I was rocked in a gum stump."

The major instinctively spoke more improperly even than was his habit, in addressing Kirtley and others of his kind, though Tom Lathers's English was bad enough at any time.

The old man grinned at the flattery, and Lathers passed the bottle again.

An hour later the dancers were assembling; the beds had been cleared out of the largest room in the cabin, and the fiddler—

a plump and reprobate-looking man—was tuning his instrument, and scratching out snatches of "Hi Betty Martin" and "Billy in the Lowgrounds," by way of testing its condition.

Major Lathers went jerking and bobbing round among the guests, but Mark was now the leader. Quick-witted and adroit, he delighted the young women, and by shrewd flattery managed not to make the young men jealous. He ate greedily of the potatoes roasted in the ashes, which were the popular "refreshment." He danced a reel awkwardly enough, but that gave him a chance to ask some of the young men to explain it to him. Major Lathers knew the figure well, and was so proud of it that in nearly all the earlier dances he jerked his slender legs up and down like a puppet. Bonamy might have captured half the votes on Rocky Run, if there had been no Nancy Kirtley. Nancy was at first detained from the room by her household cares, but it was not in Nancy's nature to devote herself long to the kitchen when she had a chance to effect the capture of the young man from town. About eight o'clock, when the dancing had been going on an hour, and Bonamy had made a most favorable impression, he observed a look of impatience on the face of the green country girl who was talking with him. Turning in the direction which her eyes took, he saw half-a-dozen young men gathered about a young woman whom he had not seen before, and who now stood with her back to him. He asked his companion who she was.

"Oh! that air plague-goned Nance Kirtley. All the boys makes fools of themselves over her. She likes to make a fool of a man. *You* better look out, ole hoss!" said she with a polite warning to Mark.

Mark was curious to see Nancy's face, but he could not get away from his present companion without rudeness. That young lady, however, had less delicacy. For when a gawky youth, ambitious to cut out the "town feller," came up with "Sal, take a reel with me?" she burst into a giggle, and handed over the roast potato she had been eating to Bonamy, saying, "Here, feller, hold my tater while I trot a reel with this 'ere hoss."

Taking the potato as he was bidden, Mark made use of his liberty to seek the acquaintance of the belle of Rocky Fork.

Nancy had purposely stationed herself with her back to the stranger that she might not seem to seek his favor. On his first ap-

proach she treated him stiffly and paid more attention than ever to the rude jokes of her country beaux, though she was in a flutter of flattered vanity from the moment in which she saw him approaching. Such game did not come in her way more than once.

Mark on his part was amazed. Such a face as hers would have been observed in any company, but such a face among the poor whiteys of Rocky Fork, seemed by contrast miraculous. There was no fire of intellect in it; no inward conflict had made on it a single line. It was simply a combination of natural symmetry, a clear, rather Oriental complexion and exuberant healthfulness. Feeling there was—sensuousness, vanity, and that good-nature which comes of self-complacency. Nancy Kirtley was one of those magnificent animals that are all the more magnificent for being only animals. It was beauty of the sort that one sees among quadroons and octoroons—the beauty of Circassian women, perhaps,—perfect physical development, undisturbed and uninformed by a soul.

From the moment that Mark Bonamy looked upon this uncultivated girl in her new homespun and surrounded by her circle of hawbuck admirers, he began to forget all about the purpose of his visit to Rocky Run. Major Tom Lathers, as he flung himself through a Virginia reel with a gait much like that of a stringhalt horse, was still anxiously watching Bonamy, and he mentally concluded that Mark was as sure to scorch his wings as a moth that had caught sight of a candle.

"Will you dance the next reel with me?" Mark asked somewhat eagerly of Nancy Kirtley.

"Must give Jim his turn first," said the crafty Nancy. "Give you the next chance, Mr. Bonamy, ef you keer fer it."

It was in vain that Mark's former companion, when she returned for her half-eaten potato, sought to engage him again in conversation. He did nothing but stand and wait for Nancy and look at her while she whirled through the next reel as Jim McGowan's partner. In fact, everybody else did much the same; all the young men declaring that she *was some, sartain*. She danced with a perfect *abandon*, for there is nothing a well-developed animal likes better than exercise and excitement; and perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion.

While Mark stood looking at Nancy,

Major Lathers came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Mark," he whispered, "if you don't take your eyes off that air creature you're a gone tater, shore *as* shootin'. Don't you see that Jim McGowan's scowlin' at you now, and if you cut him out he'll be dead ag'inst you. Come, old feller, you'll git used up as bad as Julius Cæsar did when he went down into Egypt and fell in love with Pharaoh's daughter and the like, and got licked by it. Let an ole friend pull you out of the bulrushes and the like. Don't you have no more to do with that girl, do ye hear?"

"But I've promised to dance the next reel with her," pleaded Mark, feeling the force of Lathers's remark and feeling his own powerlessness to resist the current upon which he was drifting.

"The devil you have!" cried the major. "Then you're a goner, sure enough. Salt-peter wont save you. All the young men'll be ag'inst you, because you've cut 'em out and sich like, and all the girls'll be down on you, because you run after the purtiest one. Don't be a fool, Mark. Think of my interest as well as your'n."

"Wait till I've had one reel," said Mark. "I'm only in for a little fun, you know. Isn't she a splendid creature, Major?"

"Splendid! the devil!" muttered Lathers, turning away and shrewdly meditating how to cut loose from Mark.

Mark danced his reel with Nancy, and then devoted himself to her. Having no further use for Jim, she snubbed him, and Jim swore that Bonamy shouldn't git a vote on the Fork. Nothing but Bonamy's excellent muscle prevented McGowan's taking a more summary revenge.

When at midnight the company marched out-of-doors and stationed themselves around a table made of rough boards supported by stakes driven in the ground, they found a rude but substantial supper of bacon and hominy, corn-bread, sweet-cake and applepies. For luxury, there was coffee in place of the sassafras tea with which Rocky Fork was accustomed to regale itself, and, for a wonder, the sweet'nin' was "store sugar"—of the brown New Orleans variety—instead of "country," or maple molasses, such as was used on ordinary occasions. The cake, however, was made with the country molasses.

Mark, whose infatuation seemed to increase, devoted himself at supper to his Hebe, whom he would have liked better had she been entirely silent. It taxed his

gallantry to laugh at her awkward and bearish pleasantries.

"I say, Bonamy," whispered Lathers, "ef you don't flop round into the channel almighty quick, I shan't lash flat-boats with you no longer. I'll cut mine loose and swing around and leave you high and dry onto the san'-bar."

"I'll be a good boy after supper, Major," said Mark. Lathers saw that he was hopelessly enchanted by the siren of Rocky Fork, and he proceeded straightway to execute his threat. He sought out Jim McGowan, and told the irate fellow how he had done his best to keep Mark from makin' a fool of hisself.

"I'll pay him back," said Jim.

"I know'd you would," answered Lathers.

"He wont get no votes on Rocky Fork," said Jim.

"I tole him so," said the major. "He might know you'd hurt him, severe like, when he comes in and spiles your game an' the like. I'll git him away first thing in the mornin'. Then the girl'll find she's throw'd away her beau and got nothin' but a fool an' the like for one dance. She'll come back to you meeker'n Moses when the Philistines was after him. He'd orter know you could keep anybody from votin' fer him here, and git Whigs to trade off somewheres else. Now, for instance, ef you should git a lot of Rocky Forkers and the like to trade with Whigs,—to say to some of my friends that ef they'd vote ag'inst Mark, you-all'd vote for me or the like, you might hit a enemy and do a good turn fer a friend. Besides you know I'm dead ag'inst the dog law, and dog law is what Rocky Fork don't want."

From Jim the major proceeded to talk with "old man Kirtley," to whom he said that he didn't blame Mark fer gittin' in love with sich a girl. He might do worse'n to marry sich a splendid creature and the like. Fer his part he'd tell Mark so in the mornin'. He also assured Mr. Kirtley that fer his part he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Dogs an' sich like was one of the things a man had a right to in a free country. Poor men hadn't got many comforts, and dogs was one of 'em. (The chief product of the Rocky Fork region, as the major knew, was dogs.)

Lathers then talked to the "women folks." He said he didn't think so much of a purty face and sich like as he used to. What you wanted in a woman was to be of some account; and girls *too* good-looking got to be fools, and stuck-up like and got

into trouble, like Cleopaytry, and the like, you know. He also took occasion to tell the ladies of Rocky Fork that he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Poor folks had as much right to dogs and *sich* like as rich folks to sheep and *sich* like.

To the young men Tom Lathers said he didn't believe in a man dancin' with one girl all the time, perticuler when he didn't mean to marry her and *sich* like. It was scandalious. When he come to Rocky Fork ag'in he wouldn't bring no town fellers and the like along. He believed in country folks himself, and besides he was dead ag'inst all your dog laws and the like. Ef

he got to be sheriff he'd show 'em that dog laws couldn't be crammed down people's throats in this county. Didn't the Declaration, which our fathers signed on Bunker Hill, declare that all men was born free and equal? Wasn't a dog just as good as a sheep and *sich* like, he'd like to know; and if taxin' dogs wasn't taxation without representation, he'd jist like to know what was, now you know, hey?

With such blandishments Lathers spent the time until the party broke up with a final jig, when at length he succeeded in getting Mark away, but not until after nearly all of the guests had departed.

(To be continued.)

FOUR MEETINGS.

I SAW her but four times, but I remember them vividly; she made an impression upon me. I thought her very pretty and very interesting—a charming specimen of a type. I am very sorry to hear of her death, and yet, when I think of it, why should I be sorry? The last time I saw her she was certainly not — But I will describe all our meetings in order.

1.

THE first one took place in the country, at a little tea-party, one snowy night. It must have been some seventeen years ago. My friend Latouche, going to spend Christmas with his mother, had persuaded me to go with him, and the good lady had given in our honor the entertainment of which I speak. To me it was really entertaining. I had never been in the depths of New England at that season. It had been snowing all day and the drifts were knee-high. I wondered how the ladies had made their way to the house, but I perceived that at Grimwinter a *conversazione* offering the attraction of two gentlemen from New York was felt to be worth an effort.

Mrs. Latouche in the course of the evening asked me if I "didn't want to" show the photographs to some of the young ladies. The photographs were in a couple of great portfolios, and had been brought home by her son, who, like myself, was lately returned from Europe. I looked round and was struck with the fact that most of the young ladies were provided with an object of interest more absorbing than

the most vivid sun-picture. But there was a person standing alone near the mantel-shelf, and looking round the room with a small, gentle smile, which seemed at odds, somehow, with her isolation. I looked at her a moment, and then said, "I should like to show them to that young lady."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Latouche, "she is just the person. She doesn't care for flirting; I will speak to her."

I rejoined that if she did not care for flirting, she was, perhaps, not just the person; but Mrs. Latouche had already gone to propose the photographs to her.

"She's delighted," she said, coming back. "She is just the person, so quiet and so bright." And then she told me the young lady was, by name, Miss Caroline Spencer, and with this she introduced me.

Miss Caroline Spencer was not exactly a beauty, but she was a charming little figure. She must have been close upon thirty; but she was made almost like a little girl, and she had the complexion of a child. She had a very pretty head, and her hair was arranged as nearly as possible like the hair of a Greek bust, though it was presumable that she had never seen a Greek bust save in plaster. She was "artistic," I suspected, so far as Grimwinter allowed such tendencies. She had a soft, surprised eye, and thin lips, with very pretty teeth. Round her neck she wore what ladies call, I believe, a "ruche," fastened with a very small pin in pink coral, and in her hand she carried a fan made of plaited straw and adorned with pink ribbon. She wore a scanty black silk dress.

She spoke with a kind of soft precision, showing her white teeth between her narrow but tender-looking lips, and she seemed extremely pleased, even a little fluttered, at the prospect of my demonstrations. These went forward very smoothly, after I had moved the portfolios out of their corner, and placed a couple of chairs near a lamp. The photographs were usually things I knew,—large views of Switzerland, Italy and Spain, landscapes, copies of famous buildings, pictures and statues. I said what I could about them, and my companion, looking at them as I held them up, sat perfectly still, with her straw fan raised to her under lip. Occasionally, as I laid one of the pictures down, she said very softly, "Have you seen that place?" I usually answered that I had seen it several times (I had been a great traveler), and then I felt that she looked at me askance for a moment with her pretty eyes. I had asked her at the outset whether she had been to Europe; to this she answered, "No, no, no," in a little quick, confidential whisper. But after that, though she never took her eyes off the pictures, she said so little that I was afraid she was bored. Accordingly, after we had finished one portfolio, I offered, if she desired it, to desist. I felt that she was not bored, but her reticence puzzled me and I wished to make her speak. I turned round to look at her, and saw that there was a faint flush in each of her cheeks. She was waving her little fan to and fro. Instead of looking at me she fixed her eyes upon the other portfolio, which was leaning against the table.

"Wont you show me that?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice. I could almost have believed she was agitated.

"With pleasure," I answered, "if you are not tired."

"No, I am not tired," she affirmed. "I like it—I love it."

And as I took up the other portfolio she laid her hand upon it, rubbing it softly.

"And have you been here too?" she asked.

On my opening the portfolio it appeared that I had been there. One of the first photographs was a large view of the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva.

"Here," I said, "I have been many a time. Is it not beautiful?" And I pointed to the perfect reflection of the rugged rocks and pointed towers in the clear, still water. She did not say, "Oh, enchanting!" and push it away to see the next picture. She looked awhile, and then she asked if it was

not where Bonivard, about whom Byron wrote, was confined. I assented, and tried to quote some of Byron's verses, but in this attempt I floundered, helpless.

She fanned herself a moment and then repeated the lines correctly, in a soft, flat, and yet agreeable voice. By the time she had finished, she was blushing. I complimented her and told her she was perfectly equipped for visiting Switzerland and Italy. She looked at me askance again to see whether I was serious, and I added, that if she wished to recognize Byron's descriptions she must go abroad speedily; Europe was getting sadly dis-Byronized.

"How soon must I go?" she asked.

"Oh, I will give you ten years."

"I think I can do it within ten years," she answered very soberly.

"Well," I said, "you will enjoy it immensely; you will find it very charming." And just then I came upon a photograph of some nook in a foreign city which I had been very fond of, and which recalled tender memories. I discoursed (as I suppose) with a certain eloquence; my companion sat listening, breathless.

"Have you been *very* long in foreign lands?" she asked, some time after I had ceased.

"Many years," I said.

"And have you traveled everywhere?"

"I have traveled a great deal. I am very fond of it; and, happily, I have been able."

Again she gave me her sidelong gaze.

"And do you know the foreign languages?"

"After a fashion."

"Is it hard to speak them?"

"I don't believe you would find it hard," I gallantly responded.

"Oh, I shouldn't want to speak—I should only want to listen," she said. Then, after a pause, she added: "They say the French theater is so beautiful."

"It is the best in the world."

"Did you go very often?"

"When I was first in Paris I went every night."

"Every night!" And she opened her clear eyes very wide. "That to me is—" and she hesitated a moment—"is very wonderful." A few minutes later she asked: "Which country do you prefer?"

"There is one country I prefer to all others. I think you would do the same."

She looked at me a moment, and then she said softly—"Italy?"

"Italy," I answered softly, too, and for a moment we looked at each other. She looked as pretty as if, instead of showing her photographs, I had been making love to her. To increase the analogy, she glanced away, blushing. There was a silence, which she broke at last by saying:

"That is the place which—in particular—I have thought of going to."

"Oh! that's the place—that's the place!" I said.

She looked at two or three photographs in silence.

"They say it is not so dear."

"As some other countries? Yes, that is not the least of its charms."

"But it is all pretty dear, is it not?"

"Europe, you mean?"

"Going there and traveling. That has been the trouble. I have very little money. I teach," said Miss Spencer.

"Of course one must have money," I said, "but one can manage with a moderate amount."

"I think I should manage. I have laid something by, and I am always adding a little to it. It's all for that." She paused a moment, and then went on with a kind of suppressed eagerness, as if telling me the story were a rare, but a possibly impure, satisfaction. "But it has not been only the money; it has been everything. Everything has been against it. I have waited and waited. It has been a mere castle in the air. I am almost afraid to talk about it. Two or three times it has been a little nearer, and then I have talked about it and it has melted away. I have talked about it too much," she said, hypocritically; for I saw that such talking was now a small, tremulous ecstasy. "There is a lady who is a great friend of mine; she doesn't want to go; I always talk to her about it. I tire her dreadfully. She told me once she didn't know what would become of me. I should go crazy if I did not go to Europe, and I should certainly go crazy if I did."

"Well," I said, "you have not gone yet, and nevertheless you are not crazy."

She looked at me a moment, and said:

"I am not so sure. I don't think of any thing else. I am always thinking of it. It prevents me from thinking of things that are nearer home—things that I ought to attend to. That is a kind of craziness."

"The cure for it is to go," I said.

"I have a faith that I shall go. I have a cousin there."

We turned over some more photographs, and I asked her if she had always lived at Grimwinter.

"Oh, no, sir," said Miss Spencer. "I have spent twenty-three months in Boston."

I answered, jocosely, that in that case foreign lands would probably prove a disappointment to her; but I quite failed to alarm her.

"I know more about them than you might think," she said, with her shy, neat little smile. "I mean by reading; I have read a great deal. I have not only read Byron; I have read histories and guide-books. I know I shall like it!"

"I understand your case," I rejoined. "You have the native American passion—the passion for the picturesque. With us, I think, it is primordial—antecedent to experience. Experience comes and only shows us something we have dreamt of."

"I think that is very true," said Caroline Spencer. "I have dreamt of everything; I shall know it all."

"I am afraid you have wasted a great deal of time."

"Oh yes, that has been my great wickedness."

The people about us had begun to scatter; they were taking their leave. She got up and put out her hand to me, timidly, but with a peculiar brightness in her eyes.

"I am going back there," I said, as I shook hands with her. "I shall look out for you."

"I will tell you," she answered, "if I am disappointed."

And she went away, looking delicately agitated and moving her little straw fan.

II.

A FEW months after this I returned to Europe, and some three years elapsed. I had been living in Paris, and, toward the end of October, I went from that city to Havre, to meet my sister and her husband, who had written me that they were about to arrive there. On reaching Havre I found that the steamer was already in; I was nearly two hours late. I repaired directly to the hotel, where my relatives were already established. My sister had gone to bed, exhausted and disgusted by her voyage; she was a wretchedly poor sailor, and her sufferings on this occasion had been extreme. She wished, for the moment, for undisturbed rest, and was unable to see me for more than five minutes. It was agreed that

we should remain at Havre until the next day. My brother-in-law, who was anxious about his wife, was unwilling to leave her room; but she insisted upon his going out with me to take a walk and recover his land-legs. The early autumn day was warm and charming, and our stroll through the bright-colored, busy streets of the old French sea-port was sufficiently entertaining. We walked along the sunny, noisy quays and then turned into a wide, pleasant street which lay half in sun and half in shade—a French provincial street, that looked like an old water-color drawing: tall, gray, steep-roofed, red-gabled, many-storied houses; green shutters on windows and old scroll-work above them; flower-pots in balconies and white caps in door-ways. We walked in the shade; all this stretched away on the sunny side of the street and made a picture. We looked at it as we passed along, then, suddenly, my brother-in-law stopped, pressing my arm and staring. I followed his gaze and saw that we had paused just before coming to a café, where, under an awning, several tables and chairs were disposed upon the pavement. The windows were open behind; half a dozen plants in tubs were ranged beside the door; the pavement was besprinkled with clean bran. It was a nice little, quiet, old-fashioned café; inside, in the comparative dusk, I saw a stout, handsome woman, with pink ribbons in her cap, perched up with a mirror behind her back smiling at some one who was out of sight. All this, however, I perceived afterward; what I first observed was a lady sitting alone outside at one of the little marble-topped tables. My brother-in-law had stopped to look at her. There was something on the little table, but she was leaning back quietly, with her hands folded, looking down the street, away from us. I saw her only in something less than profile; nevertheless, I instantly felt that I had seen her before.

"The little lady of the steamer!" exclaimed my brother-in-law.

"Was she on your steamer?" I asked.

"From morning till night. She was never sick. She used to sit perpetually at the side of the vessel with her hands crossed that way, looking at the eastward horizon."

"Are you going to speak to her?"

"I don't know her. I never made acquaintance with her. I was too seedy. But I used to watch her, and—I don't know why—to be interested in her. She's a dear

little Yankee woman. I have an idea she is a school-mistress taking a holiday,—for which her scholars have made up a purse."

She turned her face a little more into profile, looking at the steep, gray house-fronts opposite to her. Then I said:

"I shall speak to her myself."

"I wouldn't; she is very shy," said my brother-in-law.

"My dear fellow, I know her. I once showed her photographs a whole winter's evening, at a tea-party."

And I went up to her. She turned and looked at me, and I saw she was in fact Miss Caroline Spencer. But she was not so quick to recognize me; she looked startled. I pushed a chair to the table and sat down.

"Well," I said, "I hope you are not disappointed!"

She staved, blushing a little; then she gave a small jump which betrayed recognition.

"It was you who showed me the photographs—at Grimwintler!"

"Yes, it was I. This happens very charmingly, for I feel as if it were for me to give you a formal reception here—an official welcome. I talked to you so much about Europe."

"You didn't say too much. I'm so happy!" she softly exclaimed.

Very happy she looked. There was no sign of her being older; she was as gravely, decently, demurely pretty as before. If she had seemed before a thin-stemmed, mild-hued flower of Puritanism, it may be imagined whether in her present situation this delicate bloom was less apparent. Beside her an old gentleman was drinking absinthe; behind her the *dame de comptoir* in the pink ribbons was calling "*Alcibiade! Alcibiade!*" to the long-aproned waiter. I explained to Miss Spencer that my companion had lately been her ship-mate, and my brother-in-law came up and was introduced to her. But she looked at him as if she had never seen him before, and I remembered that he had told me that her eyes were always fixed upon the eastward horizon. She had evidently not noticed him, and, still timidly smiling, she made no attempt whatever to pretend that she had. I staid with her at the café door, and he went back to the hotel and to his wife. I said to Miss Spencer that this meeting of ours in the first hour of her landing was really very strange; but that I was delighted to be there and receive her first impressions.

"Oh, I can't tell you," she said: "I feel

as if I were in a dream. I have been sitting here for an hour, and I don't want to move. Everything is so picturesque. I don't know whether the coffee has intoxicated me; it's so delicious."

"Really," said I, "if you are so pleased with this poor old prosaic shabby Havre, you will have no admiration left for better things. Don't spend your admiration all the first day; remember it's your intellectual letter of credit. Remember all the beautiful places and things that are waiting for you; remember that lovely Italy!"

"I'm not afraid of running short," she said gayly, still looking at the opposite houses. "I could sit here all day, saying to myself that here I am at last. It's so dark, and old, and different."

"By the way," I inquired, "how come you to be sitting here? Have you not gone to one of the inns?" For I was half amused, half alarmed at the good conscience with which this delicately pretty woman had stationed herself in conspicuous isolation at a café door.

"My cousin brought me here," she answered. "You know I told you I had a cousin in Europe. He met me at the steamer this morning."

"It was hardly worth his while to meet you if he was to desert you so soon."

"Oh, he has only left me for half an hour," said Miss Spencer. "He has gone to get my money."

"Where is your money?"

She gave a little laugh.

"It makes me feel very fine to tell you! It is in some circular notes."

"And where are your circular notes?"

"My cousin has them."

This statement was very serenely uttered, but—I can hardly say why—it gave me a certain chill. At the moment, I should have been utterly unable to say why. I knew nothing of Miss Spencer's cousin, and the presumption was in his favor, since he *was* her cousin. But I felt suddenly uncomfortable at the thought that half an hour after her landing her scanty funds should have passed into his hands.

"Is he to travel with you?" I asked.

"Only as far as Paris. He is an art student there. I wrote to him that I was coming, but I never expected him to come off to the ship. I supposed he would only just meet me at the train in Paris. It is very kind of him. But he is very kind—and very bright."

I instantly became conscious of an ex-

treme curiosity to see this bright cousin who was an art student.

"He is gone to the banker's?" I asked.

"Yes, to the banker's." He took me to an hotel—such a queer, quaint, delicious little place, with a court in the middle, and a gallery all round, and a lovely landlady, in such a beautifully fluted cap, and such a perfectly fitting dress! After a while we came out to walk to the banker's, for I haven't got any French money. But I was very dizzy from the motion of the vessel; and I thought I had better sit down. He found this place for me here, and he went off to the banker's himself. I am to wait here till he comes back."

It may seem very fantastic, but it passed through my mind that he would never come back. I settled myself in my chair beside Miss Spencer and determined to await the event. She was extremely observant; there was something touching in it. She noticed everything that the movement of the street brought before us—the peculiarities of costumes, the shapes of vehicles, the big Norman horses, the fat priests, the shaven poodles. We talked of these things. There was something charming in her freshness of perception and the way her book-nourished fancy recognized and welcomed everything.

"And when your cousin comes back what are you going to do?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment.

"We don't quite know."

"When do you go to Paris? If you go by the four o'clock train I may have the pleasure of making the journey with you."

"I don't think we shall do that. My cousin thinks I had better stay here a few days."

"Oh!" said I, and for five minutes said nothing more. I was wondering what her cousin was, in vulgar parlance, "up to." I looked up and down the street, but saw nothing that looked like a bright American art student. At last I took the liberty of observing that Havre was hardly a place to choose as one of the æsthetic stations of a European tour. It was a place of convenience, nothing more; a place of transit, through which transit should be rapid. I recommended her to go to Paris by the afternoon train, and meanwhile to amuse herself by driving to the ancient fortress at the mouth of the harbor—that picturesque, circular structure which bore the name of Francis the First, and looked like a small castle of St. Angelo. (It has lately been demolished.)

She listened with much interest; then for a moment she looked grave.

"My cousin told me that when he returned he should have something particular to say to me, and that we could do nothing or decide nothing until I should have heard it. But I will make him tell me quickly, and then we will go to the ancient fortress. There is no hurry to get to Paris; there is plenty of time."

She smiled with her softly severe little lips as she spoke those last words. But I, looking at her with a purpose, saw just a tiny gleam of apprehension in her eye.

"Don't tell me now," I said, "that this wretched man is going to give you some bad news!"

"I suspect it is a little bad, but I don't believe it is very bad. At any rate, I must listen to it."

I looked at her again an instant. "You didn't come to Europe to listen," I said, "You came to see!" But now I was sure her cousin would come back; since he had something disagreeable to say to her, he certainly would come back. We sat a while longer, and I asked her about her plans of travel. She had them on her fingers' ends, and she told over the names with a kind of solemn distinctness: From Paris to Dijon and to Avignon, from Avignon to Marseilles and the Cornice road; thence to Genoa, to Spezia, to Pisa, to Florence, to Rome. It apparently had never occurred to her that there could be the least incommodity in her traveling alone; and since she was unprovided with a companion, I, of course, religiously abstained from kindling her suspicions.

At last her cousin came back. I saw him turn toward us out of a side street, and from the moment my eyes rested upon him I felt that this was the bright American art student. He wore a slouch hat and a rusty black velvet jacket, such as I had often encountered in the Rue Bonaparte. His shirt-collar revealed a large portion of a throat which, at a distance, was not strikingly statuesque. He was tall and lean; he had red hair and freckles. So much I had time to observe while he approached the café, staring at me with natural surprise from under his umbrageous coiffure. When he came up to us I immediately introduced myself to him as an old acquaintance of Miss Spencer. He looked at me hard with a pair of little red eyes, then he made me a solemn bow in the French fashion, with his sombrero.

"You were not on the ship?" he said.

"No, I was not on the ship. I have been in Europe these three years."

He bowed once more, solemnly, and motioned me to be seated again. I sat down, but it was only for the purpose of observing him an instant. I saw it was time I should return to my sister. Miss Spencer's cousin was a queer fellow. Nature had not shaped him for a Raphaelesque or Byronic attire, and his velvet doublet and naked throat were not in harmony with his facial attributes. His hair was cropped close to his head; his ears were large and ill adjusted to the same. He had a lackadaisical carriage and a sentimental droop, which was peculiarly at variance with his small, strange-colored eyes. Perhaps I was prejudiced, but I thought his eyes treacherous. He said nothing for some time; he leaned his hands on his cane and looked up and down the street. Then at last, slowly lifting his cane and pointing with it, "That's a very nice bit," he remarked, softly. He had his head on one side, and his little eyes were half closed. I followed the direction of his stick; the object it indicated was a red cloth hung out of an old window. "Nice bit of color," he continued, and without moving his head he transferred his half-closed gaze to me. "Composes well," he pursued. "Make a nice thing." He spoke in a strange, weak drawl.

"I see you have a great deal of eye," I replied. "Your cousin tells me you are studying art?" He looked at me in the same way without answering, and I went on with deliberate urbanity: "I suppose you are at the studio of one of those great men."

Still he looked at me, and then he said softly—"Gérôme."

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Do you understand French?" he said.

"Some kinds," I answered.

He kept his little eyes on me; then he said—"Je l'adore!"

"Oh, I understand that kind!" I rejoined. Miss Spencer laid her hand upon her cousin's arm with a little pleased and flattered movement; it was delightful to be among people who were so easily familiar with foreign tongues. I got up to take leave, and asked Miss Spencer where, in Paris, I might have the honor of waiting upon her. To what hotel should she go?

She turned to her cousin inquiringly, and he honored me again with his little

languid leer. "Do you know the Hotel des Princes?"

"I know where it is."

"I shall take her there."

"I congratulate you," I said to Caroline Spencer. "I believe it is the best inn in the world; and in case I should still have a moment to call upon you here, where are you lodged?"

"Oh, it's such a pretty name," said Miss Spencer, gleefully. "À la Belle Cuisinière, —the Beautiful Cook."

As I left them her cousin gave me a great flourish with his picturesque hat. My sister, as it proved, was not sufficiently restored to leave Havre by the afternoon train; so that, as the autumn dusk began to fall, I found myself at liberty to call at the sign of the "Beautiful Cook." I must confess that I had spent much of the interval in wondering what the disagreeable thing was that my charming friend's disagreeable cousin had been telling her. The "Belle Cuisinière" was a modest inn in a shady by-street, where it gave me satisfaction to think Miss Spencer must have encountered local color in abundance. There was a crooked little court where much of the hospitality of the house was carried on; there was a staircase climbing to bedrooms on the outer side of the wall; there was a small, trickling fountain with a stucco statuette in the midst of it; there was a little boy in a white cap and apron cleaning copper vessels at a conspicuous kitchen door; there was a chattering landlady, neatly laced, arranging apricots and grapes into an artistic pyramid upon a pink plate. I looked about, and on a green bench outside of an open door labeled *Salle à Manger*, I perceived Caroline Spencer. No sooner had I looked at her than I saw that something had happened since the morning. She was leaning back on her bench, her hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon the landlady, at the other side of the court, manipulating her apricots.

But I saw she was not thinking of apricots. She was staring absently, thoughtfully; as I came near her I perceived that she had been crying. I sat down on the bench beside her before she saw me; then, when she had done so, she simply turned round, without surprise, and rested her sad eyes upon me. Something very bad indeed had happened; she was completely changed.

I immediately charged her with it.

"Your cousin has been giving you bad news; you are in great distress."

For a moment she said nothing, and I supposed that she was afraid to speak, lest her tears should come back. But presently I perceived that in the short time that had elapsed since my leaving her in the morning she had shed them all, and that she was now softly stoical and composed.

"My poor cousin is in distress," she said at last. "His news was bad." Then, after a brief hesitation: "He was in terrible want of money."

"In want of yours, you mean?"

"Of any that he could get—honestly. Mine was the only money."

"And he has taken yours?"

She hesitated again a moment, but her glance, meanwhile, was pleading.

"I gave him what I had."

I have always remembered the accent of those words as the most angelic piece of human intonation I have ever listened to.

Almost with a sense of personal outrage I jumped up.

"Good heavens!" I said, "do you call that getting it honestly?"

But I had gone too far; she blushed deeply. "We will not speak of it," she said.

"We *must* speak of it," I answered, sitting down again. "I am your friend; it seems to me you need one. What is the matter with your cousin?"

"He is in debt."

"No doubt! But what is the special fitness of your paying his debts?"

"He has told me all his story; I am very sorry for him."

"So am I! But I hope he will give you back your money."

"Certainly he will; as soon as he can."

"When will that be?"

"When he has finished his great picture."

"My dear young lady, confound his great picture! Where is this unhappy cousin?"

She certainly hesitated now. Then—"At his dinner," she answered.

I turned about and looked through the open door into the *salle à manger*. There, alone at the end of a long table, I perceived the object of Miss Spencer's compassion—the bright young art student. He was dining too attentively to notice me at first; but in the act of setting down a well-emptied wine-glass he caught sight of my observant attitude. He paused in his repast, and with his head on one side, and his lank jaws slowly moving, fixedly returned my gaze. Then the landlady came

lightly brushing by with her pyramid of apricots.

"And that nice little plate of fruit is for him?" I exclaimed.

Miss Spencer glanced at it tenderly.

"They do that so prettily!" she murmured.

I felt helpless and irritated. "Come now, really," I said; "do you approve of that great long fellow accepting your funds?" She looked away from me; I was evidently giving her pain. The case was hopeless; the great long fellow had "interested" her.

"Excuse me if I speak of him so unceremoniously," I said. "But you are really too generous, and he is not quite delicate enough. He made his debts himself—he ought to pay them himself."

"He has been foolish," she answered; "I know that. He has told me everything. We had a long talk this morning; the poor fellow threw himself upon my charity. He has signed notes to a large amount."

"The more fool he!"

"He is in extreme distress; and it is not only himself. It is his poor wife."

"Ah, he has a poor wife?"

"I didn't know it,—but he confessed everything. He married two years since, secretly."

"Why secretly?"

Caroline Spencer glanced about her, as if she feared listeners. Then softly, in a little impressive tone—"She was a countess!"

"Are you very sure of that?"

"She has written me a most beautiful letter."

"Asking you for money, eh?" I pursued, brutally, cynically perhaps, but irresistibly.

"Asking me for confidence and sympathy," said Miss Spencer. "She has been disinherited by her father. My cousin told me the story and she tells it in her own way, in the letter. It is like an old romance. Her father opposed the marriage and when he discovered that she had secretly disobeyed him he cruelly cast her off. It is really most romantic. They are the oldest family in Provence."

I looked and listened, marveling. It really seemed that the poor woman was enjoying the "romance" of having a discarded countess-cousin, out of Provence, so deeply as almost to lose the sense of what the forfeiture of her money meant for her.

"My dear young lady," I said, "you don't want to be ruined for picturesqueness' sake?"

"I shall not be ruined. I shall come

back before long to stay with them. The countess insists upon that."

"Come back! You are going home, then?"

She sat for a moment with her eyes lowered, then with a heroic suppression of a faint tremor of the voice:

"I have no money for traveling!" she answered.

"You gave it *all* up?"

"I have kept enough to take me home."

I gave an angry groan, and at this juncture Miss Spencer's cousin, the fortunate possessor of her precious purse, and of the hand of the Provençal countess, emerged from the little dining-room. He stood on the threshold for an instant, removing the stone from a plump apricot which he had brought away from the table; then he put the apricot into his mouth, and while he let it sojourn there, gratefully, stood looking at us, with his long legs apart and his hands dropped into the pockets of his velvet jacket. My companion got up, giving him a thin glance which I caught in its passage, and which seemed to designate a strange commixture of resignation and facination,—a sort of perverted enthusiasm. Ugly, vulgar, pretentious, dishonest as I thought the creature, he had appealed successfully to her eager but most innocent imagination. I was profoundly disgusted, but I had no warrant absolutely to interfere. Besides, I felt that it would be vain.

The young man waved his hand with a pictorial gesture. "Nice old court," he observed. "Nice mellow old place. Good tone in that brick. Nice crooked old staircase."

Decidedly, I was too much displeased. Without responding, I gave my hand to Caroline Spencer. She looked at me an instant with her little white face and expanded eyes, and as she showed her pretty teeth I suppose she meant to smile.

"Don't be sorry for me," she said, "I am very sure I shall see something of Europe yet."

I told her that I should not bid her good-bye, I should find a moment to come back the next morning. Her cousin, who had put on his sombrero again, flourished it off at me by way of a bow, with which I took my departure.

The next morning I came back to the inn, where I met in the court the landlady, more loosely laced than in the evening. On my asking for Miss Spencer,—"*Partie*, Monsieur," said the landlady. "She went away

last night at ten o'clock, with her—her—not her husband, eh?—in fine, her *Mon-sieur*. They went down to the American ship." I turned away; the poor girl had been about thirteen hours in Europe. •

III.

I MYSELF, more fortunate, was there some five years longer. During this period I lost my friend Latouche, who died of a malarious fever during a tour in the Levant. One of the first things I did on my return was to go up to Grimwinter to pay a consolatory visit to his poor mother. I found her in deep affliction, and I sat with her the whole of the morning that followed my arrival (I had come in late at night), listening to her tearful descendant and singing the praise of my friend. We talked of nothing else, and our conversation terminated only with the arrival of a quick little woman who drove herself up to the door in a carry-all, and whom I saw toss the reins upon the horse's back with the briskness of a startled sleeper throwing back the bedclothes. She jumped out of the carry-all and she jumped into the room. She proved to be the minister's wife and the great town-gossip, and she had evidently, in the latter capacity, a choice morsel to communicate. I was as sure of this as I was that poor Mrs. Latouche was not absolutely too bereaved to listen to her. It seemed to me discreet to retire. I said I believed I would go and take a walk before dinner.

"And, by the way," I added, "if you will tell me where my old friend Miss Spencer lives I will walk to her house."

The minister's wife immediately responded. Miss Spencer lived in the fourth house beyond the Baptist church; the Baptist church was the one on the right, with that queer, green thing over the door; they called it a portico, but it looked more like an old-fashioned bedstead.

"Yes, do go and see poor Caroline," said Mrs. Latouche. "It will refresh her to see a strange face."

"I should think she had had enough of strange faces!" cried the minister's wife.

"I mean, to see a visitor," said Mrs. Latouche, amending her phrase.

"I should think she had had enough of visitors!" her companion enjoined. "But you don't mean to stay ten years," she added, glancing at me.

"Has she a visitor of that sort?" I inquired, perplexed.

"You will see the sort!" said the minister's wife. "She's easily seen; she generally sits in the front yard. Only take care what you say to her, and be very sure you are polite."

"Ah, she is so sensitive?"

The minister's wife jumped up and dropped me a courtesy—a most ironical courtesy.

"That's what she is, if you please. She's a countess!"

And pronouncing this word with the most scathing accent, the little woman seemed fairly to laugh in the countess's face. I stood a moment, staring, wondering, remembering.

"Oh, I shall be very polite!" I cried; and, grasping my hat and stick, I went on my way.

I found Miss Spencer's residence without difficulty. The Baptist church was easily identified, and the small dwelling near it, of a rusty white, with a large central chimney-stack and a Virginia creeper, seemed naturally and properly the abode of a frugal old maid with a taste for the picturesque. As I approached I slackened my pace, for I had heard that some one was always sitting in the front yard, and I wished to reconnoiter. I looked cautiously over the low, white fence which separated the small garden space from the unpaved street; but I descried nothing in the way of a countess. A small, straight path led up to the crooked door-step, and on either side of it was a little grass-plot, fringed with currant-bushes. In the middle of the grass, on either side, was a large quince-tree, full of antiquity and contortions, and beneath one of the quince-trees were placed a small table and a couple of chairs. On the table lay a piece of unfinished embroidery and two or three books in bright-colored paper covers. I went in at the gate and paused half-way along the path, scanning the place for some further token of its occupant, before whom—I could hardly have said why—I hesitated abruptly to present myself. Then I saw that the poor little house was very shabby. I felt a sudden doubt of my right to intrude, for curiosity had been my motive, and curiosity here seemed singularly indelicate. While I hesitated, a figure appeared in the open door-way and stood there looking at me. I immediately recognized Caroline Spencer, but she looked at me as if she had never seen me before. Gently, but gravely and timidly, I advanced to the door-step, and then I said, with an attempt at friendly badinage:

"I waited for you over there to come back, but you never came."

"Waited where, sir?" she asked softly, and her light-colored eyes expanded more than before.

She was much older; she looked tired and wasted.

"Well," I said, "waited at Havre."

She stared; then she recognized me. She smiled and blushed and clasped her two hands together.

"I remember you now," she said. "I remember that day."

But she stood there, neither coming out nor asking me to come in. She was embarrassed.

I, too, felt a little awkward. I poked my stick into the path.

"I kept looking out for you, year after year," I said.

"You mean in Europe?" murmured Miss Spencer.

"In Europe, of course! Here, apparently, you are easy enough to find."

She leaned her hand against the unpainted door-post, and her head fell a little to one side. She looked at me for a moment without speaking, and I thought I recognized the expression that one sees in women's eyes when tears are rising. Suddenly she stepped out upon the cracked slab of stone before the threshold and closed the door behind her. Then she began to smile intently, and I saw that her teeth were as pretty as ever. But there had been tears too.

"Have you been there ever since?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Until three weeks ago. And you—you never came back?"

Still looking at me with her fixed smile, she put her hand behind her and opened the door again.

"I am not very polite," she said. "Wont you come in?"

"I am afraid I incommode you."

"Oh no!" she answered, smiling more than ever.

And she pushed back the door, with a sign that I should enter.

I went in, following her. She led the way to a small room on the left of the narrow hall, which I supposed to be her parlor, though it was at the back of the house, and we passed the closed door of another apartment which apparently enjoyed a view of the quince-trees. This one looked out upon a small wood-shed and two clucking hens. But I thought it very pretty, until I saw that its elegance was of the most frugal kind;

after which, presently, I thought it prettier still, for I had never seen faded chintz and old mezzotint engravings, framed in varnished autumn leaves, disposed in so graceful a fashion. Miss Spencer sat down on a very small portion of the sofa, with her hands tightly clasped in her lap. She looked ten years older, and it would have sounded very perverse now to speak of her as pretty. But I thought her so; or at least I thought her touching. She was evidently agitated. I tried to appear not to notice it; but suddenly, in the most inconsequent fashion,—it was an irresistible memory of our little friendship at Havre,—I said to her:

"I do incommode you. You are distressed."

She raised her two hands to her face, and for a moment kept it buried in them. Then, taking them away:

"It's because you remind me —," she said.

"I remind you, you mean, of that miserable day at Havre?"

She shook her head.

"It was not miserable. It was delightful."

"I never was so shocked," I rejoined, "as when, on going back to your inn the next morning, I found you had set sail again."

She was silent a moment; and then she said:

"Please let us not speak of that."

"Did you come straight back here?" I asked.

"I was back here just thirty days after I had gone away."

"And here you have remained ever since?"

"Oh, yes!" she said gently.

"When are you going to Europe again?"

This question seemed brutal; but there was something that irritated me in the softness of her resignation, and I wished to extort from her some expression of impatience.

She fixed her eyes for a moment upon a small sun-spot on the carpet; then she got up and lowered the window-blind a little to obliterate it. Presently, in the same mild voice, answering my question, she said:

"Never!"

"I hope your cousin repaid you your money."

"I don't care for it now," she said, looking away from me.

"You don't care for your money?"

"For going to Europe."

"Do you mean that you would not go if you could?"

"I can't—I can't," said Caroline Spencer.

"It is all over; I never think of it."

"He never repaid you, then!" I exclaimed.

"Please—please," she began.

But she stopped; she was looking toward the door. There had been a rustling and a sound of steps in the hall.

I also looked toward the door, which was open, and now admitted another person—a lady who paused just within the threshold. Behind her came a young man. The lady looked at me with a good deal of fixedness—long enough for my glance to receive a vivid impression of herself. Then she turned to Caroline Spencer, and, with a smile and a strong foreign accent:

"Excuse my interruption!" she said. "I knew not you had company—the gentleman came in so quietly."

With this, she directed her eyes toward me again.

She was very strange; yet my first feeling was that I had seen her before. Then I perceived that I had only seen ladies who were very much like her. But I had seen them very far away from Grimwinter, and it was an odd sensation to be seeing her here. Whither was it the sight of her seemed to transport me? To some dusky landing before a shabby Parisian *quatrième*—to an open door revealing a mussy antechamber, and to Madame leaning over the banisters, while she holds a faded dressing-gown together, and bawls down to the portress to bring up her coffee. Miss Spencer's visitor was a very large woman, of middle age, with a plump, dead-white face, and hair drawn back *à la chinoise*. She had a small, penetrating eye, and what is called *fin* French an agreeable smile. She wore an all pink cashmere dressing-gown, covered with white embroideries, and, like "Madame," in my momentary vision, she was holding it together in front with a bare and rounded arm, and a plump and deeply dimpled hand.

"It is only to spick about my *café*," she said to Miss Spencer with her agreeable smile. "I should like it served in the garden under the leetle tree."

The young man behind her had now stepped into the room, and he also stood looking at me. He was a pretty-faced little fellow, with an air of provincial foppishness—a tiny Adonis of Grimwinter. He

had a small, pointed nose, a small, pointed chin, and, as I observed, the most diminutive feet. He looked at me foolishly, with his mouth open.

"You shall have your coffee," said Miss Spencer, who had a faint red spot in each of her cheeks.

"It is well!" said the lady in the dressing-gown. "Find your bouk," she added, turning to the young man.

He looked vaguely round the room.

"My grammar, d' ye mean?" he asked, with a helpless intonation.

But the large lady was looking at me curiously, and gathering in her dressing-gown with her white arm.

"Find your bouk, my friend," she repeated.

"My poetry, d' ye mean?" said the young man, also gazing at me again.

"Never mind your bouk," said his companion. "To-day we will talk. We will make some conversation. But we must not interrupt. Come," and she turned away. "Under the leetle tree," she added, for the benefit of Miss Spencer.

Then she gave me a sort of salutation, and a "Monsieur!" with which she swept away again, followed by the young man.

Caroline Spencer stood there with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

Who is that?" I asked.

"The countess, my cousin."

"And who is the young man?"

"Her pupil, Mr. Mixer."

This description of the relation between the two persons who had just left the room made me break into a little laugh. Miss Spencer looked at me gravely.

"She gives French lessons; she has lost her fortune."

"I see," I said. "She is determined to be a burden to no one. That is very proper."

Miss Spencer looked down on the ground again.

"I must go and get the coffee," she said.

"Has the lady many pupils?" I asked.

"She has only Mr. Mixer. She gives all her time to him."

At this I could not laugh, though I smelt provocation. Miss Spencer was too grave.

"He pays very well," she presently added, with simplicity. "He is very rich. He is very kind. He takes the countess to drive." And she was turning away.

"You are going for the countess's coffee?" I said.

"If you will excuse me a few moments?"

"Is there no one else to do it?"

She looked at me with the softest serenity.

"I keep no servants."

"Can she not wait upon herself?"

"She is not used to that."

"I see," said I, as gently as possible.

"But before you go, tell me this: who is this lady?"

"I told you about her before—that day. She is the wife of my cousin, whom you saw."

"The lady who was disowned by her family in consequence of her marriage?"

"Yes; they have never seen her again. They have cast her off."

"And where is her husband?"

"He is dead."

"And where is your money?"

The poor girl flinched; there was something too methodical in my questions.

"I don't know," she said wearily.

But I continued a moment.

"On her husband's death this lady came over here?"

"Yes, she arrived one day" —

"How long ago?"

"Two years."

"She has been here ever since?"

"Every moment."

"How does she like it?"

"Not at all."

"And how do *you* like it?"

Miss Spencer laid her face in her two hands an instant, as she had done ten minutes before. Then, quickly, she went to get the countess's coffee.

I remained alone in the little parlor; I wanted to see more—to learn more. At the end of five minutes the young man whom Miss Spencer had described as the countess's pupil came in. He stood looking at me for a moment with parted lips. I saw he was a very weak-eyed young man.

"She wants to know if you wont come out there?" he observed at last.

"Who wants to know?"

"The countess. That French lady."

"She has asked you to bring me?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man feebly, looking at my six feet of stature.

I went out with him, and we found the countess sitting under one of the little quince-trees in front of the house. She was drawing a needle through the piece of embroidery which she had taken from the small table. She pointed graciously to the chair beside her. I seated myself. Mr. Mixter glanced about him, and then sat down in the grass at her feet. He gazed

upward, looking with parted lips from the countess to me.

"I am sure you speak French," said the countess, fixing her brilliant little eyes upon me.

"I do, madam, after a fashion," I answered, in the lady's own tongue.

"*Voilà!*" she cried most expressively. "I knew it so soon as I looked at you. You have been in my poor dear country."

"A long time."

"You know Paris?"

"Thoroughly, madame." And with a certain conscious purpose I let my eyes meet her own.

She presently, hereupon, moved her own and glanced down at Mr. Mixter.

"What are we talking about?" she demanded of her attentive pupil.

He pulled his knees up, plucked at the grass with his hand, stared, blushed a little.

"You are talking French," said Mr. Mixter.

"*La belle découverte!*" said the countess. "Here are ten months," she explained to me, "that I am giving him lessons. Don't put yourself out not to say he's a fool; he wont understand you."

"I hope your other pupils are more gratifying," I remarked.

"I have no others. They don't know what French is in this place, they don't want to know. You may therefore imagine the pleasure it is to me to meet a person who speaks it like yourself." I replied that my own pleasure was not less, and she went on drawing her stitches through her embroidery, with her little finger curled out. Every few moments she put her eyes close to her work, near-sightedly. I thought her a very disagreeable person; she was coarse, affected, dishonest and no more a countess than I was a caliph. "Talk to me of Paris," she went on. "The very name of it gives me an emotion! How long since you were there?"

"Two months ago."

"Happy man! Tell me something about it. What were they doing? Oh, for an hour of the boulevards!"

"They were doing about what they are always doing—amusing themselves a good deal."

"At the theaters, eh?" sighed the countess. "At the *cafés-concerts*—at the little tables in front of the doors? *Quelle existence!* You know I am a Parisienne, monsieur," she added, "—to my finger-tips."

"Miss Spencer was mistaken, then," I

ventured to rejoin, "in telling me that you are a Provençale."

She stared a moment, then she put her nose to her embroidery, which had a dingy, desultory aspect. "Ah, I am a Provençale by birth; but I am a Parisienne by—inclination."

"And by experience, I suppose?" I said.

She questioned me a moment with her hard little eyes.

"Oh, experience! I could talk of that if I wished. I never expected, for example, that experience had *this* in store for me." And she pointed with her bare elbow, and with a jerk of her head, at every thing that surrounded her—at the little white house, the quince-tree, the rickety paling, even at Mr. Mixer.

"You are in exile!" I said smiling.

"You may imagine what it is! These two years that I have been here I have passed hours—hours! One gets used to things, and sometimes I think I have got used to this. But there are some things that are always beginning over again. For example, my coffee."

"Do you always have coffee at this hour?" I inquired.

She tossed back her head and measured me.

"At what hour would you prefer me to have it? I must have my *demi-tasse* after breakfast.

"Ah, you breakfast at this hour?"

"At mid-day—*comme cela se fait*. Here they breakfast at a quarter past seven! That 'quarter past' is charming!"

"But you were telling me about your coffee," I observed, sympathetically.

"My *cousine* can't believe in it; she can't understand it. She's an excellent girl; but that little cup of black coffee, with a drop of cognac, served at this hour—they exceed her comprehension. So I have to break the ice every day, and it takes the coffee the time you see to arrive. And when it arrives, monsieur! If I don't offer you any of it you must not take it ill. It will be because I know you have drunk it on the boulevards."

I resented extremely this scornful treatment of poor Caroline Spencer's humble hospitality; but I said nothing, in order to say nothing uncivil. I only looked on Mr. Mixer, who had clasped his arms

round his knees and was watching my companion's demonstrative graces in solemn fascination. She presently saw that I was observing him; she glanced at me with a little, bold, explanatory smile. "You know, he adores me," she murmured, putting her nose into her tapestry again. I expressed the promptest credence and she went on. "He dreams of becoming my lover! Yes, it's his dream. He has read a French novel; it took him six months. But ever since that he has thought himself the hero, and me the heroine!"

Mr. Mixer had evidently not an idea that he was being talked about; he was too preoccupied with the ecstasy of contemplation. At this moment Caroline Spencer came out of the house, bearing a coffee-pot on a little tray. I noticed that on her way from the door to the table she gave me a single quick, vaguely appealing glance. I wondered what it signified; I felt that it signified a sort of half frightened longing to know what, as a man of the world who had been in France, I thought of the countess. It made me extremely uncomfortable. I could not tell her that the countess was very possibly the runaway wife of a little *coiffeur*. I tried suddenly, on the contrary, to show a high consideration for her. But I got up; I couldn't stay longer. It vexed me to see Caroline Spencer standing there like a waiting-maid.

"You expect to remain some time at Grimwinter?" I said to the countess.

She gave a terrible shrug.

"Who knows? Perhaps for years. When one is in misery! * * * *Chère belle*," she added, turning to Miss Spencer, "you have forgotten the cognac!"

I detained Caroline Spencer as, after looking a moment in silence at the little table, she was turning away to get this missing delicacy. I silently gave her my hand in farewell. She looked very tired, but there was a strange hint of prospective patience in her severely mild little face. I thought she was rather glad I was going. Mr. Mixer had risen to his feet and was pouring out the countess's coffee. As I went back past the Baptist church I reflected that poor Miss Spencer had been right in her presentiment that she should still see something of Europe.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUSIN ON THE JERSEY SHORE.

BUT it must not be supposed that pure friendliness had moved Mrs. Stubbs thus to introduce these wolves into her sheep-fold; for of men, both young and old, she had suddenly become suspicious.

"Does the old cat think we are after her and her money?" said Captain Luttrell with an oath.

Captain Luttrell, being always in debt, and having nothing to depend upon but his pay and his winnings at cards, naturally resented such a suspicion.

"It would take the d——l of a spirit to stand in Stubbs's shoes," he added.

"Or none at all," amended a young lieutenant of infantry, whose smooth face showed through the tobacco-smoke, somewhat after the fashion of Raphael's beclouded cherubs.

"You're right; none at all, by ——" repeated the captain; "and that wouldn't do for me, you know."

But, in truth, Mrs. Stubbs had never once thought of herself. It would seem as though the instinct of personal vanity, or self-consciousness, indeed, which is late to die in a woman's heart, had been crushed out of life in her. It had been made to stand aside for more vital matters, or had been transferred to Blossom, in whom was all her pride now. No thought of personal adornment or personal triumph occurred to her. Her eyes were still bright and black, with a reddish heat in their depths, but the soft shine of her hair was broken by the rough gray threads that had found their way there. The fresh, high color which had given her a kind of vulgar beauty—not unlike that of the gaudy prints with which Stubbs had delighted to bedeck his walls—had faded away. The blood had rushed to her heart that night when they brought her husband in stiff and stark, and it had forgotten its way back. And then she was no longer young, hardly middle-aged, and what was personal vanity to one in whom every passion but that of ambition was dead? If she had marked the change in herself from the old comeliness to the faded, listless face she bore now, it was only as she might have noticed the change in another woman, and with no pang like regret. She had lived

her life—the life in which red cheeks and bright eyes play a part—so long ago as to have almost forgotten it. She had had her day (it was for fine ladies alone to try to lengthen this out into a kind of twilight). It was only in Blossom that the mother's vanity revived and glowed again. She delighted to see the child in the new-made gowns, the bright ribbons and nameless gew-gaws she had brought from the east, and which were tasteful and simple enough to please a more cultivated fancy. To her mind, they were not half fine enough. All the treasures of the store were open to Blossom. She had only to choose. She might have been swathed in silks, but that silks formed an insignificant part of the merchandise at the post.

It warmed the woman's heart with a wicked delight to see the envious eyes following the girl whenever she rode or walked under her mother's jealous care. Though outwardly unmoved, it rejoiced her soul to receive the artful flattery of the men about her. The tribute was for Blossom, though it passed through her hands. It was the child's due, and less than belonged to her by right. Not once did she dream of taking any of it to herself. But it was pouring treasures into the deep. The givers gained nothing by it. The house-door remained closed to them. As for Captain Luttrell, he was an object of indifference, or angry impatience, as he chose to conduct himself. Nothing was to be won by conciliating such as he. She had not spent her life, so far, among army people without nourishing an unnatural idea of the importance of "family;" nor without learning all that could be told of each one about her. To place Blossom upon an equality with the best of these, to make her a lady,—in that outer sense which gives so poor a definition of the word,—was the one object of the woman's life. Circumstances had brought Captain Elyot and Blossom together, and she rejoiced over it with silent but exultant joy. He had prospective wealth, but that was nothing. Was not Blossom rich already—with gold, and to spare, for whoever came wooing with the mother's consent? It was his fine family connections which had won him something more than toleration from the sutler's wife. She had heard Miss Claudia

refer to these rather boastfully months before. Poor Miss Claudia had ceased to refer to Captain Elyot in any way now. She was unconscious, she was indifferent, she was everything but proud and boastful now, when his name was mentioned. But the indifference and the unconsciousness were so exaggerated that there was danger of both being misinterpreted. Mrs. Stubbs, indeed, called them by another name. But she had treasured unwittingly the words her ears had caught of the fine family to which Captain Elyot belonged. Here was the opportunity thrown into her own hands to put Blossom into the position she so coveted for her. Her eagerness almost outstripped her caution. If Captain Elyot had been less the true gentleman that he was, he would have seen through it all, kissed her pretty daughter perhaps, and laughed in the mother's face, though he would have been a bold man, I confess. As it was, he took it all as simple friendliness and gratitude for the slight service he had rendered the family. "Perhaps you'll look into the parlor a moment, the child seems a little low in her mind to-day;" or, "May be you'll be dropping in for an hour this evening, Captain Elyot; Blossom was saying that she had not seen you for a week," Mrs. Stubbs would remark; and the young man heard nothing in the words but an innocent desire to vary the monotony of the girl's life, and never dreamed of the purpose underlying them. He had stood by them in their great trouble; it was but natural that they should turn to him now. And had he not assured Blossom that he would be a brother to her? The words had had a somewhat theatrical sound when he uttered them, though the feeling which gave rise to them had been honest and warm. Nor had it changed. He was, indeed, only partly conscious of the interest Blossom had aroused in him. The mother, it must be confessed, was hardly to his mind, and the social position of the family was one which, in the eyes of those around him, would by no means warrant the intimacy established. But, up to a certain point, lines of caste are but ropes of sand to a man. So he made his almost daily visits to Blossom, and defended the mother stoutly when occasion arose (and occasion seemed always upon the point of arising just now when the Stubbses were the center of interest at the post). If Blossom had been any other than she was, he would hardly have taken this woman upon his shoulders. As it was, he staggered some-

times under his load. But what with envy among the men who did not share their favor, and jealous spite among the women, the Stubbses were hardly used just now, and chance had made him their defender. No thought of consequences disturbed his mind.

For there was a distant cousin down upon the Jersey shore whom Captain Elyot had never seen, but who represented the dreadful future to him. During his late visit to the east, in one of those rash moments to which the most discreet are exposed, he had promised his uncle that he would seek this cousin out and come to some determination in regard to a matter which had been urged upon him by his uncle so often of late as to become hateful.

Now, thinking it over, he could not see how he had been so weak. He had repented as soon as the promise was given, and, pleading an urgent recall to his regiment, had escaped without making the proposed visit. But there had come a letter from his uncle in regard to the matter. It was inscribed in a cramped, stiff hand, and began, "Nephew Robert,"—this being the nearest approach to affectionate address in which the Uncle Jeremy indulged.

It was about this far-off cousin that he had written, desiring Captain Elyot, in words very like a command, to communicate with her by letter, since he had been unable to visit her. For a moment, as Captain Elyot read the words so galling to his spirit, he was tempted to write to Uncle Jeremy that he wanted none of his money at such a price. But the money would be his by law, why should he give it up? No one stood nearer to the old man than he. Still, was he willing to fetter his whole future at a whim of the meddlesome old man who had already, he wrote, prepared this cousin to hear from Captain Elyot?

"What does he take me for!" thought the young man angrily. "Write to this girl who may be—what must she not be to consent or be a party to such a scheme!"

And he thrust the letter into his desk and strolled off down to the sutler's, from force of habit perhaps. It was a bright winter day, with great soft clouds rolling slowly across the sky, and the broad river one dazzling expanse of ice, gay with a crowd of skaters. Blossom stood behind the window watching them with wistful eyes. A slight headache, succeeding a week of stormy weather, had shut her closely in the house and exhausted her in-door amusements. She was tired of her needle, tired of her music,

which, repeated again and again without a listener, sounded flat and dull even to her ears. She was disappointed in the novel Lieutenant Orme had brought her the night before. The hero had proved false and left a sigh in the girl's heart. But all heroes could not prove false, she thought, with a blush creeping up her face. And then somebody rapped at the door, and the color touched her hair when Captain Elyot stepped into the room.

"Why are you not out with the others?" he asked stupidly.

For he knew very well if he had given it a thought that no one of the ladies, at least, would have invited her. But the words had been mechanical. He was thinking, as she turned from the window, how unlike this girl, with her quick flush and shy ways, must be to the cousin down on the Jersey shore, who was waiting for a letter from him. The deep crimson gown and slender gold chain about Blossom's neck seemed to make the whole room bright. Even her mourning, or the outward semblance of it, was done by proxy. It was Mrs. Stubbs who wore the ugly black gowns, with stiff rebellious folds. "He liked to see ye look pretty," the mother had said. So Blossom wore the colors which gratified her own taste, fancying in some indefinable way that she pleased her father also, while Mrs. Stubbs assumed the serge and sackcloth.

Captain Elyot picked up the book Blossom had laid down, and, turning it over, read Lieutenant Orme's name in pencil on the fly-leaf. What did Orme mean by forming her taste after such a model, the weakest of diluted sentiment. He would speak to the boy.

"Silly trash!—I beg your pardon," he continued, for Blossom was blushing violently. She had shed more tears over its sorrows than she would have cared to own. "Tell me, truly, Miss Blossom, what did you think of it?"

"I—I wished he had come back," Blossom replied, rather unintelligibly, referring to the hero who had proved false.

Captain Elyot laughed outright.

"The hero? Oh, but they never do—heroes of this sort who get to be written about. It is only we matter-of-fact, dull fellows in every-day life who really stand by the women we pretend to love, even though —"

What Captain Elyot was about to say, since he waxed earnest as he went on, what he would have blundered into saying, his mind having wandered far from the book in

his hand, cannot be told. He stopped short without finishing his sentence.

"But—but that is like a hero," said Blossom, roused to an unusual intelligence by this burst of feeling which she did not in the least comprehend. She was only made aware all at once, and she knew not how, that these were her heroes of whom he was speaking almost in derision. The book had done her no great harm.

"Perhaps," the captain replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But they would never find themselves in a novel. Simple constancy is not dramatic enough. And, after all, a man is scarcely a hero who only follows his inclination. But put on your hat, Miss Blossom, your mother has given you into my care for an hour, and I am going to take you out on the ice."

Blossom's happy face was a reward in itself to the young man as she hastened away to don the little fur-lined sacque and a Scotch-frieze cap she had found among her mother's stores. Pinned up on one side with the wing of a pigeon, it was not an unbecoming skating-cap.

Miss Laud and Claudia Bryce, with two or three young officers, formed a group close by the shore, as Captain Elyot and Blossom descended to the river. The young ladies had donned their skates and were adjusting scarfs and hats, and buttoning gloves, preparatory to striking out, when the new-comers appeared. They all greeted Captain Elyot,—the young men, whose eyes followed Blossom's pretty figure, with rather unnecessary heartiness. Miss Bryce, after a conventional bow and smile, gave a final pull at the scarf she had been tying and swept away, followed by the others, but Miss Laud managed to give Blossom a nod and a word in passing. She had whispered hastily to Claudia when she saw them approaching,—

"Do speak to her, Claudia, you will never regret it!"

"Not I," Claudia had replied aloud. Then she gave Captain Elyot the bow and smile already spoken of, but which were too narrow to take in his companion. She poised herself for an instant to tie her scarf. She would not have the appearance of running away from this girl. Then she struck off with a peculiar undulating movement entirely her own. Miss Bryce's face might not be handsome; it was thin and lacking in color; her hair and eyes, too, were pale; but her figure was fine, even at rest, and in motion it was the perfection of grace.

Captain Elyot, engrossed in fitting the skates to Blossom's little feet, took in nothing of this side scene. He had marked Claudia's cool bow. It reminded him only that his relations with the Bryces had not been quite so intimate since his return as formerly. For this, he doubtless was to blame. He had neglected to call at the major's of late. But one does not always take up old threads after a long absence, and the habit of dropping in there had unconsciously slipped away from him.

"Hullo, Elyot! You here? Miss Blossom? How jolly! I was just on the way to see if your mother would trust you to me." And Lieutenant Orme came up in a flourish of incomprehensible figures, including a low salaam which had nearly ended in a somersault. "But where are your skates, Elyot?"

"I forgot them."

To tell the truth, he had never thought of them till this moment. He had not intended to appear on the ice. But passing Blossom's window he had caught a glimpse of her wistful eyes following the skaters. To resist their unconscious pleading was impossible. He rushed into the store, took Mrs. Stubbs by storm, obtained her consent, and had Blossom out of the house before a thought of his own lack of preparation occurred to him.

"All right, then; you'll have to hand her over to me," said the boy, coolly. "You're not afraid, Miss Blossom?"

"Oh, no;" replied Blossom, doubtfully. She was entirely confused by this new arrangement.

"Give us your hand," said the lieutenant, and before she could object she was swept away.

Captain Elyot looked after them with an amused but slightly bewildered expression of countenance. It may be that his eyes betrayed another feeling unacknowledged as they followed Blossom's figure growing less each moment in the distance.

"She has a lovely face."

The voice spoke close beside him. It was Miss Laud, who had approached unnoticed.

"If you will be so good," she was saying to her cavalier, dispatching him on some errand to the house. "I will wait here. Captain Elyot will bear me company. Yes, she has a lovely face," she repeated, when they were left alone.

"Do you think so?" replied the young man, quite off his guard, and forgetting that this girl was almost a stranger, he suffered

the thought in his mind to spring from his lips. "But I'm afraid it is going to be disagreeable for her, here. I think they might be more kind to her."

"And so do I," assented Miss Laud. "For my own part, I should be glad to know her, though I cannot take the initiative, being only a visitor. I wish, indeed, 'they' would be more kind to her—as you say. But, after all, Captain Elyot, you can hardly expect the ladies at the post to make the sutler's daughter quite one of themselves."

"And why not?" asked the young man, with more heat than wisdom.

"Why, indeed?" and Miss Laud raised her eyebrows and proceeded to cut graceful curves upon the ice, her hands thrust into the pockets of her natty little jacket. With all her good-will toward Claudia and Claudia's lover (as she regarded this young man), she could not be expected to lose sight entirely of her own interests. "Why, indeed?" she repeated, balancing herself before him and preparing to argue the question. "You gentlemen think her very pretty and all that, and blame the women for not taking her up. Yes, you do. I heard Captain Luttrell last night. He was passing our window with Lieutenant Gibbs and he used an oath, too. It is not nice in you gentlemen, the way you talk when we ladies are out of the way. He raved about her with his oaths, the great, swearing captain,—as though she would look at him! You think the ladies are in fault, I say, because they don't make her one of themselves; but, after all, they are more kind to her than you,—who would amuse yourselves. She is fresh and a new face, but no one of you would forget himself to marry her," said this artfully frank young lady.

"What do you mean?" stammered the young man, growing red.

Miss Laud's escort appeared at this moment.

"Would *you*?" she threw back saucily as she swept away.

Would he? What a shield an impertinent woman could make of her sex! Would he marry the sutler's daughter? No, of course not; he was already implicated in another affair. And then, as Blossom's innocent face rose before him there rose beside it another, and by no means a pleasing vision, of the cousin down on the Jersey shore. How he hated the whole subject! And what did this girl mean by thrusting it upon him? He was chilled with standing upon

the ice. But he could not desert Blossom, having brought her here. While he was trying to decide whether to leave and go in search of his own skates, or seek the lieutenant, who had carried the girl off without so much as an apology, he saw them coming toward him; her little figure swaying hither and thither, her hand clasped in Orme's. Her cheeks had caught the red glow of the sunset, the sun itself was reflected from her eyes. Something like jealousy touched his heart. Still, what did it matter? She was nothing to him, and the boy was his friend.

But, though he borrowed the lieutenant's skates—at Blossom's shy suggestion—and took a turn or two with her beside him, he was silent and not like himself at all. Poor Blossom wondered if she could have vexed him. She stole anxious glances at him from time to time as they went on, but dared not speak save in reply to his occasional words. No one avoided them, apparently, and yet they were always alone, while the others formed zigzag lines or improvised a dance, cutting strange figures, noisily merry,—a gay company in which Blossom never for a moment found herself. To an outsider, Captain Elyot might have seemed to blame for this. For, looking neither to right nor left, he guided her straight on past them all to where only the river with its broad sweep was before them. On and on they went in the face of the wind toward the sunset, Blossom's crimson skirts and little red scarf flying out like pennons behind them, the gay voices sounding farther and farther away.

"You do not care for them? It is far more pleasant off here with the river all to ourselves," Captain Elyot said, carelessly, but with a sharp glance at the wistful face that would turn of itself toward the merry party as the two swept by.

"Yes," Blossom assented, but her eyes belied the word and it came out with a sigh.

It was a little thing, but it touched the young man unaccountably. A few words, a smile or two that they would never miss from their store of good-nature would make this child so happy! and yet they withheld both. He hated them all, as they turned and came back more slowly. The sun had dropped out of sight, the air was icy. Every one was hastening toward the shore as they came up. Lieutenant Orme was taking off Miss Laud's skates.

"How sure your strokes are!" that young woman said with an approving nod to Blossom, who blushed and glowed under this praise. But Captain Elyot received it stoic-

ally. He was somewhat doubtful as to Miss Laud's good-will. "Yes; I was telling Lieutenant Orme, just now, that you and he were the best-matched couple on the ice," she went on mischievously, quietly watching Captain Elyot's face, which flushed in spite of himself.

"I beg your pardon, I fear I hurt you," he said to Blossom, whose skate-strap he was undoing. He had given it a sudden twitch. But no; Blossom was conscious of nothing but a glow of happiness in her little heart. She smiled her good-bye to this new friend, sorry and wondering that the captain should take her away in such haste. He gave Miss Laud a bow, stiff and ceremonious, withal so frozen that it would have set Blossom to trembling with fright had it been bestowed upon her. But Miss Laud only smiled saucily. She was by no means extinguished. Captain Elyot left Blossom at her door and went on to his quarters. Once there, he bolted his door and began to walk back and forth, his thumbs caught in his pockets, his head bent and a scowl on his forehead. At last he sat down before his desk and began to write a reply to his uncle's letter received so long before. It was with tardy haste, inasmuch as weeks had gone by since its reception and no mail would leave the fort now for some days. He dashed off the first sentence or two with a scratch of his pen. It mattered little to him, he wrote, whom he married; if marry he must. Still—and this came after the first heat and a considerable pause—he should hardly like to make a distinct proposition to any girl until he had seen her. However, he would try for a brief leave of absence early in the spring, or, he might, perhaps, leave the service entirely.

He folded and sealed his letter with rather unusual care, remembering with some annoyance as he did so, that he must prepare to go around to Major Bryce's. Mrs. Bryce had waylaid him upon the river and asked him to tea, feeling, no doubt, that it was time she came to Claudia's assistance. "Quite a family party, to meet no one but ourselves," she had assured him. But with a vivid recollection of Claudia's cool greeting and Miss Laud's over-frank speech, this was not an inviting prospect.

CHAPTER XI.

A GAME OF CARDS.

"I TELL you, Claudia, the man is in love with her," said Miss Laud, pausing, with the "cloud" half unwrapped from her head, to

utter this oracular remark. They were disrobing in Claudia's bedroom after their hour on the ice.

Claudia bent over a refractory button, hiding her face.

"Why do you think so?"

"I tried him; I praised her, and he was ridiculously pleased. Then I abused her a little, and he forgot his manners, and was angry at once. What a fool the man must be! There is nothing pretty about the girl but her pink and white face, and a pair of eyes which she knows how to use."

"It was coming over the plains together," said Claudia with a sigh.

Fate had been cruel to her. If she had but been in Blossom's place!

"And he thought the ladies might be more kind to her," Miss Laud went on, recalling every part of her conversation with Captain Elyot, and making her own selections from it.

"Did he, indeed!" Claudia said with scorn.

This was quite too much. It certainly was hard from Claudia's point of view.

"I presume he believes we should all receive her if he made her his wife?"

Miss Claudia had brought an unusual color from her exercise on the ice, and her voice just now had a touch of the sharp air they had left outside.

"And you would not?" said Miss Laud, half interrogatively, as she began to brush out her thick auburn hair.

"I!"

Claudia's expression and attitude were tragic.

"Still, I do think it would have been wiser to show her some civility," her friend went on.

Claudia's obstinacy had only foiled her desires. She had only made the girl appear ill-used. And what so natural now as that Captain Elyot should take up her defense. If the affair had been in her hands, thought Miss Laud! She could have managed it after a much better fashion, and brought him round at last in spite of Miss Pretty-face. She forgot that Claudia, angry and fancying herself ill-used, had not her cool little head.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said, looking at her watch. "We shall hardly be dressed in time. Why, Claudia, you have not begun. You forget that he is coming to tea."

"Coming to tea!"

The blood swept over Claudia's thin face.

"I supposed you knew it. Yes, I heard your mother ask him on the ice."

"I don't know why she should; he has only called here once since he came back."

"I don't know why she should; but she certainly did," Miss Laud replied gayly.

There was a pleasing excitement in the prospect of this visit. She need not be ungracious because Claudia chose to consider herself neglected; and Miss Laud made her toilet with unusual care, loosening her hair into soft waves about her face, and choosing the most becoming, though the plainest, of the gowns she had brought from the States. To tell the truth, she was glad of a little change. She was becoming tired of Claudia's continued ill-humor, which sufficed to make every one uncomfortable without bringing anything to pass. Claudia's lovers, and Claudia's disappointment and vexation were amusing enough for a time, but since the affair appeared so hopeless, she began to think that her friend might pluck up more spirit and forget it all.

"I don't know why you should not ask him here," she said. "It would be very strange to ostracize him when there is really nothing as yet."

"How can you say there is nothing?" replied Claudia, who had sat down listlessly upon the bed in spite of her friend's warning as to the lateness of the hour.

"He may be engaged to her for all we know. I am sure he is there half the time."

"He may be," said Miss Laud slowly.

She was turning her head this way and that to observe the effect of the back of her gown in the small glass.

"But I don't believe it. He is just the man to take up a girl whom everybody neglected, but men don't marry so. He'll never think of marrying her unless somebody puts it into his head."

She did not tell how she herself had suggested it to him that very afternoon, from a spiteful impulse, for which she was vexed with herself a moment later. What a foolish speech she had made, to be sure! And what if he should act upon it and marry the girl! It would be a shame for him thus to throw himself away. Miss Laud was tempted to enter the lists herself, since Claudia showed so little spirit.

"But you will never be ready," she said, putting the last pin into her hair. "Do bestir yourself, dear, I believe he has come already. I heard a strange voice."

"I shall do nothing at all," Claudia said,

folding her hands upon the lap of her plain brown dress.

"But do put on a bit of ribbon, or something to brighten your gown."

Miss Laud was certainly very good-natured. She searched among her own trinkets and furbelows for a knot of soft blue silk, and fastened it with her own hands at Claudia's throat.

"You never looked better," she said, standing off and viewing her friend critically. "You really have quite a bright color, dear."

Captain Elyot in the meantime was sitting in the parlor with the major's wife, entirely unconscious of the judgments being passed upon him in the next room. It was a cheerful apartment, though neither so spacious nor so pretentiously furnished as the one where Blossom was accustomed to receive him. There was a pot of roses in the window, over which the curtain was now drawn; there were roses also blooming upon the wall-paper (some former occupant of the rude quarters had stretched it crookedly from ceiling to floor), and there was a square of bright carpet spread upon the uneven floor. Altogether, the major's parlor had been considered a most sumptuous apartment until Blossom's arrival and the changes at the sutler's quarters. The roses upon the walls seemed to swell and nod upon their stems in the fire-light in answer to the great red bow upon the cap of the major's wife which bobbed up and down as she nodded her head. She was striving to entertain her guest until the young ladies should appear and she could escape to superintend affairs in the kitchen. Jinny's broad face had filled up a crack in the door-way more than once during the past fifteen minutes. But her loud, cheerful tone was not in accord with Captain Elyot's mood to-night.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," he said, hardly knowing to what he was bowing assent.

It did not matter. Mrs. Bryce still went on pouring out a flood of commonplace intelligence or comment,—concerning the prospect of snow, the thaw last week, the condition of the ice,—until he grew dizzy in the dark corner where he sat, over the bobbing crimson bow, the bobbing red face, and the roses starting into bloom whenever the light touched them.

"And where have you been so long?" she asked at last, but still without waiting for a reply. The question was only a text, indeed. "It is not well for you, young men, to desert your old friends, or to avoid

society when there are ladies at the post. I would never have thought it of you, Captain Elyot."

"I am not aware that I have avoided society. Certainly I have not intended to desert my friends," replied the young man, somewhat surprised by this sudden attack. "I have been unusually busy since my return, and have made few visits, I know; but a man finds something to do in his company after a three-months' absence."

"Yes," Mrs. Bryce assented, in a doubtful tone and with an expression which would have been arch in a young and pretty woman, but which only struck Captain Elyot as being uncommonly disagreeable.

She did not intend to read him a lecture, but the opportunity was tempting, and it was her privilege to advise the young officers. Did she not stand to them in the place of a mother?

"I fear the toddy down at Mrs. Stubbs's is more to the taste of the unmarried officers than a dance with the young ladies or a rubber of whist with the old ones. Considering our resources, we are shamefully dull this winter."

"But there is no toddy at Mrs. Stubbs's. All that is changed, you know."

Captain Elyot was roused to attention now. Drinking and carousing in Blossom's parlor! The woman knew better. It was a shameful slander.

"Ah, yes, yes," she said, wagging her head wisely, and setting the red ribbons to fluttering again. "I don't expect you to tell tales, but we all know what Stubbs's was—and is yet, I don't doubt, in a quiet way."

"You have been misinformed, madam."

He was too angry to elaborate his denial, and her sex intrenched her about, and made it impossible for him to answer her as he would have done if she had been a man. A man! No gentleman would have made such an unfounded statement. But he hated her for the moment—sitting by her own fireside and hearing her gabble on amiably about other matters. She had dealt her blow, and he had staggered under it, as she fancied. She had no desire to repeat it. And it might be that he only needed to have his folly pointed out to him in order to amend. She knew very well that Mrs. Stubbs's toddy did not entice him to the sutler's. But she was too wise a woman to bring up Blossom's name. It was enough for him to know that his frequent visits to the store and to Mrs. Stubbs's house were noticed and commented upon.

Then Claudia, followed by her friend, entered the room, and Mrs. Bryce's words became all gracious and kind, diamonds and pearls having taken the place of toads and scorpions.

"Yes, quite well, thank you," Claudia said in reply to his greeting, coming forward with her slow, graceful motion and a smile upon her lips.

It was a good deal like a painted smile, but it answered the purpose, for, at the moment, the young man was not inclined to be critical.

"She is a little thin, I fancy," broke in Mrs. Bryce, calling attention to Claudia's defection in beauty. "It has been such a dull winter."

If she had intended this for another reproach, it was quite thrown away. To Captain Elyot's mind the words only recalled Mrs. Stubbs's little formula: "It is so dull for the child." Mrs. Stubbs might be rough and coarse in her ways, but, at least, she was straightforward and true, he thought, losing himself again in a reverie, from which he was aroused by Mrs. Bryce's bustling out of the room, Jinny's face having appeared once more in the door-way.

The major appeared a moment later, and with him Lieutenant Gibbs, evidently an invited guest. The lieutenant glared with mild ferocity over his mustache at the young captain seated, as he fancied, so comfortably between the two young ladies. But nothing is more wasted in quantities than envy, and the lieutenant need not have made himself miserable over Captain Elyot's happiness since the latter was heartily wishing himself away. All had changed since the days when he used to spend so much of his time here. Was the change in himself or them? And what had stripped the place of its charm?

What a fine girl he had thought Miss Claudia to be in those days! (He looked back as though years rolled between, though scarcely three months had passed since then.) She was still elegant in manner, unexceptionable in dress, but she was not the same to him. He watched her now—politely affable to Lieutenant Gibbs, and pronounced her cold and artificial. As for the major's wife with her meddlesome ways—Then he remembered himself with a start. He was angry with them all to-night, or was discord in himself? But he must not forget that he was a guest in this house, and from the corner and crossed the threshold. Miss Laud was seated, with

some voluminous knitting in her small white hands.

"And what do you find to engage your time in this desolate region?" he asked lightly, conscious as he spoke of the awful bore of trying to make himself agreeable, and to this girl above all.

"Is it a desolate region?" Miss Laud asked in reply.

She evidently bore no resentment. She opened her big eyes as she threw back her head to reply, crossing her hands becomingly upon the scarlet wool on her lap.

"I am sure very sweet flowers bloom here," she added, and his eyes followed hers to where Claudia stood before the mantel, stately and tall and with a bright color to-night—not unlike a fine dahlia, indeed.

"Only exotics, and soon to be transplanted," he replied in the same tone.

"Yes; that will be Claudia's fate, I suppose," she said demurely, going back to her knitting.

"Probably; it is the fate of all young ladies, is it not?"

"To which you resign us without a sigh."

"Why not, since we of the other sex are to gain by it?"

What an odd girl! One could never imagine what she might say next. He had by no means forgotten their passage at arms on the ice this afternoon, and was on his guard. But there was all the fascination of danger in her speech. At least she was unaffected, and he could talk to her without embarrassment, though at the risk of being called upon to defend himself at every turn. With Claudia, for some unaccountable reason, he was ill at ease, and blessed the chance which still found him at Miss Laud's side when the tea was brought in. He strove to make himself agreeable to that young woman,—feeling it a duty toward his hostess to exert himself,—and with so surprising a result that Claudia threw more than one reproachful glance across the room to her friend.

But Miss Laud was reckless of consequences. She was tired of being kept in the background, of being simply a receptacle for Claudia's sighs and tears. Because Captain Elyot had become indifferent to the charms of her friend was surely no reason why every other girl should be forbidden speaking to him.

"I don't know how I can ever get through with it," Claudia had said to her friend in the sanctuaries of the bedroom, referring to this evening.

"I will assist you dear; don't give it a thought," Miss Laud had replied.

And so she did,—in fact, she quite took the burden of entertaining the young man upon her own shoulders. His ill-humor disappeared. Almost before he knew it, he had forgotten his annoyance of the afternoon, and they had become friends. He had even promised to take her out on the ice the next day. Claudia had chosen to treat him coldly; her smile had not deceived him; her mother had reproached him openly, but they should see that he was indifferent to it all. The major swallowed his tea and hurried away, pleading an engagement.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said with a good-natured nod to the young men. "I'll excuse you if I hear you asked for."

The major was always pleading an engagement which took him away from his own home, though some of the other officers found it a pleasant enough place. So a few short months before had Captain Elyot. Hardly a day went by then without his dropping in here morning or evening, urged to come by the major's wife and more gently invited by Miss Claudia. They had read together by the hour, he and Claudia. From the corner where he sat he could see now a volume of Tennyson over which they had pored side by side. There were passages in it marked by Claudia's hand, if she had not effaced the faint penciling. The young man was by no means of a sentimental turn of mind. He could hardly be said to be fond of poetry,—with the exception of some stanzas of Scott and Byron,—but to read verse with a delicate feminine profile beside your own, and with a very slim white hand to turn the leaves, is like having it set to music. And this was the way Captain Elyot had read Tennyson. Did Claudia remember it? He looked across the room to where, at his sudden glance, she had resumed a most animated conversation with Lieutenant Gibbs, whose dull face was aglow with pleasure. It struck him that there was something more than gratified vanity in the lieutenant's countenance. Certain rumors floating about the post which he had not heeded, for indifference, recurred to him now. These might account for the reserve in Claudia's manner. And did Gibbs read poetry with her now? And had she penciled the lines afresh? He cared nothing for Claudia; with the exception of this poetry, there had been, at least to his mind, nothing approaching sentiment in their intercourse. He had ceased his visits

of his own will, and simply because the place no longer attracted him, but still the thought that perhaps Claudia and the lieutenant did now turn the pages of the little book together, brought a momentary sensation not entirely pleasant.

Was ever any one so incomprehensible? thought Miss Laud, pulling at her needles with a twitch that sent all the stitches off. She had addressed some playful remark to the young man, leaning over her chair, who had been all attention but a moment before, and it hung as it were suspended in air. A sudden fit of abstraction had wiped out all consciousness of her words or her presence.

"Where is the card-table?" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, rousing from a surreptitious nap in the shadow filling one end of the room. "Claudia, dear, perhaps the gentlemen would take a hand at whist. Jinny shall bring more lights."

So Claudia set out the card-table, the young men hastening to her assistance with more alacrity than zeal. To Lieutenant Gibbs the tête-à-tête with Claudia in the dim light was far preferable. Poor Claudia, who talked at random or not at all, while her jealous ears strove to catch every word uttered at the other end of the room!

"I give you fair warning that we propose to win all the honors;" said Miss Laud in a lively tone as they gathered about the table at last.

Captain Elyot was beside her, and she glanced from Claudia to him as she spoke, appropriating him to herself. They had arranged it between them, or Kitty had managed to bring it about, thought unhappy Claudia, her wrath rising against her friend. But the lieutenant's dull face shone as he hastened to take the place opposite Miss Bryce.

"There should be a stake to redeem our playing of utter stupidity;" the reckless young woman ran on. She had incurred Claudia's severe displeasure, and was careless of what came now. "What a pity that the time has gone by when a lady's hand was the venture!" she added with a mischievous laugh and a side glance toward her friend.

"Is it possible that you would be so gracious?" Captain Elyot asked gallantly, with an open glance of admiration toward the hand with which Miss Laud was tossing the cards into the pack.

"I? Oh, I was not thinking of myself at all," she replied boldly.

Lieutenant Gibbs's stupid face turned angry and scarlet to the bristles of his close-clipped hair. He regarded Claudia doubtfully, the scowl deepening on his face as he looked from Miss Laud to Captain Elyot. Were these two plotting against him?

"Has that time gone by?" asked Captain Elyot with a sudden straight look into Claudia's crimsoning face, and a dangerous light in his eyes. A headlong spirit of daring, a recklessness as to consequences had taken possession of him at the suggestion of this girl.

"What nonsense, Kitty! one moment, I have forgotten to cut."

Claudia was the first to recover herself, though her self-possession had nearly slipped out of her grasp.

That moment was the climax of the evening. The hour which followed was quiet almost to dullness. Even Miss Laud's high spirits were subdued, and the game went on in silence. She felt that she had gone too far, and looked forward with anxiety to Claudia's judgment and Claudia's anger when the guests should have departed. In truth, she was not a little frightened, and blundered over her game, throwing down her cards in so careless a manner as to call forth a deserved rebuke from Miss Bryce, which only made matters worse, since Captain Elyot came to her defense, as in duty bound.

A more uncomfortable evening among four people could hardly be imagined, but it came to an end at last.

"Good-night!" said Captain Elyot at parting from Claudia. He had taken her hand, he retained it for an instant since he fancied Lieutenant Gibbs watched him with uneasiness.

"I hope you will allow me to come in sometimes as—as I used to."

The last three words wrought more mischief than he dreamed of. They roused to life all the dead hopes in the heart of the girl whose hand slipped out of his as he uttered them.

"You know you were always welcome."

Her low voice with its strange, soft tone screened the reply from the others.

"Are you going home?" the lieutenant asked Captain Elyot, coldly, as the door closed after them.

"N-o; I believe not," he replied with suavity,—that cool suavity so exasperating in a man who has had the best of it for the past hour.

"Good-night, then!" the lieutenant said,

in a still more icy tone, and the young men separated.

Captain Elyot strolled off in the direction of the sutler's quarters. It was still early, the night was fine, and he had no mind to sleep or to join the party whom he would probably find at cards at this hour. He was ill at ease and more angry at himself than he would have acknowledged, for the folly of the past hour. Good heavens, what a fool he must be! He had nearly committed himself to Miss Bryce! What did he care for the girl, that he should have dared her to pick up his reckless words which might have been interpreted to mean anything, everything! And, as though this were not enough, he had begged her at parting, to receive him upon the old intimate terms! He had been a fool—and false, which was worse; but that mischievous girl had spurred him on, he thought, angrily, searching about for some one upon whom to lay the blame of his folly.

There was no light behind the window of Blossom's parlor as he passed the house. But he had not intended to call at this hour, though he remembered that he had promised to look in when he left Mrs. Bryce's, if it was not too late. Had she expected him? His heart had been stirred by all manner of tormenting emotions, but it grew still as a summer sea at a vision of Blossom's pretty, soft-tinted face. She had looked for him, without doubt. He even fancied she might have shed tears—such a child as she was—over his not coming. He would see her early the next day and explain, making an excuse of the fine weather, which could not last long, to take her out skating again. And then it occurred to him that he had already invited Miss Laud—and, he began to suspect, at her own suggestion. He turned back hastily toward his own quarters, bestowing anything but blessings upon the head of that officious young woman.

As for Miss Laud, the fates were better to her than her fears. That one moment at the door, when, from a late instinct of caution, she had engrossed the attention of Lieutenant Gibbs, while Captain Elyot made his adieu to Claudia, had saved her from all she dreaded.

"Oh, Kitty," said her friend, when they were shut into their bedroom and the house was still, "did you see—did you hear him when he asked to be permitted to come again 'as he used?' What did he mean? What could he mean?"

"Did he say that?"

"They were his very words."

"It is strange, very strange. I hardly know what to think," Miss Laud responded.

At first she had been too much bewildered by the happy turn of affairs to heed what her friend was saying. She had expected the most violent reproaches, and Claudia had forgotten her altogether. Now brought back to Miss Bryce and her affairs, she knew not what to believe of this young man whose ways were so unexpected, who had flushed at the mention of one girl with the heat of a lover, and would have staked his chances with another on the turn of a card.

"It can mean nothing but that he is coming back to me," said Claudia, in a dreamy, unreal voice, too happy to notice that she had replied to her own query.

"Yes;" Miss Laud said, thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is so. It seems like it, and yet——"

"Perhaps! What else can it be? You can't think, Kitty" —— She stopped short and faced her friend, the color flying to her hair.

"What is it, Claudia?" Since she was not to meet the reproaches she had looked for, Miss Laud was quite cool and assured.

"You can't believe that he asked to come here—to see you?" Claudia burst out with a gasp.

"Oh, dear, no; I wish he had." There was a convincing frankness in Miss Laud's reply. "He never gave me a thought, I can assure you, though he was so polite as to ask me to skate with him to-morrow,—after I had twice suggested that the ice

could hardly remain many days in its present delightful condition, and that I preferred skating to anything in the world. No, indeed, Claudia, his mind was not upon me. I was tempted to give him up more than once. There is no pleasure in doing your best to entertain a man whose thoughts are elsewhere. His abstraction at times was positively embarrassing. I confess, I don't at all understand him; but he was not thinking of me." And Miss Laud moved toward the glass and began to take off the tinkling jet ornaments which had sparkled in Captain Elyot's eyes with so little effect all the evening.

"You are a good girl, Kitty. Sometimes I think it must be stupid enough for you here. I have had no heart for anything. But we'll have a dance before long, or a skating-carnival with masks and Chinese lanterns; Mrs. Stubbs has some, I know. We'll start about it to-morrow, while the ice is in good condition. Or, would you rather have a dance in-doors? There are your pretty dresses you have never had a chance to wear."

"Oh, no; the carnival by all means. We could improvise a fancy costume."

"And dance on the ice, though I should be sure to have neuralgia after it. We can do both. We are sure to have distinguished visitors later in the season; we always do. And then we'll give a grand ball! You have no idea of our resources, or how gay we can be." And Claudia went to bed with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time.

(To be continued.)

"CALL ME NOT DEAD."

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone

Into the company of the ever living

High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving

Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won

Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,

Music and song and light of immortal faces:

To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,

He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.

To-morrow (who can say?) Shakspeare may pass,—

And our lost friend just catch one syllable

Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—

Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,

Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still

To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

A BED OF BOUGHS.

WHEN Aaron came again to camp and tramp with me, or, as he wrote, "to eat locusts and wild honey with me in the wilderness," it was past the middle of August and the festival of the season neared its close. We were belated guests, but perhaps all the more eager on that account, especially as the country was suffering from a terrible drought, and the only promise of anything fresh or tonic, or cool, was in primitive woods and mountain passes.

"Now, Aaron," said I, "we can go to Canada, or to the Maine woods, or to the Adirondacks, and thus have a whole loaf and a big loaf of this bread which you know as well as I will have heavy streaks in it, and will not be uniformly sweet; or we can seek nearer woods, and content ourselves with one week instead of four, with the prospect of a keen relish to the last. Four sylvan weeks sound well, but the poetry is mainly confined to the first one. We can take another slice or two of the Catskills, can we not, without being sated with kills and dividing ridges?"

"Anywhere," replied my friend, "so that we have a good tramp and plenty of primitive woods. No doubt we would find good browsing on Moose Mountain and trout enough in the streams at its base."

So without further ado we made ready, and in due time found ourselves, with our packs on our backs, entering upon a pass in the mountains that led to the valley of the Rondout.

The scenery was wild and desolate in the extreme, the mountains on either hand looking as if they had been swept by a tornado of stone. Stone avalanches hung suspended on their sides or had shot down into the chasm below. It was a kind of Alpine scenery where crushed and broken boulders covered the earth instead of snow.

In the depressions in the mountains, the rocky fragments seemed to have accumulated and to have formed what might be called stone glaciers that were creeping slowly down.

Two hours' march brought us into heavy timber where the stone cataclysm had not reached, and before long the soft voice of the Rondout was heard in the gulf below us. We paused at a spring run, and I followed it a few yards down its mountain stair-way, carpeted with black moss, and

had my first glimpse of the unknown stream. I stood upon rocks and looked many feet down into a still, sunlit pool and saw the trout disporting themselves in the transparent water, and I was ready to encamp at once; but my companion, who had not been tempted by the view, insisted upon holding to our original purpose, which was to go farther up the stream. We passed a clearing with three or four houses and a saw-mill. The dam of the latter was filled with such clear water that it seemed very shallow, and not ten or twelve feet deep, as it really was. The fish were as conspicuous as if they had been in a pail.

Two miles farther up we suited ourselves and went into camp.

If there ever was a stream cradled in the rocks, detained lovingly by them, held and fondled in a rocky lap or tossed in rocky arms, that stream is the Rondout. Its course for several miles from its head is over the stratified rock, and into this it has worn a channel that presents most striking and peculiar features. Now it comes silently along on the top of the rock, spread out and flowing over that thick, dark-green moss that is found only in the coldest streams; then drawn into a narrow canal only four or five feet wide, through which it shoots black and rigid, to be presently caught in a deep basin with shelving, overhanging rocks, beneath which the Phœbe-bird builds in security and upon which the fisherman stands and casts his twenty or thirty feet of line without fear of being thwarted by the brush; then into a black, well-like pool, ten or fifteen feet deep, with a smooth, circular wall of rock on one side worn by the water through long ages, or else into a deep, oblong pocket, into which and out of which the water glides without a ripple.

The surface rock is a coarse sandstone superincumbent upon a lighter-colored conglomerate that looked like Shawangunk grits, and when this latter is reached by the water it seems to be rapidly disintegrated by it, thus forming the deep excavations alluded to.

My eyes had never before beheld such beauty in a mountain stream. The water was almost as transparent as the air—was, indeed, like liquid air; and as it lay in these wells and pits enveloped in shadow, or lit up by a chance ray of the vertical sun, it

was a perpetual feast to the eye,—so cool, so deep, so pure; every reach and pool like a vast spring. You lay down and drank or dipped the water up in your cup and found it just the right degree of refreshing coldness. One is never prepared for the clearness of the water in these streams. It is always a surprise. See them every year for a dozen years, and yet, when you first come upon one, you will utter an exclamation; I saw nothing like it in the Adirondacks, nor have I in any other part of the country I have ever visited. Absolutely without stain or hint of impurity, it seems to magnify like a lense, so that the bed of the stream and the fish in it appear deceptively near. It is rare to find even a trout-stream that is not a little "off color," as they say of diamonds, but the waters in the section of which I am writing have the genuine ray; it is the undimmed and untarnished diamond.

If I were a trout, I should ascend every stream till I found the Rondout. It is the ideal brook. What homes these fish have, what retreats under the rocks, what paved or flagged courts and areas, what crystal depths where no net or snare can reach them!—no mud, no sediment, but here and there in the clefts and seams of the rock patches of white gravel,—spawning-beds ready-made.

The finishing touch is given by the moss with which the rock is everywhere carpeted. Even in the narrow grooves or channels where the water runs the swiftest, the green lining is unbroken. It sweeps down under the stream and up again on the other side like some firmly woven texture. It softens every outline and cushions every stone. At a certain depth in the great basins and wells it of course ceases, and only the smooth, swept flagging of the place-rock is visible.

The trees are kept well back from the margin of the stream by the want of soil, and the large ones unite their branches far above it, thus forming a high winding gallery, along which the fisherman passes and makes his long casts with scarcely an interruption from branch or twig. In a few places he makes no cast, but sees from his rocky perch the water twenty feet below him, and drops his hook into it as into a well.

We made camp at a bend in the creek where there was a large surface of mossy rock uncovered by the shrunken stream—a clean, free space left for us in the wilderness that was faultless as a kitchen and dining-room, and a marvel of beauty as a lounging-room, or an open court, or what you will.

An obsolete wood or bark road conducted us to it, and disappeared up the hill in the woods beyond. A loose boulder lay in the middle, and on the edge next the stream were three or four large natural wash-basins scooped out of the rock, and ever filled ready for use. Our lair we carved out of the thick brush under a large birch on the bank. Here we planted our flag of smoke and feathered our nest with balsam and hemlock boughs and ferns, and laughed at your four walls and pillows of down.

I never encamped in the woods yet but that I seem to have the good luck to hit just the right spot—the spot of all others best suited to my mind. And so it seemed now. I suppose it is mainly because one's camp, wherever it is, is home, and every object and feature about it takes on a new interest, and assumes a near and friendly relation to one.

We were at the head of the best fishing. There was an old bark clearing not far off which afforded us a daily dessert of most delicious blackberries,—an important item in the woods,—and then all the features of the place—a sort of cave above ground—were of the right kind.

There was not a mosquito, or gnat, or other pest in the woods, the cool nights having already cut them off. The trout were sufficiently abundant, and afforded us a few hours' sport daily to supply our wants. The only drawback was, that they were out of season, and only palatable to a woodman's keen appetite. What is this about trout spawning in October and November, and in some cases not till March? These trout had all spawned in August, every one of them. The coldness and purity of the water evidently made them that much earlier. The game laws of the state protect the fish after September 1st, proceeding upon the theory that its spawning season is later than that,—as it is in many cases, but not in all, as we found out.

The fish are small in these streams, seldom weighing over a few ounces. Occasionally a large one is seen of a pound or pound and a half weight. I remember one such, as black as night, that ran under a black rock. But I remember much more distinctly a still larger one that I caught and lost one eventful day.

"I had him on my hook ten minutes," said I, in relating the adventure to my companion, "and actually got my thumb in his mouth, and yet he escaped."

"The devil!" exclaimed Aaron; "and why

had you your thumb in his mouth and not your finger in his gill? Did you think you had a calf?"

"It was only the overeagerness of the sportsman," I replied. "I imagined I could hold him by the teeth."

You know when you hook a big fish very unexpectedly you are morally certain he is going to escape, and mine did, just because I could not wait to reach a little farther and hook my finger in his gills, instead of thrusting my hand into his wide-open mouth.

It was at a deep well-hole just below camp and I was perched upon a log that spans it ten or fifteen feet above. I let my hook down with great caution and in a moment saw the line cut the whirling water and run rapidly up under the foam; my pole leaped in my hand as only a large trout can make it leap; in a twinkling I had brought the noble fish from his retreat and held him floundering on the top of the water; it was a sweet, wild moment, all the more so because I knew there was no possible way to land my prize; I could not lead him to shore an easy victim, and my frail fly-tackle could not be trusted to lift him sheer from that pit to my precarious perch: it was an emergency that made one's thoughts flame and flash back and forth with true lightning speed; I looked eagerly down stream for Aaron, and despairingly at the perpendicular rocks. The fish in the meantime was churning the water into foam beneath, and the strain upon my tackle was alarming. I had a revolver in my pocket and might have shot him through and through, but that novel proceeding did not occur to me until it was too late. I would have taken a Sam Patch leap into the water and have wrestled with my antagonist in his own element, but I knew the slack, thus sure to occur, would probably free him; so I peered down upon the beautiful creature and enjoyed my triumph as far as it went. He was caught very lightly through his upper jaw and I expected every struggle and somersault would break the hold; presently I saw a place in the rocks where I thought it possible, with such an incentive, to get down within reach of the water; by careful maneuvering I slipped my pole behind me and got hold of the line, which I cut and wound around my finger; then I made my way toward the end of the log and the place in the rocks, leading my fish along much exhausted on the top of the water. By an effort worthy the occasion I got down within reach of the fish, and, as I have

already confessed, thrust my thumb into his mouth and pinched his cheek; he made a spring and was free from my hand and the hook at the same time; for a moment he lay panting on the top of the water, then, recovering himself slowly, made his way down through the clear, cruel element beyond all hope of recapture. My blind impulse to follow and try to seize him was very strong, but I kept my hold and peered and peered long after the fish was lost to view, then looked my mortification in the face and laughed a bitter laugh.

"But, hang it! I had all the fun of catching the fish, and only miss the pleasure of eating him, which at this time would not be great."

"The fun, I take it," said my soldier, "is in triumphing and not in being beaten at the last."

"Well, have it so; but I would not exchange those ten or fifteen minutes with that trout, for the tame two hours you have spent in catching that string of thirty. To see a big fish after days of small fry is an event; to have a jump from one is a glimpse of the sportsman's paradise; and to hook one and actually have him under your control for ten minutes,—why, that is the paradise itself as long as it lasts."

One day I went down to the house of a settler a mile below, and engaged the good dame to make us a couple of loaves of bread, and in the evening we went down after them. How elastic and exhilarating the walk was through the cool, transparent shadows! The sun was gilding the mountains and its yellow light seemed to be reflected through all the woods. At one point we looked through and along a valley of deep shadow upon a broad sweep of mountain quite near and densely clothed with woods, flooded from base to summit by the setting sun. It was a wild, memorable scene. What power and effectiveness in Nature, I thought, and how rarely an artist catches her touch! Looking down upon or squarely into a mountain covered with a heavy growth of birch and maple and shone upon by the sun, is a sight peculiarly agreeable to me. How closely the swelling umbrageous heads of the trees fit together, and how the eye revels in the flowing and easy uniformity while the mind feels the ruggedness and terrible power beneath!

As we came back the light yet lingered on the top of Slide Mountain.

"The last that parleys with the setting sun," said I, quoting Wordsworth.

"That line is almost Shakspearean," said my companion. "It suggests that great hand at least, though it has not the grit and virility of the more primitive bard. What triumph and fresh morning power in Shakspeare's line that will occur to us at sun-rise to-morrow!—"

'And jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'

There is savage, perennial beauty in that,—the quality that Wordsworth and nearly all the modern poets lack."

"But Wordsworth is the poet of the mountains," said I, "and of lonely peaks. True, he does not express the power and aboriginal grace there is in them, nor toy with them and pluck them up by the hair of their heads as Shakspeare does. There is something in Moose Mountain, yonder, as we see it from this point, cutting the blue vault with its dark, serrated edge, not in the bard of Grasmere; but he expresses the feeling of loneliness and insignificance that the cultivated man has in the presence of mountains, and the burden of solemn emotion they give rise to. Then there is something much more wild and merciless, much more remote from human interests and ends, in our long, high, wooded ranges than is expressed by the peaks and scarred groups of the lake country of Britain. These mountains we behold and cross are not picturesque,—they are wild and inhuman as the sea. In them you are in a maze, in a weltering world of woods; you can see neither the earth nor the sky, but a confusion of the growth and decay of centuries, and must traverse them by your compass or your science of wood-craft,—a rift through the trees giving one a glimpse of the opposite range or of the valley beneath, and he is more at sea than ever; one does not know his own farm or settlement when framed in these mountain tree-tops; all look alike unfamiliar."

Not the least of the charm of camping out is your camp-fire at night. What an artist! What pictures are boldly thrown or faintly outlined upon the canvas of the night! Every object, every attitude of your companion is striking and memorable. You see effects and groups every moment that you would give money to be able to carry away with you in enduring form. How the shadows leap, and skulk, and hover about! Light and darkness are in perpetual tilt and warfare, with first the one unhorsed, then the other. The friendly and cheering fire,

what acquaintance we make with it! We had almost forgotten there was such an element, we had so long known only its dark offspring, heat. Now we see the wild beauty uncaged and note its manner and temper. How surely it creates its own draft and sets the currents going, as force and enthusiasm always will! It carves itself a chimney out of the fluid and houseless air. A friend, a ministering angel in subjection; a fiend, a fury, a monster, ready to devour the world, if ungoverned. By day it burrows in the ashes and sleeps; at night it comes forth and sits upon its throne of rude logs, and rules the camp a sovereign queen.

Near camp stood a tall, ragged yellow birch, its partially cast-off bark hanging in crisp sheets or dense rolls.

"That tree needs the barber," said Aaron, "and shall have a call from him to-night."

So after dark he touched a match into it and we saw the flames creep up and wax in fury until the whole tree and its main branches stood wrapped in a sheet of roaring flame. It was a wild and striking spectacle, and must have advertised our camp to every nocturnal creature in the forest.

What does the camper think about when lounging around the fire at night? Not much,—of the sport of the day, of the big fish he lost and might have saved, of the distant settlement, of to-morrow's plans. An owl hoots off in the mountain and he thinks of him; if a wolf were to howl or a panther to scream he would think of him the rest of the night. As it is, things flicker and hover through his mind, and he hardly knows whether it is the past or the present that possesses him. Certain it is he feels the hush and solitude of the great forest, and whether he will or not all his musings are in some way cast upon that huge background of the night. Unless he is an old camper-out there will be an under-current of dread or half fear. My companion said he could not help but feel all the time that there ought to be a sentinel out there pacing up and down. One seems to require less sleep in the woods, as if the ground and the untempered air rested and refreshed him sooner. The balsam and the hemlock heal his aches very quickly. If one is awakened often during the night, as he invariably is, he does not feel that sediment of sleep in his mind next day that he does when the same interruption occurs at home; the boughs have drawn it all out of him.

And it is wonderful how rarely any of the housed and tender white man's colds

or influenzas come through these open doors and windows of the woods. It is our partial isolation from Nature that is dangerous; throw yourself unreservedly upon her and she rarely betrays you.

If one takes anything to the woods to read he seldom reads it; it does not taste good with such primitive air.

"Are there any camp poems," inquired my friend,—“anything in our literature that would be at home here with us?”

"Not much that I know of; there is plenty that is weird and spectral, as in Poe, but little that is woody and wild as this scene is. I recall a Canadian poem by the late C. D. Shanly,—the only one I believe the author ever wrote,—that fits well the distended pupil of the mind's eye about the camp-fire at night. It was printed many years ago in one of the magazines, and is called 'The Walker of the Snow;' it begins thus:

'Speed on, speed on, good master;
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.'

"That has a Canadian sound," said Aaron; "give us more of it."

"How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the shadow hunter
Who walks the midnight snow.'

And so on. The intent seems to be to personify the fearful cold that overtakes and benumbs the traveler in the great Canadian forests in winter. This stanza brings out the silence or desolation of the scene very effectively,—a scene without sound or motion,—

'Save the wailing of the moor-bird
With a plaintive note and low;
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.'

"The rest of the poem runs thus:

'And said I—Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company.

'And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

'Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me
In a capuchin of gray,

'Bending upon the snow-shoes
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we traveled side by side.

'But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

'For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no foot-marks on the snow.

'Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the shadow hunter passed.

'And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

'But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter
And had withered in his sight.

'Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is fallen low:
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!'

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion. "Let us pile on more of those dry birch-logs; I feel both the 'fear-chill' and the 'cold-chill' creeping over me. How far is it to the valley of the Neversink?"

"About three or four hours' march, the man said."

"I hope we have no haunted valleys to cross."

"None," said I, "but we pass an old log-cabin about which there hangs a ghostly superstition. At a certain hour in the night, during the time the bark is loose on the hemlock, a female form is said to steal from it and grope its way into the wilderness. The tradition runs that her lover, who was a bark-peeler and wielded the spade, was killed by his rival, who felled a tree upon him while they were at work. The girl, who helped her mother cook for the 'hand,' was crazed by the shock, and that night stole forth into the woods and was never seen or heard of more. There are old hunters who aver that her cry may still be heard at night at the head of the valley whenever a tree falls in the stillness of the forest."

"Well, I heard a tree fall not ten minutes ago," said Aaron; "a distant rushing sound with a subdued crash at the end of it, and the only answering cry I heard was

the shrill voice of the screech-owl off yonder against the mountain. But may be it it was not an owl," said he after a moment; "let us help the legend along by believing it was the voice of the lost maiden."

"By the way," continued he, "do you remember the pretty creature we saw seven years ago in the shanty on the West Branch, who was really helping her mother cook for the hands,—a slip of a girl twelve or thirteen years old, with eyes as beautiful and bewitching as the waters that flowed by her cabin? I was wrapped in admiration till she spoke: then how the spell was broken! Such a voice! It was like the sound of pots and pans when you expected to hear a lute."

The next day we bade farewell to the Rondout, and set out to cross the mountain to the east branch of the Beaverkill.

"We shall find tame waters compared with these, I fear,—a shriveled stream brawling along over loose stone, with few pools or deep places."

Our course was along the trail of the barkmen who had pursued the doomed hemlock to the last tree at the head of the valley. As we passed along, a red steer stepped out of the bushes into the road ahead of us and with a half-scared, beautiful look begged alms of salt. We passed the Haunted Shanty; but both it and the legend about it looked very tame at ten o'clock in the morning. After the road had faded out we took to the bed of the stream to avoid the gauntlet of the underbrush, skipping up the mountain from boulder to boulder. Up and up, we went, with frequent pauses and copious quaffing of the cold water. My soldier declared a "haunted valley" would be a god-send; anything but endless dragging of oneself up such an Alpine stair-way. The winter-wren, common all through the woods, peeped and scolded at us as we sat blowing near the summit, and the oven-bird, not quite sure as to what manner of creatures we were, hopped down a limb to within a few feet of us and had a good look, then darted off into the woods to tell the news. I also noted the Canada warbler, the chestnut-sided warbler and the black-throated blue-back,—the latter most abundant of all. Up these mountain brooks too, goes the belted kingfisher, swooping around through the woods when he spies the fisherman, then wheeling into the open space of the stream and literally making a "blue streak" down under the branches.

At last the stream which had been our

guide was lost under the rocks, and before long the top was gained. These mountains are horse-shaped. There is always a broad smooth back more or less depressed, which the hunter aims to bestride; rising rapidly from this is pretty sure to be a rough curving ridge that carries the forest up to some highest peak. We were lucky in hitting the saddle, but we could see a little to the south the sharp steep neck of the steed sweeping up toward the sky with an erect mane of balsam fir.

These mountains are steed-like in other respects; any timid and vacillating course with them is sure to get you into trouble. One must strike out boldly and not be disturbed by the curvetting and shying; the valley you want lies squarely behind them, but farther off than you think, and if you do not go for it resolutely you will get bewildered and the mountain will play you a trick.

I may say that Aaron and I kept a tight rein and a good pace till we struck a water-course on the other side, and that we clattered down it with no want of decision till it emptied into a larger stream which we knew must be the east branch. An abandoned fish-pole lay on the stones marking the farthest point reached by some fisherman. According to our reckoning, we were five or six miles above the settlement, with a good depth of primitive woods all about us.

We kept on down the stream, now and then pausing at a likely place to take some trout for dinner, and with an eye out for a good camping-ground. Many of the trout were full of ripe spawn and a few had spawned, the season with them being a little later than on the stream we had left, perhaps, because the water was less cold. Neither had the creek here any such eventful and startling career. It led, indeed, quite a humdrum sort of life under the roots and fallen tree-tops and among the loose stones. At rare intervals it beamed upon us from some still reach or dark cover, and won from us our best attention in return.

The day was quite spent before we had pitched our air-woven tent and prepared our dinner, and we gathered boughs for our bed in the gloaming. Breakfast had to be caught in the morning and was not served early, so that it was nine o'clock before we were in motion. A little bird, the red-eyed vireo, warbled most cheerily in the trees above our camp, and as Aaron said, "gave us a good send-off." We kept down the stream, following the inevitable bark road.

My companion had refused to look at another "dividing ridge" that had neither path nor way, and henceforth I must keep to the open road or travel alone. Two hours' tramp brought us to an old clearing with some rude, tumble-down log buildings that had formerly been occupied by the bark and lumber men. The prospect for trout was so good in the stream hereabouts, and the scene so peaceful and inviting, shone upon by the dreamy August sun, that we concluded to tarry here until the next day. It was a page of pioneer history opened to quite unexpectedly. A dim foot-path led us a few yards to a superb spring, in which a trout from the near creek had taken up his abode. We took possession of what had been a shingle shop, attracted by its huge fire-place. We floored it with balsam boughs, hung its walls with our "traps" and sent the smoke curling again from its disused chimney.

The most musical and startling sound we heard in the woods greeted our ears that evening about sundown as we sat on a log in front of our quarters,—the sound of slow measured pounding in the valley below us. We did not know how near we were to human habitations, and the report of the lumberman's mallet, like the hammering of a great woodpecker, was music to the ear and news to the mind. The air was still and dense and the silence such as alone broods over these little openings in the primitive woods. My soldier started as if he had heard a signal-gun. The sound, coming so far through the forest, sweeping over those great wind-harps of trees, became wild and legendary, though probably made by a lumberman driving a wedge or working about his mill.

We expected a friendly visit from porcupines that night, as we saw where they had freshly gnawed all about us; hence, when a red squirrel came and looked in upon us very early in the morning and awoke us by his snickering and giggling, my comrade cried out, "There is your porcupig." How the frisking red rogue seemed to enjoy what he had found. He looked in at the door and snickered, then in at the window, then peeked down from between the rafters and cackinnated till his sides must have ached; then struck an attitude upon the chimney and fairly squealed with mirth and ridicule. In fact he grew so obstreperous and so disturbed our repose that we had to "shoo" him away with one of our boots. He declared most plainly that he had never before

seen so preposterous a figure as we cut lying there in the corner of that old shanty.

The morning boded rain, the week to which we had limited ourselves drew near its close, and we concluded to finish our holiday worthily by a good square tramp to the railroad station, twenty-three miles distant, as it proved. Two miles brought us to stumpy fields and to the house of the upper inhabitant. They told us there was a short cut across the mountain, but my soldier shook his head.

"Better twenty miles of Europe," said he, getting Tennyson a little mixed, "than one of Cathay, or Slide Mountain either."

Drops of the much-needed rain began to come down and I hesitated in front of the wood-shed.

"Sprinkling weather always comes to some bad end," said Aaron, with a reminiscence of an old couplet in his mind, and so it proved, for it did not get beyond a sprinkle, and the sun shone out before noon.

In the next woods I picked up from the middle of the road the tail and one hind leg of one of our native rats, the first I had ever seen except in a museum. An owl or fox had doubtless left it the night before. It was evident the fragments had once formed part of a very elegant and slender creature. The fur that remained (for it was not hair) was tipped with red. My reader doubtless knows that the common rat is an importation, and that there is a native American rat, usually found much farther south than the locality of which I am writing, that lives in the woods—a sylvan rat, very wild and nocturnal in its habits, and seldom seen even by hunters or woodmen. Its eyes are large and fine, and its form slender. It looks like only a far-off undegenerate cousin of the filthy creature that has come to us from the long-peopled Old World. Some creature ran between my feet and the fire toward morning, the last night we slept in the woods, and I have little doubt it was this wood-rat.

The people in these back settlements are almost as shy and furtive as the animals. Even the men look a little scared when you stop them by your questions. The children dart behind their parents when you look at them. As we sat on a bridge, resting,—for our packs still weighed fifteen or twenty pounds each,—two women passed us with pails on their arms, going for blackberries. They filed by with their eyes down like two abashed nuns.

"It was not their beauty either," said I.

"No, it was ours," replied a figure in a brown woolen shirt on the other side of the bridge, with an ax by his side and a roll of horse blanket slung to his shoulder.

In due time we found an old road, to which we had been directed, that led over the mountain to the west branch. It was a hard pull, sweetened by blackberries and a fine prospect. The snow-bird was common along the way, and a solitary wild pigeon shot through the woods in front of us, recalling the nests we had seen on the east branch—little scaffoldings of twigs scattered all through the trees.

It was nearly noon when we struck the west branch and the sun was scalding hot. We knew that two and three pound trout had been taken there, and yet we wet not a line in its waters. The scene was primitive, and carried one back to the days of his grandfather, stumpy fields, log-fences, log-houses and barns. A boy twelve or thirteen years old came out of a house ahead of us eating a piece of bread and butter. We soon overtook him and held converse with him. He knew the land well and what there was in the woods and the waters. He had walked out to the railroad station, fourteen miles distant, to see the cars, and back the same day. I asked him about the flies and mosquitoes, etc. He said they were all gone except the "blunder-heads"; there were some of them left yet.

"What are blunder-heads?" I inquired, sniffing new game.

"The pesky little fly that gets into your eye when you are a-fishing."

Ah yes! I knew him well. We had got acquainted some days before, and I thanked the boy for the name. It is an insect that hovers before your eye as you thread the streams, and you are forever vaguely brushing at it under the delusion that it is a little spider suspended from your hat-brim, and just as you want to see clearest, into your eye it goes head and ears, and is caught between the lids. You miss your cast, but you catch a "blunder-head."

We paused under a bridge at the mouth of Biscuit Brook and ate our lunch, and I can recommend it to be as good a way-side inn as the pedestrian need look for. Better bread and milk than we had there I never expect to find. The milk was indeed so good that Aaron went down to the little log-house under the hill a mile further on and asked for more; and being told they had no cow, he lingered five minutes on the door-stone with his

sooty pail in his hand putting idle questions about the way and distance, etc., to the mother while he refreshed himself with the sight of a well-dressed and comely-looking young girl, her daughter.

"I got no milk," said he, hurrying on after me, "but I got something better, only I cannot divide it."

"I know what it is," replied I; "I heard her voice."

"Yes, and it was a good one, too. The sweetest sound I ever heard," he went on, "was a girl's voice after I had been four years in the army; and by Jove, if I didn't experience something of the same pleasure in hearing this young girl speak after a week in the woods. She had evidently been out in the world and was home on a visit. It was a different look she gave me from that of the natives. This is better than fishing for trout," said he. "You drop in at the next house."

But the next house looked too unpromising.

"There is no milk there," said I, "unless they keep a goat."

"But couldn't we go it on that?" said Aaron.

"For shame, Aaron! Fall behind."

A couple of miles beyond I stopped at a house that enjoyed the distinction of being clapboarded, and I had the good fortune to find both the milk and the young lady. A mother and her daughter were again the only occupants save a babe in the cradle, which the young woman quickly took occasion to disclaim.

"It has not opened its dear eyes before since its mother left. Come to aunty," and she put out her hands.

The daughter filled my pail and the mother replenished our stock of bread. They asked me to sit and cool myself, and seemed glad of a stranger to talk with. They had come from an adjoining county five years before, and had carved their little clearing out of the solid woods.

"The men folks," the mother said, "came on ahead and built the house right among the big trees," pointing to the stumps near the door.

One no sooner sets out with his pack upon his back to tramp through the land, than all objects and persons by the way have a new and curious interest to him. The tone of his entire being is not a little elevated, and all his perceptions and susceptibilities quickened. I feel that some such statement is necessary to justify the

interest that I felt in this backwoods maiden. A slightly pale face it was, strong and well arched, with a tender, wistful expression not easy to forget.

I had surely seen that face many times before in towns and cities, and in other lands, but I hardly expected to meet it here amid the stumps. What were the agencies that had given it its fine lines and its gracious intelligence amid these simple, primitive scenes? What did my heroine read, or think? or what were her unfulfilled destinies? She wore a sprig of prince's pine in her hair, which gave a touch peculiarly welcome.

"Pretty lonely," she said in answer to my inquiry; "only an occasional fisherman in summer, and in winter—nobody at all."

And the little new school-house in the woods further on, with its half dozen scholars and the girlish face of the teacher seen through the open door—nothing less than the exhilaration of a journey on foot could have made it seem the interesting object it was. Two of the little girls had been to the spring after a pail of water and came struggling out of the woods into the road with it as we passed. They set down their pail and regarded us with a half curious, half alarmed look.

"What is your teacher's name?" asked one of us.

"Miss Lucinde Josephine ——" began the red-haired one, then hesitated bewildered, when the bright dark-eyed one cut her short with "Miss Simms," and taking hold of the pail said, "Come on."

"Are there any scholars from above here?" I inquired.

"Yes, Bobbie and Matie," and they hastened toward the door.

We once more stopped under a bridge for refreshments, and took our time, knowing the train would not go on without us. By four o'clock we were across the mountain, having passed from the water-shed of the Delaware into that of the Hudson. The next eight miles we had a down grade but a rough road, and during the last half of it we had blisters on the bottoms of our feet. It is one of the rewards of the pedestrian that however tired he may be, he is always more or less refreshed by his journey. His physical tenement has taken an airing. His respiration has been deepened, his circulation quickened. A good draught has carried off the fumes and the vapors. One's quality is intensified; the color strikes in. At noon that day I was much fatigued; at night I was leg-weary and foot-sore, but a fresh, hardy feeling had taken possession of me that lasted for weeks.

THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

WITHIN the decade of years preceding the outbreak of the first French revolution, the French ambassador was one day taking his customary morning walk through the streets of Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. Near the grave of Count Bonneval, a French adventurer of the time of Louis XIV., he came upon a band of frolicking children. The extraordinary beauty of one of them, a little girl twelve or thirteen years of age, excited the Frenchman's admiration. He watched their play, with scheming eyes fixed on the gleeful maid. "Here," he thought, "is a jewel for my palace." He called the child to him. She responded cheerfully, and stood before his excellency, with the haughty self-possession of a born princess.

"Little girl, who are you, and where do you live?" asked the marquis persuasively.

"I am Sophie, sir, and my mamma is a Greek," the child replied.

"A Fanariote," exclaimed the marquis, no less delighted at this intelligence than charmed with the child's address. "Tell your mother she may bring you to the French embassadorial palace at noon to-morrow."

Sophie made her *salam* in a pretty bow, and leaving her playmates to wonder at what had happened, skipped away to a narrow street near by, and disappeared in a dingy baker's shop. Her mother's unattractive and dissimulating face brightened as Sophie related the interview with the marquis. One admiring look at her child explained to the mother the meaning of the marquis's favor.

"This is good fortune, Sophie," said she; "we will go to the palace."

Sophie's father is invisible at the point where this history begins, perhaps lying behind the scenes with a Turkish poniard in his heart, paying the grudge of race. Sophie was a Fanariote,—as the marquis had been

delighted to learn,—because her parents were descendants of the Greeks who remained in Constantinople after the downfall of the Eastern empire in 1453, and who were assigned to a quarter of the city called the Fanar. The Fanariotes, “kissing ardently the hands which they could not bite off,” became interpreters and private secretaries to their conquerors and the foreign embassy. Subservient, adaptable and shrewd, they exercised a powerful influence in the state till the Greek insurrection nipped them stalk and flower.

Sophie's mother had the scheming disposition and unfeeling heart of a Fanariote grafted on comparative poverty. So mother and daughter appeared at the ambassadorial palace on the appointed day, and were placed before the marquis. The Frenchman knew with whom he had to deal,—a Fanariote and doubtless poor; not overburdened with sentiment, and susceptible to position and gold.

“How much money would the mother demand for her little Sophie, if she were disposed to sell?”

And he promised, in the same breath, to educate and otherwise provide for the little Fanariote as if she were his own child.

The mother let flow a whole reservoir of tears. She might be a poor baker-woman, she said, but she had a heart, for all that, and came of an exceedingly good family. Her ancestor—and here she courtesied profoundly—was, indeed, no other than the celebrated Byzantine emperor, Manuel Komnenos. How could his excellency think, for a moment, that she, the mother, would sell her princely baker-daughter!

The marquis did not dispute the illustrious ancestry of the little Fanariote. The excessive grief of the mother strengthened him in his conclusion that 1,500 piasters (\$375) would prove a sufficient bait for the covetous baker-woman, and he stated his terms. The mother made the palace ring with her doleful cries, till the marquis, losing all patience, told her to sign the contract, which he had already prepared, or take her daughter and go. A few fatherly caresses smoothed out the brow of the child, whose first impulse was to shrink from the ambassador's seeming austerity. The mother railed at the baseness of the world, and finally consoling herself with the Turkish proverb, “The nest of a blind bird is built by God,” she signed over to the marquis, beyond recall, all claims upon her daughter, took the 1,500 piasters, and withdrew.

Sophie was easily weaned from her mother. A child of her native wit, and naturally proud and crafty nature, had not been dull to the subtle influence of life in Pera. On this hill-side the most incongruous elements mingled: foreign nobility and native servility, state craft and plebeian cunning, foreign adventurers and native rascals, European travelers and those citizens of the world, the gypsies.

The effect of the dingy palaces and dirty narrow streets of Pera on the æsthetic side of Sophie's nature was more than neutralized, however, by the wonderful view which the hill-side commanded. The beautiful panorama embraced all Constantinople and the suburbs,—the Bosphorus, with its summer palaces; the Golden Horn, with its shipping and the Bridge of Boats; Scutari, on the Asiatic side; and in the western distance, the Sea of Marmora, where the evening sun, sinking among the Grecian isles, spread a sheen over the waters, gilding the white mosques and minarets of Stamboul and the Seraglio Point.

Sophie took more than a child's delight and interest in her new prospects. The marquis spared no expense to transform his beautiful Greek ward into a Parisian, and her intelligence and aptitude lent themselves readily to the project. She was surrounded with servants and governesses, and, thanks to her ambition and spirit, soon acquired such accomplishments as French, music, etiquette and dancing. At fifteen, she could maintain herself, almost on equal terms, with the ladies who frequented the embassy. The sly beauty was not slow to note the impression her youthful personality made on the marquis. Her sweet disposition and *naïve* demeanor were irresistible, and won the love of the entire household, while, with insinuating modesty, she literally commanded the palace, from the marquis down. He could not have been prouder of his ward, had she been his own child, or loved her more unselfishly.

But the situation changed. Her precocity and cool coquettishness caused the marquis many a little heart-pang. The possibility of some bold suitor winning her away distressed him. When love should win a claim, he knew that his authority over her would count for very little. Live without her he could not, and he gradually persuaded himself that the only safe plan was to marry her himself. Before the fitting opportunity arrived for carrying out the plans of so delicate a courtship, he was unhappily recalled by his government

and compelled to set off without much delay for France. With tender solicitude for his little Fanariote, who was in the pink of her youthful beauty, he concluded not to risk a voyage by sea, but to proceed overland and divulge his plans for her future after their arrival in Paris.

The almost barbarous districts of Turkey were traversed without accident or threatening incident. The marquis breathed more freely on entering the then Polish province of Podolia. They arrived at Kamieniec, the capital of the province, together, but the marquis was destined to continue the journey westward alone.

An adventurous star had stood over Kamieniec for centuries. As its Polish name implied, it was a "City of Rock," as obdurate and cold in principle as it was charmingly picturesque. In the heart of the rugged hills and green slopes through which the river Smotrycz had cut its way to the Dniester, was an oval valley. Here, the river, encountering a gigantic mass of lime-stone, cut round both sides of it, leaving an island, precipitous and rugged on the north and east, and not easily accessible from the west. The citadel of Kamieniec crowned this isolated rock.

When the castle gate opened to receive the French marquis and his beautiful ward, Count de Witt, a brilliant young cavalier, not thirty years of age, was commandant of the town. His affiliations with the Polish-Russian party, and youthful dash and unscrupulous determination of character, had hastened his promotion to the rank of general, and placed him in a command of first importance. De Witt no sooner learned of the journey of the French marquis through Podolia, than he dispatched a messenger to offer the hospitalities of the town till marquis and suite should overcome the tedium of their journey. The invitation was accepted. The marquis was received and entertained in a manner becoming an official representative of France. Count de Witt was only too kind and disinterested. The marquis made haste to confer on his host the honor of an introduction to his ward. Sophie and De Witt took so naturally and kindly to the acquaintance, that they immediately created a wall of courtesy and reserve around themselves, wholly impenetrable to the marquis. De Witt was ready to declare that eye had never beheld form more graceful, or a being, in all respects, more supremely beautiful. The susceptible Fanariote discovered that the count was, in comparison with the mar-

quis, a young Adonis, and—with two or three touches of feminine fancy—a perfect hero. The marquis saw—nothing at all. He, too, lived in the seventh heaven. It sufficed for his unlimited pleasure, that at the festival which the count gave in their honor, the beauty of Sophie threw a grateful shadow over all the other ladies. Sophie knew the influence of beauty and feminine accomplishments, and no less their perils. She had already begun to look above mere social conquests, in which she neither compromised her dignity by over desire to please or by the want of feminine tact and lady-like reserve. There was something extraordinary, and to the marquis, quite assuring, in the modest grace with which she received the homage of the cavaliers, and of Count de Witt in particular.

The count's passion was re-enforced by cool generalship and strategy. What Sophie knew of diplomatic courtship by intuition, he had learned by experience. The marquis was led into persuading himself that a half dozen days' rest in Kamieniec would be advantageous to his health and not prejudicial to his public interests. De Witt took the opportunity of a visit which was paid to the battlements, to open his heart to the Fanariote, who, indirectly, and with the utmost discretion, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to his suit, but that he alone must devise the way and means to win her.

De Witt searched his brains for a plan to dispose of the Frenchman. The marquis was an indifferent hunter, but followed the chase with inverse ardor. De Witt caught at the idea, and in his official capacity as commandant, placed a hunting-train with no end of dogs, horses and huntsmen, at the disposal of the marquis, who, after two or three short excursions, planned a grand hunt which should serve as a pleasant remembrance of his visit. De Witt contrived to weigh himself down with official duties on that day. He took a little time, however, to see the party properly organized and the marquis safely across the Smotrycz, and to wish him a safe (he omitted the "early") return.

The hunting-party was scarcely out of sight when all was bustle and commotion in the citadel of Kamieniec. The nimble maids of Kamieniec managed Sophie's toilet so well that want of preparation and of the strictly conventional attire of a Polish bride were easily overlooked. Other maids came with baskets of flowers and scattered them

about Sophie's apartments and along the way to the castle chapel. Then came different individuals who were prepared to represent the retinue of the Fanariote, and, not a minute too late, Count de Witt, gorgeous in his uniform, epaulets and plume, and accompanied by his martial groomsmen. With all due ceremony the marriage procession formed and proceeded to the castle chapel, where a priest of the Greek church blessed the bride and groom, and joined them so fast in wedlock that even a French diplomatist, though he had the rights of a father, could not undo the knot.

In the meantime one of the retinue of the marquis, having remained behind, early had his suspicions aroused by the unusual preparations in and about the castle, and had set off post-haste to warn the marquis of other game than the wild boar and the stag. No huntsman winded his horn for the return chase. The marquis and his faithful valet rode toward Kamieniec as if possessed by the Valkyrias, his strength fed by the anger of betrayal.

General de Witt, being warned by the sentry of the marquis's approach, gave orders that the gates of the town be closed against him. The marquis was too late to enter, but just in time to have his ears tantalized by the merry chiming of the cathedral bells, which announced to all Kamieniec that the marriage of the commandant had taken place and that the town would go wild that night over the marriage festival.

The marquis was not left entirely to his own wrath. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridegroom dispatched an adjutant and staff to the castle gate where they found the storm still raging. They came, they said, to receive any congratulations his excellency might choose to offer, whereupon they exhibited the marriage contract lawfully drawn up and duly signed by Sophie, on her own part, in the dainty little hand which the marquis had been to so much pains to cultivate.

"Take them my curse for a congratulation and my glove for a dower," shouted the marquis in his rage, throwing his glove in the face of the unruffled adjutant.

De Witt returned the glove-challenge with a courteous note emphasizing his esteem for the marquis, his love for his ward, and congratulating himself modestly on the unalterable upshot of the ambassador's visit. At the same time, those of the marquis's retinue who were not already witnesses of his discomfiture were requested not to leave

their master outside the gate without the moral support of their presence. Their traveling effects were also sent along. Seeing that his bootless suit would quickly be turned into downright ridicule, the marquis pocketed the 1,500 piasters which a dutiful ward had not forgotten to return, scowled at the crowd enjoying the scene from the walls and from the castle windows, and resumed his journey toward Paris.

For three years nothing disturbed the joy and connubial bliss of General de Witt and his wife, to whom, during this time, a child was born. Unfortunately, the commandant's worldly substance was almost all cheap glory and few riches. As a fiery young officer, of noble birth, he had made away with most of his patrimony and had largely mortgaged the future. Sophie's tastes were luxurious and social. They lived in princely fashion, and the mistress of the citadel of Kamieniec did not want for admiring courtiers, only the day of payment was not always easy or pleasant. Neither the hasty marriage nor the coquettish nature of the young countess was a surety of a very deep and lasting sentiment of love between de Witt and his wife. The Fanariote was as amiable and as beautiful as a butterfly, and, in an undemonstrative way, both politic and ambitious. She had learned in the embassadorial palace at Pera, the difference between great realities and fine appearances, as well as the sources and offices of influence among men. Her husband was a brilliant cavalier, and, in the eyes of most women, passed for the greatest lord in Podolia. The clever Fanariote soon discovered that the count, bold and courageous as he was, nevertheless was only the military servant of a political faction, at the head of which stood Count Potocki.

Felix Potocki had inherited the prestige and fortune of one of the greatest and richest noble families of Poland. Born in 1750, he was now forty years of age, and equipped for an eventful career. For pretending to the throne of Poland, he had suffered the confiscation of a part of his estate. With patriotism soured, he retired to his vast possessions in the Ukraine, the province east of Podolia, where several noble estates had fallen to his family. Here he built many villages. His influence as a landed proprietor was enormous. He possessed no less than ten cities and ninety boroughs and villages, and eighty thousand serfs were attached to the soil. He was

soon recalled to Warsaw and appointed grand master of the artillery.

Here was a figure in Polish society and politics to place before the beautiful Fanariote, only at the peril of the de Witt family. Felix Potocki had the manners of a true courtier, and he had yet to find the consort who should satisfy his proud and ambitious spirit. General de Witt looked to the powerful noble for favor, and was, naturally, more or less controlled by him. Felix Potocki employed his exceptional advantages to become completely infatuated with the bewitching wife of the commandant, and to win her affections in return. Really he had little to accomplish, for the ambitious Fanariote had already set her feather on being one of the first ladies in the kingdom—if not queen indeed—as she was already first in beauty. She was shrewd enough not to imperil her chances by indiscreet haste, and led Potocki on till the avowal was made and the determination formed to annul the first marriage by any possible means.

De Witt could not have been ignorant of the passionate attachment of Count Potocki for his wife. He combined martial display and deference to superiors with a certain allowance of pusillanimity. Count Potocki had the assurance to appear one day before the commandant and proclaim his love for the Fanariote.

"I cannot live without your wife," said Count Potocki with genuine emotion, "and I think you see well enough that you cannot offer her the station her beauty and spirit demand. Gratify her wish by relinquishing her to me, and without enmity assist in procuring a divorce, and I will give you two million gulden."

De Witt received the astonishing confession and proposition with dumbfounded look. He was too much of a gentleman, of too obtuse honor, to show his great patron any discourtesy, and terminated the interview by promising "to think of it."

To the beautiful Greek who had inherited little fine moral sense, and absorbed even less from the atmosphere of Constantinople, and to Count Potocki and his class, the proposed bargain offered no greater objection than the legal obstacles to be overcome. De Witt invited his wife to an explanation, which was not rendered disagreeable by anything so inconsiderate as a reproach. Quite the contrary. Sophie kept him, as from the first, under the influence of her fascination, and told all. Without unnecessarily wounding his pride, she persuaded

him to open his mind to conviction. She said she loved Potocki and was determined to have the career which he alone could offer her. And to open his pocket to the two million gulden, she urged that the sum would relieve him of a great many pecuniary embarrassments, and enable him to go on in the career of a gay general as he had previous to their marriage. A stronger argument with de Witt was the belief that it would be better to accept Potocki's offer, than take offense at such an amicable attempt to dispossess him of a beautiful wife, and run the risk of being openly degraded without any recompense at all. De Witt finally consented. The two million gulden and the good-will of numerous anxious creditors were transferred to him, the divorce was as readily obtainable as his own good offices, and within two months Sophie was enjoying all the legal privileges, and had not long to wait for the social distinction, pertaining to so great a lady as the Countess Potocka.

The Fanariote was the equal of Potocki in cleverness and ambition, and surpassed him in cheerfulness and buoyancy of disposition. She wore her new honors with the grace of one born in the purple, and with the amiability of a saint. She had neither the haughtiness nor the coldness of the upstart, nor the envy and foolish extravagance which too often destroy those who find themselves suddenly rich and influential. Her influence undoubtedly strengthened Potocki in his resolve to persist in the political course which caused his downfall. Sophie could feel very little patriotic interest in the affairs of Poland. Count Potocki, who had presumed to grasp at the crown itself, who had lived to see one partition of his country, and to foresee a second, was shrewd enough as a politician, to discern that the national influence and cohesive power were broken, and selfish enough to look out for his own private interests in the impending ruin.

Catherine of Russia flattered Felix Potocki in his foolish hope of one day sitting on the Polish throne, and joined with him the wily intriguers Branicki and Rzewuski. These three agents of discord met at Targovitza in the Ukraine, and by their famous act of confederation engaged to set aside the new Polish constitution.

In March, 1793, Felix Potocki was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. The visit was a brilliant season for Sophie, who played the countess to perfection, was received with distinction at the Russian court, and surrounded with admirers. Catherine showered

politeness and flattery upon Potocki. After a prolonged visit, they returned to Poland, the count dejected in spirits, and afflicted by conscience. The sudden uprising of Poland under Kosciusko in 1794 shattered his political fortunes. He was compelled to flee, and for a brief period sought refuge in the United States, the countess remaining in Europe. The provisional government

his political acts broke his proud spirit. After a short sojourn in Europe, the count and countess withdrew to the retirement of his vast estate in the Ukraine. Sophie's ambition turned from the court to the domestic circle and the rearing of their children. With her advice, Count Potocki undertook the personal management of his estates, in which she also took an active part. The



THE COUNTESS POTOCKA. (AFTER THE ORIGINAL PASTEL IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM, PAINTER UNKNOWN.)

branded him with the name of traitor, and set a price upon his head.

The quickly following victories of Suvaroff enabled Potocki to return home. Piqued by the injustice which he deemed had been done him by his countrymen, he entered the service of Catherine II. and was appointed field-marshal.

Count Potocki was not without his sympathizers and extenuators, but remorse for

vast income was employed in charitable acts, in improving the property, and in adorning a life of country splendor. Frequent visits were made to the courts of Dresden and Berlin, where the amiability and beauty of the Countess Potocka were always a passport to a kind reception.

Time had only served to strengthen the profound love which Count Potocki felt for his wife. In his desire to commemorate

his conjugal happiness and perpetuate the name of the countess, he hit upon the plan of building a kind of fairy castle and a surrounding park, which, in point of beauty of location and decoration, should surpass anything of the kind then known. A large tract of his estate lay between the cities of Tulezyn and Ouman, one half in Podolia and a part in the district of Kiev. He chose as a site for his castle and garden a place watered by a lively brook, which formed a considerable water-fall. Here, for eight or ten years, he worked and planned to beautify the spot, employing not only all the resources which lay at his hand, but also engaging celebrated gardeners, architects, sculptors and painters, and making numerous successful attempts to acclimatize trees and plants of the Grecian isles and the Mediterranean coast. In the middle of the park he raised a large obelisk, with the inscription in modern Greek, "To the love of Sophie." To palace and park he gave the name "Sophiowka."

Felix Potocki died in 1805, after fifteen years of ideal married life. His eldest son was still a minor, and the management of the vast estate was left to Sophie, who for eighteen years afterward lived a dignified and faithful widowhood, and frequently visited in Berlin, where she died in 1823. She was thus saved the misfortunes which befell the children and the estates, seven years later, at the outbreak of the Polish revolution. The sons, disregarding the political bias of their father, took up arms against the czar. Their estates were confiscated, and the beautiful Sophiowka, falling to the Russian crown, was re-christened "*Zaritsyn-Sad*," or "Garden of the Empress."

The Ukraine, which was called the garden and foster-mother of Poland, and its chief jewel, Sophiowka, must have been beautiful indeed to realize the extravagant praise and rhapsodies of the Polish poets and of occasional travelers of literary fame. The Duc de Raguse, in his "Travels in Turkey," devotes several pages of description to Sophiowka, which he calls "one of the most beautiful gardens ever made by man," and avers that its construction cost more than a million dollars,—an enormous sum for the time.

The eldest of Potocki's sons, Vladimir, died under the Polish flag after having equipped a battery of artillery at his own expense, and in which he enlisted as a simple volunteer. Alexander Potocki joined in the revolution of 1830, and disdainfully

refused all the offers of amnesty of the Czar Nicholas.

"Honor," says Ostrowski, "to the country where the sons in this manner make reparation for the misdeeds of their ancestors! Honor to the country where treason is never an hereditary vice, where patriotism alone serves as a family tradition!" He speaks of the Countess Sophie as being one of the most beautiful women of her time.

The poem of Stanislas Trembecki on Sophiowka, Ostrowski calls one of the finest productions of Polish literature, and quotes a few lines of a French translation, of which the following are a most extravagant compliment to the beauty of Sophie:

"O Grèce! nom chéri qui rappelle à mon cœur
Des souvenirs d'amour, de gloire et de bonheur!
Grèce! à qui l'univers doit les arts, le génie!
Berceau de la beauté, tu nous donnas SOPHIE.
De tes autres bienfaits nous sommes peu jaloux.
Elle nous vient de toi: ce trésor les vaut tous."*

The existence of so exceptional a personality as the Countess Potocka, first interested the writer on a Sunday visit to the new museum in Berlin, the "Engraving Cabinet," a series of most entertaining rooms, being open to the general public on that day. In the magnificent *Treppenhaus* where Kaulbach's great frescoes are, he overheard a rather sentimental German student, whose immense top-boots and rapier-scarred face had attracted some attention, persisting that his fellows should first go with him to see "*die schöne Gräfin*." Following after, with hurried glances at the engravings, etchings and drawings displayed in cabinets and on the walls, the writer overtook the student and his friends in the "Green Room." They were gathered before a little drab-colored pastel portrait on paper, which looked as if it had passed some years among the leaves of an artist's portfolio. They were discussing it with German ardor—all speaking at once, and with dogmatic assertion. The almost matchless beauty of the portrait was not to be gainsaid. The catalogue threw little light on its history.

"Portrait of the Countess Potocka (wife of General Witt), born at Constantinople 1766, died at Berlin 1823 (superior pastel portrait, artist unknown)."

* "O Greece! beloved name which recalls to my heart the memories of love, of glory, and of happiness! Greece! to whom the world owes art and genius! Cradle of beauty, thou hast given us SOPHIE. Of thy other gifts we are less jealous. She comes from thee: this treasure is worth them all."

What must have been her power of fascination while living, when after death the "counterfeit presentment" commands the homage paid to beauty! Looking at the original portrait it is easy to believe that the unknown artist who dwelt, if only for a professional hour, in the light of her animated

eyes, and the grace of those features of the exquisite Greek type, was lost, both heart and soul, in his task. The little drawing is a fugitive leaf from the experience of some artist, who was content to lose his own identity in giving fame to the beauty of a face he adored.

INDIAN SUMMER.

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurl'd;
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,
So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save 'round the barns the noise of rout and sally
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples;
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming,
The far, faint tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk sheer and sterile
The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

THE SADDLE-HORSE.

THOROUGHBREDS AND ARABIANS.



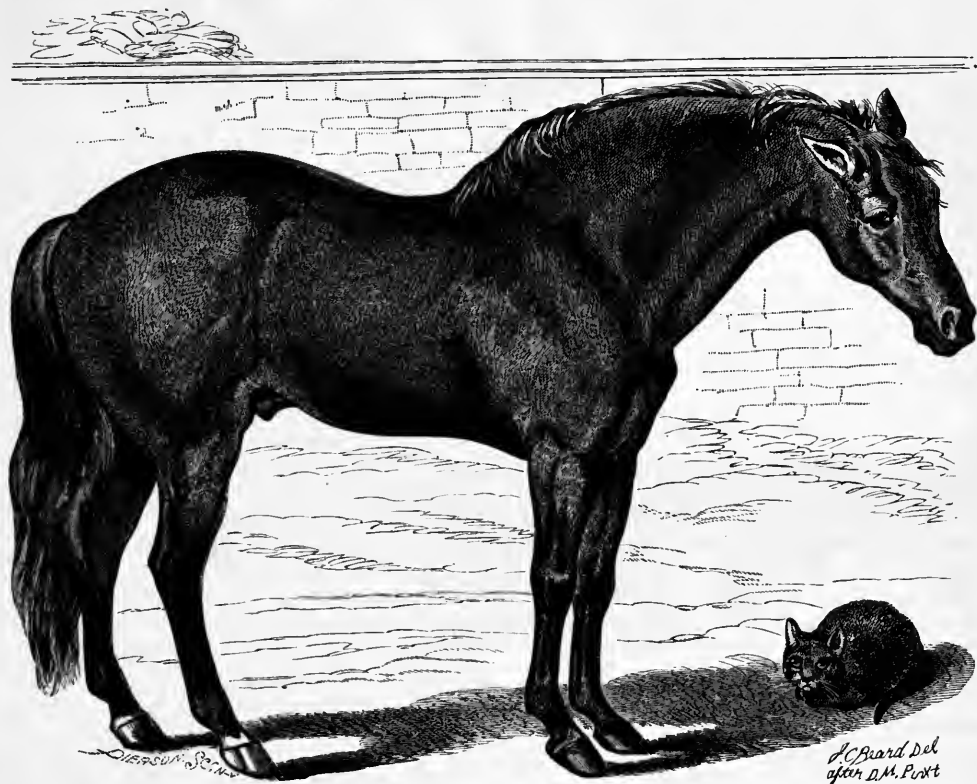
"MAMELUKE."

THE horse has a living interest for all in whose veins there runs a good stream of English blood. In this country, where the climate is unfavorable to out-of-door sports, and checks the formation of habits of active exercise, there has grown up a custom of gratifying the inherited taste in a way to require the least possible physical exertion. In summer the buggy-cover, and in winter the ulster and the lap-rug enable the sedentary American to have himself trundled about the country in his spider wagon,

with a fancy that he is indulging in a manly exercise, and gratifying a noble taste for sport. He manages to invest the quadruped at whose heels he glides along over the smooth macadam, with a certain interest,—born of the animal's conformation or his supposed blood-like qualities or his questionable pedigree. A sort of sympathy is developed between them, similar to that which inevitably grows between a good horse and a worthy rider. This sympathy is aided by mathematical considerations, expressed in

the number of seconds more than two minutes which the beast requires to get over the space of one statute mile,—at a trot. As this one quality, the rate at which the animal can travel at his second best gait, is the only one that gives him value,—assuming him to be reasonably sound and tractable,—it has established a standard of breeding within the easy comprehension of the merest tyro, and often within the reach of a moderate purse. Fast trotting being a rather wide-spread faculty, existing among horses of many grades of general excellence, and being very largely a

and should he persist in his vice in spite of sawings, and yankings, and thrashings, he is cast out forever from the society of the most cherished roadsters. Happily, the number is not small of those who, in spite of their inability to indulge their inborn taste, still adhere to the standard that prevails among the lovers of fine horses in regions where vigorous exercise is a habit throughout the year. They find it pleasant, now and then, to be reminded that the true horse still exists in the world, and to have their recollection of his origin and his achievements refreshed.



THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

matter of individual training, men of every class have engaged in its cultivation. Remarkable as is the result produced, they have entirely failed to establish a noble race marked by the highest equine characteristics. Measured by the "trotting" standard, the noblest and finest horses in the land must often give way before the veriest brute in race and disposition. Should the traditional ambition that has come to him through his old blooded ancestry impel him to show what fast going really is by breaking into a run, he is disgraced in the eyes of his owner,

Speaking with the limitations that come of our faith in the achievements of Christendom, the true horse is the English thoroughbred. On the race-course, here and abroad, in the hunting field, among the cavalry officers of Germany, and among the country gentlemen of France, and indeed of all Europe, the motto is a familiar one that "blood will tell,"—by blood, being meant the peculiar qualities of the English race-horse. In technical horse-talk, the word "thoroughbred" is applied only to this race. To say "a thoroughbred Hambletonian" or

"a thoroughbred Morgan" would be as inappropriate as to say "a thoroughbred mongrel." These horses and others may be thoroughly bred from the least mixed Hambletonian or Morgan ancestry, but the horseman's "thoroughbred" does not mean this at all. It means, simply, that the animal to which it is applied is entitled to have his pedigree entered in the English stud book, which is a record of the unmixed pedigrees of running horses.

To a certain extent, the term is not an

Anne, there was much improvement by the infusion of Eastern blood.

The present race, known as the "thoroughbred," derives its chief value from the impress of three distinguished sires: the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Arabian (probably a Barb).^{*} This blood has passed into the modern racer, in the case of every individual, through Eclipse, Herod or (far less important) Trumpator, or generally through a combination of the three. The three foundation sires were crossed upon the mixed race then existing, and their three distinguished descendants consequently had many flaws in their pedigrees.

The result of this breeding has been to produce a marvelously good horse, valuable—according to its development—for every use except heavy, slow, draught-work. It is admitted on all hands that its characteristic excellence comes almost entirely from the infusion of the blood of the desert, from the hearty nutriment upon which the race has grown, and from the chief service for which it has been required. Prob-

ably, too, the traces of heavy old Flemish blood have produced a modification of form and a decided increase of size. The cuts given herewith of Old Partner, Sedbury, Sharke, and Spankaway (a hunter), show the type of blood-horse of the last century,—a far more serviceable animal than the more weedy thoroughbred of the present day.

The pedigreed thoroughbred horse is, in these later days, bred chiefly for the turf,—for running races,—but the incidental effect that has come of crossing his blood upon



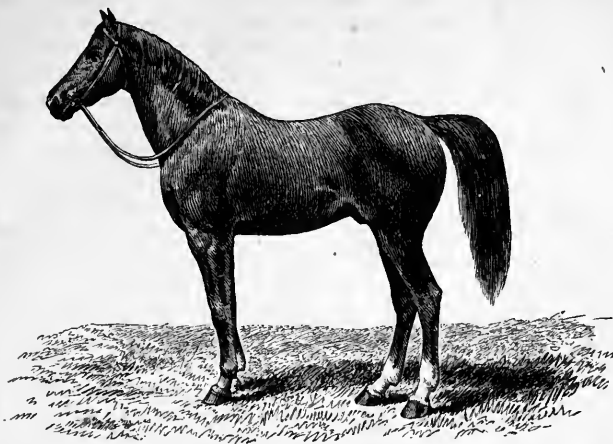
"OLD PARTNER" (1718)—AFTER SEYMOUR.

exact one, for the English racer is not a pure-bred horse; he is the improved product of the old mixed breed of England, which had more or less Eastern blood, transmitted through various degenerating channels, but which had mainly lost its original force and character. At the time when the modern improvement was introduced, the horse of England was anything but blood-like in his characteristics. There were, of course, various degrees of excellence, and some showed high merit. It is reported that in the reign of Henry the First an Arabian horse was imported into Scotland. King John imported the heavy draft-horse of Flanders. Later importations from Lombardy and Spain brought a better infusion of Eastern blood. James the First bought an Arab horse, but he was probably not much used, as the master of the horse disliked him because of his small size. Charles the Second, who inaugurated the Newmarket races, imported some Barbs and Turks, said to have been purchased in Hungary. From the time of James the First to that of Queen

^{*} By persistent effort, Mr. J. H. Wallace has unearthed an old picture of this horse, which bears the arms of the second Earl Godolphin, and was probably presented by him to Mr. Samuel Galloway of Maryland. A very good wood-cut taken from this picture was published in "Wallace's Monthly" (May, 1877), together with a very full account of its subject. By Mr. Wallace's kindness I am permitted to use it here. It gives a much more favorable view of the Godolphin than the old cut—after Stubbs—which has hitherto been our only picture of him, but which still fails to show, as the painting does, the wonderful development of the muscles of the loins. The Godolphin died at Gogmagog Hall in 1753 at the age of twenty-nine.

larger and stouter cold-blooded mares and their descendants, has been of the greatest practical value. For all general purposes, there is no horse in Christendom that is so useful and so reliable as the English

horseback riding has passed away. As a mere matter of utility, it is more convenient and better, and often less selfish, to go upon wheels. Saddle exercise has become very largely a luxury, but in spite of the heat of summer and the cold of winter, it is a luxury which must be more and more sought after, and more highly prized the more it is indulged in. Its real enjoyment implies a constant exercise. It requires more practice than many Americans have the enthusiasm to give under such difficulties as beset us. Unfortunately too, it costs more than the many can afford to pay for any mere indulgence. At the same time, there are among us, happily, many who have the horseman's soul well developed, and who need only the suggestion and favoring circumstances to convert them into



"PRIVATEER" (A GOOD MODERN THOROUGHBRED).

hunter,—the horse that is used for following fox-hounds across country, and which has all the characteristics of breeding, conformation and merit that are sought for carriage and saddle use in England. An idea may be formed of the enormous power of these horses from the fact that there are many hunters, nearly thoroughbred, capable of carrying a man weighing twenty horseman's stone—280 lbs.—as fast as fox-hounds can run across grass-fields and plowed ground, and over hedges, rail fences and brooks.

The saddle-horse *par excellence*—we may almost say, the only saddle-horse known to English-speaking people—is this high-bred, blood-like, nearly or quite thoroughbred descendant of the English race-horse. Valetudinarians, fat dowagers and dyspeptics may find wholesome exercise in the dull amble of the sort of brute chiefly used for driving in this country, but no one who knows the tingling glow and excitement of real horsemanship, no one who has felt himself carried along the smooth turf at the side of a country road and over fences and ditches, by the responsive, whalebone action of a high-mettled blood horse, can regard the use of these low-bred brutes as anything more than simple "transportation."

In the older settled parts of America, and still more in Europe, the necessity for

enthusiastic devotees, at least in theory, of the high art of equitation. The practice of the art has many serious drawbacks—the most serious being the great difficulty of finding good saddle-horses. The otherwise admirable animals of Kentucky have been trained to a gliding, shuffling gait known as "single-foot" or "fox-trot," which is well suited to



"SEDBURY" (1734)—AFTER SEYMOUR.

the unyielding character of the macadam roads of that state, but which is not accepted among riders as a satisfactory pace.

The best chance for finding the right sort of animal is doubtless among the rejected



"SHARKE" (1771)—AFTER STUBBS.

horses of racing stables,—those which have not proved quite fast enough for their work. But even here we often find too much weediness, laziness or vice, for our purpose.

Racing, pure and simple, is not a good school for the education of saddle-horses. Under the best circumstances there is much to be unlearned, and usually the effect of much harsh and brutalizing treatment to be overcome. Then, too, our race-horses have been for so long a time bred chiefly for short bursts of speed that the chance of finding a really stout and enduring animal is much less than in the old days when four-mile-heat races were in vogue—when Nicholas I., Sue Washington and Tar River ran three such heats within about two hours with the time as low as 7.43.

Those fortunate men whose normal weight is not above one hundred and fifty pounds may still find the material from which to make satisfactory mounts in the modern racing stables, but those of us who run much above this weight will find horses scarce and prices high. It is only a chance horse among the best American trotters that would be fit for the saddle, and as a rule we shall find,

even here, that the greatest combination of desirable qualities accompanies the largest proportion of "thorough" blood. Perhaps a very high bred and stout Kentucky horse, taken in hand before he has been taught the local jiggling gait, would be the most satisfactory. There is some good blood in this country if one will take the pains to find it, and I have seen and ridden horses, chiefly bought at the South, which were good enough for any riding.

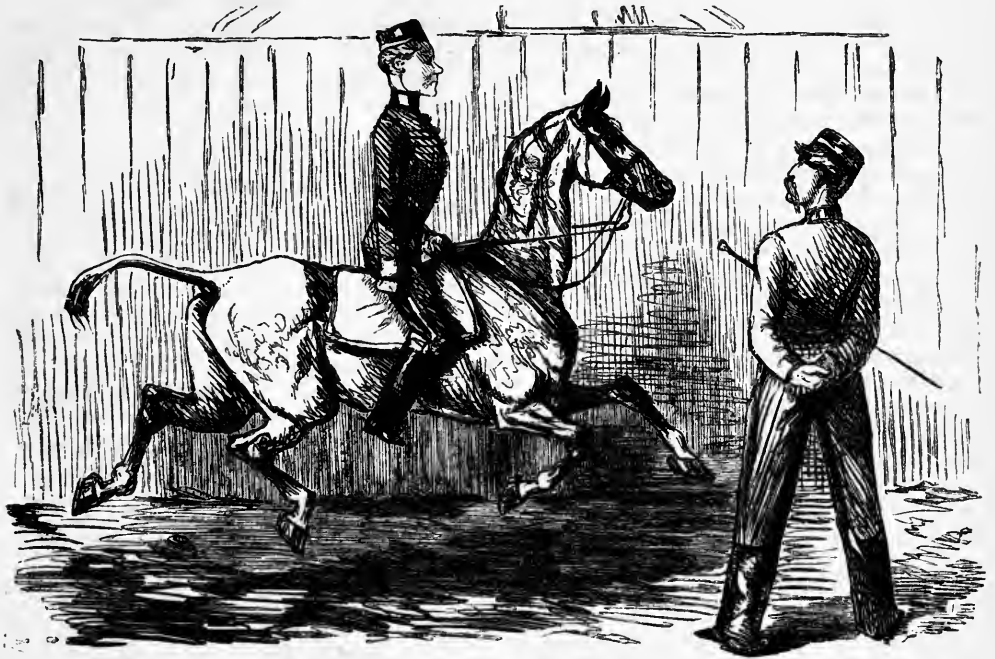
During the war, I bought, in Missouri, a four-year-old chestnut, Guy, said to be thoroughbred, fifteen hands and an inch high, who, after two years' use in the field, although looking to be much under my weight, carried me as stoutly and as well as the largest horse I ever owned. In conformation, especially in the muscles of the back and rump, and in the carrying of the tail, he had more of the characteristics of the Arab than of the race-horse. His feats, too, were more like those recounted by General Daumas in



"SPANKAWAY," WITH HIS HEAVY RIDER, MR. ROUNDING (1793).—AFTER COOPER

writing of the horses of the Sahara, than like the ordinary achievements of the thoroughbred. He was lithe and springy to the last degree, and to the last minute of a fatiguing day. I once rode him over heavy roads twenty-eight miles and back on a short winter's day, and he carried me gayly over a stiff leap after returning to camp. I then rode about thirteen stone,—over 180 lbs.,—yet he always handled me like a feather-weight. He once carried me at a spanking trot over heavy clay roads from Clinton to

our purpose to trace the pedigrees of the leading horses of the English turf. It must suffice here to indicate the degree to which the true blood of the desert has been stained and adulterated by pre-existing cold blood of the country. Without studying too closely what may have been the effect of this adulteration, and how much the present thoroughbred horse owes to attentive care and generous feeding, and to breeding for a specific purpose, we must frankly accept the fact that the thorough-



THE LESSON.—AFTER LEECH.

DISGUSTED INSTRUCTOR OF PLUNGERS.—“There you go again! Sticking out your toes like a hinfantry hadjutant.”

Columbus, Kentucky, and back again,—twenty-two miles,—in less than two hours. Marching, with a restive prancing gait, on an elevated foot-path made by infantry at the side of a road that had been worn to a ditch by a long baggage train, he was startled by a burned stump that suddenly appeared from behind some bushes,—and at the next instant he was prancing along the foot-path at the opposite side of the road. The lateral distance between the two paths was fully nine feet and his leap was absolutely sidewise, yet it was taken with such perfect ease and grace that my seat was not at all disturbed by it. I was tempted by a high price and sold him to an officer who took him to his death at Atlanta.

It would be perplexing and foreign to

bred is a very different animal from the Arab; that he has well-marked and regularly transmitted qualities of the highest order, and that he has achieved a power of running quick *short* races which has never been equaled.

It is not easy to describe the perfect high-bred saddle-horse so that he will be recognized at sight by the uninitiated, and the initiated need no such description. His characteristics may be thus sketched: He should have, first of all, large, sound, open-heeled feet, with the frog well defined, the pasterns neither so long as to be weak, nor so steep as to give an unyielding action,—rather of medium length and sloping backward a little more than the front line of the hoof; the legs, between the pastern

joints and the knees and hocks, cannot be too short, and the back tendons should be so large and full as to give them the appearance of width and flatness. The knees cannot be too large and full, nor can the hocks be too large and bony. The forearm, from the knee to the point of the shoulder and the hind leg from the hock to the stifle joint, should be very long, and muscular, and quite free from fat or flabbiness. The shoulder must be very sloping,—the more so the better,—and overlaid with tense and prominent muscles. The hips and thighs should be well loaded with muscle, and if there is to be a fleshy condition at any point let it be here. Owing to the slope of the shoulder, and the height of the withers, and to the prominence of the muscles over the hips, the back should have the appearance of extreme shortness, with a slight—but only slight—downward curve: “hardly room to carry a saddle” is the form in which the horseman expresses his highest praise. This is the preferable form of back, but very many thoroughbreds are deficient in this respect. Largely as a matter of beauty the spine should run back nearly level from the hips, and the tail should be carried high (the Kentucky blood horse is often very defective here); the neck should be long and lean, well arched, but not beefy at the crest, and furnished with a large, loose-hanging windpipe below, well defined even when the horse is at rest. The ears must be quick, small at their setting-on and thin,—there is no objection to their having a good length; the head may be, but is not necessarily, small, but it should be well shaped, and it *must* be as bony and as free as possible from flesh; it should be so wide and clean between the jaws as to give ample space for the windpipe; the nostrils must be capable of great distension, to allow free breathing during exertion; the skin should be soft, the coat fine and silky, and the hair of the mane and tail, although it may be somewhat wavy, should be free from anything like curliness, and rather scanty than superabundant. After severe exertion, full veins should show over the whole body. The distension of these veins, which are generally invisible in the cold-blooded horse, gives the thoroughbred one of his greatest advantages by affording relief to the pulsation during the strong action of the heart. The horse above described is quite sure to have the deep chest and heart-place which are so important to strenuous exertion; but many

of the best thoroughbreds are deficient in that round, barrel-hooped form of the ribs which is necessary to the roomiest accommodation of the lungs and the abdominal viscera. A sound horse having these qualities and whose sides, back of the girth, project beyond the line of the shoulders and hips, may be relied upon for the most arduous work.

I accept as authentic the accounts of marvelous work done by the horses of the desert, but I doubt whether the English thoroughbred has ever produced stouter, more intelligent, more inspiring, or more enduring animals than some bred in our southern states, which I have had the good fortune to own. Still, with an admiration of the race that is simply unbounded, and with every confidence in the possibility of breeding from it, by judicious crossing with some of the heavier races, better steeds than have yet been seen here or in England, I recognize the justice of Captain Upton's conclusion that the best result of all is to be achieved by a recurrence to the pure blood of the Nedjed Arabian, giving it the greater size that will necessarily result from our methods of feeding.

The most authentic information that has come to us of the capacity of the Arab horse is to be found in General Daumas's “Horses of the Sahara.” Probably the race that came under his observation was inferior to the pure Nedjed, but it is, in certain qualities, so superior to anything else we know as to indicate the unmistakable advantage that might be hoped for from the line of breeding indicated. It is the custom of the desert to inure the horse to regular work from a very early age. Even yearlings are ridden several miles by young boys, and after the eighteenth month are occasionally subjected to real fatigue. It is believed that should not the habit of work be formed before the horse is four years old he will be almost worthless. This was the opinion of the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, who had seen upward of ten thousand colts reared. He affirms that he has made long and rapid marches at the head of twelve or fifteen thousand horsemen, not a single horse that had been early inured to fatigue having fallen out of the ranks.

Captain Upton ends his telling description of the points of the Arab horse thus:

“An honest heart, a skin as soft as silk, and a coat like satin. * * * Stand in front of him; you will see the swell and barrel of chest expanding far beyond his shoulders and width of breast. Look at

him from behind; his back ribs extend far beyond his haunches on either side; * * * if he be carefully examined it will be found that all the limbs are longer and better placed than in any other horse; the scapulæ, haunches, thighs and arms are all longer, having power of great flexion and great extension. The stride of the Arabian, although under fifteen hands high, is at all events greater in proportion to his size than that of any other horse."

Mr. Gifford Palgrave, describing the horses in the Imaum's stables at Riad, says that their

As a racer, for such courses as are usual on the English turf, the Arab receives a very great advantage in weight, in spite of which he almost never wins an important event. At the same time, he has shown his ability to run two miles at the rate of 1.54 per mile. His achievements on the desert show that were the test adopted any other than brief quickness, he would beat the best English horse that was ever foaled.

In racing, the Arab gets off safely, runs honestly and truly to the end, and stands training for years. Close contests, neck-length winnings, and dead heat after dead heat are the rule rather than the exception.

The following records are compiled by Captain Upton from the "Oriental Sporting Magazine," and show the achievements of Arab racers at Calcutta, Soonepoore, Allyghur, and Bombay: At Soonepoore, in 1844, the gray Arab, Sir Hugh, ran a half mile in 51 seconds; at Calcutta, in 1847, the bay Arab, Minuet, ran a mile in 1 minute 50 seconds, carrying 115 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1847, Child of the Island, 5 years old, ran 1½ miles in 2 minutes 48 seconds, carrying 106 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1848, Honeysuckle ran 2 miles in 3.48, carrying 112 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1846, Selim, aged, ran 3 miles in 5 minutes 54 seconds, carrying 131 pounds; at Calcutta, in 1862, Hermit, after

having run 2 miles the day before, and having been beaten by the English mare Voltige in 3.46, ran 2 miles in 3.51,—the mare being unable to appear on the track.

Captain Upton says:

"The performances of the Arab, Gray Leg, will give some idea of the continuous running of Arabians. He was 14 hands 1¾ inches in height; he was never out of training for seven years, from 1861 to 1868. He ran eighty times and won fifty-one races at all distances, and under all weights. At Bombay, in 1864, he won the Forbes stakes, 2 miles, beating the English mare, Lallah Rookh, and the Australian, Van Dieman; he also won a handicap 1½ miles, beating the English mare, Mary Glen, 126 pounds each."

Many other instances are given of equally remarkable performances by Arab horses under fifteen hands high.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.—AFTER LEECH.

OLD COACHMAN.—"Now, Miss Ellen! Miss Ellen! You know what your pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey!"

MISS ELLEN.—"So I will, Robert! and that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"

legs seem as if made of hammered iron; their hoofs are neat and round and well suited to hard ground; their tails are thrown out with a high arch; their manes long and fine. Their great points are: very sloping shoulders, powerful haunches, and cleanness of limb. He found them to be the *beau idéal* of the horse, justifying "all reputation, all value, all poetry."

An almost invariable characteristic of Arab horses, and one of their leading merits, is to be found in their remarkable temper. Vice and nervousness are almost unknown. In racing, there is no difficulty in starting them in good order, and, although full of ambition and excitement, they neither sulk nor bolt, nor become discouraged. Abd-el-Kader says, that in the pure-bred Arabian, the moral and physical qualities are inseparable.

The experience of the French army in Africa shows the superiority of the Arabian for cavalry purposes. It was there found necessary to discard European horses, and to remount with such Arabs as could be procured, and these, be it remembered, had to carry a weight of 350 pounds (25 stone). General Daumas exclaims :

"Now, a horse that, in a country often rough and difficult, marches and gallops, ascends and descends, endures unparalleled privations, and goes through a campaign with spirit, with such a weight on his back, is he, or is he not a war-horse?"

Abd-el-Kader has said that the Arab horse can travel fifty miles a day, day after day, for months together, and if required, can accomplish one hundred and fifty miles in one day, but should be carefully ridden the next, and only go a much shorter distance.

The following statements are collated from Daumas's "Horses of the Sahara,"—an accepted authority and believed to be entirely reliable. The love of the horse, he says, has passed into the blood of the Arab. The cherished animal is the companion in arms and the friend of the chief. Said an Arab to him :

"You cannot understand, you Christians, that horses are our wealth, our joy, our life, and our religion. Has not the Prophet said, 'The goods of this world, until the day of the last judgment, shall hang at the forelocks of your horses'? You will find this in the Koran, which is the voice of God, and in the conversation of our Lord Mahomet. When God wished to create the mare he said to the wind, 'I will cause to be born from thee a being which shall carry my adorers, which shall be cherished by all my slaves, and which shall be the despair of those who do not follow my laws.'"

Abd-el-Kader, when at the height of his power, pitilessly punished with death every believer convicted of having sold a horse to a Christian.

It is not rare that horses in the desert travel from one hundred and fifty to a hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours. It is the Arab's idea of the perfection of a horse that he ought to carry a grown man, with

his arms, his change of clothing, food for them both, and a standard, even when running against the wind; and, in case of necessity, drag a corpse after him and run the whole day through without food or water. To the Arabs a stain in the pedigree is an irremediable fault. They say it is impossible to make a pure horse of a race of mixed blood; on the contrary, they hold that they can always restore the primitive nobility of the pure race which has been impoverished either by privation, by excessive and inappropriate work, by want of care, or, in a word, wherever the degeneration does not spring from a mixture of blood.

Their recognized test of perfect form is this: when a horse drinks from water at the level of the ground upon which he stands, if he stands square on his four legs, without bending one of his knees to reach the water, he is perfectly formed, all parts of his body are in harmony and he is of pure blood. The Arabs are generous feeders, though, as a rule, they feed only once a day, and give water only at night. The Prophet said: "Every grain of barley given to your



A WEIGHTY MATTER.—AFTER LEECH.

BILL (reads)—"Gentlemen riders allowed five pounds."

TOM. "Allowed five pounds! Why, I'd ride better nor he for arf-a-crown!"

horses shall earn you an indulgence in the other world." One of his followers added: "If I had not seen the horse born of the mare I should say that he was born of bar

ley," and again: "Beyond the spur there is only barley."

General Daumas recounts many marvelous feats of the Arab horse which he believes to be perfectly authenticated. The following is the most astounding, but there are many others almost equally remarkable: It having become necessary for the tribe of Arbâa to give to a Turkish pasha its best horse, the choice fell on a dark gray mare, Mordjana, known in all the Sahara. Her owner begged his son to ride her far away into the desert. He left the tent after night-fall. When the night was two-thirds gone, he wound the rein over his arm and lay down on a dwarf palm-tree to sleep for an hour. When he awoke, he found that Mordjana had eaten all the leaves of the palm. Mounting again he rode until day-break. Mordjana had sweated and dried three times, and he rode on until night-fall, when he halted at Leghrouat, where he gave his mare a little straw to amuse her until she was fit to be fed. Closing his account this hard rider said: "These are not the runs for your horses, you Christians, who go from Algiers to Bliddah, 13 leagues, as far as from my nose to my ear, and think to have made a long trip." General Daumas says this man had made eighty leagues—240 miles—in twenty-four hours. His mare had eaten only the leaves of the dwarf palm upon which he had slept. She had drunk but once, midway of her road, and he swore that if his life had been in peril he could have slept the next night at Gardaya, forty-five leagues further on.

Enough has been said to show the sort of stuff one should seek in a thoroughly good saddle-horse, and to indicate the standard to which to breed and the source of blood to which to appeal. The *beau idéal* suggested would be the perfect Arabian form and the purest Arabian blood, developed by our more copious feeding to the size of the English thoroughbred.

Those modest souls who are willing to limit their desires to what it is possible to achieve, will need no sympathy if they succeed in combining the admirable qualities of the thoroughbred with the athletic and graceful form that characterizes the Arab. This combination may now and then be found, in good degree, in something a shade off of the thoroughbred standard and obtainable at something less than the thoroughbred price. Such a

horse was my own Guy, and doubtless the fond memory of many another horseman will have gently dropped the record of faults, and invested some favorite of his own with all the charm and virtue of his best imagination.

The suitable horse having been obtained, the battle is half won, but hardly more than half won. The man must be made a horseman and the horse must be made a saddle-horse. The processes by which these ends are to be reached are laid down in manuals of horsemanship whose teaching cannot be condensed into the narrow limits of these pages, nor can any recital of rules and instructions be more than an aid to the work.

The first great point—almost greater than perfection in the horse himself—is that the man should have been born with the stout heart of a horseman within him, and with that talent for sympathy without which there can be none of the unity of feeling needed for unity of action. That the rider and his horse should be like one creature has much more than a poetic meaning; for the transmitting and receiving of impulse and action between them must be so smooth and undisturbed that in every movement the weight of the two may be handled by the one, at the direction of the other, with an ease and precision undisturbed by cross-purposes between them. This ability of the rider to conform, instinctively to the movements of his horse and to indicate his guidance and his checks without exciting or disturbing him, enables a perfect rider to accomplish feats with an inferior horse, which would be impossible to the best beast ever ridden under the uncertain hand and ill-controlled balance of a bad horseman.

The ability to ride well is often inherited to such a degree that one may begin his horsemanship in mature life and achieve a good measure of success; but, as a rule, no after-training can supply the place of the habit of riding during the supple years of youth, when even the son of a long line of cockney ancestors may acquire that limberness of loin which is the basis of a good seat, and from which an easy grip of thigh and a perfection of hand—"soft as the touch of love and unyielding as a grasp of steel"—can alone be born.

Whether these essential qualities of horsemanship were born in the blood or have been drilled in to the yielding frame of boyhood, there are certain suggestions which will help

the learner, and which may even be of good service to the experienced rider. It is a recognized principle that "a horseman grows from his seat." By *seat* is meant the manner in which the weight of his person receives the impulse of the horse's movement. At every step the impulse changes, and at every change, unless the seat is a good one, the weight is jostled and the smooth action of the horse is disturbed. If it is good, it is so adjusted as to receive the changing action with a yielding resistance to the shock, and to give no undue check to the motive power. While there must be a certain ease of displacement there must

transmission of force to the long end of the lever, which is the father of the fall, while rigidity of the lower legs carries an uncontrolled impulse to the other end of the lever and disturbs the horse. The absolute point of contact—the point which never yields its grip—is at the knees only. In the leap, and to a less degree in the gallop, these are the constant points of communication, and however much the seat may be raised in a strong leap these regulate its safe and correct return.

Pliancy of the hips and freedom of the calves are the first objects to be sought, and it is these which it is the most difficult for



A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.—AFTER LEECH.

also be an ability to hold firm to the saddle, and, after leaving it, to return smoothly to it. The real points of attachment should be only from the knee upward,—by the inner flat of the thigh. Ease of motion depends on the freedom of the lower leg and the ready flexibility of the loins. From the knee to the hip we need firmness and solidity; from the knee downward and from the hip upward, the freest pliancy. No movement of the horse should be so sudden, and no lift in leaping should be so great, that the thighs may not securely retain their position, and the body and calves their flexibility. Rigidity of the body implies the

the mature beginner to acquire. Much help may be gained from a sort of calisthenic exercise of the body, swaying from front to rear and from side to side, and moving the arms in all directions, retaining meanwhile a firm seat without the action of the calves or the heels. There should be cultivated too the ability to reach the toe far forward on the horse's shoulder, and to raise the heel high against his side without materially changing the position of the knee. In short, the man should learn the new art of moving his head, arms, body and lower legs from his new point of attachment at the thighs and seat, with the same instinct-

ive ease and certainty with which he has learned to move his whole person when resting on his feet. In proportion as this suppleness has become complete and instinctive, in that proportion does the man remove himself from the condition of a suit of clothes stuffed with sand, which would topple over with the least movement of the horse.

Another important point for consideration is that the center of gravity of the rider be adjusted to the center of the moving forces of the horse. These rest midway between the hips and the withers, at the point where the spine has its greatest depression, and where the attachments of the great muscles of propulsion center. At this point the added weight is brought equally over the four feet, and each one of the horse's legs bears a fair share of the added duty. Here too the disturbing movement of the horse's step is least felt, and here the weight gives the least and most evenly diffused resistance. The rider who has learned to sit where he belongs, to maintain his position with accuracy, and to transmit the shock of the horse's movement from the hips to the body by a supple yielding, has struck once for all the key-note of good horsemanship. Without this he can never ride well; with this he cannot fail with practice to become a good rider.

As there are rare men who are born with the equestrian grace of movement, so there are rare horses whose organization is so perfect that they fall at once into the requirements of their duty; but, with the majority of horses, there are faults of conformation or of temper, and still more often faults of early education, which make them at first hard, unyielding, awkward, and uncertain.

While the rider commands his horse most largely with the leg, the restraint communicated through the bit is of course very important, but it should be exercised entirely for its legitimate ends. The reins should by no means be used as a handle to hold on by,—the seat should not be held in the hands. A rider with a perfect hand may get on, even with a restive horse, with almost any form of bit. The brilliant but brutal riders of Spanish America accomplish some of the best results within a few days by means of their cruel curb. On the other hand, the better school secures, with an entire absence of cruelty, the same instant and entire control of the horse's movements for which the Mexican riders are famed. In all fine

riding, in nearly everything indeed but cross country work,—and, with a perfect hand, even here as well,—the best result is attained by the use of an easy but powerful curb bit. Not to enter here upon the discussion of the construction and handling of the bit itself, it is important to refer to one condition that should always regulate its use,—that is: the portion of the bar of the bit which rests upon the lower jaw should be so adjusted as to rest exactly opposite the depression of the chin,—where the round of the lower lip joins the under line of the jaw-bone,—and the chain should be of such length that when the shank of the bit hangs perpendicular, the horse's head being in its natural position, it shall just rest and fit snugly into this depression. A disregard of this important condition is more the cause of annoyance and discomfort of both horse and rider than is any other one thing. With the bit and chain so placed, the most complete control of the horse's head is secured, while he is left free from the irritation that comes of almost every other method of adjustment.

This digression, with reference to the training of the rider and of the horse, seemed necessary, because the manner in which he is ridden and trained has so much to do with the animal's ability to put forth his best effort and to develop his best quality. The perfect saddle-horse is perfect in all his gaits, and carries his rider in all of them as easily and as gracefully as he carries himself. However good he may naturally be, when carrying a rider, and yielding to the restraint and impulse of hand and heel, he is subject to unnatural conditions, and he needs the development of artificial training. He is too apt, if left to himself, to accept the duty of being ridden with more or less stolid resolution, varied by occasional efforts to assert his independence. He must be taught that independence is under no circumstances to be permitted, but that he is at all times and under all circumstances to obey the slightest behest of his rider; so, too, he is to be made to feel that stolid indifference is always inadmissible, that it is his duty to be ever alert, cheerful and responsive. One of the most difficult elements of his education is that which teaches him the art of good walking, and, as it is a prevalent fault of the thoroughbred and high-bred horse to walk with a shuffling, shambling and uncertain gait, the rider's earliest attention should be given to this point. An even, steady, well-regulated and active step, with



SAILING OUT OF THE RING.—AFTER LEECH.

the bit lightly playing in the mouth, may require much patient handling before it becomes established as a habit, but the result will be worth the labor. Only when this has been attained is the horse fit for a long journey, or even for the safe performance of a short walk before reaching the stable, and during periods of rest on the road. It is a principle with the Arabs that before a horse is fit for serious hard work he must have been sweated and dried three times. That is, he is to travel at a free gait until thoroughly warm and then to walk until he is cooled, three times in succession; then his bowels and his lungs and his circulation will be ready for whatever arduous duty his blood and his condition will have made him capable of. It is of the greatest importance that these cooling off intervals of walking should be marked by no negligent or indifferent action. The step should be a clean one—two—three—four, taken with precision,—by no means the careless, shambling, swaying movement so common in the slow and indifferent walk of the high-bred horse. When fairly taught to walk vigorously and well he may be allowed to carry his head down, but wherever there is the least indication of unsteadiness, he should be “shut up” between hand and heel and made to give his attention to his work.

The trot is not a natural working gait among horses used only for the saddle. It is the custom of the Arabs to ride only at the walk or the gallop, but with us, what with the habit of driving, and what with

our unyielding roadways which are often quite unsuited to receive the harder blow of the gallop, the trot has become an important gait. Trotting under the saddle has this distinct difference from trotting in harness, that the action of the bit should have little or no influence over it.

As a gait for the road the trot has great value and even great elegance, but it is a gait that cannot be carried beyond ten or twelve miles to the hour. The well-cadenced trot is an alternate forward movement of diagonal legs. It should be performed with the head

playing lightly behind the bit, with the neck lightly arched, and with the weight carried equally upon the fore and the hind legs as these, alternately, reach the ground, accompanied by a springiness and lightness for which the strong, sloping pastern of the blood horse is indispensable. The moment that “boring” begins, that is,



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—AFTER LEECH.

GRANDPA.—“Bless my heart, just like me! Spare the Nimrod, spoil the child, I say.”

when the pressure of the horse's mouth is felt by the hand, a preponderance of weight is thrown upon the fore legs, and the step becomes ungraceful and severe upon both man and horse.

The Anglo-mania has so captured all horse-riding Christendom that the custom of rising to the trot, ungraceful though it is, has the powerful indorsement of fashion. Like most practices of English horsemanship, this one is founded in a certain degree of good sense, especially as being applicable to the average rider; for the number of men who can sit lightly in the saddle under the springy action of the trot without discomfort to themselves and inconvenience to their horses is comparatively small. By rising at each alternate step and coming lightly back to the saddle, they avoid the uncomfortable jolting of their own viscera, and the wearisome pounding of the horse's back. Perhaps for long journeys the practice is always to be commended, and it affords an unspeakable relief when one is obliged to ride a horse which has been taught to trot only in harness. There are rare riders, however, who have that capacity for responsive spring in the inner muscles of the thighs which makes the close seat pleasanter both for themselves and for their animals.

The real horseman's gait, that without which the exercise of the road and the field would lose its chief charm, is the gallop,—not the canter, the gait of dowagers and dyspeptics, but a vigorous springy, inspiring gallop, well restrained from becoming a run. Here, as with the trot, the cardinal necessity is that the horse's head should play loosely behind the bit, though with the neck more extended, and the face farther from the perpendicular. The moment a pressure is felt upon the hand there begins a tendency to take the bit between the teeth, the weight is thrown too much upon the fore feet, and the movement becomes unpleasant. Where great speed is sought it may become necessary to take a sufficient hold of the mouth to keep the horse steadily to his pace; but this is *running*, and is only exceptionally called for.

The gallop *par excellence* is a free, springy stride of twelve or fifteen miles to the hour, with every muscle and tendon supple, and with the head and neck free and light. Perfection in this gait is to be reached only gradually, and it is best reached through the consecutive steps beginning with Baucher's supplings, and carried on through the

well-regulated walk and trot until the horse in all his movements responds as completely to the impulse of the heel and the restraint of the hand in his most energetic movements as he does when handled at a stand-still.

The minuter details of Baucher's process, looking to the higher achievements of the equestrian, are more precise than the amateur rider will find it necessary to adopt, but the principles underlying the education of the horse for the best and most vigorous work of the road and field are of the same general character and tendency as those best suited to the needs of the professional rider. These processes are far too slow and tedious for the semi-invalid who adopts saddle exercise at the advice of his physician. They can be successfully applied only by a real enthusiast who has a determination to work for the best result, and for whom the result will afford ample compensation at every step of his way.

Nothing so well satisfies the desire of the real lover of a fine horse as to bring himself into intimate personal relations with him, and to carry out some well-regulated modifications of Baucher's method under the proper circumstances of retiracy. The perfect application of this system requires the shelter from storms and heat, and the seclusion from distracting sights and sounds that can be secured only by a covered and inclosed riding-school. These circumstances would appear to many, in whose minds horsemanship is inseparably connected with fresh air, and open fields, and solid turf, to be contemptibly dull and restricted. He who loves riding chiefly because of its vigorous open-air work is by no means to be pitied; but he belongs to a different class from the horseman, pure and simple, who finds his delight in making his horse one with himself, and himself one with his horse, and whose best imagination is gratified by the completeness with which he is able to send his own controlling will through every thought of the horse's mind, and every nerve, and muscle, and sinew of his body.

Whether one has pursued his practice of equitation in the riding-school or on the road, and however complete may have become his mastery of his temper, his body and his horse, he has never yet learned the delight of the saddle until he has felt the suffusing thrill and glow that come only with free leaping. Here one must cast off all restraint of roof and wall, and even of an accustomed

riding-ground, and take to the fences, and ditches, and hedges, and brooks of the open country.

It would be rash to say that there is no emotion so satisfactory to a vigorous and courageous man as that of leaping, but it is certainly within bounds to say that the emotion so produced is different from all others, if not indeed more continuously exhilarating. The heart certainly never rises quite so high in the throat as during one's first magnificent lift at a high leap.

Learning to ride across country, and teaching one's horse to leap, constitute an art by itself. Many horses take kindly to the work and are good natural jumpers, but it is rare to find those which are able to carry a heavy rider over a high fence safely, and surely, and smoothly, without much preliminary training, and without a good deal of acquired skill on the part of the rider.

In order to take a high leap properly, either standing or at speed, the horse must have been taught to carry his own weight and to depend upon his own balance. A boring pull on the rider's hand, which implies a preponderance of weight on the forehead, is fatal to anything like good work. We hear a great deal about "gathering" the horse to his leap, "lifting" him at his fences, carrying him well over a long water-leap, and other expressions which imply that the aid of the rider is an important addition to a horse's own force. All that the rider can do is to make the horse gather, lift and "carry" himself. As he approaches the fence both hand and leg come into play to gather him well together, to bring him back on his haunches at the standing leap. All the "lifting" that can be done is to suggest to the horse, by indications which he has been taught to heed, that he is to lift himself. In taking a water-leap no horse is to be held in the air by any action of the rider's hand. Before he can perform any of these leaps certainly and well he must have been taught by a preliminary training to throw his weight on his haunches and to check his gait at the proper indication of the rider. Beyond this ability of training to cause the horse to put himself promptly in the right position for the spring, and now and then an inspiring cut down the shoulder or a touch with the heel, the active assistance of the rider cannot go. In all but this he is simply so much weight to be carried.

But the rider must be by no means a dead weight. Retaining his firm attachment at the knees, holding securely to his

seat by the thighs until the impetus of the lift raises him for a moment from the saddle, he must keep his lower legs free and his body perfectly supple, so that, however great the weight to be moved it shall in all its parts receive the impulse gracefully and easily and not with the dead resistance of so much inert matter. It has been attempted to give instructions as to the point where the rider must lean forward; that where he must lean backward; how his legs may be carried to the rear or to the front in the different parts of the leap, and what must be his position in landing. By carefully watching the position of the practiced rider when he takes his fences, and, to a certain degree, by carefully studying John Leech's drawings of fencing work,* it is possible to gain a good idea of the movement of the body in this exercise. But even with all that may be acquired in this way, the novice will find that there is something deeper and more subtle than all theory at the bottom of successful fencing. There is but one good teacher of the art in the world,—a good leaping horse. Having first acquired a good seat, a good hand and perfect ease and suppleness in the saddle, begin by taking very low jumps, and very narrow ditches, on the back of a well-trained and confident fencer. The lowest fence or the narrowest ditch that will break the stride of his gallop will show that there is something to be learned in horsemanship that no level-ground work has even suggested. Very soon the knack of the thing will be gained, and the rest is only a question of practice. Avoid too frequent jumping of the same obstacle, for the horse is quickly disgusted with an unnecessary repetition of the same leap, and a disgusted or disheartened horse will never jump truly and well. Having learned to adjust the position of the person to the swiftly changing action required to go over a two-foot fence at a slow gallop, begin again at the lower leap from the standing position and go on gradually to the greater height.

In the flying leap, there is only a change of impulse which changes the direction of the weight in motion. At the standing leap, the weight is at rest and is thrown vigorously upward by a thrust powerful enough to carry both horse and rider over the fence. An analysis of the resulting

* A number of drawings by this incomparable artist and born horseman are reproduced in this paper from "Punch." They tell their own instructive story and may safely stand without comment.

forces is made easy if one will watch the course taken by his loosely fitting hat. The Irishman said that it was not the fall that hurt him but the bringing up so suddenly. So in leaping, after a little practice, it is neither the rise nor the descent that offers serious difficulty, but the landing. There is no more difficult lesson for the horseman than to learn what to do with himself when the horse first strikes the ground on the landing side. He often brings his weight so forcibly in the stirrup-irons that the stirrup-leather is broken, and clutches the rein with such force as to shock the horse through his whole frame and make it impossible for him to gather himself properly for his continued forward movement. These instinctive habits are very difficult to cure, and I know of no thoroughly effective means short of learning to leap without stirrups, and letting the rein go entirely free the instant the horse rises to his fence. In this way one may acquire the habit of depending upon the stirrups only to check any sidewise tendency of the person when the leap is, as is often the case, a little stronger from one side than from the other, and of avoiding all tendency to use the rein as an aid to one's own movement or position. When a riderless horse leaps a fence he is quite sure to land easily and safely, but when his landing is bothered by the touch of an uncertain hand, he is

very likely to blunder. In hard cross-country work, especially when the horse is fatigued, a judicious management of the bit in landing and in striking the continued run, is very important, but it would be far safer, on the whole, to leave the horse entirely to his own control than to make any but the most skillful use of the rein. Nearly all horses take kindly to high fences and even to a considerable width of high fence, but many are extremely averse to water-jumping. Some are quite incorrigible, but the majority, even of those who have a distaste for the work, if they feel that they are in the hands, and between the firmly placed thighs, of a determined and courageous rider, may be made to leap wide brooks, if not cheerfully, at least confidently.

In reviewing what has been written, it seems almost necessary to say a word in justification of such a mass of mere hints and suggestions,—curtailed, even, from my first purpose by the exactions of limited space. It has been no part of my intention to give didactic instruction for the breeding, for the training, or for the use of the saddle-horse; only to hint at the limits and the possibilities of excellence in the horse, and to add a few points which may tend to make his excellence available, and to qualify the rider to enjoy them.

ON THE CLIFF.

"SEE the far mountains, all a waving line,
Fading and melting into misty gray."
I answer with a wide, unseeing gaze,
"Yes, miles and miles away."

"And the great river, dwindled to a thread,
With farms dwarfed to a hand's-breadth side by side."
I know the distant ocean through it sends
The full throb of the tide.

"Listen! the low-voiced wind with tender touch
Whispers and sways the bright leaves in the air."
Alas! to my denied and famished sense
Silence is everywhere!

O vanished sparkle from the cup of life,
Filled to the brim with beauty so divine!
Without thee, spirit, sweetness, light are lost,
And flavorless the wine.

BEES.

THERE is something not a little remarkable in the fact that among the "brute creation," the closest approximation to human intelligence should be found in the insect tribe, rather than among those higher forms of life whose physical organization is

is lapped up and stored away in the honey-sac, and by its aid, the queens and the young are fed.

The legs of the worker are developed with special reference to the office it has to perform for the community. The tarsal

joint [Fig. 3, B, *f*] is covered with rows of stiff hairs, which serve to brush the pollen from the anther lobes of flowers; this pollen is then packed into spoon-shaped cavities on the outer surface of the tibia, *e*, and so carried home to the hive. A pollen-laden bee looks as though it were carrying a pair of well-packed saddle-bags. Upon

the workers devolves the entire labor of the hive,—they gather the honey and pollen, and store it away; they elaborate the wax, and build up the comb; they guard their



FIG. 1. BEES. [NATURAL SIZE.]
a, Drone; *b*, worker; *c*, queen.

so nearly like our own. But so it is. Nowhere among the higher animals—in their native, untaught state—do we find such really intellectual qualities as are manifested by certain kinds of insects. Their mere mechanical skill, wonderful though it be, sinks into insignificance when we consider their judgment and forethought, the prompt intelligence with which they recognize a danger and face it; the wisdom with which they determine upon the best mode of averting calamity, of modifying its effects, or of preventing its recurrence. In the well-ordered community of the hive, division of labor was understood, the laws of hygiene practiced, provision for the coming "rainy day" made, long before our human ancestors had dreamed of such wisdom.

The inhabitants of every hive are of three distinct kinds,—the queen, the workers, and the drones. The working-bees, till the days of Huber, had always been considered sexless; but the dissections of Mlle. Jurine decided them to be females with the reproductive system undeveloped. The workers, though the most active and useful members of the swarm, are the smallest [Fig. 1, *b*]. They possess a long flexible apparatus, known as the mouth or proboscis [Fig. 2], consisting of the labium, lingula, or tongue, *a*,—as it is indifferently called,—the labial palps, *b, b*, the maxillæ, *c, c*, their palps, *p, p*, and the mentum, *m*. With this apparatus honey

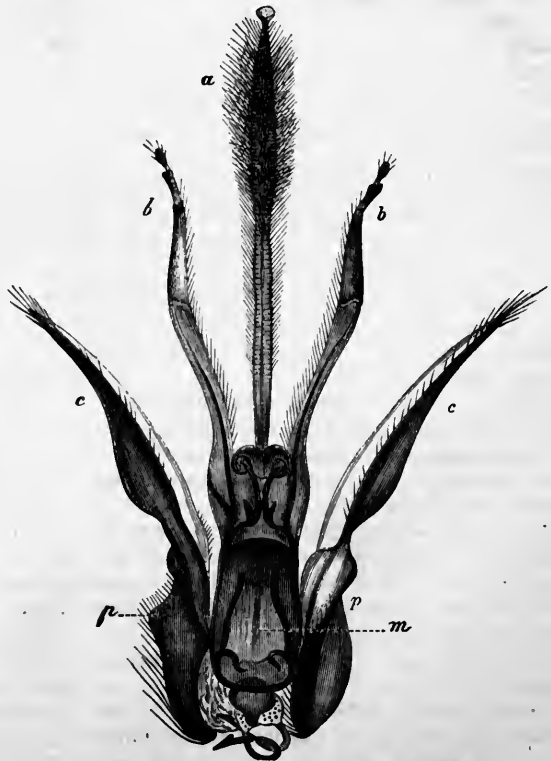


FIG. 2. MOUTH OF HONEY-BEE. [FROM NATURE.]
a, Tongue or labium; *b*, labial palp; *c*, maxilla; *p*, palp; *m*, mentum.

homes, and rear the young; they keep the hives spotlessly clean, and ventilate it; they

form the body-guard for their queen and provide for her every want; they act as sentinels for the community, and fight its battles; they, in fact, perform every office in the hive except that of peopling it. There are from

of three parts,—head, thorax, and abdomen. The organs of sensation are situated in the head, which, in the worker, is triangular, in the queen and drone a flattened sphere. The thorax contains the muscles which move

the wings and legs. In the abdomen are situated all the principal organs of the body, which are protected from injury by a series of overlapping rings. These are of a soft and tough material, and slide over one another so as to permit the greatest freedom of motion, and the lengthening and shortening of the body at will [Figs. 9 and 10]. From the mouth, the œsophagus extends downward through the thorax; just after it enters the abdomen, the gullet widens out into a crop, which is the honey-sac [Fig. 5, *b*]. Below this is the stomach, *c*, from the base of which a number of biliary vessels, *d*, *d*, diverge; the intestine, *e*, widens finally at *f* into the rectum.

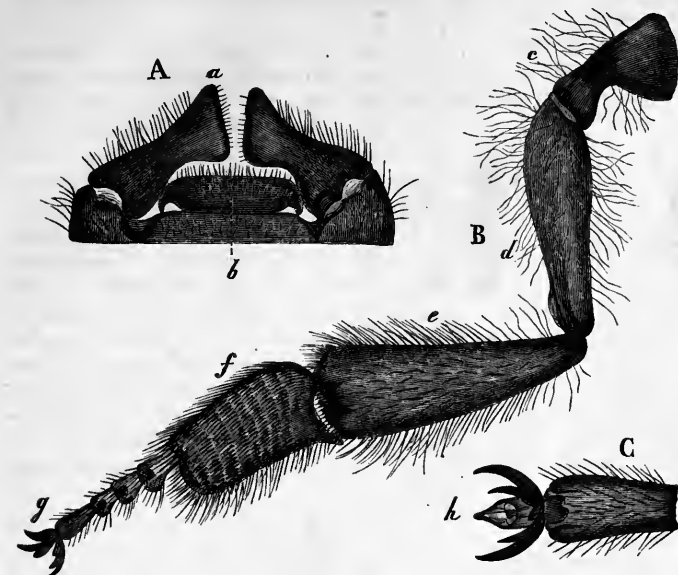


FIG. 3.

A, *a*, Mandibles; *b*, upper lip. B, Hind leg of worker: *c*, trochanter; *d*, femur; *e*, tibia hollowed on outer side as pollen-basket; *f*, tarsus with pollen-brushes; *g*, foot, with claws, side view; C, foot, front view, more enlarged. [From nature.]

10,000 to 60,000 workers in every swarm of bees, 20,000 being considered a fair number.

The queen [Fig. 1, *c*] is the only perfect female in the hive; she is mother as well as sovereign of the whole swarm. Her head and thorax are about the same size as those of a worker, but her abdomen is longer and larger; her wings are strong and sinewy, her legs smooth from the pollen-brushes, and wanting the pollen-basket,—the insignia of labor among her subjects. Her internal structure is even more different from the worker-bees than is her external form. The royal chiefs of wasps, hornets, and humble-bees work themselves into royalty; but the queen of the bees reigns by divine right; she is "to the manner born," and rules supreme throughout her life. A hive, under all ordinary conditions, possesses but one queen.

The drones [Fig. 1, *a*], which are the males, are somewhat larger than the workers, and darker colored. Their jaws are shorter, and their legs destitute of pollen brushes and baskets. The number of drones in a good swarm is about 1,500.

Each bee [Fig. 1, *a*, *b*, *c*] is composed

The poison-bag and sting, and the muscles which control them, lie, in both queen and worker, in the lower part of the abdomen; the

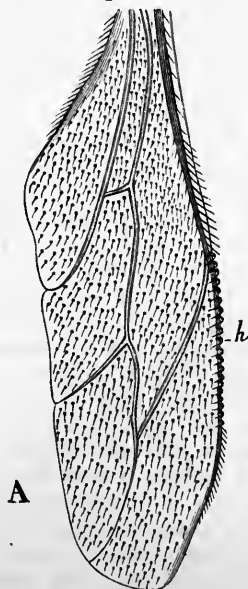


FIG. 4.

A, Inferior wing with hooks *h* to attach it to superior wing. [From nature.]

drones, as is very well known, possessing no weapon, defensive or offensive. The structure of the sting may be seen in Fig. 6 [A

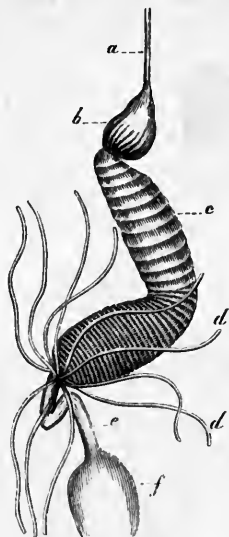


FIG. 5. ALIMENTARY CANAL.

a, Oesophagus; b, honey-sac; c, stomach; d, biliary vessels; e, intestine; f, rectum. [From nature.]

and B]. In A,—a sting freshly extracted,—the two parallel toothed saws, *s, s*, which form the sting proper, are inclosed in their sheath, *o*. In B, the double sting has been taken out of the sheath, *o*, and laid to one side. This sheath has two offices to perform; in the queen, who rarely stings, it serves to place the eggs,—is the ovipositor; while in the workers, who rarely lay, it protects the sting.

When a living bee becomes excited, its sting is shot out; if the flesh of its tormentor can be reached the ovipositor, which is strong and hard, makes the first impression; the barbed blades then advance alternately, striking deeper and deeper into the flesh; the muscles about the poison-bag contract, and its contents are forced down through the hollow between the nearly adjacent backs of the saw-blades into the wound. The barbs upon the edges of the darts prevent the withdrawal of the sting, without carrying with it all the adjacent parts; the bee pays the forfeit of its life when it indulges in the luxury of revenge. This is, however, not the case when it stings another bee, for it manages in that case to insert the sting between the abdominal rings into the soft organs beneath, from which it is able to twist it out after its adversary is dead.

A queen may be tortured to death; she may be torn limb from limb, but she will never sting, unless she meets a "foeman worthy of her steel." It is found that she will never, under any provocation, sting anything but another queen.

The senses of the bees are very acute. By the aid of smell they find the sweetest flowers, and thus the delicate cleanliness of the hive is preserved. While certain odors are very attractive to them, others are excessively repugnant. This fondness for certain perfumes is used by bee-hunters in discovering the nests of wild bees. When wild bees are seen loitering around, an upright stake, to the upper end of which is attached a small horizontal platform, is planted somewhere near; on this platform is placed a bit of full comb, and in front of it is suspended an open phial of annis, an odor they particularly love. To expedite matters, one of the strange bees is frequently captured by inverting over the flower from which it is sucking a small cylinder with glass over the end. The bee flies up to the lighted end; the lower part is covered with the hand, and the cylinder placed over the honey-comb on the platform. As soon as the cylinder is darkened, by putting something over the top, the bee goes down to the honey and

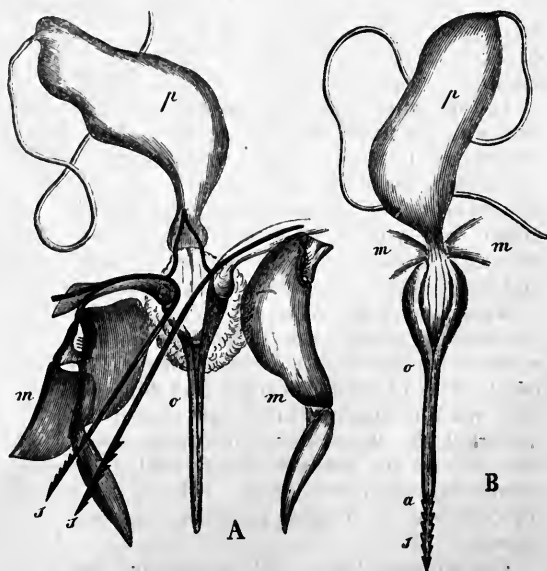


FIG. 6. STINGING APPARATUS.

A, o, Ovipositor which is also sting-sheath; s, s, two barbed blades of sting laid out of sheath; m, muscles; p, poison-bag, connected by narrow tube to poison-glands, which are not here represented. B, Sting in sheath but projecting beyond it from a. [From nature.]

fills its honey-sac. When fully gorged, it is released; a bee, with its honey-sac filled, always makes a "bee-line" for the hive.

When the load of stolen sweets is deposited, the little pilferer comes back,—usually with a companion.—guided by the scent of annis; both alight on the platform, and are held in mild captivity till they are filled. One is then released, the direction it takes is noted ;

does our iris. Beneath this point, the cone, *f*, narrows down to the point, *g*, where it receives a branch of the optic nerve. A glance at Fig. 8, in which the nervous system of the bee is delineated, will show how important eyesight is to the bee, for the

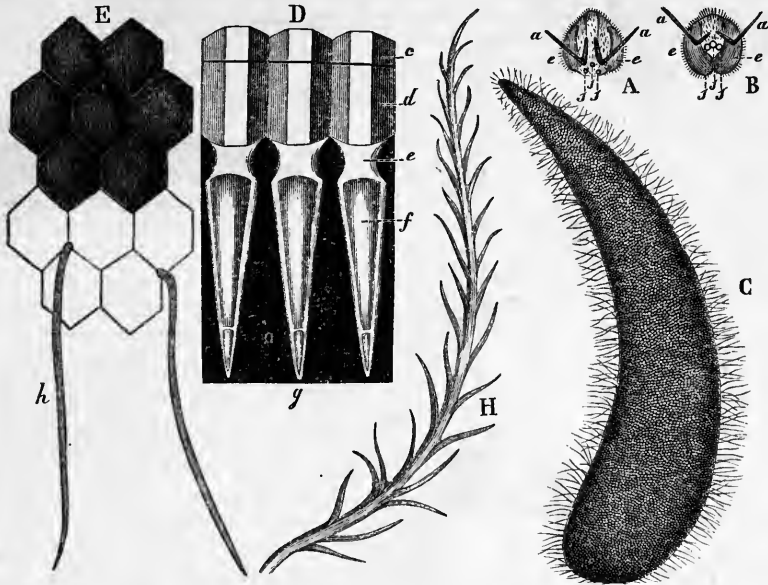


FIG. 7 HEAD AND STRUCTURE OF EYE.
A, Head of worker. B, Head of drone. C, Composite eye of worker, each mesh of net-work being a hexagonal lens. E, Hexagonal lenses and protective hairs. F, Branched hair occurring over the head and body of bee. [From nature.] D, Vertical section of optic cones: *e*, *d*, plano-convex lenses; *g*, pupil; *f*, cone; *g*, point where optic nerve enters eye. [After Carpenter.]

the stake is then carried to some distance to the right or the left of its former position, and the second bee released. The point at which the two “bee-lines” cut each other is the position of the nest.

Vision seems the least perfect sense among bees. The eye, though so wonderfully complex [Fig. 7, C], is far from being a perfect optical instrument. The eye proper is a compound organ, made up of a multitude of separate lenses. E gives a superficial view of a few of these lenses very greatly magnified; in the lower portion, where they are merely diagrammatic, the protection hairs, which are thickly set over the surface, may be seen. The internal structure [after Carpenter] is shown in D. Each single eye, or ocellus, is made up of several parts. Above are two plano-convex lenses, *e*, *d*,—the plane sides being adjacent,—so organized as to correct chromatic aberration,—that is, a colorless image is produced by the rays which pass through them. The incurved portion of the rod at *e*, surrounded by a perfectly black substance, reduces the size of the aperture into which light penetrates, as

optic nerves are almost as large as the whole brain, and far larger than the spinal cord. The bee has surely enough eyes, and they are so arranged as to look in every direction at once. One cannot help thinking what a clear-headed little fellow the bee is to disentangle in his brain the different images produced by the myriad eyes that take in the whole horizon at once. The physical difficulty about these wonderful eyes is that their focus is not adjustable. From a distance, their vision appears to be keen and unerring. When a bee comes home from one of its collecting tours, it may be seen to dart down to the door of its own hive with perfect precision, though fifty others just like it may be close by; but if by any chance it does miss its own door, it wanders about blindly for a little while, then rises in the air, sights it again, and darts down straight for its goal.

In the middle of the head, three bright hemispherical dots may be seen [Fig. 7, A, B, *s*, *s*, *s*]; these supply an imperfect vision, capable of perceiving light, but probably unable to distinguish form. Some

interesting experiments, lately made by Sir John Lubbock, make it certain that bees can distinguish color. Honey placed upon blue paper, to which a bee was put, constantly attracted the same bee, though the paper was moved to various spots, while red, orange, and green paper bearing honey substituted in its place failed to attract it. The experiment was repeated many times, the colors and position being constantly changed, but the little creature was always true to her colors, returning faithfully to her first love.

The most important organs of sense, with bees, as is the case with other insects, are their antennæ [Fig. 13]. By means of these minute jointed appendages they are able to receive impressions, and to communicate intelligence. Huber wished to determine how the loss of a queen became so quickly known to the multitudes of bees constituting a swarm. He therefore divided a hive, by erecting through the middle of it, a double partition made of two parallel sheets of fine wire gauze, about half an inch apart. In one of the compartments the queen was left. Communication, by touch alone, was

way of providing a new sovereign,—exactly as is the case with a colony deprived of its royal mistress. He then substituted a single partition of wire gauze and removed the newly constructed queen's cells. The bees, after a little crossing of antennæ through the

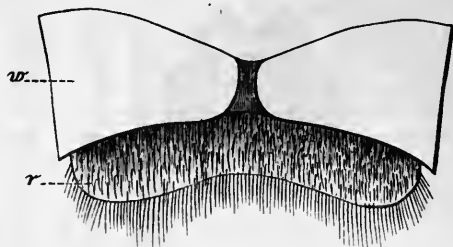


FIG. 9.

r, Abdominal plate forming part of the body-rings; *w*, wax pocket overlapped when on the body of the bee by the abdominal plate beyond.

partition wall went back to work, satisfied that there was a queen in the hive.

The first thing, of course, in the domestic economy of the hive is the construction of comb. When a swarm of bees is about to leave its old home and seek another, each bee fills itself with honey. After entering their new home, the gorged bees suspend themselves in festoons, or curtains, by hooking their claws together and hanging from the top of the hive. They hang motionless for about twenty-four hours. During this time the honey has been digested and converted into a peculiar animal oil, which collects itself in scales or laminæ beneath the abdominal rings. This is the wax [Figs. 9 and 10]. One of the workers, called the founder, then draws from its own body by means of its clawed foot a scale of wax. This it breaks down and crumbles, and works with its mouth and mandibles till it becomes pliable, and it then issues from the mouth in the form of a long narrow ribbon, made white and soft by an admixture of saliva from the tongue. Meanwhile the other bees are making ready their material in the same way. On the ceiling of the hive an inverted solid arch of wax is built and from this the first foundation cells are excavated, all the subsequent ones being built up and around these, which are usually three in number. The size and shape of the cell is determined by its future use; but all comb is formed of two sheets of cells placed back to back, the partition walls of the two sheets always alternating with one another. If the comb is intended for brood, twenty-five cells [Fig.

FIG. 8. NERVOUS SYSTEM OF BEE.

b, Cerebral ganglion; *c*, optic nerve; *a*, nerve of antenna; *d*, sub-oesophageal ganglion; *e*, prothoracic ganglion; *f*, mesothoracic and metathoracic ganglion united.
[From Cuvier's "Regne Animal."]

prevented between the two portions of the hive. The queenless half of the colony went through the usual excitement at the loss of a queen. This finally subsided and they set to work constructing royal cells,—by

11, *w*] of worker-brood and sixteen [*d*] of drone, go to the square inch. Store-comb for honey or pollen is frequently irregular.

When a fertile queen in laying season, begins to deposit her eggs, she places them, by means of her ovipositor, at the base of the cells, and slightly glues them there. Drone-eggs are always placed in the larger, worker-eggs in the smaller cells; and they are laid first on one side and then on the other, of the same sheet of comb. At the end of three or four days the eggs hatch into a small white maggot. The nursing bees may now be seen watching the newly hatched larvæ; they pour into the cell the food for the young, which is pollen and honey that has been swallowed, partially digested and regurgitated. The baby-bee not only eats, but it also swims in a bath of this regurgitated food. As it grows, it is thought, the proportion of honey taken by the insects is increased. The maggot grows rapidly, coiling itself around in the base of the cell till finally its extremities touch. The nurses never quit their little charges; when the larva is hungry it calls the attention of the nurse to its wants and is fed; when its appetite for any reason seems impaired, the nurses arouse it and offer food, which it opens its mouth to receive. In from four to six days, according to the temperature, the larva grows almost large enough to fill the cell; the nurses then seal over the apartment with a light-brown porous and convex lid of wax, and the larva enters the pupa stage. From the middle part of the under lip two silky threads issue, which cling together and form a single thread; continually extending and retracting its body, it spins a silky white cocoon, something like that of the silk-worm. These stages of development have been watched in glass cells in which eggs were placed. The pupa is now complete; the insect is nearly its natural size though still very imperfect in its organization. The enormous amount of food taken in by the larva probably supplies the power by means of which the perfectly organized insect is developed. The worker-bee requires thirty-six hours to complete its cocoon, which entirely incloses it; the queen takes only twenty-four hours to spin hers, but she wears her silken robe only over her head, thorax, and first abdominal ring, leaving the other portion of her body—toward the mouth of the cell—unprotected. This, as we shall hereafter see, is a curious provision to insure peace and harmony to the hive.

After the worker-bees and drones have been sealed up in their cells, all care on the part of the nurses ceases. When they attain maturity and are ready to come out, occasionally some aid will be afforded the drones in their struggles to extricate themselves, but the workers begin their hard and toilsome life in the cradle, and must manage to get along alone. Sometimes one little struggling creature, half out of its cell, has to dive into it again and again to avoid being trampled upon by the busy multitude above it, who give not the smallest heed to its struggles. Each bee, as it quits its cell, leaves behind the cocoon which it has spun. The workers immediately go into the empty cradle and clean it out without remov-

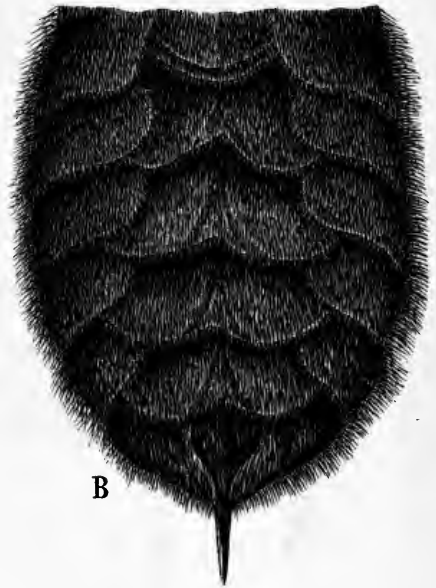


FIG. 10. ABDOMINAL VIEW OF THE BODY, SHOWING RINGS, STING, ETC., IN POSITION. [FROM NATURE.]

ing the cocoon, which they fasten neatly and firmly as a lining to the cell. Brood-comb is very much strengthened by this means, but after a number of bees have been hatched from a single cell, the successive layers of lining diminish its capacity, and with it the size of the bees which develop there. The smaller bees become the nurses of future generations of young, while the larger ones, hatched from cells of normal size, perform the heavier out-door work of the community.

The treatment which a queen receives is very different from that given to her subjects. Her cell, as becomes the state of the royal mistress of the hive, is larger than those of the workers. It is usually formed near the edge of the comb; instead of being a

straight, hexagonal tube, like those in which both workers and drones are reared, it is large and rounded, and instead of being horizontal, it is dependent [Fig. 11, A, g]. The queen's cell looks very much like a browned pea-nut, both in shape and color. Into it, instead of bee-bread,—or partially digested pollen and honey, which is the food of the common larva,—is inserted by the nurses a food which is called royal jelly. It is a translucent, jelly-like substance, with a slight astringency of flavor. Several analyses have been made by different chemists; but in what the difference between the royal and the plebeian food exactly consists, is not, even yet, quite clear. But that there is a difference of quality as well as quantity, remains undisputed.

amply supplied with honey by means of a hole in the cover of her cell, through which she continually extends her proboscis. The seclusion of her cell proves very irksome to her majesty, it would seem, in spite of its ameliorations; for during the whole period of her captivity she utters a peculiar cry, called piping. On the authority of the first apiarians, the statement is made that the bees recognize this as the utterance of royalty. "So long as the sound is heard," says Bevan, "the bees stand about the cell waiting with their heads slightly inclined."

When a hive is left queenless, by accident or design, the greatest agitation and distress prevail. The bees leave their work and cluster together, as if in consternation. After a time, however, they go to work vigor-

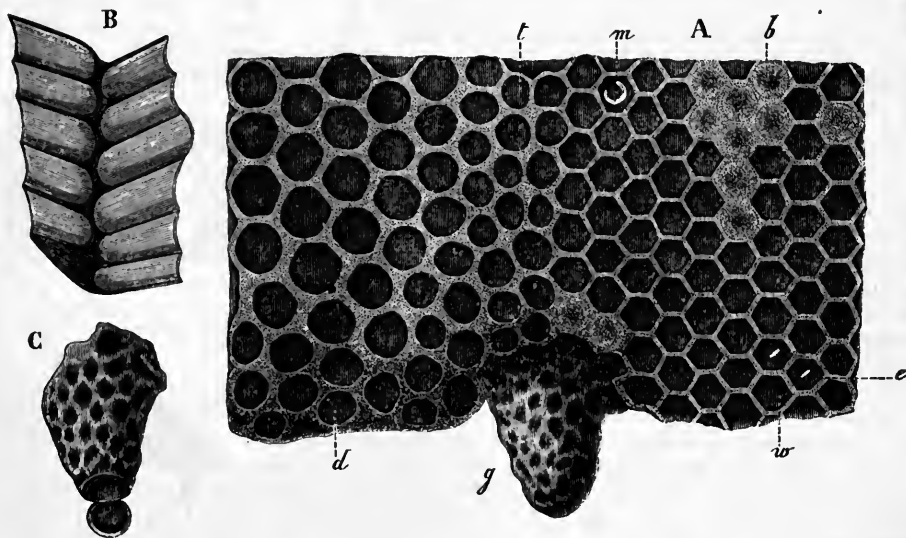


FIG. 11.

A, Comb, front view: *d*, drone-cells; *w*, worker-cells; *t*, transitional cells used for storing honey and bee-bread; *g*, queen's cell; *b*, brood capped over; *m*, larva or maggot. B, Section of sheet of comb, showing inclination of cell. C, Queen-cell, with cap cut off by workers. [From nature.]

From the moment a royal cell is built and the inmate hatched out, the most marked distinction is made in favor of the future queen. The workers are provided with only just so much food as they need and devour, but the queen is regally supplied with more than enough. When she is mature, instead of leaving her to struggle unaided into the light and air, the workers cluster about her cell and gnaw away at the cap, scooping out waved circles over it till it is very thin and transparent, and the movements of the royal insect may be seen. She is not allowed her freedom yet, however, but is detained close prisoner for some days, being in the meantime consoled for her captivity, by being

ously to repair their loss. Three worker-cells, that lie adjacent and in a good position, are selected, the partition-walls are cut away, and the three cells thrown into one. Two of the worker-maggots are destroyed, and the third is supplied with royal jelly, the common food having all been carefully removed. This worker-larva, which has been three or four days in the egg state, and one, two or more in the larval condition, is now, at this late stage of its development, *to be changed into a queen!* There is scarcely another fact in all natural history so wonderful as this. Two days' feeding on a different food, the occupation of a larger cell, a difference of position, and possibly

increased temperature, are sufficient to develop the larva—which, under other conditions, would have been a worker, with all the physiological structure and the instincts necessary to its peculiar office—into a queen, utterly unlike it in structure, and possessing scarcely one instinct in common.

This change of treatment—for sometimes not more than two days out of the sixteen is required for a queen, or two out of the twenty for a worker, to mature from the newly deposited egg—gives to the queen a different shaped tongue and mandibles, and a lengthened abdomen; it makes the tibiae flat instead of spoon-shaped, and deprives the *tarsi* of the fringe of hairs which make them serve as pollen-baskets; it suppresses the development of the pollen-brushes, and of the pincer-like portions of the tibia; it alters her color, curves her sting, deprives her of wax pockets, and of the organs for the secretion of that substance; and it marvelously develops her whole reproductive system. But the change of mere physical structure is slight when compared with the absolute reversal of all her instincts, as we shall see.

With marvelous precision, the bees, when they find themselves queenless, not only go to work to supply themselves with a new sovereign, but they construct a number of queen-cells to provide against all contingencies, knowing that the rival sovereigns will settle the succession among themselves. When a worker-bee escapes from its cell, it is usually in a somewhat flaccid and feeble state; the queens are detained for several days, probably that they may gain their vigor before being exposed to danger; for even with her myriads of loving subjects about her, each new queen is in peril of her life. As soon as she escapes the vigilance of her guard, or is permitted by them to leave her cell, she eagerly traverses the comb. If in her wanderings she stumble upon another royal cell, her rage breaks forth, and she endeavors to sting her helpless rival to death; this she sometimes does, owing to her antagonist's imperfect cocoon. The bees, who seem to enjoy an honest fight between their rival sovereigns, are stanch advocates of fair play, and usually interfere to prevent such cowardly destruction of the royal embryos. In one instance, where the whole

process was watched, a newly hatched queen ranged the comb for two days in search of her rivals' cells, and was only prevented from destroying them by the interference of the workers. As soon as the second queen began piping, the swarm, to which the first belonged by right, left the hive; but by accident, the first queen, instead of accompanying the swarm, was left behind. The two deadly rivals were seen marching over the comparatively deserted comb. They did not at once observe each other; finally, one party of the workers becoming impatient, held the first queen, while another party seized the second, dragged her up, and left her face to face with her antagonist. The two queens grappled, the workers having cleared a space, around which they stood to watch the contest. Each queen strove to insert her sting between the abdominal rings of her opponent without permitting her antagonist to accomplish the same feat. Finally, the second queen gave the fatal thrust. In the meantime, the queenless swarm, although it had been hived, came flocking back, but too late to witness the fall of its sovereign.

This anxiety to have the fight out is very common, but it is quite beneath the code

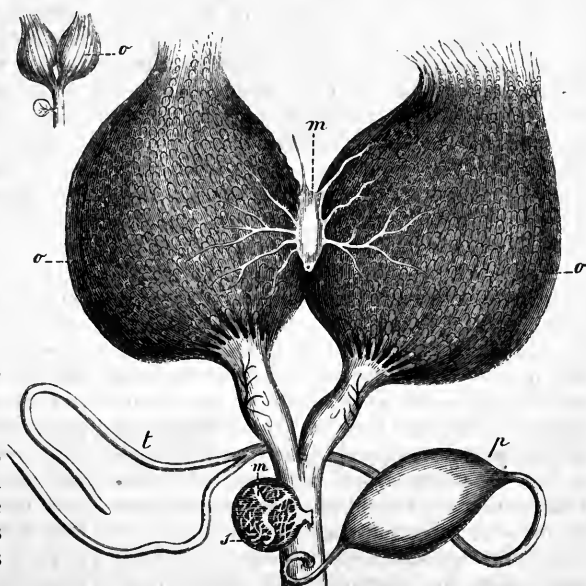


FIG. 12. OVARY OF LAYING QUEEN. (NAT. SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.)
o, o, Ovaries; s, spermatheca; p, poison-bag; m, m, muscles.

of bee chivalry that any sting but a royal one shall destroy the superfluous queen. When, as sometimes happens, it is necessary for a swarm of bees to dispose of a queen,

she is never stung by her subjects, but held prisoner till she dies of starvation—a questionable mercy on the part of the bees; and a high price to pay, one would imagine, for the dignity of dying royally. The queen, herself, not only accedes to this arrangement, but, as has been said, refuses even in self-defense to use her sting against anything but another queen.

Only twice does a queen leave her hive,—once when she leads off a swarm and once when she goes out that she may be fertilized. A few days after her liberation from the royal cell she takes flight. Many dissections of queens have been made, both before and after this flight,—and it is invariably found that before it the spermatric sac [Fig. 12, s] is filled with a simple colorless fluid, while after it, it contains myriads of spermatazoa. The ovaries, *o, o*, are two oval masses of



FIG. 13. ANTENNA.

tubes filled with ova, the mouth of the spermatric sac opens just below where the tubes from the two ovaries unite, and every egg in passing down this tube is obliged to pass close by this opening. The queen possesses the extraordinary power of fertilizing each egg, or not, as she pleases, and by so doing, of determining the sex of her offspring; for the unfertilized eggs invariably produce drones, while the fertilized ones produce workers or queens. Young queens who have never left the hive, queens who have been detained there for three weeks after they have been hatched, very old queens, and those which have been subjected to intense cold, or long protracted hunger,—almost amounting to starvation,—lay only drone eggs. These, upon dissection, always show a spermatric sac empty of spermatazoa, and in every case but the first and last the sac has withered away. The spermatazoa contained in this tiny sac are sufficient to fertilize every worker-egg laid by the queen in her life-time, which lasts several years. During that time she lays in some instances as many as three hundred thousand eggs.

Certain worker-larvæ, whose cells have been near the queen's, and which have probably partaken of the royal food, develop into what are called fertile workers; like the unfertilized queens, they lay eggs, but these are always drone-eggs. This curious case of parthenogenesis among the bees is not without parallel in the insect

world. It has been bitterly disputed, but is now established beyond all shadow of doubt by the best naturalists of Europe.

Von Siebold dissected some hundreds of hermaphrodite bees and found them to exhibit both externally and internally a marvelous mixture of sex. Some of the drones showed this merely by having a sting, or some peculiarity of head or mandibles, which characterize the workers. In other cases the combination, or fusion as he calls it, was much more remarkable. I have seen the mixture of the organs, sometimes upon the anterior half and sometimes upon the posterior half of the body; sometimes extending through the whole body, and sometimes limited to a part in such a way that the right side may possess all the character of a drone and the left of a worker, or *vice versa*." Besides this hermaphrodite conformation by sides there is every sort of mingling of sex in exterior form and in interior structure, though the external and internal variations appear to be quite independent of each other. These curious phenomena, Von Siebold suggests, may be due to the fact that the eggs were insufficiently fertilized. As drones are produced from eggs not at all fertilized and workers from those fully fertilized, so these hermaphrodite eggs may have received a certain portion of the spermatric fluid, but an amount below the minimum required to perfect worker-eggs.

The hive, of course, becomes after a time overstocked by the amazing fertility of the queen. When the weather becomes very warm, the bees begin to realize the discomfort of crowded quarters, and to prepare for colonization. Several royal cells are begun, sometimes as many as twenty, but usually four or five. When a new queen begins piping, preliminary steps are taken, scouts are sent out to select the new home, the hive is a scene of great excitement, and by the time the young queen is considered able to take care of herself, the swarm quits the hive, led off by the old and fertile queen. The swarm is composed of many young bees and a number of veterans whose ragged wings and hairless bodies show that they have seen something of life. The departing queen soon settles on the branch of a tree or other convenient spot, and the whole swarm collects in one solid mass around her, too large sometimes to be contained in a peck measure. If the queen, from the weight of her body, or the weakness of the unused wings, falls to the ground, as sometimes happens, the bees scatter everywhere

to hunt her up, and, if they do not find her, they come trooping back to the hive.

After the time for the fertilization of the queens is past the drones are slaughtered. This usually occurs early in July. The workers fall upon and destroy the defenseless idlers, by inserting the stings between their abdominal rings, and then, when the work of death is done, throwing them out of the hive.

It is not easy to draw any line of distinction between the marvelous instincts of these little creatures and the reason of man. The seat of this faculty, however we may define it, is apparently the brain; the relative size of this organ bears a proportion to the intelligence of the insect; the brain in bees is large, but in ants,—whose wisdom is even more wonderful, it is relatively larger. There is, however, some curious connection between the intelligence manifested by bees, and the possession of certain of their organs in a normal condition. If a worker-bee is deprived of its antennæ, it either loses all its instincts, or else, which seems more probable, is in the condition of a human being who had suddenly, by a single stroke, been deprived of several important senses. In a society where communication, except by touch, is impossible, and where no mutual aid is afforded, such a condition would be most pitiable. A bee thus mutilated stops working, crawls languidly to the door of the hive, where it remains motionless, going out at night-fall to perish.

If a queen be not fertilized her instincts in regard to laying desert her entirely: she places her drone-eggs in worker-comb, or on the edge of the cells, or anywhere else. In other respects, however, her instincts seem unimpaired.

When a worker-bee goes out to collect stores for the hive, it visits only one kind of flower on one excursion. By this means the pollen is not mixed when it is packed away. Each layer of honey in a cell is homogeneous, and the flowers visited are cross-fertilized without being hybridized. When a bee enters a flower to get its honey and pollen, its flexible proboscis [Fig. 2] is plunged into the nectarium, and the honey is lapped up, rather than sucked, and then swallowed. A part passes into the true stomach [Fig. 5, *c*], but the largest portion is retained in the honey-sac, *b*. When this is filled, the bee flies straight to the hive, enters a cell in the store-comb, and by a muscular contraction presses the honey out of its sac, back through its œsophagus and

mouth into the cell. Some change undoubtedly takes place in the fluid while it remains in the sac, for honey made from sugar and water is scarcely distinguishable from that made from raspberry juice; but its quality is largely determined by the flowers upon which the bees have fed, clover honey, for instance, being much finer than buckwheat honey.

The workers have entire charge of the economy of the hive, and tidy little house-keepers they are. Every particle of foreign matter, every speck of impurity, every dead bee is immediately removed. Sometimes the difficulty cannot be met by strength; then wisdom comes in to circumvent it. Réaumur, the French naturalist, once observed a bee consultation over a large snail which had penetrated a hive. They went to work, and with propolis,—a gum gathered from certain trees and invaluable in their housekeeping,—the bees first glued the snail-shell to the glass pane of the hive, and then covered the whole mouth of the shell with a thick coating of the substance, hermetically sealing up their enemy and burying him alive. On another occasion, a slug invaded a hive; the whole creature this time was buried in a mausoleum of propolis, so perfectly air-tight that no odor could offend the nostrils of the swarm.

Moisture and treacherous draughts are shut out by the bees, who fasten up every crack and cranny of the hive; but, at the same time, perfect ventilation is secured by a curious device. Rows of bees station themselves along the cells, beginning at the doors, and radiating toward the different portions of the interior hive, in warm weather; by a vigorous and perfectly timed motion of their wings, currents of pure air are kept continually streaming through the hive. While purifying the dwelling, the bees apparently cool themselves by this fanning.

Bees undoubtedly have traditions which are handed down in certain families from generation to generation. In some instances, each new swarm, year after year, from a certain hive, will send out scouts to observe, and then try to find lodgment in one particular spot. As the drones live only a few weeks, and the workers, at farthest, seven months, and as the old queens lead off the new swarms, and so never remain many months in the parent hive, it must be communicated knowledge that directs the bees.

Much has been said about the mathematical accuracy of the bees' cell; but they have something more than mere mathematical accuracy. There is, it is true, an ideal type

of cell, which will give the largest capacity with the greatest strength and the least material, and to this the bees always approximate. The size and shape of brood-cells are invariable, for this is essential to the proper development of their young; but store-comb cells are sometimes very irregular. If the comb has to curve,—as sometimes happens,—the bases of the cells on both sides are normal, but the cells on the concave side narrow toward the top, and those on the convex widen, by just so much as will make them symmetrical. Surely there is something much more marvelous in this than any mere mechanical accuracy. The bee is bound by no cast-iron rules to follow slavishly one model, but it uses what we have no other term for than reason.

Some notion of the wonderful intelligence of bees can be given by relating a single instance observed by a well-known bee-keeper. One of the hanging combs in a hive became detached from the ceiling, and falling, leaned sidewise against an adjacent comb, preventing the bees from passing through or getting access to the stores. They became very much excited over the accident, but soon went to work and built between the fallen comb and the one on which it leaned, two horizontal pillars of wax; they then cut away the upper surface of those cells which touched, sealed them over again, attached the upper surface of the broken comb to the roof of the hive, and removed the pillars, which had served their purpose as scaffolding and were no longer needed. Could human intelligence have met the difficulty in a more masterly way?

The devotion of workers to their queen is sometimes very wonderful and beautiful. Dr. Evans says: "A queen in a thinly peopled hive lay on a honey-comb apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On honey being presented, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, these watchers were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day, the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard, who, with the other members of the family, remained at their posts till death came kindly to extinguish both their affection and their grief; for, though constantly supplied with honey, not a bee remained alive at the end of four days."

The theory, which is an offshoot of evolution, that instinct is only habit transmitted through many generations, received some time ago an amusing and rather confounding demur from some writer in one of the English periodicals. The "worker-bees," says this writer, "afford some of the most marvelous instances of industrious instinct on record; yet, where do they get it from? Not from the drones,—their fathers,—for they are proverbs of idleness and sloth. Not from the queens,—their mothers,—for they were never known to do anything useful. The fact is, in the consideration of this great question of heredity, justice has never been done by the naturalists to the powerful influence of maiden aunts."

THE LEGEND OF GLEN HEAD.

RELATED BY A CAUTIOUS OBSERVER.

THEY say—though I know not what value to place

On the strength of mere local report—

That this was her home,—though the tax list gives space,

I observe, to, no fact of the sort.

But here she would sit; on that wheel spin her flax,—

I here may remark that her hair

Was compared to that staple,—yet as to the *facts*

There is no witness willing to swear.

Yet here she would sit, by that window reserved

For her vines—like a "bower of bloom,"

You'll remark I am quoting—the *fact* I've observed

Is that plants attract flies to the room.

The house and the window, the wheel and the flax
Are still in their *status* preserved,—
And yet, what conclusion to draw from these facts,
I regret I have never observed.

Her parents were lowly, her lover was poor;
In brief it appears their sole plea
For turning Fitz-William away from her door
Was that he was still poorer than she.

Yet why worldly wisdom was so cruel *then*
And perfectly proper *to-day*
I am quite at a loss to conceive,—but my pen
Is digressing. They drove him away.

Yon bracket supported the light she would trim
Each night to attract by its gleam,
Moth-like, her Fitz-William, who fondly would swim
To her side—seven miles and up-stream.

I know not how great was the length of his limb
Or how strong was her love-taper's glow;
But it seems an uncommon long distance to swim
And the light of a candle to show.

When her parents would send her quite early to bed
She would place on yon bench with great care
A sandwich, instead of the crumbs that she fed,
To her other wild pets that came there.

One night—though the date is not given, in view
Of the fact that no inquest was found—
A corpse was discovered—Fitz-William's?—a few
Have alleged—drifting out on the Sound.

At the news she fell speechless, and, day after day,
She sank without protest or moan;
Till at last, like a foam-flake, she melted away—
So 'tis said, for her grave is unknown.

Twenty years from that day to the village again,
Came a mariner portly and gray,
Who was married at Hempstead—the record is plain
Of the justice—on that fatal day.

He hired the house, and regretted the fate
Of the parties whose legend I've told.
He made some repairs,—for 'tis proper to state
That the house was exceedingly old.

His name was McCorkle—now, while there is naught
To suggest of Fitz-William in that,
You'll remember, if living, our Fitz-William ought
To have grown somewhat grayer and fat.

But this is conjecture. The fact still remains
Of the vines and the flax as before.
And knowing your weakness I've taken some pains
To present them, my love, nothing more.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

DESPITE the prominence which Louis Adolphe Thiers has maintained before the world for full half a century,—a prominence which has not seldom reached the point of making him the central figure on the stage of European politics,—I much doubt whether the marvelous power and versatility of his character were thoroughly understood, even by his own countrymen, until within the past decade. He was one of those men who are so eminent in several spheres of labor that it is difficult to say in which they are pre-eminent, and deserve the highest meed of fame. At this moment, we are not sure whether he will be best remembered as an historian, as an administrator, as a politician, as a practical statesman, or as a parliamentary orator and debater. This age, indeed, has been peculiar, especially in England and in France, for that versatility in public men, of which Thiers was perhaps the most conspicuous example of all. Lord Brougham was at once a great lawyer, a powerful parliamentary speaker, an able jurist, an entertaining biographer, and, if not exactly a man of science, at least a man of wide and varied scientific learning. Mr. Gladstone is scarcely more eminent as a statesman and orator than as a Homeric and ecclesiastical scholar. Everybody knows that Mr. Disraeli's introduction to fame was by means of a series of brilliant fashionable novels. Earl Russell relieved the searching duties of statesmanship by writing an excellent biography of his friend Tom Moore. The late Lord Derby probably prided himself more on being Mr. Gladstone's rival as a Homeric translator than on competing with him for the championship of the forum. The Duke of Argyll, who plumes himself on his capacity as a legislator and as an executive officer, is perhaps quite as well pleased when the critics praise his "Reign of Law" as when they praise his last fiery assault upon Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Peers. In France, this versatility of statesmen has been quite as conspicuous as in England. So strongly did the third Napoleon feel that it was almost an essential ornament to a French statesman to be a man of letters, that he spent years on a "Life of Cæsar." Guizot pursued literature with all the ardor of the young collegian who enters the literary field decorated and inspired by the prizes of his *alma mater*,

until he was blinded, bent and paralyzed by extreme old age. Fond as he was of political power, his fondness for his pen amounted to a passion. It only suffices to name Lamartine, and Rémusat, and Dufaure, and Jules Simon, and Louis Blanc, and Édouard Laboulaye, to see how general and elegant has been the literary culture of recent Frenchmen who have been also powers in politics.

Thiers is interesting by reason of a versatility more marked than that of any other public man who has been mentioned. He wrote the best history of a French period that has been published. He was so able a journalist that it may almost be said that he, more than any other man, brought the great modern force of journalism to bear upon the capricious government of the last Bourbon with such weight that that government crumbled beneath it in a day. He was so wily and tactical a politician that to him, more than to any other, Louis Philippe owed his throne. Statesmanship came so naturally to him—to him, the son of a Marseilles locksmith, the bad boy of his school, the once needy adventurer who went up to Paris with a native-born literary passion to try his fortune on the slimmest of prospects—that, after occupying in turn the offices of minister of finance, of the interior, of commerce, and of justice, and, above all, of premier of France, and having been conspicuously and brilliantly successful in each, it would have puzzled his shrewdest contemporaries to decide in which he had achieved most for his country. He was, moreover, so able a parliamentary orator that for many years his mounting the tribune was an eventful incident; while, with a figure the reverse of imposing, and a voice that at first provoked rather an amused smile than admiration, he never failed to win the homage of that absolute silence which is the highest compliment a large assemblage can pay an orator.

The record of Thiers's public life, of his political and literary triumphs, is before the world, and has been recapitulated over and over again in every civilized land during the past few weeks. It is not my purpose to follow him again from his father's musty shop in the hot little by-street of Marseilles, where he was born, through his checkered career, until he finally attained the vacated power of the last Napoleon; but rather to

enable the reader to catch such glimpses of his personal traits and qualities as I may, from having not seldom seen, and heard, and studied him.

It was in the early summer of 1867 that I first saw M. Thiers. He was then one of that small, but plucky, band of Orleanists and Republicans who, in the legislative body, offered a valiant, though ineffectual, opposition to the policy of the Second Empire. It had been announced that a great debate was to take place on the Mexican question. That was just the time when Napoleon's scheme for imperializing Mexico was being demonstrated a monstrous failure; indeed, two months did not elapse before the execution of Maximilian proclaimed its doom. Wending my way across the Seine, I soon found myself in front of the Palais Bourbon, that imposing pile built a century and a half ago for a duchess of Bourbon, owned until his death by the hapless last prince of Condé, and now the property of the nation. I had already received a card of admission to the gallery of the Corps Législatif from the "Secrétaire Général," and hastened through the "Hall of Four Columns" and the "Hall of Peace" to the side door which admitted me to the place reserved for strangers. The corridors were now filled with eager crowds; deputies were being button-holed by anxious friends, who besought of them admission tickets; officials and clerks were bustling hither and thither, and I was only just in time to secure a front seat in the gallery. The hall in which the legislators of France met to deliberate was semicircular in form, with Ionic columns, surmounted by gilt bronze capitals, supporting the galleries. The president's chair was placed at the axis of the semicircle, and the benches rose in front of him, one behind the other, after the manner of an amphitheater. The hall was graced with many fine pieces of symbolic statuary, while over the president's head was a bass-relief, representing France distributing rewards to the arts and manufactures. The draperies of the hall were in crimson velvet and gold. Below the president's desk was the famous "tribune"—a small platform, ascended by steps at either side, and with a slight railing in front: the stage upon which the great political actors of France had displayed their oratorical art for many years. Still below this was the desk occupied by the secretaries. The general air of the hall was light, cheerful, almost brilliant.

When I took my place in the gallery the hall was nearly full of deputies, gathered in

knots, and creating a buzz of conversation. In a few moments the tall, spare form of Eugène Schneider, the president, with snow-white hair and white cravat, ascended to the chair, and the bell on the desk was sounded, announcing the opening of the session. It was interesting then to look around, and identify, one after another, the famous orators and statesmen of the time, whose names were every day familiar on the boulevard and in the drawing-room, and photographs of whom peered out at you from every other window on the Rue de Rivoli.

Most of them were easily recognizable: the firm, serious, sallow Rouher; the bulldog head of old Granier de Cassagnac, the mild and smiling Duruy, and the sedately military features of Marshal Niel, the conqueror of Solferino; and, on the other side, the bushy gray head and beard and long brow of Jules Favre, the intellectual face of Eugène Pelletan, the spare and large-eyed old revolutionist, Garnier-Pagès, and the burly form, bald head, and calmly dignified bearing of Jules Simon. At first, I saw no figure that resembled my idea of Adolphe Thiers, the man I was most anxious to see; but presently a friendly Parisian, seated beside me, at my request pointed him out to me. The little man was almost completely hidden among the crowd of deputies; he did not sit with the other leaders of the opposition, at the extreme left of the president, but a little to the left of the center of the hall; and at this moment he was busy looking over some notes, doubtless the heads of the speech he was about to deliver from the tribune. Few men so famous are so disappointing at the first glance as was M. Thiers. One expects the great to betray something at least of greatness in their outward appearance; it may be added that one is more often deceived than confirmed in this expectation. Instead of a face and figure molded to command respect and veneration, I saw a little, short, rather square and squat personage, restless, ungraceful, and rather German in clumsiness than French in elegance, with snow-white hair, very thick and very stubby, cropped close to his head, giving him a belligerent aspect, which his sharp, brilliant, almost fierce, black eyes, glaring from a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, notably enhanced. Thiers must, indeed, have greatly changed in the flight of years, if the pictures of him in his younger days were faithful to truth. They represent him as handsome, with rich curly locks, poetic eyes, and a finely chiseled contour

of feature. Yet there was something in the strong face of three score and ten wanting in the more comely one of five and thirty. Sturdiness and force were impressed upon every lineament. No man ever bore age more lightly, despite his long career of tempest, vicissitude, intense labor, and occasional triumph. As he sat among his colleagues in the hall of the legislative body, his features lit up ever and anon with a bright smile, and then his restlessness and fierceness utterly vanished, and he looked like an easy-going old German host, dispensing welcome in some hoary *schloss* on the Rhine. His rather large, square face, marked with almost no wrinkles at all, was then almost rosy in hue; though a few years after, when he had become president of the Third Republic, this rosiness had vanished, and he had become pale and sallow. Every motion was quick, energetic, and hinting of an astonishing degree of physical, as well as mental, vitality. His countenance, as has been hinted, betrayed very rapid changes of expression. When it was settled in composure, which was rarely, it was rather keen, subtle, and pugnacious than anything more amiable. Amiability, indeed, was far from being a conspicuous characteristic of his speeches and methods as a public man. He had an enthusiastic relish for opposition; he loved the combat of the forum, and, like Lord Brougham, was more at home when opposing than when defending a measure or policy. To "thunder from the benches of the opposition" always seemed his special delight. He seemed to enter the tournament of the tribune often for the mere sake of the wordy hurly-burly; nor did a series of conflicts like this, exhausting to men of finer sensibilities and slighter constitutions, extending in his life over a period of fifty years, take a noticeable amount of his pugnacity out of him.

The Mexican debate began, and it was not long before it came the turn of M. Thiers to send his shot of railleury, criticism and bold denunciation into the imperialist camp. A buzz of excitement and curiosity swept through the chamber, and a murmur from the deputies, "*Le voilà; c'est lui qui monte la tribune*," could be heard in the gallery, as the snow-white head was seen to rise among the group on the left center, and move slowly toward, then up the steps of, the tribune. Every one bent forward with attention, betokening a deep interest: the foremost of living Frenchmen was before us. His short figure seemed yet shorter in the

black frock-coat which he wore, buttoned close up under his chin; the short, stubby white hair above the forehead seemed actually to bristle as he slowly glanced about the chamber, his eye resting a moment, with an expression of not ill-natured, yet very decided, defiance on Rouher, the minister of state. Then his fingers wandered through his bristling tuft, and made it feather up more like a plume than ever. With one hand he took out his handkerchief and placed it conveniently on the railing; with the other he disposed of the two glasses on the little table which were always to be seen there when Thiers spoke. These contained, one red wine, and the other water; and, as he spoke, he now and then took a sip of the water, following this up immediately with a sip of wine. These arrangements made, the little man placed both hands on the railing before him, and waited for absolute silence. A deputy, belated, was hastening to his seat; Thiers, adjusting his gold spectacles, glared at him long and sternly. He seemed to put off his exordium till the last moment, taking advantage of any slight interruption to prolong the pause. Then, after a slight cough, a thin, shrill voice, of a ludicrously high treble, yet very clear and very penetrating, fell upon the ear. This voice has been compared to a piccolo in a full orchestra; it seemed so thin that one fancied that "nothing could live 'twixt it and silence." Yet not only was it clear, but M. Thiers articulated so roundly and distinctly that every word he uttered could be heard in the remotest corner of the hall. He began quietly, without gestures; nor did he seem to make use of the rhetorical device of setting forth with a striking sentence or sentiment, to which some orators resort, so as at once to rivet the attention of hearers. He was too sure of himself and of his audience, and of his subject, for that. As he proceeded, the salient traits of his oratory betrayed themselves. These were clearness of thought and style, boldness, but not passion, in attack, method, vigor, and close, compact reasoning power. His speech was less a set oration than a colloquial talk. He put himself and his hearer at ease with each other at once. He seemed to be rather talking with you than speaking at you. With none of the graceful and poetic imagery that marked Lamartine's style, none of the calculated, yet overpowering, fury of Gambetta, none of Berryer's dialectic power, or Montalembert's studied and scholarly diction, Thiers had perhaps as much influ-

ence with a cultivated and partisan assemblage as either. From one end of his speech to the other, there was no hesitation for a thought or a word; never a fault of memory, never a disorder of ideas. He arraigned the empire for its Mexican folly in language the most forcible and analytical; yet he was never once so far betrayed by his hostility into an unparliamentary epithet or expression, as to give the imperialist president a fair occasion to call him to order.

M. Thiers, it is well known, always took great pains with his speeches, which were studied even to the last refinement of phrase and verbal coloring. They were long prepared; and after they were delivered, he used often to spend entire nights in the office of the "Moniteur" correcting and amending them for official publication. Yet in extempore debate he had no superior, perhaps no equal, until Gambetta arose. A sudden discussion always found him ready with his facts and his figures, his ever available power of irony, and his inveterate pugnacity. Nor did extempore debate ever betray him into flying over, or descending below, his subject. Sometimes he was impetuously indignant, and exceedingly bitter in his retorts; but he rarely made use of his temper to lend the impressiveness of wrath to his eloquence. He was most dexterous in speech; there were tact and finesse in the wit that once in a while sparkled forth, and he was almost finically precise in the accuracy of his figures and statement of facts; but was not master of the art, in which Gladstone is *facile princeps* among recent statesmen, of making figures eloquent.

The most astonishing thing about Thiers in his later years was his absolutely exhaustless energy and capacity of labor. He was a man of action to the last; yet his activity in the outer world, both as a political and as a social personage, did not preclude absorbing mental labors in the solitude of his study. His day, when president of the republic, was equal to a week of another man's time, in accomplishment. The few hours that he slept were, indeed, the only hours of his actual leisure, and this was even more true when he was seventy-five than when he was thirty-five. He threw himself into whatever work was before him with an intense *élan* that was almost furious. He was up with the dawn, and the deputies, politicians, editors, or officials who wished to hold converse with him were asked to his hotel at hours in the morning when the polite world all around was wrapt in its

deepest slumber. Beginning the day thus, he had no sooner swallowed his coffee than he plunged into state papers, read reports, dictated responses, and held council with his ministers. Lunch-time found him chatting vivaciously with a coterie of political adherents and personal friends, from whom he would hurry away in the early afternoon to attend the session of the Assembly. In the Assembly he was fairly incorrigible. As president, indeed, it rather behooved him to keep aloof from the legislative body than to mingle in its almost perpetual fray. His colleagues at first urged, then protested, that he should leave at least the brunt of the political conflict to them, and in this wish they were undoubtedly joined by his adversaries, who were never over-eager to join issue with him in debate. Thiers gayly laughed the advice away, told his friends that he did not know what it was to be weary, and that he flattered himself that his tongue was not the least potent of his and their weapons. He repaired every day to the Assembly ready to explode at a moment's notice, and often and again *did* explode, invariably to the discomfiture of his foes. At last friends and foes combined to gag him forcibly. It was resolved that the president should not speak without giving the Assembly formal notice beforehand; and moreover, that after he had spoken the Assembly should thereupon at once adjourn. This rendered it impossible for him to mingle freely in the debates; but the fiery, energetic little man soon made it apparent that he was not to be gagged; the resolution became a dead letter, and ere long he was leaping to the tribune as often, and haranguing over its railings as lustily, as ever.

It would seem that, the session of the Assembly ended, his day of political, and especially of social, duties was but begun. He hastened from the Versailles theater to his house, where he found already awaiting him a room full of guests whom he had bidden to dinner. Of the group at the table he was the jolliest, most talkative, most entertaining, and most juvenile. After a two hours' speech, and at seventy-five, Adolphe Thiers could easily be the life of the domestic feast. Indeed, he had a fund of conversation as perennial as Macaulay's, and scarcely less interesting. Nor was it confined by any means to the politics of the day, in which he was so deeply immersed, and of which he was by far the most potent spirit. His talk wandered from the latest

debate to the newest opera of Gounod, the *première* representation of the preceding night, the freshest social scandal, the most recent lucubration of Renan or Feuille. He descanted upon the ephemeral topics which, for the nonce, floated bubble-like on the social surface; and while not precisely witty, his sallies were often so humorous and so humorously shot off, that they replaced the epigrams of celebrated wits. After the dinner came the reception in the drawing-room, more numerous attended; here too he was the center and the light. Or, perhaps, there would be a great state soirée at the Palace of the Élysée, when those halls and corridors (the scene where was hatched that plot of the *coup d'état*, one result of which was Thiers's incarceration in the Conciergerie) were thronged with thousands of the noblest and gayest of Parisian society; in which Thiers, with his squat figure and sparkling eyes, was ever surrounded by groups of princely and political celebrities, generals, ambassadors, and *grandes dames*, with whom he chatted with all the vivacity of an impetuous youth. An English writer, speaking of Thiers as he appeared at these Élysée receptions, says: "Strange as the fact may seem, he bore at such times a queer likeness to the great Napoleon. His small figure, his pale face, and his keen eyes, as he stood in the midst of tall princes and soldiers, and as he looked up at a boyish angle, every time that he spoke to his bending companions, formed a caricature of the emperor standing among his marshals."

Keenly as Thiers enjoyed the din of political war, he loved also at times to escape from it; to shut himself in that noble library, with its bronzes, its paintings, and its rare old tomes, in the Place Sainte-Georges, which was demolished by the Commune; to escape to the sea-side, and there still work, but work on profounder and more peaceful themes than the budget or the amnesty. At Trouville he might be seen in the morning wandering or driving along the beaches, almost always with some companions of both sexes, and always talking in his sparkling, rippling way. Later in the day he would be found, perhaps, studying experiments on marine gunnery; anon he would be shut up in his sea-side study, deeply immersed in an essay on the immortality of the soul. It was not with him as with most statesmen, who, having tasted power, are suddenly deprived of the intoxicating cup. He did not pine in fruitless

solitude, or become a cynic, or study revenge upon his enemies. He had an inexhaustible resource in letters,—an ever-attendant comforter in a mind not only active in many directions, but easily diverted from one occupation to another. Fallen from political power, Thiers went blithely to his meditations and his books. He once wrote to Emile de Girardin, when he was at the height of his power and his fame, that he was for the while sick of the quarrels and intrigues of Versailles. He said that it was time for him to seek congenial repose in his books and his pen. This was soon proved to be but a momentary whim; but it betrayed what was probably, after all, his most absorbing passion.

And, indeed, to see Thiers in his noble mansion in the Place Sainte-Georges, before it was devastated by the Commune, was to see him at his best. The house reflected in every part, in every disposition and every ornament, the many-sided taste of the owner. Purchased and adorned with the sums received for his histories of the Revolution and of the Consulate and Empire, its whole sphere was one of literary culture and artistic elegance. Its garden, lying in one of the most thickly settled quarters of Paris, was a model of elaborate horticultural art. Within the beautifully frescoed corridors and *salons* were to be seen a wealth of rare bronzes, many water-color copies of the masters, and geographical charts, maps and globes, which betrayed his partiality for historical study. In his library were multifarious evidences of his more private pursuits. Piles of newspapers, cases full of pamphlets, masses of manuscripts, mostly in his bold, large handwriting,—a handwriting amusingly in contrast with his diminutive person,—heaps of letters, some carefully docketed, others carelessly thrown aside; every mechanical appliance to make contemplation physically pleasant, and every object of art so disposed as to greet cheerfully the eye of the mediator; above all, his book-cases, crowded with the works which told of the wide range of his literary taste and the catholicity of his studies;—these were the features which greeted you as you entered that charming room. Looking along the rows of volumes, you saw such books as Rabelais and Montaigne, Juvenal, Voltaire, d'Alembert; a Winckelmann hinted his fondness for art. There were the Greek and the Latin historians, but not the poets; while a very large portion of the library was absorbed by military and political works—by Vauban

and Colbert, Montesquieu, Courier, and Adam Smith.

Another place where it was well worth while to see M. Thiers was at the Academy of France. There his little figure was so familiar that it must sorely be missed by his learned colleagues. It is doubtful whether he was not more proud of his title of "Academician" than of his title of "President." For more than forty years a member of the "Forty Immortals," he divided with his old political rival, Guizot, the controlling authority of that august body, and might often be seen for hours, at his desk in the Palais Mazarin, looking up some recondite subject, or holding a spirited discussion with some brother academician on the book of Revelation or the credibility of Gibbon. It is pleasant to say that, when both were

old men, Guizot and Thiers had a warm reconciliation; and, wandering together arm in arm, under the wide-spreading oaks of Val-Richer, Guizot's Norman seat, agreed to let by-gones be by-gones, and spend the waning of their days as friends. Indeed, as M. Thiers approached his eightieth year, something of softness and gentleness came over his restless and pugnacious spirit, and his judgments of men became kindlier. Many old enemies were reconciled to him; and not the least remarkable of these reconciliations was that with Gambetta, whom Thiers roughly called, in 1870, a "furious fool," but whom he learned to honor as a man, and to respect as a politician and orator, and with whom he cordially worked as an ally in building up and defending the republic.

THE ERIE CANAL,

AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

UNTIL within the past few years no doubt has been seriously entertained that New York would forever retain its relative supremacy as the commercial and financial center of the continent, and to one bred and born in that city, it appears worse than heresy to give credence to any real fears in that regard. At times unpleasant statistics meet the eye. The exports to a large extent, and the imports in a lesser degree, seem to be seeking other ports, but the resolute confidence and faith of a loyal New Yorker do not abate one jot. "The conditions are temporary and exceptional," he says; "they will soon disappear, and New York will recover any ground lost from these vague undefined causes."

It is proposed in this paper to show the intimate relations that have always existed between the city and the Erie Canal; noticing how these have gradually changed, and how new conditions have arisen of late entirely dissimilar to those in force for the past forty years.

The settlement of the city dates from the year 1609. Its growth for many years was very moderate, and in its early days there were no indications of its brilliant future. During the seventeenth century the seacoast became lined with other small ports: Portland, Salem, Boston, New London, Newport, Perth Amboy, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Baltimore, and Norfolk,—each with

a good draught of water in the harbor. By them were controlled the exports and imports of their respective localities, the fertility and productiveness of which were the measures of the growth of these cities. In time, as the population grew more dense and the internal avenues of trade improved, the tendency to centralize appeared; smaller towns stagnated while the larger increased. At the date of the Revolution, by "the survival of the fittest," Boston, New York, and Philadelphia had absorbed the greater part of the foreign trade north of Mason and Dixon's line.* The general conditions of the growth of New York in the early days were not encouraging. It was not especially fortunate in the character of its tributary region; it had no available water-power, and by its insular position was isolated to a certain extent from the surrounding country, which was only fair as to quality of soil. It soon became apparent that Philadelphia was to be a most formidable rival. This city was not settled until 1682, seventy-three years later than New York, but the circumstances that surrounded it were more favorable. Its founder, William Penn, a most sagacious

* In the comparisons proposed to be made, Brooklyn will be treated as part and parcel of New York: the dividing river separating the city in name but not in fact, the two forming one city in the same manner that the Middlesex and Surrey sides of the Thames form London.

man, possessed great wealth, influence, and administrative powers; by his wise measures and skillful policy he consolidated and built up the settlement; the colonists, principally Quakers, were industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding; a catholic spirit of toleration invited and encouraged immigration; the lands in the vicinity were fertile; the climate was mild and the water-power abundant; and the Delaware River was navigable to that point for the largest class of vessels then known. The result of these conditions was very marked: the growth of the city was rapid, and in 1735 its population became equal to that of New York, of which it then took precedence. In 1790 Philadelphia was the larger by 30 per cent., and at the beginning of this century, was unquestionably the leading financial and commercial city.

About this period, the emigration from New England began to take a noticeable shape; the stream at first was but small, but year by year it gathered volume. Crossing the Hudson and following up the valley of the Mohawk it spread out on either side (the valley proper having been previously occupied by the original settlers from Holland), and still pushing westward, it reached the fertile lands of the Genesee country. The wilderness soon was changed into prosperous settlements,—Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and other towns started into life, stimulated by a productive soil, which was peculiarly adapted to the raising of cereals. From its position, this section became mainly tributary to New York. The immigration to Western Pennsylvania was slower; it lacked a great reserve like the eastern states to draw from, and the lands were not so fertile. As a consequence the two cities gradually again approached in importance, and in 1820 Philadelphia lost the preponderance in the export trade, though its population was 137,000 while that of New York was but 123,000. The Western New York lands were, however, comparatively isolated from a market; at a distance from navigable streams, and with roads of the most primitive kind, exchanges were conducted under great disadvantages; the cost of transporting coarse agricultural products absorbed most of their value if hauled any great distance; and, as the producer could export but a small part of his crop so he could import but little. Living thus within himself, he enjoyed a home market in its most rigid sense. The need of an outlet became imperative; nor was the character of the highway or its location

ever doubtful, the topography of the country absolutely determining it.

The Appalachian range, extending from Georgia to the St. Lawrence, presents a nearly continuous wall separating the seaboard from the valley of the Ohio and the lakes. The most complete gap is that made by the Hudson through the Highlands. From Troy, the head of tide-water, the valley of the Mohawk extends westerly, and still farther a broad fertile plateau spreads out to lake Erie. The elevation of this plateau is less than six hundred feet above tide-water, descending nearly uniformly in the direction of east-bound trade like an inclined plane. The remarkable advantages of this formation were appreciated at an early day, and the project of a canal to connect the waters of Lake Erie and the Hudson was soon seen to be feasible.

The project was not due to an inspiration of genius as is commonly supposed; Nature had too unmistakably marked out the path; man could not err, he had simply to avail himself of the advantages extended.

It will be remembered that "the West" of those days was Western New York, then known as "the lake country," and it was the main object of the proposed canal to supply its needs, and not those of sections still more remote which the frontiersman had barely reached. Undoubtedly to some speculative minds the possibilities of the existing "West" may have presented themselves as worthy of consideration, but it was the urgent need of an immediate outlet for Western New York that compelled the construction of the Erie Canal.

Under the vigorous lead of DeWitt Clinton the project took shape and was pushed forward to completion. The canal was opened for navigation throughout its length in 1825, the capacity of the boats being less than one hundred tons. The canal was a pronounced success at once, the tolls received during the first year being over a half million of dollars. The business gained rapidly, and in the next decade the tolls increased to one million and a half per annum. The relative advantages of the two leading cities until this time were about counterbalanced. In 1825 their respective populations became again equal, but from this year must be reckoned the wonderful advance of New York. In 1860 its population combined with Brooklyn was 1,076,000, while that of Philadelphia was 565,000. In 1870, New York had 1,400,000; Philadelphia only 674,000. In 1875, New York had

1,548,000. No such brilliant progress has probably ever before been witnessed in the growth of a metropolis, for it must be remembered that the increase was not alone one of mere numbers but more of wealth, traffic and concentration of industries. New York had absorbed the control and direction of the leading enterprises and become indisputably the financial and commercial center of the country. The notable fact that Philadelphia took the precedence and retained it for over eighty years and until the opening of the Canal, demonstrates that the present leading position now held by New York is owing neither to its harbor nor to its central position, but mainly to the topography that made the Erie Canal possible.

The past identity of the interests of the city and the Canal makes it interesting to analyze the sources from which the water highway secured its trade and the influences that were brought into action. Although the motive for the construction of the Canal was to supply a state need, it soon became apparent that its mission was much more extended and that the benefits were to be national. The great West soon felt the influence of this avenue to the eastern market. The growth of the states north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi was stimulated, the increase of population from 1820 to 1840 being over three hundred and sixty per cent. while that of the state of New York was only one hundred. The advantages of this water transport were available at first only to such sections as possessed easy access to the lakes, but local canals were soon projected and constructed in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and, acting as local arteries, these brought the produce of the interior to Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago; and thus uninterrupted water transport was obtained from the very heart of the valley of the Ohio to the shores of Europe itself. As a necessity this increasing volume of trade sought New York through the Canal, and the wealth and importance of the city increased proportionately.

It was difficult, however, to extend the system of local canals beyond a certain limit, and consequently large districts remained undeveloped and unproductive. When most needed, however, a stranger appeared in the guise of an ally and friend of the Canal; a humble gleaner was the rôle that the western railroad first assumed. By means of local detached lines it gathered up the products of isolated localities and brought them to the navigable rivers and lakes, from which the

Canal was the outlet to the sea-board. The growth of railroads in the western states was slow: in 1850 only about a thousand miles of rail had been laid; from that period, however, the increase was rapid, the mileage of constructed roads in the western states above named being, in 1860, 11,000, and in 1870, over 23,000 miles.

The causes of this rapid development are patent. Like the Western New York of the preceding generation, these states were producers of agricultural products which were valueless without an outlet. This the railroad could furnish, but as the necessary capital must be drawn from local sources the most rigid economy of expenditure was required. The right of way was generally given. The construction was extremely slight in character, and every exertion was made to pare down the original cost to the lowest possible sum. The building of a road increased the production, and consequently the value of the lands in the vicinity. This was quickly noted by others and acted as a powerful stimulus, since no locality was willing to lag in the rear. Thus the necessities of the position, self-interest, and rivalry all combined to aid this rapid extension of territory made tributary to the Erie Canal.

And now let us glance at the business that has been done through the Canal.

The tonnage of agricultural products arriving at tide-water in 1840 was 294,000 tons, increasing with tolerable regularity until the culminating year of 1862, when the amount was 2,087,000 tons, an increase of over seven hundred per cent. in twenty-two years. The diversion of agricultural labor caused by the war diminished the tonnage; in 1871 it partially recovered, amounting to 1,500,000 tons; it has since declined year by year, amounting in 1876 to but 882,000 tons, a diminution of over fifty per cent. in fifteen years, and this in the face of an immense increase of production in the states beyond the Mississippi. It is interesting to note how small a proportion of this trade originates now in the state of New York. In 1836 the state furnished seventy per cent. of all the cereals transported, but in 1876 less than twenty per cent. This fact is important as showing to what a diminished extent the state at large is interested in the Canal, and consequently how small is the motive for its enlargement. This loss of trade by the Canal is of grave significance and worthy of the most careful study. Are the causes of this diversion transitory and evanescent, or will they

continue to exercise a disturbing influence? So long as the Erie Canal was the main avenue for western products the position of the city of New York seemed impregnable; but the opening of new channels, and the consequent changes in the currents of trade may render its pre-eminence much less certain.

The question arises, To what are we to attribute the decadence of the Canal? Mainly, it is to the changed relations of the railroad, which, ceasing to be a dependent, began to assume the position of a rival, and in place of bringing freights to the Canal, transported them directly to the sea-board without its intervention,—a policy only made possible by great reductions in the cost of movement.

The substitution of the railway for the Canal was not a sudden one, as the gradual decline of tonnage receipts indicates. The first lines were constructed in short detached links generally subsidiary to the navigable streams with which they connected. At first, only passengers and light merchandise were transported, but soon the coarser freights were added, but only for short distances; thus the railroad superseded the stage-coach and the farm-wagon, but not the canal-boat. The slight and inferior construction of the earlier roads was a matter of necessity, the capital being mainly local, procured with difficulty and in small sums. The problem was generally to complete the road as soon as possible, and all other considerations were secondary. The rails were light, and often of the old strap pattern; ties were laid on the natural soil; bridges and other structures were of wood, and lightly built; the equipment was of small power and capacity, and the appliances generally inferior and defective. As the traffic increased, it soon became apparent how unfavorable were such conditions to economical operation; and gradually these defects were amended. The light rail was replaced by one of a heavier pattern; the road-bed was thoroughly ballasted and drained; permanent structures of stone and iron replaced those of wood; powerful and effective engines of improved construction were introduced; sidings were increased in number and extended when they were inadequate; double tracks were constructed; finally the iron rail gave place to the steel. All these improvements tended to greater economy of operation, and largely reduced the cost of transport. Perhaps the greatest improvement occurred in the administration itself. The small, sep-

arate, independent links were combined into continuous lines, and local boards, controlled by narrow views and jarring interests, were replaced by strong, united, centralized managements; a thorough system of organization controlled all the minutiae of the business; a direct responsibility was secured in all the departments, any loss caused by leakages or waste being at once detected and stopped; and, withal, the fullest measure of efficiency was inexorably demanded. These economies lessening the cost of transport gradually changed the policy of the roads, and it was now seen that the coarser products could be carried at very reduced charges, and consequently for longer distances. With this new character of business, full cars and heavy trains began to replace the half filled cars and light trains; the increased business in turn largely reduced the cost of operating, and still further stimulated this traffic.

To arrive at the amount of reduction in the cost of movement by rail, resort must be had to reports of leading trunk lines. In the earlier years of railroad operation, from various causes the statement of results was often defective and unreliable. The actual depreciation did not appear in the books or statements until renewals were required; this was particularly the case in regard to rails and equipment. A road must be operated several years before the actual cost of repairs can be accurately stated. Again, when heavy expenditures were being made to provide for improvements and facilities, not only were these charged to account of "construction," but the opportunity was often taken to charge to "capital" many expenses which should have been placed against "current expenditure." This was intentional in some cases, and in others caused by an imperfect and inaccurate system of accounts, the line between these two classes of expenses being misty and ill-defined.

A continued operation of years and the substantial completion of the main lines have removed both the temptation and the opportunity to err widely; one mill per ton per mile on the present immense tonnage would amount to so large a sum, that, if improperly charged to capital instead of to current, it would at once awaken suspicion and distrust. On the tonnage transported on the Pennsylvania road, that small rate would amount to over two millions of dollars per annum. It is evident that no serious error in this respect would remain unchallenged, and consequently the results as set forth in the later reports can be accepted as sub-

stantially correct. Taking these as a basis, the following results appear.

Before the war, the cost of movement on leading main lines was about a cent and a third per ton per mile. From 1860 to 1870 it was a cent and a half. In view of the advance of labor and materials, this was practically a reduction. Since that date the cost has gradually decreased. In 1875, on the trunk lines, the rate averaged about eight mills, and in 1876 only six,—the Pennsylvania road reporting under six, and the Philadelphia and Erie at five, the New York Central being stated at seven, and the Lake Shore at five and a half. The Baltimore and Ohio furnish no data on this subject. It will be remembered, moreover, that the above applies to the whole tonnage, both through and local, and that the former costs less to move than the latter, being exempt from large terminal expenses—cars not fully loaded, trains not filled up and other unfavorable conditions that effect the purely local trade. It is the opinion of the managers of the New York Central and Pennsylvania roads that the net cost of through freight will not exceed four mills. For the purposes of comparison with the expense by the Canal, it will be safer, however, to make no deduction on this account, but to take the rate of six mills as the cost of through tonnage. In the computation of the Canal expense, as given below, the interest on the boats is included. It is therefore proper, in making a statement of comparative cost of the two modes, to make an allowance for the interest on railroad equipment; a rate of half a mill will cover this, thus making the total railroad expense six and a half mills. But the rail is not confined to the necessity of transporting at average net cost. During the season of navigation, if a serious loss of business is threatened, the alternative is presented of discharging skillful, experienced men, permitting rolling stock to lie unused and deteriorating, disarranging the general current of trade, or of carrying at rates below apparent cost. It can readily be seen that less absolute loss may, and, in the policy of a company, does, often ensue by submitting to a temporary reduction rather than incur the great loss consequent upon a diversion of business.

But the rail possesses other and obvious advantages: The time occupied in transit is much less; a shipper can transact a much larger volume of business on the same capital; bills of lading are more negotiable, the risk is less, and insurance lower; no change of arrangements is necessary consequent on stoppage in winter; grain can be sent in

smaller lots; it is less apt to heat, and arrives in better order.

It is now necessary to investigate the cost of movement by the Canal; this can be ascertained by taking the net amount received for freight after deducting tolls. This must be taken in series of years so as to arrive at an average, since one single year might be influenced by disturbing and exceptional causes. The receipts for freights measure not only the ordinary expense of operation, maintenance and depreciation, but also such a fair profit and interest as will induce the investment necessary to secure a sufficient supply of boats. If freights rise above the average, and consequently an undue profit is made in any one year, the effect is to stimulate the construction of additional boats; an over supply generally ensues, the rates fall, and building ceases, the law of supply and demand fully controlling the matter. Assuming, therefore, the receipts as a basis, it will be found that the cost of transporting one ton per mile by the canal has averaged for the forty-seven years, extending from 1830 to 1876, a trifle over eight mills. If the conditions were to be the same in the future, that rate could be assumed as the normal cost. But two disturbing elements must be considered,—one, the increased size of the boats, the other, the exceptionally high prices of the war period. From 1850 to 1860, prices were not extravagant for either labor or material, and did not vary greatly from those now prevailing. The rate for this decade averaged seven mills, but the size of the vessels was smaller; the gain from increased capacity has, however, been partly neutralized by the increase of time required for a trip. The actual reduction would be about 20 per cent., making the net result five and a half mills if boats of the size now in use had then been employed. From 1860 to 1870, the rate continued at seven mills, the gain by increase of size of boats being counterbalanced by advance of prices. From 1870 to 1876, inclusive, the rate was five and a half mills; this period comprises years of great activity and great depression, the highest rate being over seven and the lowest under four. From this experience, the rate under present conditions would be five and a half mills, and the results of these several periods coincide with the experience of other canals. If the prices of labor and material should continue to fall, the rate might possibly be placed at five and a quarter mills. This, however, is a minimum, and it is doubtful if it would attract the capital necessary for the construction of new

boats. This expense does not include that required for the maintenance and operation of the Canal itself; this is paid by the tolls which, it is presumed, in the future will be established at no higher rates than will keep the works in proper order; they cannot be permanently lower, for the constitution of the state expressly forbids any expenditure exceeding the receipts of the previous year.

For the past ten years these expenses of maintenance have averaged a mill and three-quarters per ton per mile; in 1876 they were a mill and a half. If the tonnage should be less, of course this rate would increase; but with the present volume of trade, this can be assumed as the proper amount, provided the works are kept in thorough repair and are efficiently operated; the total minimum expense will, therefore, be not less than five and a quarter mills for movement, and one and a half for maintenance of the Canal, a total of six and three-quarter mills, against six and a half by rail. In both cases it includes cost of movement, embracing maintenance of way, interest on equipment, but not on the works themselves.

But it may be urged that the Canal still continues to transport at low rates, and that during the present year it has regained some of the trade heretofore lost. The reason is obvious; a very large part of the Canal expense consists of the interest and depreciation of the boats; the present rates barely pay the actual working expenses,—there is no margin for interest or repairs, and owners are compelled to witness their capital gradually obliterated, as the boats pass out of existence. The building of new boats has about ceased: in 1862 more than eight hundred were constructed; in 1876 only seventy-five. Again, the exceedingly low tolls established this year, by the Canal Board will not afford a revenue sufficient to maintain the works in a proper condition. The tariff must be increased or the Canal permitted to get out of repair; the present rates are therefore exceptional, and do not disprove the past experience of actual cost.

To the shippers has inured the benefit of the cheapened cost by rail, for freight rates were reduced in the same proportion as lessened cost; thus in 1858 the average rates on the New York Central and Erie averaged two and a half cents, while in 1876 the rate was about a cent, and on the Pennsylvania Railroad only nine mills. Naturally, these reduced charges have completely revolutionized the internal commerce of the country, and the rail has entirely

usurped the position formerly held by the Canal. The change has not been abrupt but steady, and no backward step has been taken. The lighter merchandise was first absorbed, and in time the heavier general freights. At the close of the war the rail had secured the general merchandise passing in both directions, although it had not interfered materially with the coarser freights, such as agricultural products, lumber, stone, etc. At that date intelligent railroad opinion did not favor the idea that the railroad could ever compete to a great extent for this cheap bulky traffic; a part, it was thought, might be diverted to the rail during the winter, and in some exceptional cases during navigation, but it was generally conceded that the position of the Canal as enlarged was, as regards this traffic, impregnable, and that it must continue to be the channel by which agricultural products would be transported. By degrees, as unexpected economy of movement by rail was attained and the cost of the two modes became equalized, it became apparent that the Canal was to have a contest for its very existence. The total tonnage arriving by the Canal at tide-water in 1840, was 470,000 tons; in 1850, 1,370,000; in the culminating year of 1862, 2,917,000; in 1870, 2,290,000, and in 1876 only 1,740,000, showing an absolute decrease of general traffic of thirty per cent. since 1862. But, while this loss was occurring on the canals, the general internal commerce of the country was rapidly increasing, and railroads were showing the most astonishing gains. In 1853 the tonnage on the Canal was four-fold greater than that of the New York Central and Erie roads combined; in 1876 it was only about one-third. The traffic on the other trunk lines assumed immense proportions, the movement on the Pennsylvania road alone during last year being over ten millions of tons. Of the grain trade which but a few years ago was practically monopolized by the Canal, only fifteen per cent. of the amount arriving at tide-water in 1876 was transported on it, eighty-five per cent. being by rail.

But it may be asked,—Cannot some radical improvements be introduced to lessen the Canal costs, as has been done with the railroad? and instantly the magic word "steam" will present itself to many minds. That steam can be applied economically to canal-boats admits of no question, always provided that the vessel is of a certain size; and just here is the difficulty—the *Erie*

Canal boat is too small. No practical man would dream of applying steam to a canal-boat of fifty tons, nor would he hesitate to apply it to one of a thousand tons. Experience alone must be the guide in determining the smallest-sized vessel in which it can be used to advantage, and there has been a large experience in this matter. Steamers have been plying on the Delaware and Raritan and the Delaware and Chesapeake canals for over thirty years, and the result has proved that steam is not economical when applied to boats of two hundred tons, and this is confirmed by recent experiments on the Erie Canal itself.

For steam implies skilled, and consequently, expensive, labor, with additional capital, greater wear and tear and less capacity for cargo, and these the gain in time does not offset. No power for a small vessel has been found so cheap as a pair of horses and a driver. A steamer towing one or more barges has decided advantages, but the serious loss of time occurring at the locks, where each boat has to be passed separately (thus delaying the others), will prevent this plan from being adopted to any extent. The same objection holds to the Belgian system,—which involves the laying on the bottom of the Canal of a wire cable, to which a steamer with a tow of boats is attached,—though an economical use of power is undoubtedly attained thereby. But even if the application of steam to the existing class of boats met with partial success, yet the reduction of expense would be too slight to meet the difficulty. To enable the Canal to compete with the rail some more radical change is necessary.

There is a remedy for this Canal decadence—a heroic one, *viz.*, to abandon entirely the present work and construct an enlarged canal fitted for boats of a capacity of not less than eight hundred tons. For this three routes have been suggested, each having its terminus at Albany: one starting from Buffalo on or near the present route; another from Oswego *via* Oneida Lake, and the third from the St. Lawrence *via* Lake Champlain and the existing Champlain Canal,—an improvement of the Hudson River below Albany being included in the plan. The estimated cost of any one of these schemes is from twenty to fifty millions, and in all probability the actual expense would exceed the latter sum. What parties are so interested as to expend this large amount? Certainly not the state of New York. The Canal was built mainly

as a channel for the products of the state, but as the area of the cereal production moved westward, the state's interest lessened year by year; in 1876, of the total tonnage arriving at tide-water, as has been above stated, only one-fifth was furnished by the state. While such a project would be of undoubted advantage to the city, it is clear that the state would never consent to incur a vast debt in order to provide a cheaper mode of transport from the west. It is true that the general government might be induced to consider one of these rival schemes, but as foreshadowed in the report of Senator Windom to the United States Senate, "legislative necessity" would compel the consideration at the same time of the construction of impracticable canals connecting the Kanawha and the Tennessee rivers with the sea-board—in fact such a proposition would be the signal for opening the door to schemes so wild as to revolt the common sense of the nation. It is therefore to be presumed that the Erie Canal will remain at its present size for many years to come.

The disuse of the Canal will be hastened by the entire separation of interests that exist between the boat-owners and the Canal itself considered as property. If boats are not profitable, no regard for the future prosperity of the Canal will induce further ventures. A reasonable prospect must be had that the earnings will be sufficient to provide for the interest, and to replace the boats when worn out: there is no other motive to build. The position of railroad equipment is different; the ownership of that and of the road being identical, the former is maintained and renewed in the interest of the fixed property and irrespective of the earnings derived from the equipment.

The depreciation of boat property in the last few years has been enormous; the earnings barely paying the immediate expenses, proper repairs have not been made, nor have new boats supplied the place of those that have passed out of existence. In 1862 the number of boats was about six thousand, and as the life of a boat is estimated at twelve years, an annual supply of five hundred would be required to maintain the working capacity of that year. The yearly average of boats built for each five years, between 1861 and 1876, has been successively 540, 330 and 240; for the past two years the average has been 88, and at present, building may be said to have ceased. Since 1862 it is supposed that about forty per cent. of the boats has disappeared, and the existing

equipment is old and much impaired in value. With this disastrous experience, it is idle to expect the investment of new capital, except under the improbable, and in fact impossible, contingency that rates will so advance as to enable boat property to earn a fair revenue sufficient to meet the expenses of interest, repairs and depreciation. Furthermore, a reasonable assurance must be had that these conditions will be continued for a series of years co-equal with the life of the boat. The disuse of the Canal is therefore simply a question of the decay of the existing equipment. There may be exceptional cases of building for special purposes, but the construction is practically at an end.

In five years from this date, it is probable that only twenty-five per cent. of the tonnage of 1862 will continue to exist; the rate of tolls that can be exacted from the small tonnage then transported will not suffice to maintain the Canal in proper order, and it will then be possible for the New Zealander of Macaulay to sketch the ruins of aqueducts from the summits of disused locks. In the face of fruitless efforts to avert the result, and after long discussion of its future management, the Canal will be forever abandoned.

To sum up: The Erie Canal, taking into consideration its capacity, length, amount of traffic and the interests involved, was perhaps the most important artificial water-avenue that had ever been constructed; it wonderfully hastened the local developments of the districts through which it passed; it provided a market for the surplus of the West, and lessened the cost of food of every person living east of the Hudson. All its functions were beneficent; its gracious task was

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,"

and it was well worthy of the fostering care that it had received. In view of these facts it may seem unkindly and ungrateful to predict that its days of power and vigor have passed away forever, and yet the conclusion is irresistible. That the rail can carry as cheaply as the Canal; that its advantages in other respects are overwhelming; that the trade of the country is attracted to it more and more; that the business of the Canal lessens year by year, and that its equipment is gradually melting away and will soon cease to exist,—all these are facts that can be neither explained away nor ignored.

Accepting the facts that the Canal must

disappear, what will be the effect on the future of New York? The Canal has been of vital importance to the city, securing for it the command of the export trade, and this reacting to increase the imports. This commerce built up powerful steamer lines and attracted foreign capital; the trade of the country became more and more centralized, and the city became the undisputed commercial and financial and social center of the continent.

Two questions now present themselves: Will the export trade of the city be materially affected by the diversion of commerce from the Canal? and if so, Will the general prosperity of New York be seriously impaired thereby? It would not be within the scope of this article to enter into an exhaustive analysis of all the elements that may modify the export trade of the future; too many conditions are as yet undetermined; too many factors unknown to permit the problem to be now solved. The rapidity of the movement westward of the center of cereal production; the deepening of the St. Clair Flats and the consequent increased capacity of lake vessels; the completion of the Welland Canal; the increased economy of movement on the Mississippi; the success that may be attained in deepening its mouth; the determination of the capabilities of the several trunk lines; the increased facilities afforded by them, particularly as regards elevators and warehouses at the termini,—all these involve disturbing elements which may effect radical changes in the future.

In case some export trade should be lost, whether the general trade of the city would be effected and to what extent, is a question still more complex; the influences that would control are so subtle and evasive, so impossible to fix and define, that the inquiry would fail to attain absolutely reliable results. The experience of the past six years, though limited, is not unsatisfactory. In 1860, of the total tonnage exported from the six principal sea-ports, forty-six per cent. was from New York; in 1870, fifty-three per cent.; in 1873, sixty per cent.; and in 1876, fifty-seven per cent. The gain in 1870 was undoubtedly caused to a great extent by the diversion of cotton shipments from the Southern ports, while the slight loss shown in 1876 was due to the increase of the corn shipments at Philadelphia and Baltimore,—the latter city exporting in 1876 twenty per cent. more corn, than New York. The import trade of the city does not as yet ap-

pear to be affected, its percentage of the whole import trade in 1860 being sixty per cent., in 1870 seventy-one per cent., and in 1876 precisely the same. It cannot be disguised, however, that the present is no infallible guide for the future; the period is one of transition; and the rivalry of the future will be sharp, keen, and intensely aggressive. No city should suffer itself to be handicapped by an ounce of dead weight. New York in particular must reform the present crude, clumsy, expensive methods

of receiving and distributing traffic; in this respect it lags in the rear of both Philadelphia and Baltimore. Every effort must be made to reduce to a minimum all expenses of transfer; the car, the warehouse and the vessel must be practically brought together, and no stupidity of municipal officials must be permitted to intervene; old usages must be modified, and the most approved modern methods and appliances adopted. For this work, skill, energy, and brains are essential; past recollections will not suffice.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Woman's Winter Amusements.

WE have many reasons, in the direct testimonials that have come to us, for believing that an article which we published in this department a year or two since, on "Winter Amusements," was remarkably suggestive and stimulating in the establishment of clubs for culture and recreation. We spoke specially of reading clubs, "Shakspeare clubs," etc. The project was entered upon in a great many towns throughout the length and breadth of the land, and great good has come of it. To open a still wider field of intellectual recreation and instruction is the object of this article.

In a certain country town, which we need not name, there was established last year a "Rome Club." A considerable number of intelligent ladies, moved thereto by the existence of a literary club among their husbands and brothers, gathered together and formed a club among themselves for the study of historical cities. Rome was chosen as the first city to be investigated—its pagan history, its Christian history, its art in various departments, its relations to the world at various epochs, etc., etc. Subdivisions of the larger topics were made, and each woman was given a branch to study, with the duty to write out her conclusions and results, and to read them at the weekly meetings of the club. It is declared to us by one who watched the developments of the enterprise that, as the result of that winter's most interesting work, this town contains the largest number of women who know everything about Rome that any town in the United States can boast. Every available library was ransacked for material, books were overhauled that were black with the undisturbed dust of a century, knowledge was organized, put into form, and communicated; and when the winter closed, the women found not only that they had been immensely interested, but that their field of knowledge had been very much enlarged.

This year, this same club will take up another city. Whether it will be London, or Paris, or

Jerusalem, or Athens, or Venice, we do not know, and it does not matter. But what a mine of interest and instruction lies before them in any of these! How very small do the ordinary amusements of a town look by the side of the employments of such a club as this! What a cure for gossip and neighborhood twaddle is contained in such a club! What an enlargement of the sphere of thought comes of such amusements and employments! How the whole world, through all its ages and among all its scenes and peoples, becomes illuminated with a marvelous human interest, to women who study it together, and with a certain degree of competition, in this way!

Well, a club for the study of the great historical cities can be formed anywhere, and there ought to be a thousand of them formed this winter. Wherever there may be women who find life something of a bore, when followed in the ordinary way, wherever there may be women who have leisure that hangs heavily upon their hands, or a round of tasteless courtesies to go through with, wherever there may be women whose minds are starving while they execute the routine of housekeeping duties, there will be found the materials for such a club as this. They would be better daughters, wives and mothers, for the culture that would be won by such a club, and be saved the everlasting yearning for an impossible career that seems to be moving so many women's souls at the present time. Life is good and duty is good, if we only give them flavor. Porridge without salt may be nutritious, but it is not palatable. The great want of the clever women we are rearing in such numbers, is not so much a public career as a palatable private one. A round of humdrum household duties, or a round of fashionable courtesies within the rigid rules of etiquette, becomes tasteless to any woman. What better can she do for profit or for pleasure than to season her life with society in the pursuit of knowledge?

Of course, enterprises of this kind are not neces-

sarily confined to the study of cities. Countries may be studied with the same advantage,—perhaps even with greater advantage. A special topic may be taken up. At this time much is written upon art. It is practically a new topic in this country. We, as a nation, are now making our beginnings in art. The greatest sculptors and painters America has produced are living men to-day. Art has no history here. Art, historically, then,—art in its relations to civilization—art in its influence upon personal character—art as an outgrowth of life and a power upon life—furnishes a subject that may well interest a group of women for a winter, not only, but for many winters. We know of girls who are as much interested in works of political economy as if they were novels. We can hardly imagine anything more interesting to a club of bright girls who have left school, than a winter in political economy. The subject may be pursued, simply as a matter of social reading and discussion; or each may be charged with gathering the distinguishing views of given writers, and presenting them in brief.

The great point is to get together, and to become interested together in some region of knowledge, or art, or exalted human concern. Life with men is active, exciting, exhausting. The club life of men is very rarely intellectual, and very rarely in any way elevating. Much of it debases and curses, with its eating and drinking and its selfish separation from the family life. A woman's club should always be an addition to the family life, and so transform a home into a temple. There are many women in the world who wish they were men. There is not one man who wishes he were a woman. The simple reason is that woman has not yet learned how to give flavor to her life. We do not believe that God has made the lot of the sexes unequal. When woman shall make the most and best of her life, she will spend no time in wishing for a coarser nature and a rougher lot than her own. Let her avail herself of the means at her hand for making her life interesting, and the work will be done. That she may conquer the realm that legitimately is hers we put the club in her hand, and beg her to use it.

The Bondage of the Pulpit.

THE phrase which furnishes the title of this article is not original. We borrow it of a distinguished orthodox theological professor in Rochester, who, having omitted the articles which he wrote upon it from his "Free Lance" book, has got through with it, we suppose, and has thus left it for the use of those who are not likely to become theological professors. We choose it now to introduce a few words with relation to the criticism of certain papers upon recent articles of ours on the proscription of certain ministers for opinion's sake.

First, if we have seemed to blame the ecclesiastical bodies that deposed Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller from the ministerial office, let us place ourselves right. We have not intended to blame them. We do not see how, regarding the work of these men as they did, and under the obligations of con-

stitution and rule which were upon them, they could have done otherwise. They were not at liberty to do otherwise. However much personal liking for, or sympathy with, these writers the ecclesiastical bodies may have felt, they had no choice in dealing with them. Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller had thought and come to conclusions outside of the machine, and the machine was obliged to cut off their heads. The trouble is with the machine, and the machine and the machine-makers and defenders are what we have our quarrel with.

It will be noticed that although the men in question have been cast out of the ministry, they have not been cast out of the church. That is entirely another thing. They may still be—as all believe them to be—good Christians, but they are not good sectarians; and *that is all that this deposition means*. They have modified their creed without in any way degrading their Christian character or Christian life. Indeed, the latter may have been very much improved and elevated. At any rate, their behavior shows very well by the side of that of the bodies which deposed them. Now what we want to show is simply this: that men—Christian men—have been cut off from useful positions, not because they have not Christian characters, lives, purposes, influence, but because, following the light which God has given them in their reason, and loyal to the voice of conscience, they have declared that some of their views of Christian truth are changed. This is what we find fault with, viz., that the church—the sectarian church, and we hardly have any other—is not large enough to think in; that it virtually puts a limitation to progress in the development of Christian opinion. We have no quarrel with men; we have no quarrel with newspapers. We would like to do what we can to make a larger place for Christian teachers. Do they object to it? Can they not be trusted in a larger place? Would they be likely to abuse their liberty if their creeds were shorter and more elastic? Then we must reverse all our American ideas of the influence of liberty upon the intelligent human mind.

"The Christian at Work" undertakes to expose to us the absurdity of our fault-finding with the degradation from office of Messrs. Blauvelt and Miller in these words:

"But let us put to the accomplished editor of SCRIBNER's one question: Suppose he accepted an article from an author, to be written on a certain subject, for the editorial department of SCRIBNER's; suppose the article contained an urgent plea for Communism and Socialism, honestly advocating them as essential to the welfare of society and in accordance with the spirit of our age;—would the editor print that article; and if not would there be 'anything like free thought or free speech within the' limits of the SCRIBNER covers?—would there be a magazine writer who would not realize that 'his brain is imprisoned and his hands tied'? Does not the editor of SCRIBNER see how absurd his position is?"

Is it as bad as this? Can the relation which exists between the constituting power and the minister in office be compared to that which exists

between an editor and his subordinates? Is he but a mouth-piece of embodied ecclesiastical opinion? Has he absolutely no liberty at all? Are reason, conscience, heavenly teaching and inspiration for which the minister prays, only to have play within certain bounds, imposed by outside human authority? Then the teacher is indeed a slave, and is degraded by the act which installs him in office.

But the comparison is not entirely fair to us or to the writer's own side of the question. The conditions are not quite so bad as he represents them. He has seen fit to confine his illustration to editorial articles—to the editor's individual opinions. He would be more just if he would apply it to the whole magazine, and there we should meet him with the statement that while the drift and purpose of the Monthly are strongly along the lines of religion and morality—of liberty and purity and temperance and Christian culture—so strongly that no fool can mistake them, and no fool does mistake them—we are all the time publishing opinions which we do not believe in. We should not be disposed to suppress a plea for socialism or communism, if it were well written, by a true and honest man, though we hold the doctrines which these words popularly represent in lively detestation. We have always been trying to give the world of thinkers a fair chance, and to let the people know what honest thinkers are thinking, and what they are thinking about. Orthodox and heterodox alike have been welcomed in these pages, and the liberty of the latter has always seemed to make them more interesting writers. The orthodox are always running their machine, whether as politicians or sectarians, and never dare to get outside of it. We never fail to know what they are going to say. We have been hearing it for nearly sixty years, and, while it did very well for the first thirty, the reiteration becomes tiresome.

We heard defined, a few Sundays since, from a pulpit as generous as it is able, the distinction between a profession and a vocation. There are men who choose to be preachers. Having carefully weighed all other professions in the balance, they adopt the ministerial profession; yet a great multitude of them have no vocation. They are not called to preach. It is not a "woe" to them if they do not preach. They do not preach because they must preach. We can imagine a set of simple, professional men, who will be willing to take their creed and stay with it, and stand by it, and persecute their betters who, with the vocation to preach, take their license from the highest source, and the liberty that always goes with it. When such men as Swing and Eggleston and Murray, with their crowded churches, find themselves happier outside of the great sectarian organizations than within them,—more attractive, more useful, more influential,—the people ought to learn something of the vivifying effect of Christian liberty, and the necessity of either casting aside, or, if that be not practicable, of greatly modifying, the old machines. A minister who apprehends enough of essential Christian truth to be a thorough Christian himself, in character and in life,

is good enough to teach, if he has a divine vocation to teach, and the machine that cuts off his head is a wretched machine, which, in our opinion, ought to be smashed.

But what a lot of "religious newspapers" would be smashed under it! Ah! We had not thought of that! How we should dislike to lose "The New York Observer" and "The Congregationalist!" (Handkerchief.)

Indications of Progress.

To the eye of experience, there is always something pathetic in the hopeful and self-confident energy with which a young man of generous impulses and purposes strikes out into life. With faith in God, faith in himself, faith in human progress, faith in the influences and instrumentalities of reform, he goes to his work determined upon leaving the world a great deal better than he found it. He throws himself into his enterprises with zeal and *abandon*, and, after twenty or twenty-five years, wakes up to a realization of the fact that the world has not been very greatly improved by his efforts, and that it is not very likely to be improved by them. He has arrested no great tide of iniquity, he has not enlightened the hiding-places of ignorance, he has not resuscitated the dead, he has not righted the wrong. If not utterly discouraged, he goes on with his work because he loves it, because it seems to be his duty to do so, or, because, after all his lack of success, his faith in progress refuses to be killed, though "the good time coming" slinks away from his vision, among the shadows that brood over the future.

To help such men as these, and all those who profess to believe that the world is growing worse, rather than better, it is well, once in a while, to call attention to the indications of progress. The first that present themselves to one engaged in literary pursuits are those relating to the moral tone of literature. How often we are called upon in these days to apologize for the indecencies of the older writers! How threadbare has become the plea that they represented their time! We do not doubt that Rabelais could once have been tolerated in what was regarded as decent society, but no one can read him now without a handkerchief at his nose. Sterne was very funny and he was very nasty,—so nasty that no father of to-day would dare to read him to his daughters. Fielding, "the father of English fiction," would, if he were living to-day, be shunned by his children. What sort of a figure would Matthew Prior make in the literature produced in 1877? Why, the indecent poet of to-day is obliged to publish his own books! No respectable publisher will contaminate his shelves, even with his name. It matters little how many dramas Tennyson may write in these latter days, or how much he may attempt to give them the ancient form and flavor—they will always lack one element—that of indelicacy. He leaves coarseness, indecency, the *double entendre*, forever behind. They belonged to another age, and all these facts show that we have made a great advance.

Owing mainly to the wretched assumptions of dogmatic theology and the presumptions of priestly power, the literary men and women of former days were scoffers—open, aggressive, defiant enemies of Christianity. Now, although there is lamentation on every side that our greatest literary producers are wanting in faith—that they withhold their affectionate and trustful allegiance to the Christian religion, and regard the church as the conservator of a great mass of superstitions, the scoffers are few. We do not believe there was ever a time when the great majority of literary men and women held so kindly an attitude toward the Christian faith as they hold to-day. They are recognizing the fact that there is something in it,—a very powerful something in it, somewhere,—and something in it for them, if they could but clear it of its husks, and find the divine meat and meaning of it. They feel their lack of faith to be a misfortune. Now, the difference between this attitude and that of such a man, say, as Voltaire, or Thomas Paine, marks a great advance. We still have Bradlaugh, it is true, but, though we tolerate them, and listen to them, they have a very shabby following.

The changes that have occurred in the church itself are very remarkable evidences of progress. For the last three hundred years the world has carried on an organized rebellion against priesthood, and has been slowly but surely releasing itself from slavery. The superstition of witchcraft has departed from it. It is true that we still try men for heresy, and tie their legs with creeds, but the followers of Calvin do not burn the descendants of Servetus. They "suspend" them "from the ministry,"—a mode of hanging which is not only quite harmless, but rather honorable than otherwise. The prejudices between sects have notably been broken down within the last fifty years,—a result which inevitably followed the decline of belief in the overshadowing and all-subordinating importance of theological formulæ. Men are trying to get at the

center and essence of Christianity as they never were trying before; and they find that the more closely they approach the center, the more closely they get together.

In the world's politics, we still have war, but how modified is even this awful relic of barbarism! How jealous of it has the Christian world become! How it questions it! How it strives in a thousand ways to mitigate its horrors and inhumanities! What a shout it sends up when two great nations meet and calmly settle by arbitration a question which in any previous age would have been a cause of war! The duel, too, is in disgrace. Slavery is abolished nearly everywhere on the face of the globe. Prisons have been reformed. The insane, formerly forsaken of man, and supposed to be forsaken of God, are tenderly cared for by every Christian state. A thousand charities reach out their helpful hands to the unfortunate on every side. The nations are brought every day nearer to one another, in the interchanges of commerce, and in the knowledge of, and respect for, one another. Popular education is augmenting its triumphs and enlarging its area every day. And this record of improvement is sealed by vital statistics which show that the average duration of human life has been slowly but indisputably increasing from decade to decade.

The world improves, but it improves as the tree grows, "without observation." The work of one man's life is small when applied to twelve hundred millions of people, but it tells in the grand result. We discover a great nest of corruption in our government, and are tempted to despair, but we break it up. There are so many vicious men around us that we feel as if the world were going to the dogs, yet the recoil and outcry and protest we make show that we are more sensitive to the apprehension of what is bad than we were formerly. The world improves, and the man who cannot see it, and will not see it, has a very good reason for suspecting that there is something morally at fault in himself.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHEN, last month, I spoke of "trimming" Milton, I did not mean the word in the sense in which it is used by our sea-side landlady. She puts the cream and sugar on the breakfast-table, and pleasantly asks us to "trim for ourselves." A very pretty expression that,—much prettier than, "Have your cup rinsed?" which is, in some parts of the interior, the homely method of inviting you to partake of "preserves." In the phrase, the word "cup" is euphoniouly substituted for the word "saucer," which is the article really intended, as the initiated guest understands.

I CALLED the landlord out last night to see the lunar rainbow. It was made by a fine sea-mist; it was colorless, and looked like the ghost of a rain-

bow. He had often seen the like of that, he said. He had seen the falling stars in 1833, too. He was a boy about eight years old; came down-stairs and went out-of-doors, for a chance, before dawn. The stars were falling as fast as you could see them, but look as sharp as you could, you couldn't see them start, and they went out before they teched the ground. He wasn't a bit scared, didn't have enough sense, but went back into the farm-house and called his mother, and said: "Mother, do the stars go away like that every morning?" There wahn't no more sleep that night, you jest believe, and father he had a face that long—(measuring half-way up his fore-arm).

THERE has been no satisfactory explanation of humor, although a good deal has been written about

it. Can any one say why babies see everything in a humorous light—that is, everything that does not interfere with their happiness? If we could discern a baby's point of view, we might get at the origin of the humorous. I have not seen the whole of Darwin's history of his own baby, but fear he does not give due attention to this point. In such an investigation, every inquirer may be his own Darwin.

Some persons will laugh when they read the preceding paragraph, for the mere reason that the word "baby" occurs in it. In civilized countries, nine persons out of ten will laugh at almost any allusion to a baby. And if a baby is brought on the stage during a play,—a real, live, human baby,—the audience is "convulsed." It would be interesting to know if babies are regarded with so much amusement in uncivilized countries. We should be glad to be informed on this subject by the young missionary whom we heard preach the other day, and who was about to sail for Gabboon on the west coast of Africa.

Although there is extraordinary unanimity among civilized human beings as to the humorousness of the idea of a baby, there is a great difference of opinion as to what other ideas are humorous. There are books and stories which some people read or hear with a grave face, while others "die of laughing" at them. If the editor of a magazine should determine to publish only such humorous sketches as every one would declare to be amusing, his magazine would be as doleful as a grave-yard; there would be nothing humorous in it from beginning to end, except those unconscious touches which relieve the monotony of some of the most solemn of human utterances.

SOMETHING was said here lately about people who pride themselves upon "telling the truth" to their neighbors. But it is all in Shakespeare, of course. See "King Lear," act II, scene 2:

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely."

WHY do some persons consider Tourguéneff's last book ("Virgin Soil") pessimistic and depressing? The political views are about the same, we should say, as those of D. Mackenzie Wallace, whose article on "Secret Societies in Russia" is reprinted in the Supplement to "The Popular Science Monthly," No. 5, from the "Fortnightly Review." If it is the view of a pessimist that a handful of amiable, unphilosophical, impracticable, hot-headed, brave and generous men, women and boys, mixed with a handful of silly-pated, chicken-hearted blatherskites, can-

not conduct successfully a great revolution in a country like Russia, and in favor of a people who do not know what all this pother is about, and who have no wish to revolt against anything or anybody,—if this is pessimism, then both Tourguéneff and Mr. Wallace are guilty. But in "Virgin Soil," a better way is pointed out, and in this way Solomine, the machinist, by all odds the most attractive character in the book, is "successful."

"Now, they say he has a factory of his own, not a very large one, somewhere in the government of Perm, and he has established it on the co-operative principle. You may be sure he won't make a mess of his business. He'll make a good thing of it. He's sharp and he's strong, too; he is a great fellow. And, above all, he does not pretend to set right all social wrongs in a moment. The rest of us Russians, you know what we are like; we are always hoping that something or some one will come to cure all our troubles in a moment, to heal our wounds, to take away all our sufferings as one pulls out a bad tooth. Who, or what, is to perform this miracle? Will Darwinism do it? Will the commune? or Arkhip Pereputief? or a foreign war? No matter; only let the benefactor come and pull out our tooth for us! In reality, all of this means: idleness, want of energy and reflection! But Solomine is not of this stamp; he does not extract teeth; he is a clever fellow!"

And as for the story itself, though there is pain enough in it, the true hero, Solomine, does he not even marry well! And the heroine, she also happily marries,—not her first love, to be sure, but the very man she ought to marry; and the enthusiastic young woman is doubtless to-day engaged in getting up classes among the men in her husband's mill, in her own proper garments instead of the spotted calico in which she tried to "simplify" herself in her earlier and more visionary days.

The most depressing part of the story is certainly that of the young man, Neshdanof. His life will be read with no pleasure by those who suspect in themselves the seeds of weakness and of failure.

The following, from Mr. Wallace's paper, shows what an interesting place Russia has got to be, from the romancer's point of view as well as from that of the student of social and political science. It will also show that some of Tourguéneff's strangest situations are "studies from life."

"In April, 1875, a peasant, who was at the same time a factory-worker, informed the police that certain persons were distributing revolutionary pamphlets among the people of the factory where he was employed, and as a proof of what he said, he produced some pamphlets which he had himself received. This led to an investigation, by which it was found that a number of young men and women, evidently belonging to the educated classes, were employed as common laborers in several factories, and were disseminating revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets and conversation. Arrests followed, and it was soon discovered that these agitators belonged to a large secret association, which had its center in Moscow, and local branches in Ivanovo, Tulla and Kiev. In Ivanovo, for instance,—a manufacturing town about one hundred miles to the north-east of Moscow,—the police found a room inhabited by three young men and four young women, all of whom, though belonging to the educated classes, had the appearance of ordinary factory-

workers, prepared their own food, did with their own hands all the domestic work, and sought to avoid everything that could distinguish them from the laboring population. In the room were found two hundred and forty-five copies of revolutionary pamphlets, a considerable sum of money, a large amount of correspondence in cipher, and several forged passports. * * * It would be interesting to inquire how it has come about that there are in Russia young ladies of prepossessing appearance, respectable family and considerable education, who are ready to enter upon wild sanguinary enterprises which inevitably lead in the long run to the house of correction or the mines of Siberia; but I must postpone this investigation to a more convenient season. For the present, suffice it to say that there are such young ladies in Russia, and that several of them were condemned as founders and active members of the society in question."

MANY persons will be grateful to Mr. Proctor for what he says in ST. NICHOLAS about the Dipper. The Dipper is the most familiar constellation in the heavens. Of course everybody knows that a "constellation" is nothing; a mere fortuitous appearance; but nobody imagined that not only this collection of stars was not a single system, but that some of the stars composing the Dipper were careering through space, at the rate of eleven million miles a year, and that the others were careering in quite the opposite direction at the same rate. It will be seen that Mr. Proctor furnishes us with a capital illustration. When a man feels that he is wrongly classified by the public as belonging to a certain religious, political, artistic or literary group, he can point to the Dipper. The so-called Lake Poets might have pointed to the Dipper; Matthew Arnold can point to it, we have no doubt; Professor Huxley can point to it when he is called a "Positivist." Evidently the Dipper is to have new uses besides its former ones of indicating the position of the North Star, and of furnishing, under the name of "Charles's Wain," a pleasant phrase for British poets and dramatists:

"Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day—

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May:

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops."

"1st Carrier (with a lantern). Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed."

I HAVE asked my friend in blue flannel, who has just come back from his European vacation trip, to spare some moments from busy sea-side recreation—tumbling in the surf, sailing the "Rover," and what not—to jot down something about Joe Jefferson's London appearances. You will know the initials as those of a newspaper editor, wise in all matters theatrical:

You will remember, my dear Old Cabinet, that it was in England Mr. Joseph Jefferson first placed upon the stage Irving's weird and romantic story of "Rip Van Winkle;" it was there that he achieved his first great success in that char-

acter. You will also remember that, after an absence of many years, he returned thither to find a new generation of playgoers as eager to see and to laugh and weep over his beautiful and finished personation of the hero of the Catskills as were those to whom he originally presented it. His late visit, embracing a period of two years or longer, has been even more crowded with triumphs than was the former one; for not only has Mr. Jefferson been the most honored actor of London, but he has also been among the foremost of those whom the best London society has delighted to honor.

An American actor, to obtain even the most ordinary success in London,—and London means England,—has no royal road before him; he cannot command success except by the display of such extraordinary abilities as to overcome not only the jealousy of actors and managers, who will unite to defeat him, but the insular prejudices of the average Briton, who is deeply founded in the conviction that no good thing can come out of America. I need not say that the controlling charm of Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle is its tenderness and sweet humanity. Well! under the rough exterior of the Englishmen lie in deep, wide strata all the gentler elements of human feeling, and the great tender heart of John Bull was, by this consummate artist, made to throbb responsive to the quaint humor, woes and mishaps of the Catskill vagabond.

Press and audiences were alike enthusiastic in commendation of the beauty and perfection of the spectacle which Mr. Jefferson showed them, and actors and managers were forced to fall into the popular current and drift with it. As for the managers, they went to the courts to fight for the possession of him, so great was the control he exercised over the London playgoers, and that in but a single part.

They made one mistake, however, which was in supposing that Mr. Jefferson was but "a single part" actor. They had never enjoyed the happiness, as we have done on this side the water, of seeing him personate the comic heroes of the great old comedies, or of the more recent farces; but he shook them from their error last spring when he appeared at the Compton testimonial benefit in Morton's clever farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings" as Mr. Golightly. On that memorable occasion all the prominent actors and actresses of London volunteered their services to testify to their admiration and respect for an old favorite of the public whom age, illness and poverty had laid their cruel hands upon. The occasion was a great one, and the leading artists of the stage—the Hamlets, Benedicts, Macbeths, Romeros and Juliets—crowded forward, begging to be permitted to go on even in the smallest parts, to say, "The carriage waits," or, "My lord, a letter."

In this unique performance, which lasted nearly all of one day, and which netted the superannuated comedian several thousand pounds, Mr. Jefferson was allotted a most prominent part—that of the hero of Morton's before-mentioned farce. Knowing the man as we do, my dear Old Cabinet, we can understand with what diffidence he came, as the day and hour drew near, to regard his appearance on an alien stage in a part so entirely different from that in which he had built his great fame as an artist. The best of English-speaking actors had allotted them that day characters which they had played before London audiences very frequently and with great acclaim; but he alone of them all was on trial before that British public whose respect, admiration and love he had won while playing Rip Van Winkle. No doubt he hoped, as his American friends in London expected, that his success on that occasion would be a great one, but it proved to be greater even than he had dared to hope for, or they to expect. It was at once generally acknowledged by the vast and delighted audience that witnessed it that no comedy acting of such exquisite delicacy and finish had been seen in the London theater during their time, and Mr. Jefferson walked off the boards that afternoon the hero of the Compton benefit. The next morning the "Times" and the other leading journals thundered the praises of the great artist who had by the infinite grace, elegance and refinement of his art eclipsed even the most honored traditions of the British stage. They insisted that, as his visit was drawing so near to its close, he should, before he concluded it, appear in a number of his light comedy characters, and in answer to this almost unanimous demand, Mr. Jefferson entered into an engagement to play a brief season of comedy at the old Haymarket. His last London engagement at the Princesses

Theater had lasted six months, during all which time, and up to the very night before his departure for the Haymarket season of farce, the house overflowed with the most cultured audiences of England.

At the Haymarket, Mr. Jefferson elected to appear in two of Morton's farces, viz., "Lend Me Five Shillings," and "A Regular Fix." The opening of the initial performance showed the great actor to be exceedingly nervous, and he scarcely did justice to himself in the early scenes of the farce; but as he was warmed to his work by the applause and laughter from the front, he threw off the saucy doubts and fears which hampered him, and showed to his English friends such an exquisite and refined expression of comedy as they had never seen upon a London stage. Whatever Joseph Jefferson does is gracefully and charmingly done, and there was something eminently graceful and charming in his personation of Morton's heroes. His humor flowed spontaneously as grass grows, or water runs; nothing was forced or hurried, and every light touch or broad effect evinced not only the genius but the care of the artist. A subtle delicacy of treatment, an elegance of expression, characterized the whole performance, gave it completeness, and made it the perfection of dramatic art.

To conquer the prejudices of a people who place an actor of Toole's caliber at the head and front of comedy acting, in favor of a higher art, was no easy task; but Mr. Jefferson succeeded in doing it. He compelled approbation from press and public, and while the engagement was not peculiarly as successful as that at the other house where he played Rip Van

Winkle, it was as complete an artistic success as the old Haymarket had ever witnessed, or as any actor could desire. Indeed, its want of overflowing houses was a compliment, for the people of England had so grown to think of Mr. Jefferson as associated with poor Rip that they did not care to dispel the fine illusion by seeing him in a mere farcical character. The ghost of that old Dutch vagabond stood at the door of the Haymarket warning them away. Rip had made them *feel*, while Golightly and de Brass only made them *laugh*.

What he did most thoroughly succeed in doing was in dispelling the conviction that his art was narrowed to a single part, and in demonstrating that it was broad and deep as the bounds and foundations of comedy; that else it had no limits. This remarkable engagement, in which only two farces were played, lasted eight weeks, drawing nightly large audiences, and placing Mr. Jefferson in the very front rank of English-speaking comedy actors—of that comedy which is light as air, and yet a tangible something of real wit and humor.

Mr. Jefferson is now homeward bound after his too prolonged absence, and I believe the wish is a common one that he will occasionally give to his American audiences a touch of his quality as an actor of light comedy. His Rip Van Winkle is the perfection of art, but so also are his Hugh de Brass, his Mr. Golightly, his Dr. Pangloss, his Bob Acres, as well as those other great parts of the old English comedies which he so exquisitely interprets.

L. C. D.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

French Plays for American Amateurs.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Foker, the friend of Arthur Pendennis, fell in love with Miss Blanche Amory, he followed her everywhere, —not the least frequently, to the French play, telling his fond mother that he "went to the French play because he wanted to perfect himself in that language, and there was no such good lesson as a comedy or vaudeville." Whatever may have been Mr. Foker's motive in making this last statement there is no doubt that he showed in this, as in other acts of his life, a singular shrewdness. There is no school for learning to speak and understand a language so good as the performance of its best modern plays. The only wonder is that it should have been left to the unscholastic intellect of Mr. Foker to discover this. Perhaps it is also to be wondered at that the great discovery, having been once made, was not immediately pushed to its legitimate limits with a resulting and incalculable improvement in the quality and the quantity of the French spoken by young persons of both sexes gifted with the ordinary advantages of education. French poetry is read in many schools, and the scholar learns that Calypso could not console herself. Yet in most cases the scholar studies French as a means, not as an end. He wants the language to use; he needs it to help him along in travel or in trade; he wishes to speak and to understand it, and if he can also acquire a knowledge of its literature, so much the better; but that alone is not his aim. Now poetry, especially French poetry, is the most literary kind of literature. The reading of it

will hardly advantage a man much in the actual use of the tongue. The diction of poetry is often obsolete, archaic and recondite. Now, for practical use one needs fresh, nervous, idiomatic expressions, which the elegant extracts of the French reader will not give. The reading of history and prose fiction is of greater use. But even this is likely to be more formal—at least more stiff in style—than the colloquies in which the ordinary student must expect to engage. It may be assumed that nine out of ten attack a foreign language to conquer it sufficiently to hold a conversation in it. Now, where, obviously, can they find anything better for their purpose than a work in which there is nothing but talk? The play fills the bill exactly. An inkling of this fact seems to have been had by some teachers, who have, however, failed to seize its exact bearings. They have sought to satisfy this demand for dialogue by the use of the plays of the classic drama,—the tragedies and comedies of Racine, Molière and Corneille. Setting aside the fact that most of these are written in verse, and treat of subjects alien to modern life, their vocabulary is not adapted to the wants of most learners of the language. They are of course beautiful works of art, and the glories of French literature, which no man can fail to enjoy when he has once gained sufficient knowledge of the language to begin to appreciate style. But they are not best fitted to aid him in gaining his first control over the words of a foreign tongue. They belong in short to the literature of the past, and not to the life of the present. What the student requires is the talk of the Frenchman

of to-day. This he can get best in the plays written by the Frenchman of to-day. In these he will find just what he needs,—dialogue in the form in which he is likely to hear it in real life, and the vocabulary which he will have to use in his dealings with his fellow-creatures in foreign parts. Nor is this all; he will (if he should choose or have pointed out to him the proper works) have an opportunity of gaining insight into the character and modes of thought, the failings, feelings and ways of life of the modern Frenchman, as they seem to himself. The student will not only be acquiring the right vocabulary and accustoming his ear and his mouth to its use, but he will also insensibly become possessed of a knowledge of human nature as it has been modified by the environment of the modern Parisian.

In no way are the brightness and cleverness of modern French literature more clearly shown than in its writing for the stage. In all the technicalities of the theater, in taste, in skill, in the production of the greatest effect with the least apparent exertion,—in all these the French dramatists are unrivaled. Nor is their ingenuity less in the devising of plots. The story is nearly always interesting, and the interest of the story is not weakened by long descriptions or lengthened analyses. The characters must speak and act for themselves. No obscurities are possible, for the action must take place before the reader's eyes. A good play is a skeleton novel,—a novel with all the best points preserved and all the weak excised. It takes but little ingenuity to turn a play in French into a novel in English. Indeed it has been done again and again. Mrs. Mowatt translated "*Les Doigts de Fée*," of MM. Scribe and Legouvé, into her "*Fairy Fingers*." Mr. Charles Reade in his "*Hard Cash*," and Miss M. E. Braddon in her "*Rupert Godwin*," took the skeleton of "*Les Pauvres de Paris*," by MM. Brisebarre and Nus, clothing it each after the fashion that seemed most fit. Regarded merely as literature, French plays have nearly all the merits of French novels, besides very marked advantages of their own.

In view of these facts, what has been done to facilitate the reading of modern French by students of the language in this country? Not very much. But what has been done has been well done. Professor Ferdinand Bôcher of Harvard University has selected and edited a college series of modern French plays to which he has appended notes. Henry Holt & Co., the publishers of this series, also issue another series of modern French comedies—some nineteen plays in all, well chosen and well adapted for their purpose.* To point out another score of French plays just suited to the reading of American students is the object of this paper.

It may first be premised that any of these plays can be obtained from any of the many foreign book-sellers in our large cities. If not on hand, they can be imported to order in about five weeks' time. The cost of each play in France varies from one to

two francs, and the importing book-sellers, as a rule, charge the gold franc as thirty-five cents currency, including the freight and duty; for our inestimable tariff kindly imposes a tax on the pursuit of knowledge.

For beginners in linguistics, a play in one act is best. And it is surprising to note how many excellent one-act plays there are in French. The learner has time to finish the single act before he gets tired with the subject. He is generally at the end of the book before he has wished himself done with the whole thing—a precious advantage, as those who remember their early struggles with a foreign language and the numberless novels they left half read will readily attest; in a play so short, moreover, the plot is likely to be simple and easily followed, and the characters cannot but be few. The chances for confusion and consequent loss of interest are therefore likely to be less. Among the best French comedies in one act are two by Mme. de Girardin. "*La Joie fait Peur*" is in M. Bôcher's college series; it has one strong, highly wrought situation of more dramatic force than the whole five acts of some plays: there is a version of it in English by Mr. George H. Lewes, called "*Sunshine through the Clouds*;" and Mr. Dion Boucicault has also used it as the basis of his pretty play, "*Kerry, or Night and Morning*." The second of Mme. de Girardin's one-act dramas, "*Une Femme qui déteste son Mari*," is equally dramatic: Mr. Tom Taylor has skillfully adapted it to the English stage under the title of "*A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*." Mention is made of the translation or adaptation in English of these plays, in order that those familiar with the English play, or caring to become so by the expenditure of fifteen cents,—the regular price for pamphlet plays in this country,—can gain some idea of the French play before going to the trouble and expense of ordering it from France. But they must be warned that rarely, very rarely, indeed, does the English version do justice to the French original. *Traduttore, traditore*, says the Italian proverb. Translator: traitor. In general, the adapters have only seen in the French play a situation or a subject which they have sought to render roughly in English. And in this transplanting, the tender and twining shoots of taste and fancy are often broken. The dainty comedy becomes a roaring farce or a rough-hewn melodrama. In only one case that I know is the English play better than the French; and in this case the English is the original. "*Un Anglais Timide*" is a version in French of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's very funny farce, "*Cool as a Cucumber*," made by Mr. Charles Mathews for his own acting when he appeared at the Palais Royal Theater in Paris, ten or fifteen years ago. In general, the English play is inferior to the French in true dramatic effect, and in literary taste and skill. "*Old Gooseberry*," for example, merely misrepresents "*Les deux Sœurs*," the absurd comedy in one act by M. Jules Moinaux. "*Un Mari dans du Coton*," by Lambert Thiboust, has not fared so badly; there are three English versions, of which the best, "*A Husband in Clover*," by Mr. Herman Merivale, is

* Another and similar series is published by Hachette of Paris as the "*Théâtre Français du XIX. Siècle*."

a neatly turned little play. There is no direct version of M. Léon Gozlan's "Dieu Merci, le Couvert est-Mis!" but, as the subject is identical with "Eigensinn," a German play by the late Roderich Benedix, the English version of this, called "Obstinacy," will fairly give an idea of the French. Another of M. Gozlan's comedies, "La Pluie et le Beau Temps," is in one act and well suited for those who desire bright and yet simple reading; there is an English version, called "Love and Rain." MM. Meilhac and Halévy are perhaps best known by their "Frou-Frou,"—the latest variation on the theme of "The Stranger," and "A Woman Killed with Kindness,"—and by their libretti for M. Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," "La Belle Hélène," and other operas. But they have also written plays which the most careful mother may freely permit the most innocent daughter to read. "L'été de la St. Martin" is an idyl in one act, a charming little play, fragrant as new-mown hay and delicate as the Indian summer whose name it bears. Another little play of theirs, "Les Brebis de Panurge" enters our list, although it turns on the risky subject of love; it has been Englished under the name of "Follow my Leader;" this fairly enough indicates the scope of the plot, which sets forth the efforts of one lady to make another fall in love with a gentleman by crediting him with innumerable affairs of the heart,—making in short a regular lady-killer and Don Juan out of an inoffensive and harmless Mr. Smith. Half a dozen other one-act plays of which there are no English equivalents—none at least deserving mention—are: "Le Serment d'Horace" of Henry Mürger; "Le Sanglier des Ardennes" of Amédée Achard; "Les deux Veuves" of Félicien Mallefille; "Un Caprice," by Alfred de Musset; "Le Postscriptum," by M. Emile Augier; "Gringoire" of M. Théodore de Banville; and "Les Femmes qui Pleurent" of MM. Siraudin and Lambert Thiboust. This last is in the series of modern French comedies which also includes "Le Village," an act by M. Octave Feuillet, adapted by Mr. George H. Lewes as "A Cozy Couple." Last, but not least, come two plays by M. Eugène Verconsin, "C'était Gertrude" and "En Wagon," the latter of which, a very amusing little embroglio, is supposed to pass in a railroad train—like Mr. Howells's dainty little comedy, "The Parlor Car." But the strongest and most valuable re-enforcement to our list of one-act plays is a pair of handy volumes, recently edited by M. Ernest Legouvé, and the title of "Le Théâtre de Campagne," and containing in all about twenty little plays, written for the most part especially for amateur performance, by well-known dramatists, including MM. Meilhac, Labiche, Legouvé, Henri de Bornier,—the new dramatic poet,—Edmond Gondinet, and Ernest d'Hervilly. These comedies are admirably adapted for reading aloud, or for amateur acting. A few of them are unfortunately in verse, but the lines are so fresh and facile that the constraint of meter is hardly to be detected. Nearly ten plays being included in each volume, the price is less than in buying singly. I do not know where the student desirous of acquiring

idioms and colloquial phrases of daily use can do better than in the purchase of either of these volumes. In the first series, "La Soupière" is especially to be recommended, and in the second, "Le Mari qui Dort," a delightful specimen of exquisite French verse, in nowise stilted, and flowing as freely as prose. This last would make an excellent stepping-stone between the modern prose-plays and the earlier classical comedies in rhyme. In the two volumes there are only three plays—"Paturel," "Les Petits Cadeaux," and "Sa Canne et son Chapeau"—which need be skipped, and this not because they are offensive, but solely because they suppose a knowledge of things of which the young are likely to be ignorant.

It is curious to note how few comedies there are in two acts. With the exception of the artistic and even poetic "Sweethearts" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, I do not know one first-rate two-act comedy in English; and they are almost as rare in French. Besides "La Poudre aux Yeux," by MM. Labiche and Martin, in the college series, there are at least two other lively little plays of this length suitable for our purpose,—*"Le Train de Minuit,"* by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and *"Une Pêche Miraculeuse,"* by MM. Nus and Durantin, one of the lightest, brightest and funniest farcical comedies in the French language.

Plays in one or two acts are perhaps the only ones which amateurs should attempt to read; and there are but few French plays in three acts to be readily recommended; most of them, unfortunately, are a little too free and easy in style and subject to suit our sterner ideas,—in fact they seem intended not for the descendants of the Puritans, but rather for the Impuritans. Two of the best for the purpose of the student are by M. Victorien Sardou; one, *"La Perle Noire,"* is dramatized from his own Edgar Poe-like tale of the same name; the other, *"Les Pattes de Mouche,"* has also its connection with the American story, for it was evidently suggested by Poe's "Purloined Letter." It has been skillfully turned into English by Mr. Palgrave Simpson under the title of "A Scrap of Paper," and Mr. Charles Mathews has prepared a condensed version of it called "The Adventures of a Love-Letter." Eugène Scribe, the master in whose footsteps M. Sardou is treading, wrote, in association with M. Legouvé, an ingenious and interesting play in three acts called *"La Bataille des Dames,"* rendered into vigorous English by Mr. Charles Reade, whose nervous and rapid style lent it an added force and directness.

There are also in M. Bôcher's series a few longer plays in four and five acts,—*"La Maison de Penarvan,"* and *"Mlle. de la Seiglière,"* by M. Jules Sandeau; *"Les Doigts de Fée,"* by Scribe; *"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,"* by M. Octave Feuillet; *"Jean Baudry,"* by M. Auguste Vacquerie; and *"La Cagnotte,"* by MM. Labiche and Delacour.

An effort has been made in the bringing together of the plays here cited to have the collection fairly representative of the dramatic literature of the day in France. In the list of a score or more plays

may be found the names of nearly every French dramatist of the first rank, with the obvious exception of M. Dumas *filz*. Augier, Feuillet, Sandeau, de Musset, Scribe and Legouv  , Meilhac and Hal  vy, Mme. de Girardin and Sardou, are each represented by at least one act. And there is not a single play on the list to the reading of which by her daughter the most fastidious mother could object. Such a list is certainly an answer to the reiterated assertion that all the dramatic literature of France is immoral. Many, if not most, French plays were written merely to amuse; some, a considerable number indeed, were designed to instruct also; and a few, I may say, a very few are consciously and intentionally, and of malice prepense, immoral. Many of them are—if the word may be hazarded—unmoral; and many of them again deal with problems whose solution is taxing the brain and affecting the existence of modern society. These last, it is needless to say, are not fitted for the young, however unexceptionable may be their morality; they are not spoon-meat for babes, and they have not found mention in the foregoing paragraphs, the object of which has been to draw attention to a few light and bright French plays, simple in plot, easy in style, and sparkling with a wit which, while it may rarely rise to the fineness of attic salt, never sinks to the coarseness of *sel gaulois*.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Market for Art-work.

AMONG the readers of SCRIBNER there are many artists, and more amateurs who would gladly go through the hard training which makes artists, but who live in inland towns where neither instruction nor a market for their work when it is done, can be had. The commission charged by the large dealers on such sales is often about ninety per cent. To meet this want, and to meet the needs also of city

artists who find it difficult, for various reasons, to reach buyers of decorative work, certain influential and wealthy women of this city opened, in September, salesrooms for the exhibition and sale of pictures, statuary, house-decorations, designs in pottery, art, and ecclesiastical needle-work, any and everything in short which can be included under the head of decorative art. The rooms are intended not only as a d  p  t for the work of well-known established artists, but for those who are entirely unknown. No prestige is required to gain admission. Pictures, statuary, needle-work, etc., when received, are submitted to the judgment of a committee, which is composed not of connoisseurs but artists of reputation. A label expressing the approval of the society is attached to such as are of real merit; but all alike are offered for sale, for the space of three months. If the article is sold in that time ten per cent. of the price is deducted as commission; if not, it is returned to the artist. The expense of transportation is borne by the artist. It is the intention of the Society to afford instruction in certain branches, especially in art needle-work, and the decoration of pottery, in which American designers are groping about hopelessly. Most of the finest work on the Minton and Doulton ware is done by women, even the delicate paintings on *p  te tendre*, or *p  te-sur-p  te*. There is no reason why this career should not be opened to American women of talent and skill.

The Society proposes to establish branch committees throughout the country, to examine and adjudicate upon offered work.

The rooms (No. 4 East Twentieth street) are open to artists of both sexes. The plan was at first intended to benefit only women; but the Society has wisely, as we think, declined to acknowledge any distinction of sex in art.

R. H. D.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bowen's "Modern Philosophy." *

FRANCIS BOWEN is Alford Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and the author of a volume on American Political Economy. Since the war this work has been republished with remarks on the management of the currency and finances since the outbreak of the war of the rebellion. He has also delivered various lectures on metaphysical subjects, written treatises of minor scope and edited works of standard importance. John Stuart Mill noticed his objections to theories of his own brought forward in a printed series of lectures on English philosophers from Bacon to Sir William Hamilton. Professor Bowen is about 65 years of age, and has been dealing with abstruse questions of metaphysics all his life; it

will be readily seen therefore that he is particularly well fitted for examining the various claims of the philosophers of the 17th, 18th and present centuries. It need not be expected that a man of such antecedents should divest himself entirely of his own predilections and prejudices, but we may certainly await evidences of a fairly judicial turn of mind, and more than all, great clearness in unraveling and spreading out the intricate mazes of argument on abstract subjects. This last, perhaps the highest praise that can be awarded a publication of the kind, is indeed the chief recommendation of Professor Bowen's new volume. A certain number of persons, quite ignorant of such questions, will undoubtedly undertake the reading of this book for purpose of self-instruction; but even among those who at college have been over the ground allotted to metaphysics there must be comparatively few who will not be heartily thankful for a clear style

* Modern Philosophy from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann. By Francis Bowen, A.M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

and thoughtful, well-reasoned presentation of the old questions. It would be an instructive move if some one could travel about among the graduates of colleges and collect the opinions of mature alumni on the advisability of teaching metaphysics to the undergraduate. A heavy majority would be sure to vote that the time used in that study was almost wasted, or at any rate, that much more might be done for a boy in the same time if the same effort were applied in another direction. Perhaps those who advocate the study of subjects suitable only to mature brains would be driven as a last resource to the unflinching argument,—and an argument by no means to be despised,—that if attention to metaphysics be not given during the college course it will never be taken up again in after-life; whereas under the existing system the mind may lie fallow for twenty or forty years and then prove to have been prepared by that slight early training. At Harvard, however, the growth of the system of optional studies may settle that question amicably by leaving the study very much to the free will of the student.

Professor Bowen's work consists of an Introduction giving the general line of argument, and succeeding chapters in which the main ideas are elaborated and historically proved. Most of the chapters are successive reviews of the leading ideas on metaphysics enunciated by eminent philosophers from the time of Descartes on. Descartes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Pascal, Leibnitz and Berkeley, are the stepping-stones by which we reach Immanuel Kant. Four chapters are allotted to Kant. Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer bring us down to the present day, and face to face with Hartmann, the modern German pessimist, and his philosophy and metaphysics of the unconscious.

A book treating of the affairs of the highest moment to man, and striving to compress into 480 pages the gist of the theories brought forward by a line of deep thinkers extending over some four centuries, cannot be adequately reviewed in the limits allowed by this periodical. All that can be done is to indicate the general scope of the work and then try to fix the position of the author when facing the great questions that have agitated the schools of philosophy during the historical ages. The preface lets us in at once to the main secret; it answers frankly the tacit question asked by every religionist, skeptic, free-thinker or materialist, when he takes up a book of philosophy: Into which of the main divisions of belief or skepticism does the writer fall? Mr. Bowen says that he has earnestly desired to avoid prejudice on either side, and to welcome evidence and argument from whatever source they might come, and that after forty years of diligent inquiry he is now more firmly convinced than ever that what has been justly called "the dirt-philosophy" of materialism and fatalism is baseless and false. "I accept with unhesitating conviction and belief the doctrine of the being of one personal God, the creator and governor of the world, and of one Lord Jesus Christ in whom 'dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily';

and I have found nothing whatever in the literature of modern infidelity which, to my mind, casts even the slightest doubt about that belief."

This is a bold and strong stand to take for a man who is about to review a number of philosophers, the great majority of whom, no matter how near their speculations may have carried them to the tenets of Christianity, were nevertheless unbelievers in the personal divinity of Christ. And it comes with special force from a professor at Harvard on account of the reputation for skepticism which that university bears. In the historical and exegetic pages that follow there is little sign of animus on the part of Professor Bowen, although the ugly epithet just quoted—dirt-philosophy—might lead one to expect rancor. But he does not fail to bring out everything that can militate for his side,—the side of ideality, spirituality, the unsensuous; moreover, his judgments in the case of philosophers who have been much decried for pessimism and nihilism, are softened whenever the latter show signs of wavering before the dreadful results of their speculations. Von Hartmann is such a man, and Mr. Bowen's sympathetic and almost genial review of his "Philosophy of the Unconscious," the most popular and the most modern that Germany has produced, is one of the many obligations under which the professor has placed all who are interested in such studies. On the other hand, space may be made only for these notices of the modern English philosophy, so far as it appears in Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. Mr. Bowen likens the history of philosophy to a pendulum swinging to and fro between extremes of opinion. Disgusted with the mockery, sophistry, and empiricism of Voltaire, Diderot, David Hume, and Condillac, the current of opinion turned in the other direction, and the advent of what is called the Scotch philosophy was hailed with joy in England and France. But in our own day another great swing of the pendulum has taken place. Once more, as in the eighteenth century, we have a period of enlightenment, of "clearing up." As the former period was denominated the Age of Reason, the present boastfully calls itself the Age of Science. Mr. Charles Darwin only repeats Helvetius and Lord Monboddo when he tells us, "that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." Mr. Spencer literally follows David Hume, when he asserts that the illusion of the freedom of the will consists in supposing that at each moment, the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas, actual and nascent, which then exists." Mr. Huxley pithily expresses the necessitarian doctrine when he protests, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock, and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." Positivism, notorious as it has become, has few adherents of any mark. Since Comte, the names of only Congreve, Harrison, and Bridges in England, and Littré in France, occur to Mr. Bowen. Mr. Huxley took leave of positivism

with a stinging epigram, designating it as "Catholicism minus Christianity."

This will have to serve as a slight means of fixing Mr. Bowen's general stand-point on the great questions of every age. The book is clearly expressed, very readable, and without doubt an admirable textbook for advanced students in philosophy, whether in university or at work by themselves.

Holmes's Poems.*

A ONE-VOLUME edition of a poet's complete works always tempts one to a thorough re-perusal, more strongly than a collection of his various books gathered in a long succession of years. Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. evidently recognize this fact, and have done good service in supplying such editions under the names, "Favorite," "Centennial," and "Household." In the last-mentioned series we are now given for the first time all the poems of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and within this pen-fold, as we may call it, have been gathered all the "fugitive" poems that had escaped the author down to dates so recent as that of President Hayes's Boston banquet in June, and the Woodstock celebration in July, of the present year. Those two occasions coming so near together and marked, in the volume before us, by poems that stand side by side, were noticeable for a sharp contrast of political opinion; and the fact that the same cheerful poet celebrated both is characteristic of this whole collection. Dr. Holmes's career as a writer of verse now covers the long period of forty-seven years; and he must be an alarmingly sedate poet—in fact, no poet at all—who could preserve the same frame of mind and put forward the same opinions at all times during so extensive a term. Still one is peculiarly impressed by some of the sharp contradictions of sentiment in the effusions of Dr. Holmes. In 1842 we find him presenting a song for a temperance dinner in New York, and in 1858 was written his well-known praise of wine, "Mare Rubrum," at the opposite extremity of the abstinence question. But his polished Anacreonism never has a very dangerous look, always seeming rather assumed than deep-seated, and his real sentiment is one of moderation:

"'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
The bane is in thy shallow skull; not in my silver bowl."

Then again, during the war, Holmes is the poet of wrath, and now he is the poet of reconciliation. Whatever mood is uppermost, the feeling that seems called for, he is ready to express. If one tires of this in re-reading him, and longs for an atmosphere of profounder purpose, one must remember that he is listening to a writer whose inspiration is eminently "occasional." In this volume there are no less than thirty-two compositions for meetings of the Harvard class of '29; about thirty other pieces especially designated as occasional, and many more scattered through the book which were furnished for anniversary

series and reunions. Among the two hundred and fifty comprised in the whole list, one-half are meant to serve some transient purpose of this sort. Deep themes are often touched, and there is a great deal of genuine feeling shown, but what one most notices is the brilliancy and the humor. There are several exceptions, and curiously enough two of the most striking are the first two of all the poems; "Old Ironsides," and "The Last Leaf." The first is full of fire, the second of pathos, and worthy of Browning at his best. In general, however, the higher flights of the poet are not the strongest, and we own to a little surprise at finding on a full review that much of his humorous or witty writing falls rather flat, as if needing apt elocution and the presence of an audience to give it effect. But, though we have mentioned two of the earliest pieces as surpassing many later ones, we do not mean to obscure the fact that within the last fifteen years, Dr. Holmes has achieved some of his finest metrical successes—notably "Dorothy Q.," and that splendid Revolutionary ballad, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill." This fact increases our conviction that his fame rests on the possession of a true poetic gift, as well as on that of fun, wit, and elastic good-nature. There is some crudeness to be regretted; we could wish that one so well endowed might have had added to his resources a stronger musical element; and we think the poet's confession—

"to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow"—

may be due in part to a life of crowded occupations, denying him time enough to bring his flowers to the richest bloom. But no one will quarrel with the fate that has given us a New England poet with so much of the smoothness and point of Pope, the brightness of Gay, and the wit and drollery of Hood.

Tourguéneff's "Virgin Soil."*

"I NEVER read a novel of Tourguéneff's," a friend of ours remarked the other day, "without feeling as if I had been eavesdropping,—as if I had overheard things I had no business to know." We do not exactly share the feeling; but the remark, nevertheless, expresses something of the absolute reality with which this author invests his fictitious characters. Long after their cruelly consonantal and polysyllabic names have faded from our memory, their individualities linger in our minds like those of friends or acquaintances of past years, who at the time affected us with a decided antipathy or attraction.

It is difficult to analyze this most subtle quality in Tourguéneff's art,—how he invariably contrives to breathe a living soul even into the most insignificant actors in his novels. His method, by the way, is not analytical like that of George Eliot; it is rather, to use a philosophical term, synthetic. He registers with painstaking minuteness every

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Household Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* Virgin Soil. By Ivan Tourguéneff. Translated with the Author's Sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Leisure Hour Series.

peculiarity of character and appearance, even to a freckle in the face or a mole on the neck; he observes every fleeting intonation of the voice, every little oddity of habit and manner; but somehow invariably succeeds in uniting all these accumulated details into a living and spirited whole. He invests them with a subtle aroma or sphere, and in the end the result never fails to crystallize into a very distinct and recognizable personality.

It is needless to add, then, that in "Virgin Soil," as in all his previous stories, the characterization is masterly. Take for instance Neshdanof, the nominal hero, with his fastidious, aristocratic nature, his fine hands, and his vague, æsthetic yearnings. As the illegitimate son of a nobleman, born with the tastes and proclivities of the upper classes, but thrown early upon the mercy of the world, he feels at war with himself and the society which is responsible for his condition; and this inner conflict leads him into the camp of the socialists. They hate what he hates, or imagines he hates; and although their plebeian speech and habits jar upon his fine nerves, he suppresses his disgust and honestly tries to persuade himself that it is his own nature which is at fault. But such a conviction must be inborn; Neshdanof, at all events, finds it hard to acquire. His attempts to carry out his socialistic theories (in which, after all, he but half believes), to identify himself with the people, to become a plebeian among plebeians, form the most pathetic chapters of the story and only need a little stronger spice of humor to relieve their grim uncompromising earnestness. Neshdanof's highest achievements in his conscientious endeavors to make a peasant of himself is to distribute a few socialistic tracts, to dress himself as a traveling journeyman, and to get, not "gloriously," but most drearily drunk—all from a rigid sense of duty.

One of the finest pieces of *genre* painting which this or any other novel has to show is the description of the family of Sipiagin, the liberal statesman whose perfumed elegance pervades the book like a haunting odor of attar of roses. Sipiagin seems to be intended by the author as the type of the successful Russian politician—a lover of half measures, a despot and a barbarian at heart, with a strong external gloss of "European culture." Neshdanof is taken into his family as the tutor of his son, and has the misfortune to fall in love, or what amounts to the same, to believe himself in love with Sipiagin's niece, Marianne. Our space does not permit us to attempt to unravel the little intrigue to which this gives rise,—the flight of the lovers and the final tragic, and still consistent and thoroughly logical, *dénouement*.

Tourguéneff is as strictly neutral in his attitude toward socialism as in his former novels he was toward Nihilists, Slavophiles and Bulgarian patriots. His interest is merely that of a psychologist; he stands by attentively watching every social movement, with an artistic delight in every new type or new modification of old types which it is sure to develop. And in the present instance, it is safe to admit, his harvest has been a very rich

one. What a fine, sturdy and thoroughly living figure is, for instance, the engineer Solomine with his quiet intelligent smile, his common sense and his proud independence! Then the brave, unpractical and hot-headed Markelof, the grim and angular Mashurina with her absurdly pathetic devotion to Neshdanof, the whimsical, half generous, half calculating Pakline, who persistently hovers on the outskirts of the movement, and in the end sells "the good cause" for a cigar,—what a gallery of inimitable portraits!

It has frequently been urged as a blemish in Tourguéneff's novels that they are too distinctly Russian, and that our interest in them must therefore ever remain an historical rather than a human one. It was on this account especially grateful to us to hear a man, once prominent in the antislavery movement, affirm that the reading of "Virgin Soil" had recalled that epoch most vividly to his memory, that in fact he could point to corresponding types among the early abolitionists. Every social movement, then, be it good or bad (and no social movement is wholly either), has its Neshdanofs, its Markelofs, its Solomines and its Paklines; and the book which gathers these into striking and convenient groups has, in spite of its distinctly national character, an abiding and universally human interest.

We have noticed a few inaccurate and infelicitous expressions in the present translation. The French *simplifier* which occurs in half a dozen passages of the French version hardly expresses the exact idea which the author intended to convey; and the English "simplify" is still more remote from the right meaning. One of the German translators adopts the extremely awkward verb *verallgemeinern*, while another very happily embodies the author's meaning in the simple word *verbauern*—to make a peasant of oneself, to become a rustic. It is difficult to invent an exactly fitting term in English; but even a paraphrase would have been preferable to "simplify," which is rather misleading. However, Mr. Perry's rendering, on the whole, is correct and conscientious.

Miss Martineau's Autobiography.*

It is easy enough to discover the flaws and faults of the character which Miss Martineau has sketched for herself in her autobiography, and the reader is rather disposed to judge sharply one who is herself so very free in her strictures upon the character and the behavior of others. Miss Martineau certainly has a disposition to think people wicked who are in some way opposed to her. We might mention other short-comings which the book discloses. But the life of such a person as Miss Martineau is of itself proof of the unimportance of faults when seen in a mind which is at once sound, conscientious, and energetic. She was a person of a strong and of a fortunate cast of mind. Benevolent, dignified, with a moral sense and a self-respect so strong as to make it necessary that she do her

duty. She was fortunate in finding at hand a work which, while it satisfied the demand of so energetic and upright a person for labor, supplied just the boon which her nature required—the opportunity of utterance. The necessity for utterance, she tells us, was the sole reason with her for writing. A matter-of-fact lady who was her relation and the inmate of her family, and who had known her from childhood, asked Miss Martineau if she did not write for money. Miss Martineau said “No;” for fame? “No;” for usefulness (thinking now surely she had it)? “No.” It was difficult for the author to make her understand that she wrote because it was a necessity of her nature to express her views as they matured. Yet Miss Martineau made no claims to being a writer of genius. She was one of that old English class whom “books, and work, and healthful play” make happy. She was one in character with that people among whom she appeared as a reformer. Born a dissenter and writing upon political economy in a country where a little French and the harp-sichord were supposed to be accomplishments sufficient for women, she seemed to her countrymen as something quite unheard of, most eccentric, and revolutionary. But when a few years have passed away and the ridicule and the criticism have closed, she is discovered to be only another English person doing in an English way the new work of the English people.

It is true that most readers will be surprised to learn what a very important and indeed necessary person she was in England. One wonders how the country could have got on in case Miss Martineau had never existed. But it must be remembered on the other hand, that she was a very eminent author in fields of study for which hitherto women had been supposed to have no fitness. She was always being told that she was an extraordinary person; for it is certainly true that superior ladies who drink tea with each other are given to extremes of mutual laudation not practiced among men. Then Miss Martineau was deaf, and that deprivation would perhaps tend to limit the sufferer to the world of her own thoughts. But the defects which Miss Martineau's pages show were those of a strong, and in the main of a beneficent, character. She was candid and intrepid; her hand was ready promptly to follow her opinion; she tried to do her duty, and appears to have come sufficiently near to it.

There is a great deal of personal description in the book which seems to show a want both of good judgment and of good temper. How does Mr. Horne, who is still living, like to read of the impression which the arrangement of his hair produced upon Miss Martineau's mind? That Miss Martineau should take pains to tell us that Campbell was always drunk when she saw him appears to us an abuse of the power of the pen. A sounder judgment would perhaps have induced Miss Martineau to suppress her not very mature or profound views upon the poetry of Wordsworth. But, on the other hand, the book contains many evidences of her strong intelligence and benevolent disposition. In the account of her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë,

there is charming feminine tenderness.* One evening in the autumn of 1849 Miss Martineau received a note which she and her friends examined very intently. It was from Currer Bell, inclosing a copy of “Shirley.” About a month later there came another note asking to be permitted to call on the following day. Miss Martineau was at the time staying with some friends in London, and they desired her to ask the favor of Currer Bell's company for tea at six the next evening. Who Currer Bell was nobody knew. It was not even known whether the author of “Jane Eyre” was a man or a woman. As the hour grew nigh, it may be understood that the company became conscious of a certain curiosity and excitement. A little before six there was a thundering rap, and in stalked a gentleman six feet high, who proved, however, to be a philanthropist, come upon some errand concerning lodging-houses. He sat and talked until they wished him gone, and he did go before Miss Brontë came. Precisely as the clock struck six, a carriage stopped at the door, and after a minute the footman announced “Miss Brogden.” Miss Martineau's cousin informed her then that it was Miss Brontë, for they had heard the name before among other guesses. Miss Martineau says that she thought her the smallest creature she had ever seen except at a fair, and that “her eyes blazed.” She glanced quickly about, and, knowing Miss Martineau by her trumpet, held out her hand. Miss Martineau says: “When she was seated by me on a sofa, she cast up at me such a look,—so loving, so appealing,—that in connection with her deep mourning dress, and the knowledge that she was the sole survivor of her family, I could with the utmost difficulty return her smile or keep my composure. I should have been heartily glad to cry.”

Miss Martineau's autobiography is carried down only to the age of fifty-three. She undertook the work some twenty years ago, having at that time been informed by her physicians that she could not hope to live much longer. The biography is continued by the friend of whom she speaks again and again with such charming enthusiasm, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. If Mrs. Chapman is here and there somewhat sentimental and extravagant, her regard and reverence for this distinguished woman are most sincere, and her share of the work seems to be done very well and carefully.

Mayer and Barnard's “Light.”*

IN American Science no name stands higher than that of Professor A. M. Mayer. In physics and particularly in the domain of experimental physics, he is considered among the best authorities, not only here but also abroad; in fact he has been called by Tyndall the “American Helmholtz.” His name is therefore a guarantee of the scientific accuracy of the series of works on experimental science, of which this little book is the first. After a careful examination we are fully convinced of the truth of

* *Light*: A series of simple, entertaining, and inexpensive experiments in the phenomena of light, for the use of students of every age. By Alfred M. Mayer and Charles Barnard. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

the remark in the preface that "this book will occupy a place hitherto unfilled in scientific literature." The experiments include demonstrations on the measurement of the intensity of light, on reflection, refraction, the decomposition of light, and colors. The volume, it seems to us, is particularly valuable, not only in what it directly teaches, but in what it will suggest to the youthful inquiring mind. In these days when experimental and object teaching have taken so largely the place of the didactic, this little work must fill an important place.

Mr. Barnard, who has acted in the capacity of interpreter between the man of science and the student, has done his work well. His explanations of the processes and the apparatus are so lucid that no child of ordinary intelligence can fail to comprehend them. If the succeeding volumes are as good as this there can be no question of the success of the series.

New English Books.

LONDON, Sept. 4.

UNBROKEN dullness marks the current month in the publishing world, and will continue to do so until the advent of November recalls the wandering Englishmen to their homes, their firesides, and their books. The facilities for travel—increasing as they do, year by year—account in some measure for the period of "total abstinence" from publishing, now fast becoming an ordinary custom of the trade, during the three autumn months. Even the stirring events now occurring daily in the east of Europe are as yet unchronicled in books, and are left to the war correspondents of the newspapers, who indeed show an amount of literary skill and culture, combined with the essential qualities of endurance and daring enterprise, that would gain distinction in any walk of life. The battle scenes of Mr. Archibald Forbes of the "Daily News," written in hot haste during the fight and telegraphed home from the very field, will compare favorably with the most graphic word-painting of similar scenes by Napier, Thiers or Macaulay. While reading of this exciting kind is so plentifully supplied, it is perhaps not singular that books in the calmer fields of literature should be temporarily overlooked. A few late issues of the press may be mentioned incidentally: "Two Years of the Eastern Question," by A. Gallenga (2 volumes 8vo), is the work of an accomplished Italian gentleman, well known as a writer for the English press, and gives an account of the preliminary state of affairs growing out of the Herzegovinian insurrection and culminating with Russia's declaration of war,—as it fell under his observation during a residence at Constantinople in 1875 and 1876. "A Ride through Islam: A Journey through Persia and Afghanistan, *via* Meshed, Herat and Kandahar," by H. C. Marsh, 8vo, is another work whose appearance now is probably due to the newly born curiosity and desire for information felt as regards the real state of the Mohammedan nations since the unexpected display of vigor by the Ottoman Turks. The com-

ing winter will certainly bring forth a large supply of similar books; among those that are looked for, the one previously mentioned, by Captain Burnaby, bids fair to be in the greatest demand, judging from the orders in advance, from the large circulating libraries.

The abundant and passionate rhetoric of Mr. Algernon Swinburne has found a fitting subject for its exercise in Mr. Wemyss Reid's interesting and successful "Memoir of the Author of 'Jane Eyre.'" In his "Note on Charlotte Brontë,"—agreeing with all the praise that she has received,—Mr. Swinburne thinks that not enough has been said, and that the sisters, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, "make up with Mrs. Browning the perfect trinity for England of highest female fame." The discussion of the peculiarities of the two first of these writers leads to the old question of the distinction between genius and talent, and a vigorous and subtle analysis of George Eliot's works is entered into for the purpose of proving that—in comparison with the two sisters—she must be credited with the possession of the latter faculty only. Everything written by such a master of language as Mr. Swinburne must be read with pleasure if not with entire agreement in his theories, and in this work his strength is put forth, especially in praise of the comparatively overlooked author of "Wuthering Heights"—Emily Brontë, of whose "chainless soul" he is a violent and rapturous adorer. Of literature proper there is little else to record at the moment, though in a short time a volume of great interest to all admirers of Thomas Moore, whether as a man or a poet, will make its appearance. It will be a gathering from his unpublished papers, MSS. and correspondence, curiously preserved through many accidents and vicissitudes, combined with a selection of fugitive and scattered writings of his hitherto uncollected, and will form a necessary supplement to all previous editions of his works. A remarkable instance of the responsibilities attached to the use of paper and print is given by the venerated John Henry Newman. Change of religious profession seems to have been far from alienating the affections of his former admirers, when he was an Anglican clergyman. Though the reprints of his writings now extend to nearly thirty volumes, there is a demand for more, and he has been obliged, unwillingly, to re-issue the most powerful of his works directed against what is now his own creed,—Romanism,—under the title of "The Via Media of the Anglican Church, illustrated in Lectures, Letters, and Tracts, written between 1830 and 1841." In his own words, gladly would he obliterate them, and he reproduces them, "not without pain," but *Littera scripta manet*—there the writings are; he might suppress them for a time, but sooner or later his power over them will cease; the public still call for them, so the best way of dealing with the question seemed to be to republish the matter in the author's life-time, accompanied by a refutation, where the difficulties enlarged upon are carefully and satisfactorily answered. The first volume of the "Via Media," now published, may be considered

as a true "curiosity of literature," as it commences with a preface of a hundred pages in opposition to the arguments of the work, supported by a running fire of notes on almost every page to the same effect. Every one who remembers the passage at arms between Kingsley and Newman, must acknowledge that the latter is a master of the weapons of controversy; the arguments therefore that satisfy him in 1877, of his own failacies in 1837, must afford a study of high logical value.

The estimable little series "Epochs of History" is continued with great spirit. The hand of a master is visible in the last of the series, "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages," by Dr. R. W. Church. The author is the successor of Dr. Milman as dean of St. Paul's, and it is satisfactory to find in that position, one who shows power equal to the execution of a monument as enduring as the "History of Latin Christianity" by his predecessor. Even in view of Mr. Seebohm's "Protestant Revolution" and Mr. Stubbs's "Early Plantagenets," it may be considered the most valuable of the series, though in immediate elements of popularity it may be surpassed by Mr. Morris's spirited and graphic "Age of Queen Anne." The high character of the series bids fair to be sustained by the forthcoming volumes; amongst them is "Frederick the Great and the Seven Years War," by F. W. Longman, of Balliol College, Oxford, a son of the active head of the publishing house of that name, lately deceased.

If it is, as some philosophers assert, an advantage for a country to be without a history, that privilege has been enjoyed by the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, up to this year. The mention of the "still-vex'd Bermoothes" in the "Tempest," and some poetical records of his visit to them, by Thomas Moore, are probably all that ordinary, well-read people could remember respecting the group, if they were put to the test, even though it forms a portion of the western quarter of the globe. This long silence is broken at length by the appearance of a portly volume by the late governor, Sir I. H. Lefroy, honorary member New York Historical Society, etc.: "Discovery of the Bermudas, Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, compiled from the Colonial Records and other Original Sources. Volume I. 1515-1632," to form two volumes, with maps, etc. In imitation of the states of the Union, the legislature of Bermuda has found the funds necessary for the perpetuation of their scattered and tattered records, and being ably seconded by the late governor, a very curious picture of English and colonial life in a state of perfect seclusion from the usual incidents of outward pressure, etc., is given, and Bermuda takes henceforth her place in the page of written history.

Mr. Darwin, the extent of whose painstaking researches is only equaled by his conscientious minuteness in recording every step of their progress, has lately brought out "The Different Forms

of Flowers on Plants of the Species," in one volume, uniform with his other writings on different branches of the same subject. "Scepticism in Geology," by "Verifier," is an attempt to re-open the old argument of the causes of the present condition of the earth, by one who is dissatisfied with the now generally received explanation given by Sir Charles Lyell. The students of a fascinating family of the vegetable kingdom will enjoy a great treat in the examination of "The Fern World," by Francis George Heath, author of "The Fern Paradise," etc., 12mo—a beautifully illustrated volume, enriched with nature-printed plates of ferns (impressions of the originals, not copies), wood-cuts, photographs, etc. It has the advantage of being a book of science as well as the work of an enthusiastic lover of nature, and glows with the poetry of the subject, while it supplies all needful information respecting the classification, culture, etc., of the most elegant specimens of the fern tribe. "Notes on Fish and Fishing," by J. J. Manley; also elegantly illustrated with wood-cut engravings from nature, combines literature and bibliography with a due proportion of technical information, where the angler will find chapters on the "Natural History of Fish," "Fishing as a Sport," and as a "Fine Art," and all other needful advice and counsel.

The conclusions arrived at by scholars on early Oriental and Biblical antiquities continue to be given to the world in new volumes of that valuable series, "Records of the Past," volume 9th, and "Lectures upon the Assyrian Language and the Arrow-headed Inscriptions of Nineveh and Babylon," by Rev. A. H. Sayce; but the expectation of archæologists all over the world is most eager for the publication of Dr. Schliemann's great work on the "Grecian Remains of Mycenæ and Tiryns." The volume is now in a forward state of preparation, but the arrangements for its simultaneous appearance in three languages (English, French and German), and at four cities (London, Paris, Berlin and New York) on the same day, while it attests the general interest felt in the subject, necessarily involves considerable expenditure of time. The volume will be most lavishly illustrated, and nothing can exceed the conscientious thoroughness of the writer, by whose record every step in his discoveries may be followed and verified by the photographic representations of the very objects themselves that met his astonished view in the progress of his researches. Unless some difficulties now unforeseen should arise, the volume will be in the hands of the public about December 1st.

The "New Library Edition" of Shelley's poetical works is just completed by the publication of the fourth volume. It is in all respects a credit to the English press. The editor, H. Buxton Forman, has made the book all that unwearied diligence and good taste could effect, and the result is the first satisfactory edition of this great poet.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Fire-proof Dwellings.

A PRIZE having been offered for the erection of a fire-proof dwelling-house of moderate cost, a model fire-proof house has been built in Chicago, and was recently filled with representative furniture and tested with fire. The furniture and a part of the window-framing was consumed, and a portion of the wall-plastering fell; but beyond this, the building was not seriously injured, either by fire or water, and, in the opinion of the committee of experts who conducted the tests, the builder was entitled to the prize. The dwellings erected on the same plan as this tested house are of the cheapest possible construction consistent with protection from fire, and some account of their mode of construction may be of value. The foundations are of stone, laid in concrete, and the walls are of brick, 35 centimeters (14 inches) thick at the lower story, and 25 centimeters (10 inches) thick at the second story, and with a hollow space of 5 centimeters, the floor-beams and rafters for the flat roof in each case resting on a projecting shelf. These beams and rafters, though of wood, are rendered fire-proof by bedding them in a concrete of 50 parts sifted cinders, 25 parts mortar, and 25 parts plaster-of-paris. Wired netting, nailed to the under side of the beams, serves for a support for the plastering. Above the plastering, the concrete is poured in between the beams 3.8 centimeters deep, and when it sets, it forms a hard fire-proof skin above the ceiling and inclosing the lower sides of the beams. Rough floor-boards are laid over the beams, and on these above each beam is nailed down a beveled strip of wood, 3.8 centimeters thick, and placed with the narrow edge uppermost. Between these strips concrete is poured in the form of a pasty mass till the floor is covered to the top of the strips. A stream of water from a hose is used to temper the concrete and smooth it down, and when it sets it gives a hard, white stone-like floor. Finishing floor-boards are then laid over the concrete and nailed down to the strips. The roof is also covered in the same way, except that the tin roofing is laid down over the concrete. The partitions are made either of hollow brick or of concrete laid up against iron wires. The plastering is spread over this and against the brick walls of the house. The stairs are of brick, laid in cement, and the flues in the chimneys are lined with clay pipes. Houses built on this plan, two stories high, entirely finished without and within, provided with gas and water pipes, bath-room, etc., and with garden in the rear, marble door-steps, and terra-cotta window-caps, have been erected for \$2,000. Smaller houses, containing kitchen, parlor, pantry, hall, cellar and three chambers, have been built for \$1,700, and one-story houses with five rooms can be erected for \$1,200. These houses more nearly represent cheap fire-proof houses than anything yet erected in this country, and are valuable as illustrating some of the more

recent applications of concrete in domestic construction. In this connection, the solid wood floors, already described in this department, would be cheaper and stronger than the beam-floors, and very nearly as fire-proof, even without concrete. Such floors cannot burn—except very slowly, because the air cannot reach them, and even, if burned for a long time, will not fall till almost completely destroyed. Iron rails (second-hand from the railroad) have also been used for fire-proof floors in this city. They are laid about 60 centimeters apart, and are fastened together by rods passing through them and secured to the walls at front and back of the building. A table is raised just under the rails, and this concrete (cinders,—or powdered coke,—mortar and plaster-of-paris) is poured in between the rails. When it sets, the tables below are removed, and the floor may be plastered below and boarded above. Though only 10 or 12 centimeters thick, it is sufficient to resist fire and sustain the load on the floor.

Nature-Printing in Graining.

COPIES from the natural grain of woods are now used in place of the generally inartistic patterns employed where graining is done by hand. Graining, as commonly done, is, in an artistic sense, vicious, because false, and by copying directly from nature, the work will at least have the merit of truthful design. A slab of wood of fine grain is selected, planed, sand-papered, and then rubbed with a stiff brush to clean the pores of the wood. A single coat of raw oil is then applied, and at once cleaned off with benzine. The graining-color, mixed with boiled oil to the consistency of cream, is then brushed over the wood, and at once scraped off with a piece of stiff leather. This leaves the pores of the wood filled with the color and the surface clean, after the manner of some kinds of engraving. A clean printer's roller is then passed over the wood for a distance equal to its circumference, or one revolution. The elastic roller thus takes up the color from the pores of the wood, and, on moving the wet roller over wood or paper, an exact copy or transfer of the natural grain is reproduced. This copy, if heavy, will give another to paper laid over it while it is still wet. The roller, when carefully cleaned, may be used again, and perhaps a number of times, till the color lodged in the pores of the wood is exhausted. For graining panels, skirtings for walls and wainscots transfer rollers of various forms may be used, as the character of the surface to be grained suggests.

Milk-Cooler.

It is recognized by dairy-men that milk is improved in quality by reducing its natural temperature to about 40° Fahrenheit as soon as possible after it is obtained. The usual plan of sinking the milk-cans in springs or in ice-water has the defect of

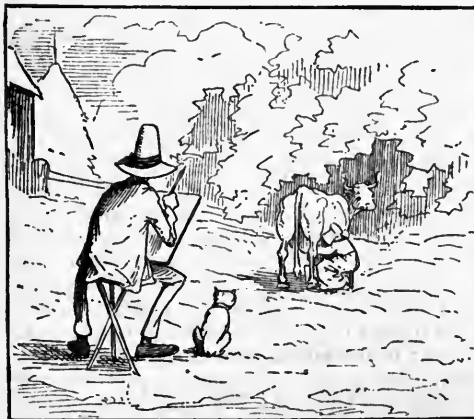
being a slow process, and milk-coolers have been devised that lower the temperature of milk quickly and cheaply. Among these is a cooler that is recommended as both cheap and efficient. It consists of two tin cans of any convenient size, and designed to fit one within the other. The larger can is circular, and contains a tin vessel shaped like an inverted cone. On the inside of this cone is a narrow ledge of metal wound in a spiral several times round the cone and ending at the bottom in a tube that passes out through the outer can. The smaller can is also cone-shaped, and is a few centimeters narrower and shorter. This vessel has a cover crowning in the center that fits tightly on top. In using the cooler, the large can is first filled with cold water, thus leaving the interior cone surrounded by the water. The second cone is then put in so that it fits close to the spiral ledge at every point and leaving a narrow space between the two cones. This inner cone is then filled with broken ice, sprinkled with salt, and is closed by the cover. A strainer for the milk is laid over the whole apparatus, and into this the fresh milk is poured. The strainer stops all impurities, and the clear milk drips through upon the cover of the cone, and then runs off on either side into the space between the two cones, and following the spiral ledge round the space, escapes

through the pipe below. By this device, the milk is made to run in a slender stream between the ice and water, and parting with its heat on the way. One passage of the milk through the cooler is said to be sufficient to reduce fresh milk to a desirable temperature.

A Suggestion to Miners.

THE abrupt change from bright sunlight to the intense darkness of a mine often causes a temporary blindness where the journey from the top to the bottom of the mine is made quickly. To allow the miners to recover their sight, it is the custom in some mines to have a well-lighted whitewashed room at the foot of the shaft where the miners can sit while recovering the use of their eyes. To obviate this delay, it is suggested that if one eye is closed for a moment or two before entering the pit and kept closed till the bottom of the shaft is reached, that on opening the eye the miner will be able to see distinctly the moment the lower darkness is reached. This custom is already carried out by miners in Mexico who come to the daylight and then return at once, keeping one eye closed during their brief excursion into the sunlight, and thus find no inconvenience in the change from dark to light or from light to dark.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



OUR ARTIST IN PURSUIT OF THE BEAUTIFUL.



THE BEAUTIFUL IN PURSUIT OF OUR ARTIST.

Every Man his own Letter-writer.

MR. EDITOR: I find, in looking over the various "Complete Letter-writers," where so many persons of limited opportunities find models for their epistolary correspondence, that there are many contingencies incident to our social and domestic life which have not been provided for in any of these books. I therefore send you a few models of letters suitable to various occasions, which I think may be found useful. I have endeavored, as nearly as

possible, to preserve the style and diction in use in the ordinary "Letter-writers."

Yours, etc., F. R. S.

No. 1.

From a little girl living with an unmarried aunt, to her mother, the widow of a Unitarian clergyman, who is engaged as matron of an Institution for Deaf Mutes, in Wyoming Territory.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 12th, 1877.

REVERED PARENT: As the morning sun rose, this day, upon the sixth anniversary, both of my birth and of my introduction

to one who, though separated from me by vast and apparently limitless expanses of territory, is not only my maternal parent but my most trustworthy coadjutor in all points of duty, propriety and social responsibility, I take this opportunity of assuring you of the tender and sympathetic affection I feel for you, and of the earnest solicitude with which I ever regard you. I take pleasure in communicating the intelligence of my admirable physical condition, and hoping that you will continue to preserve the highest degree of health compatible with your age and arduous duties, I am,

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
MARIA STANLEY.

No. 2.

From a young gentleman, who having injured the muscles of the back of his neck by striking them while swimming, on a pane of glass, shaken from the window of a fore-and-aft schooner, by a severe collision with a wagon loaded with stone, which had been upset in a creek, in reply to a cousin by marriage who invites him to invest his savings in a patent machine for the disintegration of mutton suet.

BELLEVILLE HOSPITAL, Center Co., O., Jan. 12, 1877.

MY RESPECTED COUSIN: The incoherency of your request with my condition (*here state the condition*) is so forcibly impressed upon my sentient faculties (*enumerate and define the faculties*) that I cannot refrain from endeavoring to avoid any hesitancy in making an effort to produce the same or a similar impression upon your perceptive capabilities. With kindest regards for the several members of your household (*indicate the members*), I am ever,

Your attached relative,
MARTIN JORDAN.

No. 3.

From a superintendent of an iron-foundry, to a lady who refused his hand in her youth, and who has since married an inspector of customs in one of the southern states, requesting her, in case of her husband's decease, to give him permission to address her, with a view to a matrimonial alliance.

BRIER IRON MILLS, Secaucus, Ill., July 7, '77.

DEAR MADAM: Although I am fully aware of the robust condition of your respected husband's health, and of your tender affection for him and your little ones, I am impelled by a sense of the propriety of providing in time for the casualties and fortuities of the future, to ask of you permission, in case of your (at present unexpected) widowhood, to renew the addresses which were broken off by your marriage to your present estimable consort.

An early answer will oblige,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN PICKETT.

No. 4.

From a cook-maid in the family of a dealer in silver-plated casters, to the principal of a boarding-school, inclosing the miniature of her suitor.

1317 East 17th St., N. Y., July 30, '77.

VENERATED MADAM: The unintermittent interest you have perpetually indicated in the direction of my well-being stimulates me to announce my approaching conjugal association with a gentleman fully my peer in all that regards social position or mental aspiration, and, at the same time, to desire of you, in case of the abrupt dissolution of the connection between myself and my present employers, that you will permit me to perform, for a suitable remuneration, the lavatory processes necessary for the habiliments of your pupils.

Your respectful well-wisher,
SUSAN MAGUIRE.

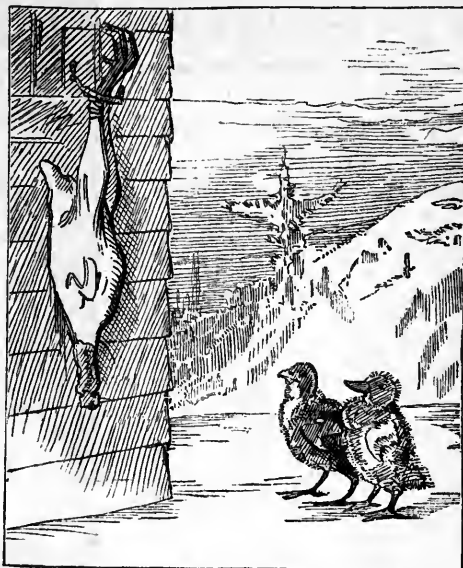
No. 5.

From a father to his son at school, in answer to a letter asking for an increase of pocket-money.

MY DEAR JOSEPH: Your letter asking for an augmentation of your pecuniary stipend has been received, together with a

communication from your preceptor, relative to your demeanor at the seminary. Permit me to say, that should I ever again peruse an epistle similar to either of these, you may confidently anticipate, on your return to my domicile, an excommunication of the cuticle which will adhere to your memory for a term of years.

Your affectionate father,
HENRY BAILEY.



THERE'S A SATISFACTION, AFTER ALL, IN BEING
VERY YOUNG.

Nigger-Twis'.

RIGHT hard work while it last,—dat's so:
Worruming backer all day long:—
Mizry gets in yer back, you know,
Speshly dem what aint so strong.
Dat's my fix;—but it seems ter me
Ise paid for it all when it comes ter dis:
My long-stem pipe, little Jake on my knee,
An' my pocket chock full o' nigger-twis'.

Corn-cob? Yes, sir. It aint so fine
As dat 'hogany-colored one o' yourn;
But I gits as much out o' dis o' mine
As de fines' one you ever did own.
De juice all dries in de cob, you see,—
Dat's de philos'phy o' pipes like dis;
An' a reed-root stem is de stem for me,
An' de sweetes' backer is nigger-twis'.

Dem dar's cur'us things, sho nuf,—
Dem little splinters what lights jes so:
Hit dey heads whar de box is rough
A sort o' hard, an' away dey go!
I never liked 'em. It seemed ter me
De devil's in 'em some way. An' dis
Is jes as good an' as true, you see:
A red-hot coal on de nigger-twis'.

Wouldn' I like a cigar? you say.
No, sir, I thank you. Ise tried dem dar,—
Different, sir, as de night f'om day,
Fur apart as a cuss an' pra'r;
Hasn't no strength, it seems ter me;
Can't begin ter compar' wid dis:
Nothin' onder de sun can be
Sweet as a cob, an' some nigger-twis'.

No—dat nuther! Well, I'll declar'!
Dat is de beatenes' Ise seed yet!
 What is de name dat you call dat
 ar?

Say it ag'in, please? Cigarette?
 Little Jake what sets on my knee
 Ud turn up his nose at a thing like
 dis,
 Ise gwine ter teach him ter do like
 me,
 An' suck de comfort f'om nigger-
 twis'.

Yes, dat's a fac'. 'Tis a lux'ry,
 sho,
 Backer is, whatever you say;—
 Seems like I never wants nothin'
 mo'
 'Ceptin' ter set down here, dis way,—
 Take little Jake up on my knee,—
 Have me a corn-cob pipe like dis,
 Wid a stem as long as f'om you to
 me,
 An' a pocket chock full o' nigger-
 twis'.

A. C. GORDON.

Fruition.

THROUGH the long, dreamy, idle,
 summer tide,
 While yet for lovers she sometime
 must wait,
 She, with devices gay, her fortune
 tried,
 And strove to turn the magic leaves
 of Fate.

She severed one by one the petals soft
 From the great odorous roses blooming red,
 The while her restless fingers queried oft,
 Whether this year or next, she should be wed.

The fringes white she plucked from marguerite,
 Found in the dewy grass of meadow-lot;
 Exultant, if it gave assurance sweet,
 Dejected, if it said, "He loves you not!"

And with her rosy mouth in pucker small
 All in one breath, did oft essay to blow
 The feathery down from dandelion tall,
 To learn the secret maidens long to know.

She left at night her kerchief on the lawn
 That he thereon in dew might write his name,
 Which she would rise and read at earliest dawn,
 With beating heart and velvet cheeks aflame

And glanced across her shoulder at the moon,
 When crescent-shaped she comes in palest gold,
 Imploping her to send the promised boon
 Of cavalier or faithful lover bold.

The four-leaved clover seemed to her a spell
 Which placed beneath her pillow soft at night,
 Her girlish dreams would wondrously fulfill,
 And with fruition crown her visions bright.

In short, I fear she did incline to stoop
 To childish deeds and follies not a few,
 Until one day, with nothing more to hope,
 She found her longings vague had all come true.

To try her fortune need there now was none.
 Unplucked, the daisy flourished in the dew;



JACK FROST AT WORK.

The red rose bloomed seductive in the sun
 And shattered, ere her touch its petals knew.

For while men vie together for her smiles,
 And lay their wealth and honors at her feet,
 While flattery's tongue her willing ear beguiles,
 She sighs to find her destiny complete.

And looking on the past through passion's glare,
 Through disenchantment and delusion vain,
 So calm it lies, unsullied, fresh and fair,
 She'd give her triumphs all to have it back again.

LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.

To One Who Had Called a Woman a Butterfly.

"Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
 Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly
 That flieth unto judgment without screen?"

DANTE.

THOU, in thy scorn, hast given her a name
 Far better than was meant;
 It hints of highest glory, not of shame;
 She ought to be content!

Groveling in care, a creeping worm thou art,
 She bursts her chrysalis;
 The emblem of our being's deathless part,—
 What nobler name than this!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

Rejected Conundrum.

If a miller were to sell four bags of flour to an
 authoress, what would he be pretty sure to do?
 Answer—He would take her four sacks home.

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THE WOODEN AGE.



THE FIRST STROKE.

WHEN the philosopher of the future, thousands of years hence, shall dig into the past to learn how obsolete people did live and build and develop, as we are now dig-

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ging into what we call the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages, he will discover that this nineteenth century was mainly marked, so far as the North American continent was

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concerned, with what he will term the "Wooden Age," followed by the brick, the stone, and the iron periods of architecture. He will, if he explores backward with some truth and ingenuity, learn that the newcomers who so swarmed in upon and overran these fresh lands, found first the great forests with which to build their houses, fences, ships and implements; and that afterward, when those resources were swept away by use, by fires, and by an all-compelling mania to see the face of the land shorn of every obstruction, the ancients of the nineteenth century were driven to other expedients with the products of the earth and the mine. Not waiting, however, for the possible classifications of the thirtieth century, we may safely say that to-day we are in the midst of the Wooden Age, and that it is an interesting subject to consider how long it is likely to last.

In the development of a new country like the United States, it may be difficult to say which is the most important factor—the product of the soil, the forest or the mine; though it is quite likely that in the practical necessities of civilization they come in the order we have given. First, agriculture, as the prime necessity for food; next, lumber and timber, to give houses, fences, vehicles, bridges, farming implements, etc.; and then iron for railroads, machinery and tools. But in the wonderful progress of the great West, which contains so many paradoxes, this order of production has not been closely adhered to. In the race for new lands, new town sites, and new sources of wealth, we have not waited for the plow and the wheat-field to precede us. Out on the plains balloon towns have sprung up, as it were in a night. Agriculture is an after-thought, and the farmer comes slowly after the pioneering trader and speculator. Even the railroad, which we have been accustomed to regard as the latest comer of all, has begun to surprise us (in pursuit of land subsidies or the commerce of a region beyond) by suddenly stretching itself out across trackless and uninhabited wastes. As has been said by a man well known as one of the most fearless railroad projectors in this country, "You cannot build a railroad into a wilderness; you may point one there, and you may build it with all the speed and energy of capital, but when you reach the place you will find the settler before you."

But with some little exceptions and reservations, it is safe to say that among the

earliest elements in the settlement of a new country is lumber. The first things are—roofs over our heads; fences to protect the growing crops; bridges to cross the streams; and before even the locomotive can reach us, there must be the ties on which to lay the rails. Thus in a new country everything is wooden. The tremendous demands on the forest soon thin them out, and then utterly destroy them. Then what? Ay, but the country has grown old—old for this western world—and we pass on to other stages. Here in New York, for instance, we are already outliving the Wooden Age, and are entering on that of brick and stone. The wood in one of our modern buildings is scarcely of any account, and exists only in the door-ways, window-casings, not often even in the roofs, and is getting to be antiquated for the floors. It has been an anxious problem many a time, and in an immense area of our country is to-day, as to what we shall do when the timber is exhausted. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The problem is being solved every day where the necessity brings it to the front.

In the capital invested, the number of people engaged, the skill brought to bear, and the general enterprise enlisted in the production of lumber, it is scarcely second to any other industry. There is no business which calls for such energy, such indomitable perseverance, and persistent, inflexible purpose. The lumber producer, from the time he strikes the first blow in the pine forest, begins a contest with the elements, the seasons, and almost with fate. Too much snow, too little snow, too much water, too little water—these are alike disastrous. The terrible forest fires devastate his timber lands; and his mills, being generally driven by steam, are in hourly danger from their own fires.

In estimating the magnitude of the lumber trade too, it is difficult to contrast it, by actual figures and statistics, with other great classes of production, because, oddly enough, it refuses to submit itself to the statistician. You can tell, every year, pretty closely the number of bushels of wheat produced, or the tons of iron or of coal, because they mainly find their way to the great centers of trade; but lumber, in a certain way, finds its markets remote from those centers, and seems to be dissipated out of sight. Here and there a lumber district may be harnessed down to a status with the "exact sciences," but such a territory is only as a

drop in the bucket. There are also great lumbering centers to be compassed by estimates; but all through the land, up hill and down dale, along highways and by-ways, the greater and the lesser saw-mills are scattered beyond the reach of even the ubiquitous newspaper reporter.

Before the approach of winter, the saw-mill owner projects his campaign for the logging-season, planning it with all the care of a military campaign, and frequently, with more forethought and ability. He selects his places of operation in the woods, locates his "camps," builds his shanties, and makes his logging-roads. These are best done before the snows come. A logging-camp is located with reference to the nearest access to the timber to be operated upon—other conditions having due weight also, such as the proximity of good water, and a connection with a main road leading to the base of supplies. Though the work of hauling never begins until winter has fairly set in, and there is snow enough to make good roads, the thrifty logger is often actually at work considerably before. He is chopping down the trees, sawing them into logs of proper length, and "skidding" them by the use of ox-teams. "Skidding" is hauling them together into considerable piles and placing them on skids, convenient for loading them on the sleds. It is an easier and quicker method than "loading from the stump," which consists in rolling the log upon the sled from the ground where the tree has fallen. The work of loading upon the sled from the ground is accomplished by the use of a pair of oxen, a chain being passed from the sled under and around the log and thence to the team, which thus rolls it forward over a pair of skids to and upon the sled. A horse-team will haul from 1,000 to 2,000 feet from the woods to the stream. As 1,000 feet of logs will weigh nearly two tons, an estimate may be made of the immense loads thus hauled. But the roads being generally fine, and in the main having a downward grade, these large



SAWING LOGS IN THE WOOD.

loads are very readily managed. The first logs "landed" at the stream are usually rolled directly upon the ice, and the others following on top of them, the ice breaks down and the front of the roll-way nearly fills up the channel. Then, as the logs are delivered from the sleds by accumulating thousands, they are landed one above the other until the pile becomes too high for further unloading, and a new section of river bank is resorted to. Thus, after a successful winter's work, the bank is piled full for miles along the stream with the log-harvest, until some time during the month of March, when the days become so long, and the sun so warm that the snow disappears from the roads, and the logging season is ended.

There is now an interval of inactivity. It is several weeks from the close of hauling until the ice in the streams has gone, the waters rise, and the work of "running" com-

mences. This inactive interval is variously employed by the logging crews, who are relied upon, when the time comes, to do time. They are a well-paid set of men and ask no favors, and though they sometimes go through a town with the velocity and



LOADING FROM THE STUMP.

the running. If their camps are located within a reasonable journey from the mills or settlements, they go there to spend the

effect of a simoom, they are conscientious about straightening up wrecks and paying damages. On one system of logging rivers, especially, in the West, the expression has become a proverbial one, "When we get through in the spring, we will all go down to O— and have a little fun with the boys." Having "a little fun with the boys" is an expression meaning "a good time" of the wildest sort. And it means, to the authorities of that town, to be ready with an additional force of policemen who wont mind getting their heads broken on the occasion. If the camps, however, are high up on the streams, perhaps fifty or a hundred miles, the loggers spend these waiting weeks of inactivity in enforced idleness at the camps. They work, wash, and shave, and mend their tattered gar-



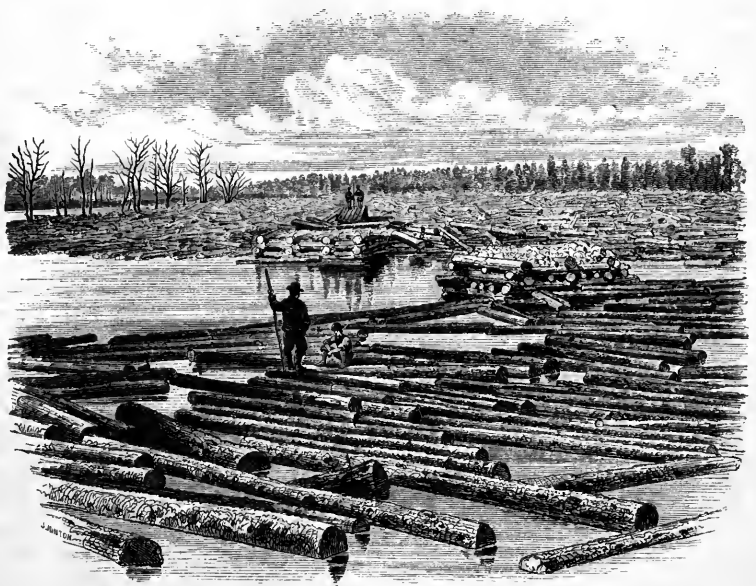
A LOG LANDING.

ments. They read every readable scrap which is found lying about the shanties, scarcely staggering even at a speech in Congress. The everlasting pack of worn and greasy cards is resurrected from the bottom of the chest. The running and rafting implements, pike-poles, etc., are made ready, and the pleasant, sunny days of coming spring are largely passed in discussing the "big water." Will there be water enough? Will there be too much water? If the snow has been light, and the spring early and warm, and especially if the previous fall has been a dry one, the melted snow is taken up by the swamps and ground, or passes quickly off down the streams before the warmth has released the logs from their icy anchorages, and by the time the streams are open the water has gone. In that case the logs cannot be started until the annual freshet in June,—the "June fresh," as the loggers say,—and in case that fails, the whole crop is "hung up" for the balance of the year—indeed, until the next spring. Or, on the other hand, with heavy snows and continually warm days, the waters come pouring down in such floods that, overflowing the river banks, they spread out on either hand over the flat lands; and the logs, if then set adrift, are liable to be carried far and wide, and left, when the water subsides, high and dry at long distances from the bed of the stream, recoverable only at an expense which sometimes exceeds their value. But presuming the running season to be a good one, as it is in a large majority of cases, the march of the winter's crop from the head-waters of the rivers down to their mouths is quite as

jubilant and exciting as Sherman's march to the sea, and not without an agreeable spice of danger. The log run of a large mill, reaching perhaps 30,000,000 feet, will occupy a river for five to ten miles of its length; and with a gang of fifty to a hun-

dred men scattered in squads along this distance, the work is as inspiring as it is laborious. Each man has the soles of his heavy boots armed with projecting nails or prods, to give him a sure foothold on the logs, and carries a "driving-pike" or heavy pole some eight feet long, fitted at one end with a stout pike, for the purpose of prying out the logs and releasing them from jams. It is the effort of the drivers to keep the logs steadily moving forward in good order, and in such masses as to avoid jams at narrow places in the stream. A jam forms readily when two logs, each lodging with an end on either side of the stream and swinging together engage their free ends in the middle of the stream, forming a V, with the angle projecting up-stream. Then the logs which follow are halted one after another, coming up like a drove of cattle, mounting, overriding, or diving under, and, under the influence of the impetuous current, jamming into what seems to the unpracticed eye an inextricable mass.

The current of the river is at once halted, as if by a dam, and the drivers at work above rightly conjecture the cause and fol-



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

low down-stream to find the jam. Here the practiced driver at once proceeds to the foot or down-stream end of the jam, and with a critical eye promptly fixes upon the two or more logs which are the key of the whole position. Deftly he inserts his

pike-pole, loosening the logs inch by inch at the point of collision until they give way; and lo! almost before he can reach the shore in safety, the front of the great pile starts off, the upheaved masses set-

the eating part of it is attended to by traveling cooks who keep company with the drivers at proper distances apart, in canoes, or batteaux, into which they load in the morning, or after dinner, their pots, and kettles and provisions and float down-stream with the drive. At meal-times the prolonged blast of the tin horn announces where the "doctor" has set up shop. The locality selected for the supper generally determines the camping-place for the night. A rousing fire is built, and after a genial evening of story-telling and recounting the adventures of the day, the hardy raftsmen huddle themselves under



SUPPER HORN

tle themselves into the river, and, the tremendous head of water behind giving them impetus, go tumbling and crowding down-stream. The jam is broken.

Of course these drivers must eat and sleep, though they are miles away from camps or settlements. On some streams

a blanket or two which the cook has brought forward and are soon sound asleep. On the larger and wider streams where there are no rapids or dams, all is plain sailing; the drive is accompanied by what is called a *wamnikin*, consisting of a raft of square timber, or long logs, on which is built a

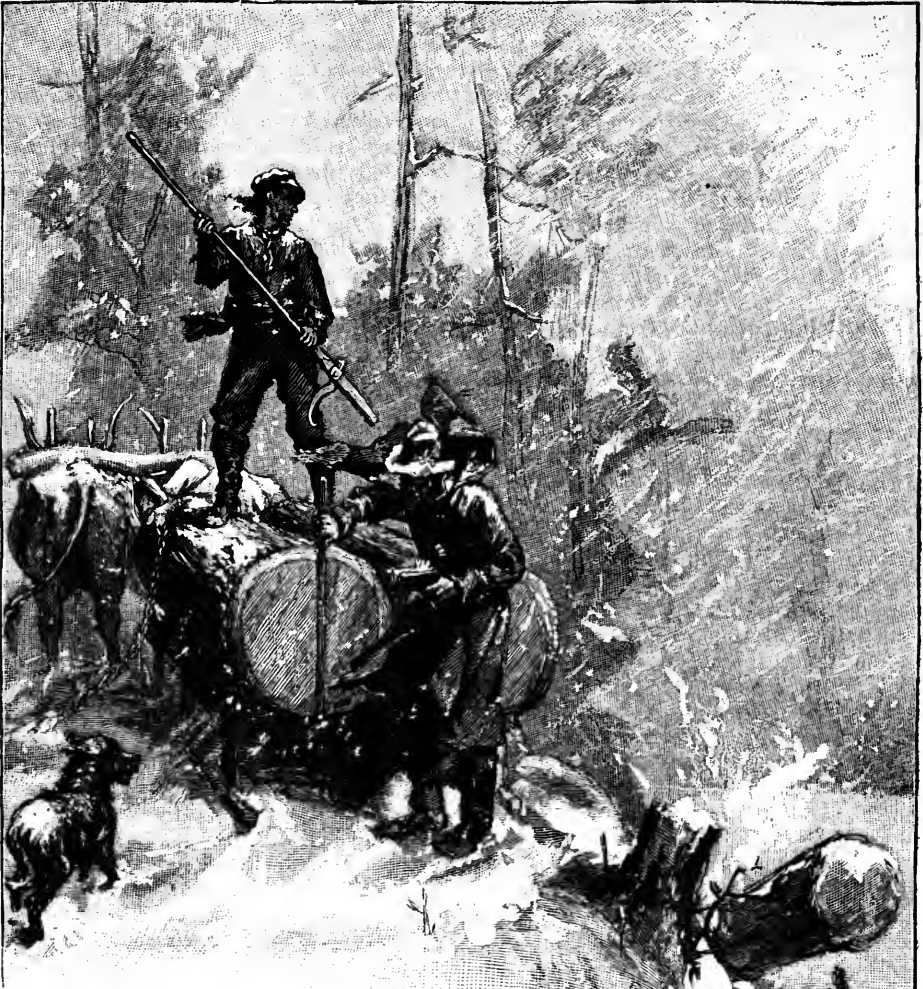
comfortable shanty, with complete cooking and sleeping facilities. This follows closely on "the tail of the drive," or in cases of extensive drives several of them are placed at intervals of a few miles apart. Here the men congregate for their meals; or in some cases the cooks have a staff of assistants called "cookees," who go up and down the drives, laden with the cooked provisions, and even the portable tea-kettle. If anything is grateful to the tired and wet river-driver it is his cup of tea. It is better than whisky, for it leaves no debilitating effects, and the driver will "swear by" the company which sends him ample supplies of good strong tea and coffee. At night, the men seek their several *wammikins* for supper, sleep and breakfast; and when the drive finally arrives at its destination, the timber of these portable hotels comes into good use for booms and other purposes.

Thus sometime during the month of May—varying according to the character of the streams and the climate of the region—the logs arrive at the booms convenient to the mills. If the drive is made up of logs belonging to various mills or companies, as they generally are, there is a system of "sorting booms," by which the logs, each bearing a distinguishing mark, are distributed to their several ownerships. This is an important business, and is in many instances managed by companies which are organized for the purpose and chartered by the state, and which, having no proprietorship in the logs, divide them with entire impartiality and acceptance to the owners. A noticeable instance of this kind is at the great Beef Slough boom, at the junction of the Chippewa with the Mississippi, in Wisconsin, where hundreds of millions of feet of logs are annually boomed, sorted, rafted and started down the great river under the convoy of steamers. There is the same method of procedure on the Saginaw, the Muskegon, the Manistee and other great lumbering streams of Michigan, on the rivers of Maine and in Canada and elsewhere, where the melting snows of spring are relied upon to bring forward the great winter crop. In Florida, on the Pacific coast, and other warm regions, of course no such work is known.

Now commences the summer work of sawing the lumber. The great modern lumber-mills of the northern states are, it is safe to say, the most complete in the world. No machinery, within the last twenty years, has more rapidly advanced toward perfec-

tion. Twenty years ago the "muley-saw," so called, had superseded the old style of "sash-saw," and was looked to as the *ne plus ultra* in rapid execution. The old "sash-saw" was so thin that it had to be kept strained within a frame or "sash," to prevent its "buckling" or bending when crowded into the cut, and even then it could only be driven at a very moderate rate. The "muley," which superseded it, was a thick, heavy saw, needing no sash, and could be driven through the log at a tremendous rate, though with corresponding thickness of "kerf" or waste of timber. Then came the circular saw, cutting about an equal kerf but doing vastly more rapid work. And about the same time came the "gang-saw," a congregation of saws hung together in a frame or sash, and set at fixed distances apart corresponding with the thickness of the lumber desired to be cut. These gangs run at slow speed, but as there are enough of them to convert whole logs into lumber as they pass through,—thus obviating the necessity of "gigging back" the log for a new cut,—they really do tremendous execution, and now comprise the most approved sawing machinery of the great modern mills. The logs pass in endless procession from out of the water at the log-slide, through the gangs, and thence forward, as lumber, out of the mill to the dock, ready for shipment. Some later improvements, however, in some cases, intervene between leaving the mill and arriving at the dock. The lumber is laden upon a car which runs into a drying-house, supplied with the waste steam from the engine, where most of its moisture is taken from it, and it reaches the vessel or railroad in nearly a dry condition. There is an especial advantage in this, where the lumber is forwarded to market by rail, as much more dry than green lumber can be carried on a car at no additional expense. The dried lumber also brings a better price in market.

Most of the larger mills run during the twenty-four hours of the day—two gangs of men relieving each other at stated intervals. Twenty years ago, it was called a "smart" mill which would produce 30,000 to 50,000 feet of lumber per day of twenty-four hours; now there are many mills which cut 150,000 and 175,000 feet per day. We may help our unskilled readers in comprehending this amount, when we say that from 200,000 to 250,000 feet is the cargo of an average lumber-vessel on the lakes, and that thus one



MEASURING AT THE ROLL-WAY.

of these modern mills will nearly load a vessel per day.

The greatest lumber-producing states are Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Here grows to perfection the white pine, doubtless the best timber for lumber, all things considered, which the world produces. It is soft, easily worked, does not readily check nor warp, and under fair circumstances is almost imperishable. It and its congeners, the hemlock, tamarack, spruce, etc., have been found intact in the ruins of Pompeii, buried eighteen centuries ago, and, in this country are found imbedded thirty feet under the clay-drift which overwhelmed forests in the unknown ages of the past.

The white pine has a long lease of life—several centuries; and in the North-west it is the chief feature of the lumber. With it

our figures will deal almost solely, leaving the hard woods and other varieties to fill up unnoticed and uncounted crevices.

The great lumber-producing points in Michigan are on the Saginaw River and its tributaries, and at Muskegon, Manistee, Menominee, and at smaller points along the lines of railways, etc. In the Saginaw valley, for instance, there were manufactured, in 1875, 536,836,839 feet; at Muskegon, 351,400,000 feet; at Manistee, 160,825,855 feet; at Menominee, 117,505,702 feet; and at all points in the state, 2,746,866,184 feet. This is the product only of the prominent

feet; at Stillwater, 95,314,000 feet; at Winona, 22,850,000 feet—and in the whole state, 342,623,171 feet.

At points on the Mississippi River, not included in the above, there were manufactured in the same year a total of 291,487,000 feet—some of the chief points being Clinton, Iowa, 85,218,000; Lyons, Iowa, 77,165,000, and Muscatine, Iowa, 25,000,000. The timber for all, or nearly all, of these river mills comes from the upper Mississippi and its tributaries in the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The total manufacture for 1875, then, for



BREAKING A LOG-JAM.

lumber-mills, no account being made of the lesser ones scattered through the country, having only a local trade.

In Wisconsin, in 1875, the chief lumber points produced, at Eau Claire, 153,089,900 feet; at Oshkosh, 95,300,000 feet; at Oconto, 65,600,000 feet; at Menominee, 69,300,000 feet; at La Crosse, 57,500,000 feet; at Wausau, 42,200,000 feet; at Peshigo, 36,500,000 feet; and so on—the whole state producing in that year, at its chief lumber points, 1,036,576,900 feet. No account, we may state again, is here made of the lesser mills of the country—of which there are multitudes; and no account, also, of the shingle, stave, wagon-stuff, tub and pail, and other mills for wooden products.

In Minnesota, in the same year, there were manufactured, at Minneapolis, 146,494,171

the principal lumbering stations of the Northwest, may be summed up as follows:

| | | |
|------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| Michigan..... | Feet..... | 2,746,866,184 |
| Wisconsin..... | "..... | 1,036,576,900 |
| Minnesota..... | "..... | 342,623,171 |
| Mississippi River..... | "..... | 291,487,000 |

Total.....4,417,553,255

In Pennsylvania, the chief lumbering points are at Williamsport, where 182,270,000 feet were manufactured in 1875; and at Lock Haven, 47,325,000. Other points manufactured 34,225,000.

In New York, there were manufactured in the same year 10,680,000 feet, the chief points being Postville and Warrensburgh.

In Maine, for the same year, a total cut of 45,344,000 is reported—the largest being at Saco, 15,000,000 feet.

In Georgia, a cut of 17,750,000 feet is reported for 1875. In Florida, 26,300,000 feet—manifestly short of the true figures—is reported. In Alabama, 7,500,000.

Thus we have a total reported of lumber products, in the Atlantic states, for the year 1875, as follows:

| | | |
|-------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Michigan | Feet | 2,746,866,181 |
| Wisconsin | " | 1,036,576,900 |
| Minnesota | " | 342,623,171 |
| Mississippi River | " | 291,487,000 |
| Pennsylvania | " | 263,820,000 |
| New York | " | 10,680,000 |
| Maine | " | 45,344,000 |
| Georgia | " | 17,750,000 |
| Florida | " | 26,300,000 |
| Alabama | " | 7,500,000 |

Total feet, 4,788,947,252

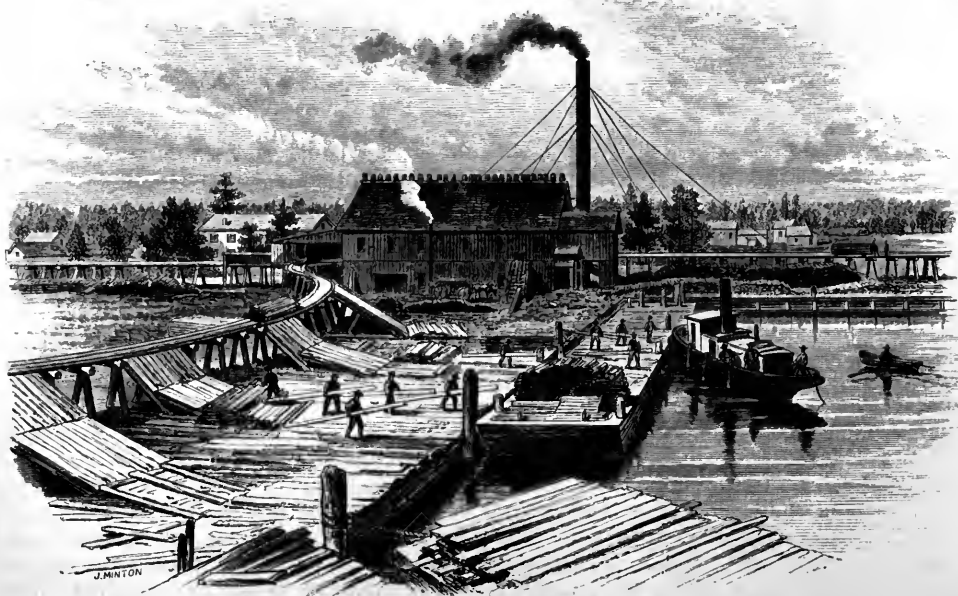
All of the above estimates are for white pine lumber alone, except for the Gulf states, where the product is mainly of yellow pine.

On the Pacific slope, the chief lumber-producing points are along the coast from San Francisco to Puget Sound, the timber consisting chiefly of pine (so called, though really fir) and red-wood—the fir being the great lumber-producing material, and resembling the so-called pine of the Gulf states. It is found mainly in Oregon and Washington territories, stretching north into Alaska and British Columbia, and the



A LOG-JAM.

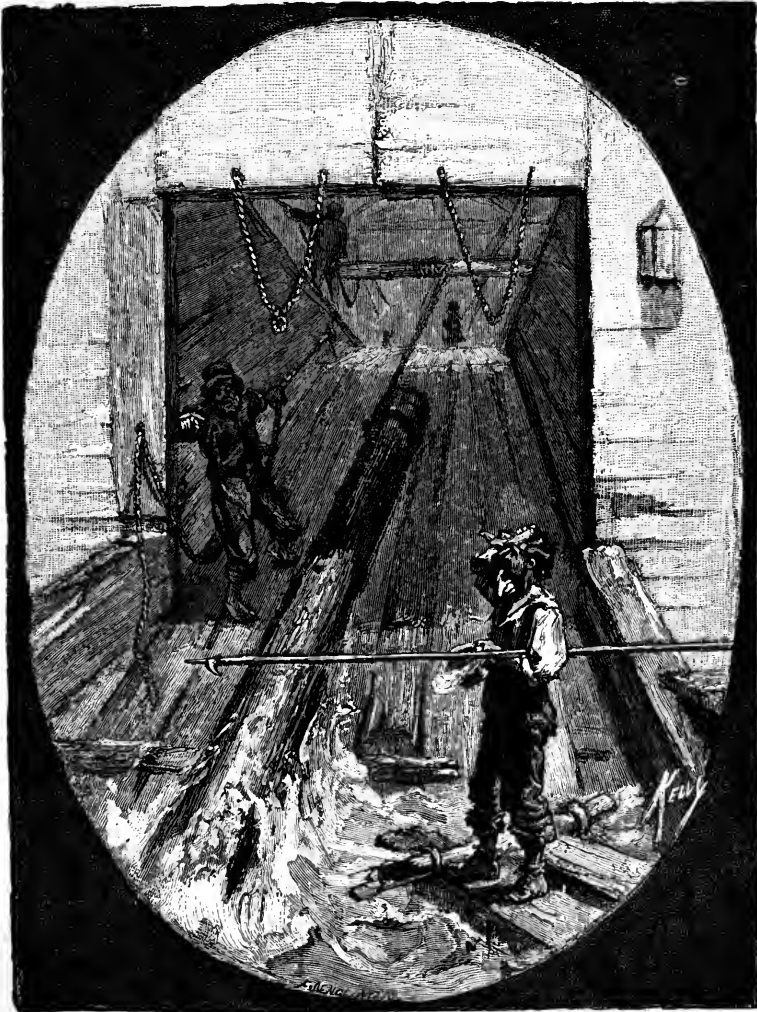
forests are almost inexhaustible. The red-wood is almost wholly found in California, chiefly in Humboldt, Mendocino and Del Norte counties, where there are large forests of very heavy timber, and, though not inexhaustible, sufficient for the wants of that region for a long time to come. It is used principally for general building work, railroad ties, bridges, etc., and is very durable, though lacking the strength of other timber. One of its peculiarities is that it will shrink *endwise* instead of *sidewise*. It is a very



A MODERN SAW-MILL.

resinous wood, and consequently large tracts of it are burned off every year. Yet it keeps fire so badly in the coals, that there is little danger of the cinders carrying fire when buildings constructed of it are burned, as, when carried through the air, they go out before falling. The trees are large, averaging six to seven feet in diameter at ten feet from the ground. It grows very tall,

quantities along the coast of Southern Oregon, between the latitudes of 42° and $43^{\circ} 3'$ north, and to some extent in Alaska, but inferior in growth and fitness for lumber. The spruce is confined to low lands along the coast. It is a white wood, and one of its characteristics is that it is free from juices and odors, making it especially valuable for packing-boxes, etc. It makes not quite so



HAULING LOGS UP "THE BROW," AT THE MILL.

furnishing timber for lumber 250 feet and upward. It is a favorite timber for vessel-building and for masts, and is largely shipped abroad for that purpose. To manufacture some of these immense trees in the mills, they have to be split open so as to accommodate their size to the sawing machinery. A white cedar is found in limited

clear lumber as the white pine of the Atlantic states. The whole coast-range from Cape Mendocino north to Alaska is mainly well covered by forests,—the mountains, however, being but poorly timbered and of little importance for lumbering purposes. The foot-hills have an available timber, promising a large resource for the future.

The mountains in the interior of California are well supplied with saw-mills, and a great deal of lumber is manufactured for home use—perhaps 30,000,000 feet per annum, by these inland mills alone—which does not find its way into the lumber reports. This inland timber is designated as “sugar-pine” and “mountain-pine.”

No accurate reports are attainable of the entire product of the Pacific coast—large shipments being annually made from local points of manufacture to foreign countries, the figures of which do not find their way into the statistics. Of these foreign shipments, some of the chief ones are to Mexico, China, Australia, Peru, Calcutta, Tahiti, and other Pacific islands. These foreign shipments for 1875 reached 25,000,000 feet, so far as ascertained, but no report is made of a large excess above that. The total receipts at San Francisco for 1875, were 306,324,198 feet, and it is estimated that the total product of the coast for the year was 362,000,000 feet. This does not include shingles, laths, ship-timber, piles, railroad material, etc. A local authority estimates the annual export of the coast at 405,000,000 feet, as follows: Puget Sound, 350,000,000; the Columbia River, 20,000,000; and the mills along the Oregon coast, about 35,000,000.

The principal mills along the Pacific coast are northward from San Francisco: Humboldt Bay, ten mills, with a total capacity of about 400,000 feet per day; Trinidad, two mills, 60,000 feet; Crescent City, two mills, 70,000 feet; Coos Bay, Oregon, a large lumbering point, number of mills not stated; Astoria, Columbia River, two mills, 105,000 feet; Puget Sound, about twenty mills, with total capacity of about 800,000 feet per day.

Washington Territory contains the largest amount of timber available for lumbering purposes on the Pacific coast. An immense extent of fir and cedar forest encircles the whole sound and borders all the rivers, besides that which is found on the foot-hills of the Cascade and Coast ranges. It is estimated that three-fourths of Western Washington is covered with forest, a large proportion of which is claimed to be the finest timber in the world for size and durability. It is not unusual to find a tract of several thousand acres of fir, averaging three and a half feet in diameter at the stump, and standing two hundred feet without a limb, the tops being seventy feet higher. Three hundred feet of solid trunk is not an extra-

ordinary growth. It is estimated that the area of forestland in Oregon and Washington covers 65,000 square miles.

The prices of lumber at the mills on the coast range from \$10 to \$20 per 1,000 feet, the average of coarse lumber being about \$14. This contrasts strongly with the early days of development on this coast, when, in 1849, in San Francisco, lumber was worth \$600 per 1,000 feet. Logs, in the raft, are worth \$3.50 to \$5 per 1,000; and timbered lands well located are held at \$8 to \$15 per acre.

Thus, generally summing up the statistics of the lumber products of the United States, we reach a known sum of about 5,000,000,000 feet yearly. Add to this the lumber of which no account is taken in our previous estimate, and it is probably safe to say that the United States is now producing, each year, timber products to the amount of 10,000,000,000 feet. These figures can scarcely be comprehended by the average reader. This amount of lumber would load every year 50,000 vessels, each carrying 200,000 feet, which is an average cargo for lake vessels; or 1,428,571 railroad cars, each averaging 7,000 feet—an average car-load. This would make a train 8,500 miles in length, or about one-third around the globe.

Under such a tremendous yearly drain, the question naturally comes up, how long will our forests hold out at the present rate of manufacture? It is really an important question, upon which follows the inquiry as to what we are to do for building material when this magnificent wood—pine—is exhausted. One authority after another has entered formally upon its solution, with satisfactory results in local instances, but very vague ones as to the field at large. At the rate we are cutting it to-day, from thirty to fifty years seem to be agreed upon as about the limit. Twenty years ago there was apparently no limit, for the consumption was not only less, but the means for its manufacture were primitive, and accomplished much smaller results than now. It seems as if it were impossible to further improve the machinery of saw-mills; but the near future may, for all that, see sawing machinery in comparison to which that of the present will be contemptible. So, although twenty years ago there was no foreseeing the end of the timber, now, with the modern mills and myriads of them, we are beginning to calculate with dire certainty as to the time when the “Wooden Age” will be a thing of the past.

THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE:

ON THE TURF AND ACROSS COUNTRY.

THE higher flights of the thoroughbred horse in his more legitimate and more vigorous work of racing, steeple-chasing and fox-hunting, show a development of his qualities of speed, wind and endurance, that is never reached in the ordinary road-work and pleasure-riding for which he is so well fitted; for which he is, indeed, much better fitted because of the qualities that these exercises had developed in him before racing regenerated.

Fox-hunting does not demand a very high amount of blood for its satisfactory average performance. Success in following hounds depends largely upon skill in leaping, and upon that sort of instinctive shrewdness which enables a horse to go through, or over, or around an obstacle quickly, and to take advantage of the favoring accidents of the course.

Many of the lighter weights of the English hunting-field, and many, too, of the more stalwart and ponderous riders, get a satisfactory amount of sport with horses which are very far from being thoroughbred; but even here, a good share of bone and good

or 280 pounds, find no difficulty, being willing to pay the price, in getting hunters nearly thoroughbred,—none others than such could do it,—capable of carrying them across country, over hedges, brooks and timber, as fast as fox-hounds can run."

As to racing where size, and length of limb, and correctness of structure are more important than anywhere else, the one thing that is absolutely indispensable is purity of blood. It is perfectly understood on the turf that no cock-tail, that is, no horse not fully thoroughbred, has the faintest chance of winning a race. Sir John Fenwick said, so long ago as in the reign of Charles II., that every blood horse, even if he be

"The meanest hack that ever came out of Barbary is so infinitely superior in courage, stoutness and quality, both of bone and sinew as well as blood, to the best cold-blooded mare that ever went on shodden hoof, that he cannot fail to improve her stock, whatever may be his comparative standard among racers."

His comparative standard among racers, as racing goes, is, however, the one most important matter to be considered in buying and in breeding to certain strains of blood.

Certain combinations of these strains are successful or unsuccessful in proportion to the manner and degree in which they unite and develop the different qualities of the Darley Arabian, Godolphin Arabian, and Byerly Turk, and the most noted of their earlier descendants, such as Flying Childers, Lath, Herod and Eclipse. The science, born of experience, by which successful breeding for the turf is regulated is far beyond

the range of a magazine article. It is too complicated in its foundation, and is involved with too many collateral considerations to offer any attractions for the unprofessional reader, or to have, indeed, any general interest, save as illustrating the intricacies and difficulties which call for the practiced judgment of the successful breeder.



A STEEPLE-CHASER.—AFTER AN OLD FRENCH PRINT.

form being given, excellence bears a very close relation to purity of blood. Frank Forrester says:

"No one in England would drive before his carriage or ride on the road anything but English hunters, if he could afford the price; and as to their powers for draught or burden, it is only necessary to say that men weighing twenty horsemen's stone,



THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.—AFTER LEECH.

Breeding for the turf is a profession by itself,—one that aims only at a certain well-defined result, and which is important to the average horseman only as preserving in its purity the strains of blood to which he must appeal for the highest excellence that is possible in the saddle-horse of the period.

While breeding for the turf affords a sure means for maintaining purity of blood, its more modern development aims at producing qualities upon which the horseman must look with suspicion, and it often entails radical weaknesses which he must avoid. The tendency during these later years has been more and more in the direction of short, quick races to be run by very young animals, and the length of limb, and very early development for which this has called, are most unfavorable to the stoutness and endurance that are most important to be sought.

For all kinds of saddle-work, except the running of quick, short races, we need especially the wind and endurance which distinguish the four-miler. Indeed it may well be true that the best source at which to seek these qualities in their fullest development would be rather in this country, among the old champions of the four-mile "heat races," than in England, where, however long the course may be, the custom of running the heats, or the repeated running over the same course, fell much longer ago into disuse.

Serious alarm was expressed as long as forty years ago concerning the tendency of modern racing to destroy the best qualities

of the thoroughbred horse for general saddle use. The turf, with its attendant black-leg and blackguard surroundings, has always been encouraged in spite of these drawbacks as a means for "the improvement of the breed of horses." That is to say, it finds its justification as a candidate for public favor in the fact that it is important to any nation to provide a good source from which to procure the best possible cavalry horses, and that it is especially important to England, where, for both pleasure and business, riding is so general, to have a source from which to procure really good saddle-horses for the road and for the field.

In the last century, and in the early part of the present century, this object was achieved in a very high degree. In October, 1718, of the twenty-three matches made, all but one of them was for four miles. In 1719, the Duke of Wharton's Chanter was matched against Lord Bridgewater's Nutmeg for a race of six miles with a weight of 112 pounds. In the same year, the Duke of Wharton's Galloway, with 122 pounds, was matched against Lord Hillsborough's Fiddler, with a weight of 168 pounds, for six miles. In 1720 there were twenty-six matches at Newmarket, none of them less than four, and some six miles,—one match being for the best of three heats, or twelve miles, with 164 and 168 pounds respectively.

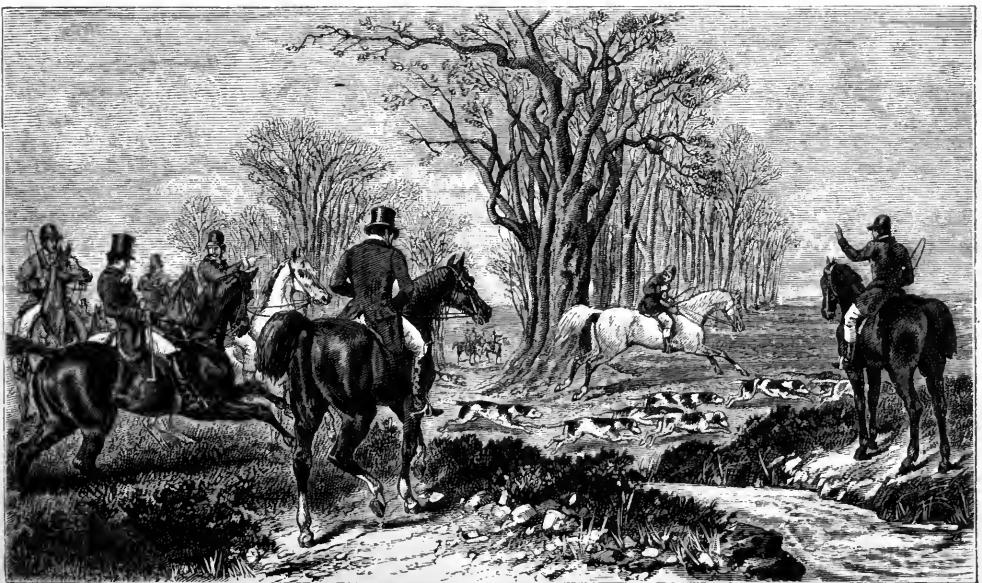
Exotic was on the turf from 1760 to 1771. He won eighteen matches. After he had been on the turf seven years, he won, at

Peterborough, a race of four heats. In 1737, Black Chance, five years old, won five King's-plate matches, every race being four miles, and every race contested. In 1738 he won two four-mile races, carrying 140 pounds. In the same year he lost one race by falling. In 1739 he won twice. In 1740 he won three matches, with 182 pounds weight, and one with 168 pounds. In 1741 he won three matches. In 1742 he lost once and won once. In 1744, when he was twelve years old, he walked over for the annual plate at Farnden, no horse daring to meet him. These instances of the great stoutness and endurance of the race-horses of the last century might be duplicated indefinitely. The horses of that time were most fortunate in having such artists as Seymour and Stubbs to perpetuate the record of their most magnificent forms. Stubbs was especially an animal painter of remarkable ability. Not only had he the artistic skill and the correct eye needed to enable him to reproduce what he saw, but he was one of the most accomplished anatomical draughtsmen of his day, and his works on anatomy are almost unrivaled by anything that has succeeded them. He gave more attention to the anatomy of the horse, drawing from his own patient dissections, than has any other student. The portraits which he has left, and in almost equal degree those of Seymour, have the full indorsement of the best breeders of that period as

to their fidelity and life-like truthfulness. To show the grand character of the horse of a century ago, I reproduced in the November number Seymour's portrait of Sedbury and Stubbs's portrait of Shark.

By the end of the last century six-mile races had ceased to be run, and even four-mile races were only run for the king's plate. In 1809 the Jockey Club again lowered the standard by which the power of the race-horse had been tested, and began the system of degeneracy whose effects are so severely felt in the saddle-horse of the present day. A degree of speed not required for useful purposes with its accompanying length of limb and back and weakness of loin, has been substituted for the compact, muscular and wiry form needed for the perfect saddle-horse. The old racer united speed, stoutness and structural power in the highest degree. The modern racer has been bred almost exclusively for speed, and weights and distances have been so reduced that endurance and strength have become of secondary importance.

A comparison between the breeding to different standards as shown by the race-horse and the fox-hound, is instructive. The horse must run his short race in the shortest possible time, and the greatest skill is required to put him into condition for the one purpose of coming first to the winning-post. Though the successful racer may have shown many constitutional defects,



THE FIND.—AFTER FORBES.



THE DEATH.—AFTER FORBES.

the one item of brief quickness causes him to be selected for breeding, his speed perhaps going to his descendants but carrying with it very surely constitutional defects which are incompatible with the performance of any really good service. With fox-hounds, on the other hand, it is sought to quicken the speed of the whole pack and always to preserve uniformity of speed united with intense stoutness and endurance. The pack must work together that they may be always on hand to nose out the scent and that as many of them as possible may be in at the death.

“If one hound is more speedy than the rest of the pack, instead of being singled out like the racer to breed from, it is destroyed.”

If we look at our race-horses as a breed, we perceive, with few exceptions, that the mass consists of the most weedy and useless animals. It cannot be questioned that the experience of the past forty years on the part of all who have been engaged in the breeding of fine stock of any kind sustains the theory advanced in “A Comparative View of the Form and Character of the English Racer and Saddle-horse during the Last and Present Century,” which was published in London in 1836. This theory may be thus epitomized: In a state of nature, animals are of smaller stature than under domestication on rich lands; in the natural condition the animal has its fullest vigor, although its food may be scanty, as we see in the deer or wolf or fox, and the hare occupying lands of too poor

quality to have invited settlement by men; animals in the wild state, living near to good and improved lands acquire more size and less vigor, as shown by the difference between the horse of cultivated land, and the horse of scantily grassed downs, and by the deer of Windsor Park as compared with the deer of the Scotch highlands; an increase of size is attended by a loss of natural vigor and hardiness. The wild animal whose muscles have been hardened by arduous and constant work, in becoming fat accumulates adipose matter under the skin,—the muscles retaining their integrity,—while the domestic animal in fattening, hard work not being imperative during the growing age, accumulates fat within the body of the muscle which thus receives a flabby and un-serviceable character; in so far as the English race-horse has increased in size and in rapidity of development by reason of the rich food and the scanty exercise to which he has been subjected during growth, he has lost strength, vigor, and structural development; the degeneracy of constitution and the increased size resulting from the treatment have produced in the race a tendency to vibrate between coarseness and weediness. The instances adduced to prove this seem to be conclusive, and the theory seems quite sufficient to account for the manner in which the English race-horse has degenerated in the more valuable qualities and characteristics in proportion as he has been developed for speed alone. The application

of this theory to the question in hand is thus made in the work in question :

"Finding that our racers now oscillate between weediness and coarseness, the breeders naturally prefer a horse that is weedy, with speed, to one whose greater muscular power is attended with a loss of speed. They have provided for any conceivable loss of structural power by not calling on their horses to carry weight; and they have provided for a loss of stoutness by not calling on them to run more than the shortest distance. * * * * *

"The result of so much interference on the turf with the laws of nature, has been exchanging the short back, short limbs, capacious chests, full sides and muscular character of the old racer for the long back, long limbs, flat sides, weak loins and delicate constitution of the modern one. If the breeder attempts to increase the muscles in the modern racer, their quality in most cases is coarse and the animal loses its speed; a coarse racer is scarcely fit for anything; it has all the constitutional feebleness of its race, without the speed."

In Stonehenge's "British Rural Sports," we find given Admiral Rous's "Scale of standard points for age," the highest of which, that of an aged four-miler, is only 139 pounds. The weight for half-mile races, even for aged horses, is only 121 pounds.

Stonehenge condemns as strongly as possible the modern practice of running young horses. Of running short races he says :

"Both Childers and Eclipse were five years old before they were trained, and such was the usual

practice in those days. As an instance of this, Miss Neesham was foaled in 1720, was first started for the king's plate at York in 1726, and continued to run every year until 1731, when she was used for two seasons for breeding purposes and produced Miss Patty. In 1733 Miss Neesham, now called Mother Neesham, won a plate at York, and again in 1734 she won two stakes at the same place, being in her fourteenth year. Such a case is unknown in these days, and even an eight-year-old running horse is a rarity seldom met with. Beeswing, it is true, ran and won good stakes in her ninth year, but she was a *rara avis*, indeed, and we may wait some time before we look upon her like again."

He gives as the grand desideratum :

"The production of a set of thoroughbred horses calculated to get good sound roadsters and hunters. Now, this is quite incompatible with the present system of breeding for the two-year-old market, and yet, while prizes often amounting to some thousands are within the probable reach of our best two-year-olds, it is scarcely to be expected that they shall be kept from grasping them. As, therefore, it is unlikely that the public will individually produce these much-needed horses, it is incumbent upon the government either to establish a breeding establishment for their manufacture, or else to offer prizes of some kind which may tempt the breeder to produce them. One or the other must be done, if the horse is to be restored to its former condition of hardihood, of constitution, and durability of leg. qualities which are now lamentably deficient in all our breeds of modern horses."

The perfect horse for general use,—the only horse which the government would be justified in protecting, for it is the only one



AFTER LEECH.

PAPA.—"Lucy! here! here's a gate!"

LUCY.—"All right, papa dear, you go through the gate; I think 'Crusader' prefers the fence."

whose improvement affects the interests of the community at large, should be a good roadster, whether for saddle or harness, and there are race-horses which are good in both capacities. The qualities which it is important to combine are impossible without a very large infusion of thoroughbred blood. Yet, with most of the strains of thoroughbred blood we are sure to transmit constitutional defects of leg, wind, and foot, and even of muscle, which will quite defeat our purposes. As the case now stands, we are indeed unfortunate, unless we are exceptionally fortunate, in being obliged to resort to a source where native excellence has degenerated until it is difficult and generally impossible to avoid fatal defects. The only theoretically permanent relief is to be sought in a return to the original blood of the desert, increasing size gradually and carefully, and making speed secondary to strength and structure. The practical difficulties in the way of carrying out this theory, especially in the face of the unfortunate tendency of modern horse-racing, are very great and perhaps almost insurmountable, especially to a people to whom the saddle-horse has ceased to become a necessity in the every-day business of life.

Another influence which has led to the degeneration of the race-horse is the system known as handicapping,—the adjustment of the weight to be carried to the supposed capacity of the horse, as indicated by his age, his size, his pedigree, or his previous successes as a racer on the course. This imposes a penalty upon excellence, and tends to give mediocrity an equal chance of success. The handicapping is left to one experienced person, the highest weight to be carried being fixed by the race committee. The task of the handicapper is generally a taxing one, especially as a greater or less number of owners devote their energies to “pulling wool over his eyes,” and are quite sure to revile him if they fail in their attempt.

Confining ourselves more strictly to the question of horse-racing as practiced at this time, we see that pedigree is far more important than structure or muscular development. In nine cases out of ten, the horse of the best winning blood, although of very faulty shape, will be sure to be a better performer than one of an inferior strain of blood. It still holds true of the turf that “an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone.”

The old racer was of somewhat low stature, generally under 15 hands; the

modern racer averages probably 15 hands 3 inches, but 16½ is by no means infrequent. It is not to be understood, while fault is found with the modern racer as compared with his remote progenitor, that he is not a remarkably fine animal, full of “quality,” full muscled and strong in the sinews; in gracefulness and blood-like look and spirit he has gained rather than lost. For the work he is called upon to perform he is absolutely good, while he lasts,—the only trouble is that the work he is called upon to perform has been so regulated as to make too little demand upon his constitutional strength and endurance, so that these, having fallen into disuse, have become sadly reduced.

The race-horse is the product of a highly artificial system of nourishment and training, which call for the most careful judgment, indomitable patience and almost unlimited expense. During pregnancy the dam must be kept upon the most nutritious food, and after the birth of the foal its nutriment, shelter and exercise are such as to create the most rapid elongation of bone and the greatest capacity for long stride that it is possible to secure. Food, housing, clothing and exercise are costly from the start, and the business exigencies of the case require that the pupil be brought to the starting-post at the earliest possible age, that he may begin his career of stakes-winning, or be proven valueless and got rid of, before the expense has gone too far.

The training of the two-year-old, which is, except in degree, the same as the training of older horses, has for its purpose the removal of every ounce of superfluous fat; the accustoming of the heart to beating truly and well under vigorous exercise, and the development of the lungs, wind-pipe and nostrils up to a point that will enable them to supply copious draughts of air to arterialize the blood so rapidly circulated; the muscles must be hardened, the sinews toughened, the ligatures tightened, and every joint of the whole system made supple, free-working and enduring. The exertion to which the whole system is to be subjected, although but momentary, is to be the extreme exertion of which the horse is capable. The longest, most persistent, most severe and yet most judicious training is absolutely necessary to produce the required condition.

The training lasts somewhat more or less than six months, and is divided into three periods of about equal lengths. The horse

demands the constant services of a light boy, who rides him at his exercise, grooms him, feeds him, and rubs him, and increases or decreases his clothing at rest and at work according to his needs. This boy is under the constant observation of the chief trainer, who has experience in his duties and whose success depends largely upon the skill and judgment with which he regulates exercise and food with reference to their influence in developing the condition of the animal.

His first period of training is largely devoted to long-continued and oft-repeated walking exercise, with a little galloping now and then and with very rare copious sweats. The delicacy of the organization at this time is such that no undue strain or fatigue, or high feeding, would be safe. The purpose is now less to reduce flesh and develop hardness of muscle than to create a most vigorous and hearty state of health. The horse walks for one, two or three hours, the monotony and leg-weariness which continued walking produces being relieved by an occasional trot or very short gallop,—not enough to produce sweat or to affect the wind. In sweating, more or less clothing is used, and if it is the object to reduce a preponderance of flesh over the shoulders or hips or neck, this part is unduly loaded with blankets. Great attention throughout the whole course is paid to the quality as well as the quantity of the food. The allowance of hay varies from six to eight pounds per day; it must be at least one year old, must have been grown on dry land and must have been well cured. The allowance of oats, of the best quality, for an average horse, is eight quarts during first period, ten during second and twelve during third, with an addition sometimes of a quart of split beans. Physicking is much less copious now than formerly, and the tendency seems toward a still further reduction. As the practice of turf-men frequently involves the device of poisoning competing horses, the water given to the animal in training is usually drawn from closed and locked reservoirs. It is not unusual to keep a few fish as a test of the safety of the water.

In the second period of training the horse is sweated every week or ten days, and except in the case of very young ones, the gallop is generally four miles. There is also frequent sharp galloping without clothing, with a view, not only to getting rid of fat, but also to the opening of the wind-pipe and the exercise of the lungs. The

gallops are increased in length and severity very gradually, and, however much they may be quickened or extended, great care must be taken to avoid strains, break-downs and contusions.

The final period is only an intensifying of the second. It involves the exercise of the horse very nearly to the limit of his capacity, yet requires great precautions against danger. It is also desirable to accustom the horse to unusual sights and sounds, and especially to crowds.

“Many a first-rate horse, as tried in private, will never face a crowd, though he will take any amount of work, as long as there is no noise and bustle, and will do all that is required; but once let him hear the shouting of the crowd, or see them beforehand even, and his energies seem to leave him, to the extent often that he ceases to struggle, and, ‘shuts up,’ as it is called, at the ‘distance,’ or perhaps nearer home, apparently with the race in hand.”

While vigorous effort is always demanded, great care must be taken to avoid the danger of “overworking.”

“In this respect the horse may be compared to the bow of the archer, which may be tightened with advantage up to a certain point, but beyond that it ceases to shoot at the best rate, and will, in fact, break if the tightening is carried far enough, or will permanently suffer in elasticity and power, without actually snapping. So it is with the horse; up to a certain point, varying in every case, he may be galloped and sweated and fed, but in every case there is a turning-point which must be carefully watched and avoided by diminishing or by not increasing the food and work so as to steer clear of the dreaded result.”

Throughout the whole training, and more especially toward its close, no item of the work is more important than constant and thorough leg-rubbing, which is simply a long-continued quick rubbing up and down with the palms of the two hands all around the hocks, knees, lower legs and pasterns, fully fifteen minutes being given every day to each leg. Generally, about a fortnight before the race, there is a private trial of speed for the double purpose of testing this and of stimulating the horse to a spirit of competition. When the racing-day has at last come, all of the years of anxious rearing and months of careful and costly training are to be tested by a contest of a very few minutes' duration,—success or failure being decided according as the horse wins his race, runs a good second, is shamefully distanced, or fails only because of some defect not referable to his intrinsic character.

In the race, the value of the jockey is

only second to the value of the horse, and there is probably no branch of horsemanship that calls for more judgment, skill, and coolness than race-riding. The principles of breeding are so generally the same, the sources of blood are so much alike, and the principles of training are so uniform that it is not often among the horses started that one is so immensely superior to the others that he could be trusted to win his race in the hands of an unsuccessful jockey. What the jockey should be may be inferred from Stonehenge's description of what the clumsy professional, or the inexperienced gentleman-jockey too often is :

"He begins by running his spurs into his horse's sides for fear of losing ground at the start, which sets him all abroad, changing his legs, and is in difficulties from the first. His horse, however, is so game that he recovers himself and answers his rider's call to go in front, which he reaches after a rattling struggle for the lead; he then recollects that his instructions are to lie second or third, and therefore he stops his horse again, perhaps causing him to change his leg. An experienced eye behind detects this and immediately comes at him, when in alarm he takes up the cudgels and runs at his antagonist, who gives way rather than distress his own horse,—having achieved his object. But he is not long left quiet; another fancy he can do the same, and tries with good effect, until at last, with the best horse in the race, he is unable to keep his place when a hundred yards from home, and instead of being an easy winner without whip or spur, is unable to obtain the slightest response from the severest exhibition of both of which he is capable. He goes in still, perhaps, flogging and spurring, with a loose rein, his horse extended to the utmost, and himself mortified and exhausted."

In England, perhaps more than here, there being so much more racing, the jockeys constitute a class by themselves; and, singular as it may seem to those who have only the popular idea of horse-racing, they are as a class honest men,—perhaps because honesty is the best policy, perhaps for some better motive. Their profession is a very dangerous one, and one in the exercise of which life and limb are constantly put in jeopardy. With the irregular life they lead, the nerve necessary for skillful riding does not last for many years, and as they pass their earlier manhood they are apt to become too heavy for their work. It has become of late years so general for an owner to order his horse brought in second or third that many jockeys consider it not dishonest to avoid winning, but they are rarely suspected of accepting a bribe from an outside party to disappoint their employers' orders. Stonehenge says that, taking them as a class, they are more honest than many of

their masters, but that they are sometimes known to take the bribe that would always be ready for them. "There can be no doubt, as a class they are above suspicion." A technical description of racing would be beyond the scope of this paper, as would any consideration of its moral influence on the community, or of that of any other form of gambling, whether in the stock exchange or in the grain market. Horse-racing is one of the facts of the world, and to those who are fond of fine horses and exciting trials of speed and endurance, it is one of its pleasantest facts. Those who are prevented, from whatever cause, from witnessing the sport, may form a good idea of it from the numerous capital pictures of Forbes, Herring, and others, two or three of which are reproduced here.

Whatever the effect or influence of the turf may have been upon the character of those who enjoy its performance, one good result must follow of necessity,—a contempt for the "trotting match" of the day. These matches bring together such an inferior class of horses, and, as a rule, such an inferior public, that no one who knows the higher development of the animal required for the turf, and the better average class of spectators which it calls together, can retain a very active interest in tests where the performance is simply to see how fast a horse can travel at less than his fastest gait. To me, there would be the same excitement and interest in a walking race as in a trotting race; if we go to the track to see how fast a horse can go over the ground we should by all means wish to see him go as fast as he can. Then too as all kinds of blood may aspire to the honors of the trotting-course, while only the best blood has the least chance on the turf, we must expect to find—and we invariably do find—pure breeding in the one and mongrel breeding in the other.

Those who attend horse-races only for their interest and excitement will usually be most gratified by the steeple-chase; for here the danger of serious injury to horse and rider in leaping, and the heart-stirring excitement that leaping produces even upon the spectator, are added to the simple test of speed. Steeple-chasing was formerly a race of several miles from a given point to a church-steeple visible in the distance. Each rider was permitted to choose his own course to reach his destination, over the route best suited to the capacity of his horse, with the simple restriction that he was never to ride

more than 100 yards at a time on a public road or lane. Later, the course was marked out by a committee, by pairs of flags between which it was imperative for the contending horses to pass. It was always possible for well-mounted spectators accustomed to cross-country work, to see all or nearly all of the race, but those who came in carriages and on foot could see it only at one or two points. This led to a modification, which is still in vogue, where an artificial course with hedges, stone-walls and water-leaps is laid out within the inclosed area inside the ordinary race-track, the finish being in front of the judges' stand on a flat reach. The fences have become conventional, and though of two or three sorts, these sorts are severally of about the same character, so that a horse trained to a steeple-chase track of one racing-field is probably fitted for any other upon which he may be required to perform. There is doubtless much compensation for the change in the fact that it is open to a much larger public, but the merit of variety is lost, and the horses are no longer required to be such skillful and competent jumpers as would be necessary for an untried course over a country which perhaps they have hardly seen before starting for the race. So far as its influence upon the breed of saddle-horses is concerned, save in the single matter of blood, the steeple-chase is far better than the flat race; for steeple-chase riders, a certain firmness of seat being necessary, are generally of rather solid weight, and the repeated strong jumps to be taken require more strength and capacity on the part of the horse than does running on the flat. The standard weight for steeple-chasing before handicapping was introduced, approximated 168 pounds. It now varies from about 125 pounds to about 180 pounds.

Steeple-chases are frequently run by horses something less than thoroughbred, the impure blood bringing in more size, but the mature strength and practice of age are essential, few horses succeeding before they are six years old. What is especially wanted is the weight-carrying power, and the leaping activity of the hunter re-enforced with the courage and endurance of a very high degree of blood.

The training of the steeple-chaser is the same in kind, though often less in completeness than that of the flat racer, there being carried on at the same time a system of practice over the bar and over small fences without disgusting the animal by too re-

peated jumping over the same obstacle. These practice-leaps should not be very difficult, for many a horse of excellent capacity will refuse to take in cold blood a leap which, in the race, or in following fox-hounds in company with a full field, would be taken with delight. There is no school for the young steeple-chaser to compare with the hunting-field with its encouragement to strong effort, for the anxiety to leap on the part of the horse should even exceed that of his rider. The rules of the steeple-chase are too technical to be repeated here, but as the race has for its object the winning of stakes, they are of course precisely and closely adhered to. The sport is essentially an English one. In this country the courses are short, and the number of entries is generally small, but in England it is not unusual to see twenty or thirty horses start across country, taking their leaps at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The course there is usually about four miles long, and includes an average of about thirty-two leaps with a long run in at the close.

Riding to hounds, or fox-hunting, may well be called the great national sport of Great Britain. It has been transplanted into every country settled by the English people, and is even pursued by the pleasure-seeking English colonists at Rome and at Pau, but nowhere does it find a development at all comparable with that which it has reached in its native country. In England alone there are kept about 100 packs of hounds, and it is supposed that throughout the hunting season, from November until the wheat is well started in the spring, there are from 5,000 to 10,000 horsemen in the field every day.

In a certain sense, there is no practical use in writing about fox-hunting for an American public. It is true that there are several semi-private hunts in the country,—one at least near Philadelphia being very like the real thing. There are also a few fortunate Americans who are able now and then to indulge in the sport abroad, but the number of American readers who will ever even see a fox-hunt is comparatively very small. Were one to write only for those who are to test one's lucubrations in field-practice, one would write for an extremely small American audience. But, happily, although our ultra "practical" methods of life and work, and our studious disregard of all sport, combined with the unfavorable character of our climate

have tied our population to chairs and buggy-seats, there still runs in our veins much of that clear current, which was for so many generations kept throbbing by the active sports of our field-loving ancestors. Although our "saddler" is only a harness-maker, and although we know our horses only from the posterior view, there come moments to nearly all of us when the imagination leads us to wish, and makes us half believe, that the old equestrian life of our race were again possible to us. The real substance has gone, but the spirit is still left, and alive; fortunately for those who write about riding, it is the spirit and not the flesh that keeps up our interest in horsemanship.

Many of us may never ride again,—many indeed have never ridden at all save in the person of a long dead ancestor, but we all of us feel the equestrian instinct, which we are always glad to cherish, and which accepts kindly every description of the vigorous work of the hunting-field. Speaking after the manner of the Darwinian, our fox-hunting has become rudimentary. It is indeed often covered from view and unconsciously worn, but rudimentary though it is, it has not yet lost all life, and it responds, often with more than a feeble tingling, to the touch of suggestive description. I may not agree with the fox-hunter whom I once met at an inn in England who expressed it as his "idea of the acme of human enjoyment to ride after the hounds six days in the week, and lie abed and read 'Bell's Life' all Sunday;" still in my most strictly confidential intercourse with my own thoughts, I look upon the life of an English fox-hunter, who can afford to be well mounted, and who is comfortably lodged in a good hunting country, as the one in which a vigorous and accustomed horseman may find in the greatest degree that happiness which comes of perfect mental and bodily health.

As we here are debarred from an actual participation in the sport, let us seek as often as we can such reflection of its delights as may come with reading about it.

It requires real self-abnegation for a writer to admit among the lines of his lifeless description such realities as the drawings of Leech, but one would confess himself a false enthusiast who—having the chance—failed to show his readers precisely what it is that he is talking about. And here it is, in these few cuts from "Punch"—printed in this and the November number. Where was there ever a better lesson in female horsemanship than in the seat and spirit of the

damsel who is driving Crusader at his fence, in spite of papa; where a more inspiring sight—save to her baffled follower—than the maiden flying the hog-backed stile? Then look at the rascally boy taking the cream off his master's second mount. These are all reality itself; bits of every-day hunting-field life, fixed for all time for the information of those who, but for a pencil like this, would know the sport only through the dull words of the magazine writer. Look at the horses in all of these cuts. Leech used to complain that the engraver ruined everything he drew,—and he or they sometimes did take liberties with the strict rules of anatomy. But where else may we look to see such real portrayal of horse character? These horses are as individual as so many excited men,—we see just what they think about it all, and with what thrilling spirit they are doing their splendid work.

That the enthusiasm of the saddle is very widely spread among our people was fully evinced by the eagerness with which volunteers in the war of the rebellion sought enlistment or appointment in the cavalry arm of the service. Indeed, the attraction of the spring and autumn races all over the country is by no means confined to, nor does it largely depend upon, the inducements they offer as a field for betting. Where one attends for the opportunity to bet money, ten are actuated solely by their desire to see fine horses well ridden, and among the crowd there is far less interest in the winning of the race than in the way in which it is run. This is especially true of the steeple-chase.

The number of persons in this country who can afford the time and expense needed for the real enjoyment of riding is limited, but the number of those who hope to enjoy it in the future is very large.

The success of several hunts between Philadelphia and Baltimore—at least one pack of hounds having been kept up for more than a century, and still affording capital sport throughout every winter—indicates that we may still hope for the considerable extension of the sport. In England, in former days, fox-hunting was really hunting. The whole field of horsemen took an active interest in the pursuit of the fox and in the encouragement of the hounds. Latterly, although the number is by no means small of those whose interest is centered in the working of the pack, the fox-hunt is really a race across country with a pack of hounds to mark out the course. To the best riders it is little more than a capital

modification of the steeple-chase. To the inferior riders it gives an opportunity to witness more or less of the exciting run, according to their ability to keep the field in view. The descriptions of fox-hunting given in English books, and even the more minute directions for the practice of the sport, have always seemed to me to assume an amount of preliminary knowledge concerning it that is not often found here, so that it may be worth while briefly to describe its practice.

Scattered over the country at intervals of probably twenty or thirty miles are the headquarters or kennels of the principal "Hunts." Each hunt is under the control of an M. F. H. (Master of Fox-Hounds) who is the absolute and despotic ruler of the sport. He fixes the places of meeting, and controls in every way the manner of the hunting. Sometimes he is a person of great wealth, who bears the entire cost—and it is very great—of the hounds, huntsmen, whippers-in and other servants, and of the considerable number of costly horses that these servants require. Sometimes the pack is kept up by subscription, and sometimes the subscriptions serve to make up so much of the cost as the master is unable or unwilling to pay. The sport is open, without restriction, to all, rich or poor, who may care to join in it. Occasional visitors, even when riding with subscription packs, are not expected to contribute; but one who means to hunt at all regularly subscribes ten guineas or more according to circumstances,—and always according to his own discretion. In some hunts strangers are always welcome, in others they are tolerated, and in others they soon learn that their presence is not a source of delight to the regular habitués. A novice is always regarded with suspicion until he evinces a skill and modesty which show him to be desirable or at least entirely unobjectionable. The foregoing applies especially to gentlemen. Those who simply wear the garb of the order and are obviously unfamiliar with its manners and customs can make themselves welcome only by an exhibition of the boldest and most successful horsemanship and of an entire absence of self-conceit. It is recognized among horsemen, the world over, that thoroughly good riding, under the varying and difficult conditions of cross-country work, implies qualities of head and heart which all thorough horsemen must recognize. The proportion is often large of poor people who turn out with every meet, mounted on ponies, cobs, plow-horses, or

anything else that is able to carry a man, or even not mounted at all, but trusting to a nimble pair of legs and to a good knowledge of the country and of the habits of the fox to enable them to see a fair share of the sport.

The meet is generally appointed at eleven o'clock. The hounds—usually from twenty to thirty couples—are kept well together and a little at one side by the huntsman and two or more whippers-in. The master of the hounds and his servants, as well as the regular members of the hunt, and many of the farmers who ride regularly, are dressed according to the prevailing fashion,—usually with red coats, white or brown cord breeches, and top boots. The conventional head-gear is the stove-pipe hat, which is the safest of all protections against the accidents of a fall; save perhaps the stiff jockey-shaped cap worn by the huntsmen, by many of the farmers and sometimes by the master himself. As the hat is very liable to be knocked off when riding among trees or in leaping through a "bull-finch," it is fastened to a button of the coat by a cord which passes through an eye in the back part of the rim. Occasional riders, and those who wish to avoid the responsibility for their horsemanship implied by a red coat, wear black coats, and often either boots with black tops or without tops, or even cloth or leather gaiters fastened over the lower leg. Some of the get-ups are of the most natty description, and it is important for the more elegant to appear at the meet in the most spotless gear. Those who ride to the place of meeting often wear overalls, and those who drive are otherwise protected against flying mud.

The first fox-hunter I ever saw in the flesh stood at the door of the Regent Hotel in Leamington, with a light overcoat over his scarlet and with a white apron, fastened over the neck and by a strap tied around the waist, reaching to his feet in front,—very like the apron of a well-regulated butcher. It was a sloppy day, threatening rain, and this gentleman's servant would possibly spend much of the night in removing the mud and stain with which every part of his clothing would be coated. He must appear in virgin purity at the meet, although the first five minutes' run might splash him from head to foot.

The hunt having assembled, saddle-girths being adjusted, and the road-horse or the dog-cart being exchanged for the hunter,

the hounds are sent into the cover,—usually a small bit of woodland thickly grown with a tangled mass of underbrush and briars, where, if they are fortunate, they sooner or later find a fox and start him out into the open, following him with an eager but whimpering cry, and stimulated by the voice of the huntsman and his assistants. “Tally-ho!” is called, and the whole field, numbering from one to two hundred, start in pursuit, the best men following straight in the wake of the pack and the more prudent seeking such roundabout ways by gates and lanes and public roads as will keep them as near as they dare go to the line of chase. The pack follows the trail of the fox—by scent—at a very high speed until he is come up with or driven to earth, or until the scent is lost by some one of his many shrewd devices, such as doubling on his course, following in the sulphurous wake of a passing railway train, or taking to cover where the thick undergrowth checks the speed of the pack. The hard riding comes in the straight brush across country, and if this is long continued and interrupted by

difficult leaping, the field is soon trailed out until only the best men are near the front. At a check, many of the stragglers come up, and blown horses have time to rest, so that at the next start there is still a good field in pursuit, but the number of those who are in at the death or within sight or sound of it, bears very small proportion to the number gathered at the meet. The fox, if killed, is seized by the huntsman, who makes it a point of honor to be near at hand, and is held aloft until those who are near have come up. The voracious and howling pack is kept at bay with the lash. The fox’s mask (head), brush (tail) and pads (feet) are cut off and distributed,—nominally among those who were in at the death, but practically, in these degenerate days and unless the master interferes in behalf of some plucky lad who has kept well to the front on his pony, or of some guest who has distinguished himself by his riding,—among those who have tipped him with a half guinea and bespoken a trophy. The carcass is thrown to the pack and is torn from mouth to mouth, being devoured in a twinkling.



A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES, WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILE, HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER. [AFTER LEECH.]



AFTER LEECH.

RASCALLY BOY (*with delightfully fresh animal*).—"Oh, dear! What a beautiful thing! I wonder where master can be?"

Sometimes the whole day is consumed in "drawing" one cover after another without finding a fox, and sometimes in chasing the fox from cover to cover until he finds an unstopped earth (a hole that has been overlooked by the men employed to close them), and the result is a "blank day." If the fox is lost or killed long enough before dark, another cover is sought and another fox run, and sometimes another and another. The enthusiastic devotees of the sport hold on until the last chance for finding another fox is given up, but as the sun gets lower and lower, more and more of the field withdraw and ride their tired nags over the long road home. I once left the field at dusk for a ride of eleven miles home through the rain. I asked a hale old gentleman of nearly eighty who lived near my hotel if he would accompany me. He replied, "No, they are going to draw another cover, and, as I cannot hope to see many more seasons in the saddle, I do not propose to miss any of the chances of this one." He was out again, hale and bright the next day, although he had reached home only in time for his eight-o'clock dinner.

The question that arises in this country when the introduction of fox-hunting is suggested is that of the opposition of the farmers. The sport involves the protection of foxes, resulting in a certain amount of damage to poultry, and more or less injury

to fences and crops, but these objections could probably be removed by some proper system of compensation. What is here more serious would probably be the question of trespass; and certainly as farmers are their own landlords and are subject to no restrictions, such as are imposed in the almost universally prevalent leases of England, it would, of course, be in the power of any farmer or other land-owner to forbid entering upon his land. One or two objectors in a neighborhood would suffice to make anything like satisfactory work impossible. This could be overcome, if at all, only by establishing such relations between the hunter and the farmer as exist almost everywhere in England. There, farmers themselves enter very eagerly into the sport, and enough of them ride regularly to establish a public sentiment in its favor, and to drown any objection that might arise in their own class. When damage is done to poultry or to fences or to crops, compensation is always given by the master, but it is considered not at all the thing to ask damages unless the injury has been quite serious. After all, the account is found to be very largely in favor of the farmer, even though he is subjected to some loss from the causes referred to above. Fox-hunting invariably brings into the country a very large number of horses, creating a demand for forage on which the extra profit over the price it would bring in

a distant market is very far beyond the damage done. In Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, where fox-hunting is still kept up, no serious difficulty has arisen, largely for the reason that the whole or nearly the whole of the hunt is made up from the ranks of the farmers themselves.

It is of course unlikely that in any neighborhood in this country it would be possible, nor is it desirable, to establish fox-hunting upon anything like the costly scale of a crack English hunt. There are many men in England who hunt from four to six days in the week; many of them ride two horses each day, and rarely bring out the same horse twice in one week. From no point of view can it be pretended that English fox-hunting is anything but a very costly pastime.

I know a hunt in this country where about twenty couples of hounds are kept,—where the huntsman is a vigorous countryman who acts as his own feeder and whipper-in, where the master of the hounds is still in business, and where the members of the hunt are mainly the men of the neighborhood with a few members from a somewhat distant city, mainly men of affairs who only now and then get a day after the hounds. Occasional riders, unless they are personal friends of members, are not encouraged to participate. There is an almost entire absence of English saddlery. The costumes are very much the same that these men wear daily about their farms, and what is most remarkable is that the horses ridden are the underbred horses of the country. The cost of maintaining the pack must fall very lightly upon the members of the hunt. The sport is quite different from the modern fox-hunting of England. It is more like the hunting of a century ago, from which, indeed, it is an offshoot.

The country is a very rolling one; fenced with stiff rails, and with less difficult snake-fences. It has much wood, many brooks and not a few swamps. The pace is very much slower than in England but the route compels an amount of difficult leaping for one who cares to go straight after the hounds, that would do no discredit to the hardest riders of the mother country. I have seen four or five members of this hunt go over a post-and-rail fence that would turn many a crack English fox-hunter, and in one instance where a string of cordwood had closed the end of a lane that had been open the previous season, an excited rider (light weight) took it rather than turn back and lose ground.

In England it is supposed that the scent will not lie when the ground is frozen, and that snow is quite fatal to it. American hounds, however, have had their noses cultivated to such a point that they carry the trail over a crust of snow without difficulty, and I have seen a pack in Pennsylvania nose out the scent under an inch of light snow that had fallen upon this crust since the fox had passed over it.

It is often objected to fox-hunting that it is a dangerous sport. Of course it is dangerous, so is railroad travel, so is driving, so is nearly every condition of life; but nothing is more clearly demonstrated by the observation of the past two centuries than that one's chance for a long life is far greater with a very liberal facing of danger in any form of field sport, and with the attendant exercise and exhilaration, than in the tamer existence of which are born bad blood, dyspepsia, and premature old age. Now and then it is true, a man is killed, but this is extremely rare, and even in this case if we estimate the amount of happiness that he has got out of his life, and the degree to which he has transmitted a capacity for happiness to his descendants, we shall consider both him and them far more fortunate than where death came a few years later at the hands of an ignorant plumber, or a bad cook, and where a timorous heart and a weak frame have struggled for years against the torture of delicate health, and have founded an inheritance of misery as the most lasting achievement of a weakly spent life.

The foregoing papers have been written with no utopian view as to the probable or even possible future of the saddle-horse in America. The tendency of the times is all against him. The grave seriousness of our lives, the overpowering necessity for money-making, the keen intellectual development leading to sedentary life, the need for wheels to transport our women, and the fear of personal injury which so generally actuates those who lead a tranquil existence,—in a word the effeminacy toward which we seem to be surely drifting,—are constant influences bearing away from anything like the brutal health and energy needed for enthusiastic devotion to horsemanship.

Without enthusiastic devotion, horsemanship is nothing, neither an art nor a pastime,—it is simply a bore. If it is not one of the leading objects of life, it is quite sure, under the conditions which prevail here, to drop out of one's existence. In England,

many may ride because riding is the custom,—here, on the other hand, riding is a rare exception, and it is quite sure not to be practiced or at least not to be continued save by its ardent devotees. Our ardor and devotion lead in other directions, and

it is hardly to be hoped that what is written about saddle-horses, here or elsewhere, will have any better effect than to recall the reader now and then to the memory and traditions and delights of an art whose practice is fast dropping out of his race.

ANTS.

THE economy of the bee-hive, wonderful as it is, yields in interest to the marvelous social life among the ants. There is no less forethought and wisdom, no less orderliness and careful provision against danger, among the ants than we have already found among the bees. The care of the larvæ is even more arduous, and the supervision of the young more perfect. Besides this, only the domesticated bees have been fully and accurately studied, while there are so many varieties of ants, each with its own peculiar social life and habits, that the range of observation is wider, and the facts more numerous and more curious.

Primitive society shows scarcely a phase which has not its prototype among these tiny creatures. There are nomadic ants who gain their subsistence by hunting; pastoral ants who have great possessions in flocks and herds; warlike ants who seize, upon the richer domains of their weaker neighbors, and live upon the spoils of battle; slothful but valiant ants who enslave other tribes and force them to labor in their behalf; provident ants who gather in and harvest the native grain; agricultural ants, who farm and house their crops.

There are, in all ordinary cases, among each colony of ants, as of bees, three kinds of individuals,—females, males and workers, the latter being undeveloped females. The males and females are generally winged, and are developed in enormous numbers. When mature they fly out of the nest. Unlike the queen bee, the female ants do not mark the home which they leave, and so do not return after fertilization. The workers in the nest from which the flight has been effected usually manage to capture a fertile queen from the myriads in the air at swarming-time, or from those who have been fertilized on the ground. They hold her in mild durance till she seems content to stay; when she gets rid of her wings by “un-

hitching” them herself, or by permitting her subjects to do so. A few of the fertile queens from the same colony, which have managed to save themselves from their enemies the birds, and from other dangers, go into the ground and found a new colony. It was formerly supposed that a queen ant did all the work for the infant colony,—that she laid the eggs, and performed all the necessary offices for her offspring, till a sufficient number of workers were matured to assume the responsibilities of the nest. But the latest observations suggest that she has assistance from the first, as some workers are generally found hidden away near the nest.

The single fertilization of the queen is sufficient to make her fecund through her life-time. Whether or not a parallel to the parthenogenesis of the bees is to be found among ants, it would be impossible to say, though certain phenomena point that way. The deposition of each egg by the queen bee in a cell peculiar to the sex, makes easy an investigation which would be extremely difficult if not impossible among ants. As soon as the ant queen lays, her minute eggs are taken in parcels into the mouth of a worker, carried away, deposited in some favorable place and cared for. As their position is changed usually twice every day, to follow the fortunes of an ant from its earliest development seems utterly out of the question.

After the general flight of the winged insects most of the females and all of the males perish, unless by a very rare chance one of the latter, forlorn and wingless, makes his way into a nest. In this case no hostility is shown toward him by the workers; on the contrary he is treated kindly and is fed by them.

Both ants and bees belong to the hymenopterous group of insects; and their internal structure and external organization

are, in many respects, almost identical; only the distinctive features will therefore be noticed. Fig. 1 shows that the body is divided into three parts,—head, thorax and abdomen; the legs and mouth—appen-

ment of the aliment, sending it up or down as the case may require.

The poison apparatus in those ants which do not sting, opens out into the cloacal chamber just above *a* [Fig. 1]; in those which do, it opens into the sting. [See Fig. 3.]

In order to determine the part played by the different portions of the alimentary canal, ants may be fed with honey, colored with prussian blue,—a substance which seems to produce no deleterious effect upon them.

M. Forel allowed thirteen worker ants to fast for a number of days till their bodies became quite small.

He then took four of these and gave them the blue honey "*à discrétion*," as he says. They began to lap with avidity, and in a short time their abdomens were three times their former size. One of these gorged workers was then removed to a bottle in which the remaining nine starved ants were imprisoned. It was immediately surrounded, caressed and licked by its hungry companions. One little worker began

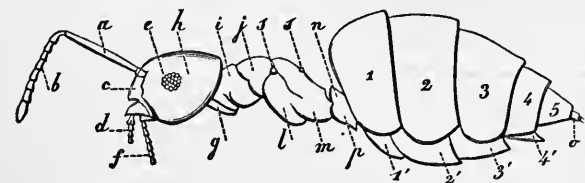


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM OF ANT (*BRACHYMYRMEX HEERI*). SEEN FROM SIDE WITH LEGS AND MOUTH APPENDAGES REMOVED TO SHOW PART.

1, 2, 3, 4, Dorsal layers of four first abdominal segments; 1', 2', 3', 4', ventral layers of same; 5, pygidium; *a*, pedicel; *b*, anus; *c*, chaparrone; *d*, eye; *e*, antenna; *f*, jointed end of antenna; *g*, *s*, stemma, or ocelli; *h*, palps. [After Forel.]

pages of one side—having been removed to show the parts. The organs of sense are situated in the head, the principal muscles in the thorax, and the main organs for the maintenance of its own life and the preservation of the species in the abdomen.

The alimentary canal includes the mouth, buccal sac, gullet, crop, gizzard, stomach and intestine. The buccal sac is a sort of cheek-pouch; this curious organ is wanting in the bees; it was first discovered in the wasp, and was supposed by its discoverer to be subservient to the purpose of constructing its paper comb. It is, however, always found in the ants, where it could serve no such purpose. It is a perfectly spherical sac, situated in the anterior portion of the head just below the pharynx, with which it is in free communication. The walls of its inner surface are roughened by a layer of cells, which, however, do not appear to be secretory; it is always filled with particles of food, but its real office is not known. Just within the abdomen the œsophagus widens out into a crop, Fig. 2, C; below this is the gizzard [*gesier*], G, which is a most singular organ. Its walls, in their upper portion, *g*, are formed of four strong chitinous lamellæ made by the thickening of the internal tunic; these four sepals, as they are called, are bound into a tube by an external muscular layer and the transparent tunic. Below, the sepals which have been approaching suddenly, diverge and strengthen the spherical pouch, *g*, by four strong semi-meridians; the gizzard terminates in a tube, *m*, which enters the stomach, S. The crop is the honey-sac of the worker ant, in which it retains for a time such food, usually honey, as it regurgitates for the benefit of its companion, or the young. The gizzard controls the move-

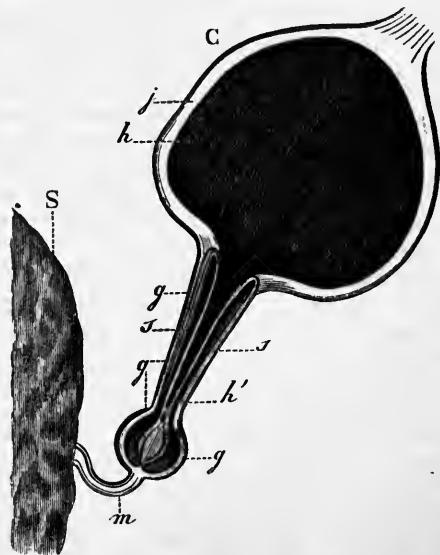


FIG. 2. CROP AND GIZZARD (JABOT AND GESIER) OF NEUTER OF *CAMPONOTUS LIGNIPERDUS*.

C, Crop; *j*, walls; *h*, blue honey distending it; *s*, *s*, sepals in gizzard; *g*, gizzard proper; *h'*, limit of the colored honey; *m*, tube; S stomach. [After Forel.]

coaxing (it seems almost a pity to translate the "*se mit à l'implorer*," even into coaxing). It soon touched the heart of its former companion in misery: a drop of the blue honey was regurgitated to be appropriated by the little coaxer. A second,

a third and then a fourth drop was dispensed in succession, the abdomen of the giver visibly decreasing while that of the receiver as noticeably increased. But turn about is fair play, even among ants, and the little gourmand was entreated in her turn; and, in her turn, yielded up her honey. And so it went, till at the end of two hours the hearty meal of the first worker was pretty equally divided between herself and her nine starving companions. The ten were then dissected, and their crops found filled with blue honey, not a drop of which, however, had entered the main body of the gizzard; it had, of course, not penetrated to the stomach.

Figure 2 is taken from one of these ants fed with blue honey, *h* being the colored honey which goes down to *h'* and there stops. The other three gorged workers were then dissected and the same thing was ob-

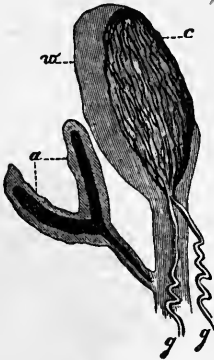


FIG. 3. POISON GLANDS OF WORKER.

w, Walls of gland; *c*, body formed by folding of excretory duct; *g*, *g*, tubes of gland; *a*, accessory gland. [After Forel.]

served, except that the crop was so enormously distended as to fill four-fifths of the abdomen,—pushing all the other organs behind or beneath it. The crop reached to the fifth abdominal segment, and yet not a drop had penetrated farther back than the sepals of the gizzard. After several days, ants thus fed seem to feel justified in getting some personal benefit from their meals; the contents of the stomach then begin to show coloration, and after a time become as deeply colored as the crop, with a blue more or less impure.

The alimentary canal of the ants, like that of the bees, we see is divided into two parts; the anterior being devoted to the welfare of the community, and the posterior to its own. It is a remarkable fact that in each variety the digestive canal has the same structure for the three sexes, and yet

the males never have to disgorge,—they merely receive. The function of the gizzard, which has been unfortunately named, is not to comminute the food, but to regulate the movement of the aliment,—to close the stomach against the entrance till the proper time shall have come for its reception.

Ants have a very acute sense of taste, which seems to reside principally in the tongue. This organ is utterly unlike the labium of the bee, and more nearly resembles our own tongues. It is a tiny yellow tubercle, situated in the lower jaw, Fig. 7, supplied with several rows of gustatory papillæ, *g*, *g*, in which nerve fibers terminate. On the maxillæ or jaws similar papillæ are found, Fig. 8, *g*. That the sense of taste is very acute no one could doubt who had watched these little creatures, and seen how delicately they choose their food, and how quickly they perceive the mixture of any bitter or distasteful substance with it. Ants seem to be entirely deficient in the sense of hearing, which is moderately acute in bees.

The eyes of ants, like those of most insects, are made up of multitudes of facets; it would seem that their vision is more perfect than that of bees, any want of adjustment in the focus with them being of less consequence, as they do not need to see from any great distance. The eyesight of the males in each community is



FIG. 4. NERVOUS SYSTEM OF ANT.

a, nerve of antenna; *c*, optic nerve; *b*, lobes of brain. [After Forel.]

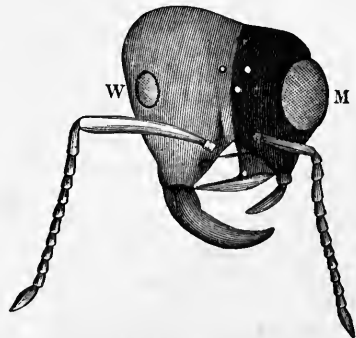


FIG. 5. HEAD OF HERMAPHRODITE ANT.

M, Male side; *W*, worker side. [After Forel.]

best, and that of the workers worst. The powers of vision seem to bear a direct proportion to the number of facets, of which the eye is composed; this number ranges.

from 1 to 1,200, in the Swiss ants, very rarely reaching either extreme. The senses of touch and of smell reside in the antennæ. In certain varieties the latter sense is very exquisite, in others it is deficient. Ants deprived of both antennæ show an entire loss of instinct, but this seems manifestly due to that fact that they thus lose the power of giving and receiving impressions; not that the brain is really touched, for the poor, mutilated little creatures may be seen trying to inform themselves with their feet, their palps or their heads, making unaccustomed movements with these organs.

It is very singular that while the deprivation of their antennæ will deprive ants of their instincts, and utterly incapacitate them for their wonted employments, the loss of the entire abdomen leaves them with the ability to run about, to take care of their young, to recognize friends and foes, and to fight. They even show more than their usual dauntless courage when so mutilated. Any very great effort, however, is apt to be followed by a convulsion, and at most they do not live more than two days.

It is certainly very curious to find symptoms among ants of brain-trouble suggestive of our own. Any serious injury to the brain is usually followed by convulsions. In the



FIG. 6. REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM OF HERMAPHRODITE.

O, Ovaries; T, Testes with tube, vasa differentia and imperfect ovary. [After Forel.]

frequent combats which one of the red ants—*Formica rufa*—has with other species, these brain injuries are very common, for in their "hand to hand" struggles the main object of an ant is to brain its antagonist. One of these little creatures which had been so injured in a fight was closely watched. It remained for a time as if glued to the spot, resting on all six feet; it was frequently taken with a general trembling, and occasionally lifted a foot. It would, now and then, make a few short, hasty steps, as if moved by a spring, but without any object. When irritated it made perfectly co-ordinated defensive movements, but fell back into a stupor when let alone. It showed no normal impulses, not even the elementary instincts of fear and of self-preservation. It was, in fact, very strikingly like the pigeon from which Flourens

had taken the cerebral hemispheres—a mere automaton. Some workers after brain injury show an imbecile rage, throwing them-

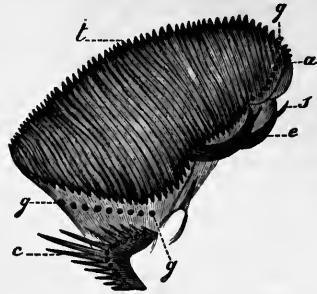


FIG. 7. TONGUE OF WORKER.

a, Tip; g, gustatory papillæ; c, chitinous lamellæ; s, hairs on lamellæ; e, comb. [After Forel.]

selves alike on friend or foe, and striving to destroy them.

On the other hand the severed head, if the ganglia nearest the brain be uninjured, retains the entire intelligence of the ant. It recognizes friends, implores help, fights its enemies, and, indeed, appears to suffer very small inconvenience, except that when it tries to walk on its fore legs it constantly falls backward, evidently forgetting the loss of its body and hinder limbs.

Such observations leave small room for doubt that the entire intelligence of the ant resides in the brain, the presence of the adjacent ganglia apparently doing no more than to prevent any injury to that part of the brain lying nearest them, and this statement receives confirmation from another observation made by Forel. Among the ants as among the bees, there are occasionally found individuals, partly of one sex and partly of the other, or hermaphrodites [see Figs. 5 and 6]. In some cases this mingling of sex is external merely, in others it is internal, and in others again a combination of both. Fig. 5 gives a most curious instance of hermaphroditism by sides, and Fig. 6 that of the internal reproductive organs; but the case to which particular allusion is now made is of an ant which possessed the head, and consequently the brain of a worker, while the remainder, both externally and internally, was half male and half worker. This ant showed every instinct of a worker to a perfect degree, performing all those offices which fall to its lot, but which are never performed by either a male or a perfect female. The head of the little creature being worker, its whole duty in life was determined.

Nothing is more noticeable in the econ-

omy of an ant's nest than its perfect cleanliness. They not only keep their homes clean, but bestow the utmost care upon their own personal neatness and purity as well as upon that of their companions, their larvæ, and their pupæ. On the feet, Fig. 9, there is an outgrowth of hairs which serves the purpose of making and keeping them clean. The upper joint of the tarsus, *b*, and the spur, *c*, are both so articulated upon the tibia, *a*, that they constitute, with the hairs that border the inner sides of both, two brushes, which can withdraw from, or ap-

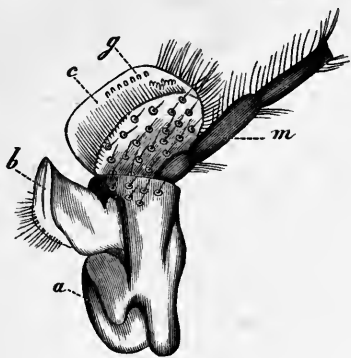


FIG. 8. JAW OF ANT, FLATTENED AND SEEN FROM INTERNAL FACE.

a, b, c, Three first maxillary palps; *g*, gustatory papillæ; *m*, maxillary palp. [After Forel.]

proach each other according to the thickness of the object placed between them. It is the spur and tarsus of the fore feet which are most used; with these the ant combs out her antennæ, her head, her palps, her mandibles, and also the lower posterior parts of her body. In fact, she makes pretty much her whole toilet with these brushes. Those upon the other fore feet take care of her back, the feet themselves rub together to cleanse each other, as flies may be so frequently seen to do, when they appear to be congratulating themselves on some stroke of good fortune. The brush is cleansed by being taken up by the mandibles and passed through the mouth, the comb, *c*, Fig. 7, at the base of the tongue aiding in the process.

The young are cleansed, not so much by the help of these brushes, as by the mandibles, which take off the larger particles of dust, the finer portions being removed by the tongue, Fig. 7, and the maxillæ, Fig. 8. "Nothing is so charming," Forel says, "as to see the delicacy with which the tender nurses acquit themselves of this duty; not the smallest particle of dust is allowed to remain upon their charges."

The care of the young begins from the

moment an egg is laid,—by the queen, or sometimes by a fertile worker. The eggs, which are almost invisible to the naked eye,—elongated in form, and opaque, white or yellow in color,—are taken in small parcels, in the mouths of the nurses, and deposited in some favorable spot. From this time the attention of the nurses is unremitting; the eggs are constantly licked; it is possible that some nutriment is supplied, as well as cleanliness insured by this attention, for the eggs grow, curve around at the extremity, and become transparent. The eggs, which are to produce queen, male and workers, are identical in size and shape.

The larva, which hatches out in fifteen days, is entirely dependent for its existence upon the nurses, who feed it with regurgitated food. It is not able even to take the honey placed beside it, but when it gets hungry moves its head from side to side, and the nurses then supply the food which it eagerly eats. Every day each one of the thousands of young in an ant-hill are carried to the upper chambers to get the warmth of the sun, and each night they are again removed to the depths of the nest for protection from chill, except in rainy weather, when they are left below. For some time after they are hatched, no distinction between the sexes can be made out. The larvæ at times remain undeveloped for a very long period, some of those hatched out in the fall not becoming perfect insects till the following July.

After the larva enters into its pupa state, it still requires the care of the nurses; some of them spin cocoons, others are naked: though neither kind takes nourishment during its pupal state, the nurses carry them up and down stairs, and are continually cleansing them. The cocooned nymphs, or pupæ, can rarely extricate themselves from their case. The workers tear these carefully open, and draw the weak, flaccid things out. If this is not done they usually perish.

After this the pellicle which still surrounds the delicate little creature is removed; if it be a male or female the wings are carefully unfolded, and even then the work of the nurses is not over; for several days they follow their little charges, feeding them and



FIG. 9.

c, Spur; *b*, tarsus.

teaching them their way through the labyrinthian galleries and corridors of the nest. These attentions are continued to the winged insects till they take their final flight.

One of the most curious things in the social economy of the ants is their relations with the *Aphides*. These little insects (familiarily known as rose-lice) constitute the milch-cattle of the ants. Wherever the aphides collect there the ants follow them. The aphis penetrates the tender bark of a twig and without intermission absorbs its sap; this, after undergoing the process of digestion, appears at the posterior extremity of the body (and not from the setiform tubes on its back as has been supposed) [Fig. 1, *a*] as a saccharine fluid, very much like honey,—it is in fact the honey-dew found upon the leaves of plants. If the ants are near, as is usually the case, they immediately suck up the sweet liquor; if not, the aphis ejects it to a distance. When the aphis fails to yield up its honey, the ants beg for it by patting with their antennæ the sides of the creature till the precious drop makes its appearance. In tropical countries the *cocci* afford their nutriment in the same way. These aphides are taken possession of by colonies of ants; if their right of ownership is disputed they fight fiercely in its defense. A guard is established, and stationed to watch and protect the flocks and herds of a colony; in some cases a tent formed of decayed wood, made into a sort of *papier-mâché*, is erected over them, to protect them from the weather.

The *Formica flava* gathers around it herds of aphides, which it houses in underground stables, the food supplied the cattle being the succulent roots of plants which have penetrated the apartments. The eggs of the aphides receive no less care from the ants than those of their own queen; and in case of danger are no less jealously protected. Ants, in temperate or cold climates, where they hibernate during a part of the year, live almost entirely upon the food supplied by the aphides, both the masters and their cattle becoming torpid at the same temperature.

In tropical climates these little creatures provide for their wants in many other ways. The foraging ants—*Ecitons*—live solely on insects or other prey; they are in fact hunters, and are forced to become wandering tribes, for when one hunting-ground is exhausted the encampment breaks up, and with their females and young they seek new fields. They advance in mighty armies,

sometimes three or four yards wide, and form 200 to 300 yards long, fairly blackening the ground over which they travel. These moving columns are composed of workers of various size, officered, at every two or three yards, by larger and lighter-colored individuals, which are seen to stop very often, or run backward, delivering orders by crossing antennæ with some of the line. Bodies of scouts are sent out from the main column, which peep under every stone and fallen leaf, and into every cranny. These flush the game,—to change the figure,—spiders, grasshoppers, and cockroaches. In trying to escape the foraging parties, these luckless creatures are apt to throw themselves into the very thick of the danger. If one of them falls among the main body of ants it is seized upon by myriads of its tiny enemies, and even a grasshopper rarely escapes; in a short time it is cut to pieces and packed away in a temporary receptacle. The head of an eciton is provided with a formidable weapon for the destruction of its victims [Fig. 10, *m*]. Spiders, in consequence of their quick-wittedness, most often escape,—though even these usually succumb to superior numbers.

There are, in warm climates, large numbers of leaf-cutting ants,—*Ecodoma*. They attack certain foreign trees most vigorously, the native kinds most to their taste having gone down in the long-continued struggle for existence. Between the nests of the

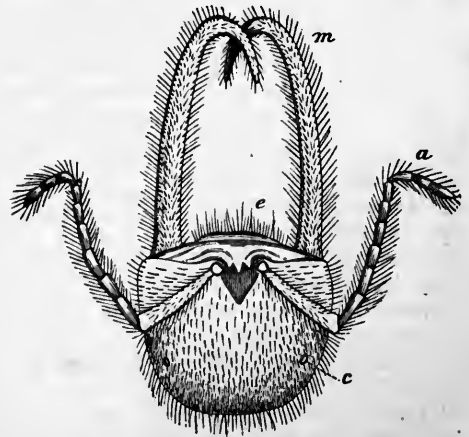


FIG. 10. HEAD OF FORAGING ANT,—ECITON.
m, Mandibles; *e*, lip; *c*, eye; *a*, antenna. [Regne Animal.]

cutting ants, and the trees they are visiting, two steady streams may be seen flowing to and fro, the first empty-handed going back for a load, the second bearing circular pieces of leaves, about the size of a ten-cent piece.

These pieces are cut from the leaves, by aid of their scissor-like jaws, and then borne to the nest; there the bits are carried by a smaller worker down into the nest, always at a certain degree of moisture, being rejected if too dry or too wet; and then after cutting it into small pieces the worker stores it away in an underground chamber. On opening these chambers, after a time, the minced-up leaves are found invariably covered with a white fungus growth, which probably forms the food of the ant. The small workers though they never carry the leaves, may be seen running along the paths with the others, but instead of helping they often mount on the pieces of leaves and so get a ride home. Besides the two cutting workers there is a huge kind of ant belonging to the nest of the oecodoma, measuring sometimes three-quarters of an inch; these are apparently the protectors of the community, who only appear in times of great danger, or on state occasions. Mr. Belt, from whom these facts are gathered, states that corrosive sublimate will set ants crazy. In two hours after sprinkling it across their paths, round balls of raging ants will be seen, struggling and fighting and biting each other furiously; some of them mutilated and others bitten in two. Red precipitate is said to produce the same effect,—a fact which might be useful in eradicating them when they become troublesome.

Mr. Moggridge has given some very wonderful instances of the providence manifested by the harvesting ants of Mentone. These little creatures seek the grass-grown lemon-terraces, climb the stalks of their favorite plants, cut and twist off the ripening pods of seed, convey them to their nests where they store them far underground in carefully prepared granaries. Some of these magazines are made of smooth clay, others penetrate far into the living rock, openings which the ants themselves had evidently excavated. This must have been accomplished by some chemical aid, formic acid perhaps, softening the stone. The ants somehow can prevent the germination of these stores of seed. This is done however, not by killing the seed, for they grow readily when removed from the granary and planted. It seems altogether probable that the ants allow the few germinating seed—found in the multitudes stored in each granary—to sprout; as, in a state of captivity, these same ants will eat only such as are softened by this process. The seeds after being gathered are carried down into

the nests with the husks on; but these are soon seen lying in tidy little heaps near the opening.

More wonderful even than these is the agricultural ant of Texas, which, according to Dr. Lincecum, prepares a flat area of

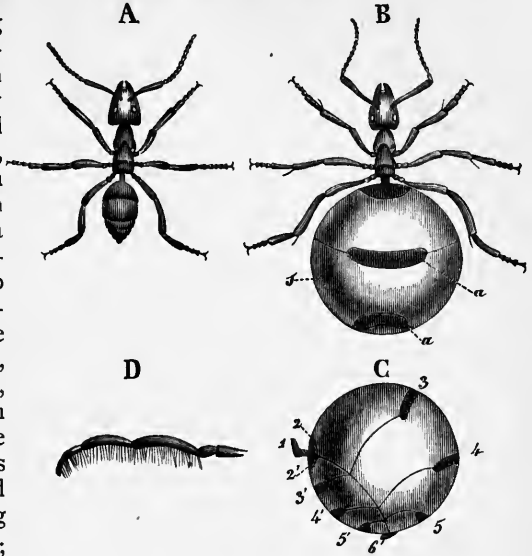


FIG. 11. HONEY ANTS.

A, Worker. B, Honey-secreting ant: *s*, abdomen swollen to form honey-sac; *a*, *a*, abdominal segments. C, Abdomen seen from side: 1, 1st segment; 2, 3, 4, 5, dorsal segments; 2', 3', 4', 5', ventral segments; 6, anal segment. D, Maxillary palp. [After Westmael.]

ground about its cone-shaped nest, in which grows only one kind of grain; this field it keeps carefully weeded. When the grain is ripe it is harvested, and the field cleared of stubble in readiness for next year's crop. The seed, he thinks, is sowed by the ants, but this seems to be a matter of conjecture rather than of direct observation.

There is a most singular ant—the *Myrmecocystus mexicanus*, or honey-ant—found in the southern parts of Mexico. There are among these ants three kinds of workers, two yellow workers, nurses and feeders, Fig. 11, A, and honey-makers, B, and one kind of black worker. The first kind of workers bring leaves and flower-petals to the nest upon which the second kind is fed. These secrete, from this feeding, a kind of honey which distends its abdomen to an enormous size. In the figure the ants are magnified two diameters; the distended abdomen looks like a large ripe white currant, and through this the intestine is seen to run. The nest is a crater-like elevation about an inch in diameter; a narrow canal leads down several feet into the earth; it winds about and widens here and there

into a chamber in which are stored up five or six of the honey-secreting workers. This honey supplies food for the rest of the colony—though how they manage to get it is not very clear. Upon digging down into these nests a moist spot on the clay, a collapsed ant, and a number of workers eagerly licking up the honey from the earth, tell the pathetic termination of a honey-ant's career. The strain upon the membrane has been too great and it has given way.

The black workers guard the aperture to the nest, forming a double line and marching back and forth around three sides of a square, in the midst of which it is situated.

The courage of ants has something very curiously human about it. It differs greatly in different species. Indeed, one of the most remarkable things about these minute creatures is that we are forced not only to make moral and intellectual distinctions between different varieties, but even between different individuals of the same variety. Some of them seem to be dull in accomplishing their ends, going to work with a lumbering stupidity, while others in the same colony show a quick keenness in inventing methods and resorting to devices. In the same way some seem to be more pitiful and benevolent than others. Sir John Lubbock, who denies much to ants which others accord, says: "We are forced to the conclusion that among ants, as among men, there are priests, and Levites, and good Samaritans.

The instinct of self-preservation—or rather of the conservation of species—is very strong among them. In a small and weak formicary the ants will flee before an enemy, while in a large and strong one they do not hesitate to sacrifice myriads of lives* to retain their home and protect their young.

Wars among the ants have very much the same causes as among men. It is a piece of territory that is coveted, and the stronger tribe goes out in force, vanquishes and ejects the weaker; or it is the possession of its flocks and herds, which one colony wishes to wrest from another; or in the slave-making species, a colony requires a new relay of servants to relieve it of all care. In this case a number of *Formica rufa* or *Formica sanguinea* muster and advance against a nest of *Formica nigra*, after a desperate battle—for the red ants are very brave, and the black ones though cowardly, are fighting for their young—the aggressors, who are almost always victorious, bear off the pupæ of the black ants to their own nests. When they hatch out into perfect

insects the slaves take upon themselves the whole care of the colony; they tend the young, take charge of the nest, and even feed and carry about their lazy masters, who will often die of starvation rather than help themselves, even when food is close at hand. The slaves, however, have something to say in the nest. They detain their masters when they desire to go out on a slave-making expedition, till after the time that the males and females of the negro colonies shall have taken flight, so that the species shall not be exterminated. When the red ants come home without booty, the slaves treat them with contempt, and sometimes even turn them out-of-doors. They are willing to work for their masters so long as they can hold them in respect.

In these combats the ants often manifest a singular resemblance to human beings in the effect which battle produces in the case of raw recruits. An ant which at first seemed fearful and hesitating, after a time becomes excited and shows a frenzy of courage, recklessly throwing away its life without accomplishing anything. When an ant which has reached this condition of insensate fury happens to fall in with a body of self-possessed workers, they quietly lay hold of it, several of them holding its different feet, gently touching it all the while with their antennæ till it calms down and is able to "listen to reason."

When two strong and well-matched ants oppose each other, and each feels itself well sustained by numerous comrades, they grapple furiously, curve their abdomens so as to spurt venom over each other, or to sting, as the case may be. Sometimes, however, they try first to throw each other, and reserve the use of the poison and the sting till later.

Varieties of ants which are most bitterly hostile to each other under normal conditions, will live harmoniously together if they have been reared in the same nest; and, if the mixed colony be attacked by a body of outsiders belonging to either species, the attacked ants will make common cause against the invaders.

Certain species seems always to prefer to live together. A colony examined by Forel was one of this kind, composed of an enormously developed queen of *Anergates atratulus*, with a number of males and females of the same variety. The workers, however, were all of an entirely different species—*T. Cæspitum*. The abdomen of this queen, Fig. 12, was so enormously dis-

tended that the scales lay far apart upon the inflated yellowish membrane. The male *atratus* is heavy and stupid, but able to move about; the queen, like the queen of the termites, is cared for by the workers, and even dragged from place to place. After her death the workers still cared for and caressed her body.



FIG. 12. FERTILE QUEEN OF ANERGATES ATRATUS.
1, 2, 3, 4, Dorsal segments of body; m, distended membrane between.
[After Forel.]

The dwellings of these wonderful little creatures are very remarkable, and of the most various kinds. Under the confused heap of sand and bits of straw and leaves, which constitutes the external portion of an ant-hill, order reigns supreme. Innumerable chambers arranged in stories, communicate by galleries which usually radiate from a large central chamber. The outer openings are ordinarily open by day, but securely closed at night. The walls, floors, supporting pillars and arches are built of clay scraped from the bottom of the nest,

kneaded into a smooth paste, sometimes with other materials, and built up. It hardens by the alternate action of sun and moisture into a solid, durable, and waterproof cement. *Formica rufa* makes its nest by excavating; these are not nearly so neatly or delicately made as those just described of *Formica brunnea*. Other species of ants hollow out into innumerable chambers the trunks of trees, cutting away the softer portion, and leaving wooden walls of the harder, no thicker than paper. Others again *F. nigra*,—our little negro ants at home,—not only excavate chambers in the tree-trunks, but they also collect the sawdust and knead it up with spiders' webs for cement into a building-material out of which they construct whole chambers.

Possibly the tailor-birds got their notions of architecture from some varieties of the ants,—(the ants, we know, came first),—for there is an ant, *F. smaragdino*, a native of India, which makes its nest of the living leaves of certain trees. Numbers of the ants collect upon the leaves, and by their weight and muscular efforts bend them down together, so that their companions can glue them together, or fasten them by a web into the form of a nest.

These are only a few of the more curious modes of architecture among the numberless varieties of ants. Their political and social economy is far too wonderful to be described in so small a compass; but these few facts give a suggestion of the almost human intelligence of these little creatures. This fact seems to have been recognized by the Mohammedans, who have a legend to this effect: Once upon a time King Solomon issued a decree that all living creatures should appear before him, by means of a representative, bringing him tribute. Among these came the ant dragging the body of a locust, many times larger than itself. For this herculean service she alone, of all the insect tribe, was admitted to the joys of Paradise.

THE WAY.

FIRST, find thou Truth, and then,
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To untrod ways,
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate;

And whether smiles or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet,
Fare on! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE ANDES.

ON one of the maps of Brazil, published in connection with the display of her natural wealth at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the lower course of the river Madeira is accompanied by a dotted line of red. It runs from a point far up toward Bolivian territory down to the junction of the Madeira with the gulf-like expanses of the Amazon. This line represents one of a series of railways projected or actually begun, which are to open up the extraordinary resources of the interior of Brazil to the commerce of the world. The surveys were made by two German engineers. In a book called, "From the Amazons and Madeira," one of these

lowing passage the impression made upon him by the river landscapes through which he passed:

"A silence as deep as the grave rests on the glassy surface of water glittering in the sun of noon; in close ranks, as far as the eye can reach, green walls of primeval forest-growth rise up on either side. Their lines are all the more even and their colors more alike, because at such enormous distances trifling differences are obliterated, and in no direction does the smallest hill break the finely serrated line of the horizon. Overhead stretches the deep, wide, dark sky, and as a foreground to the unforgettable picture are slender palms, orchid-bearing, half uprooted trunks, and heavy vines which dip their long coils into the turbid flood across the face of the crumbling river-banks. Below their



A JANGADA.

engineers, Franz Keller-Leutinger, gives accounts of the present condition of affairs on the greatest of the rivers of earth, and on one of its most important tributaries. The Madeira is blocked by a series of falls and cataracts. The government of Dom Pedro II. proposes to run a line of rail along the banks, and while developing a region incredibly rich in valuable crude articles of commerce, put certain portions of Peru and Bolivia in connection with Europe and the United States.

Franz Keller has condensed into the fol-

lowing passage the impression made upon him by the river landscapes through which he passed: "A silence as deep as the grave rests on the glassy surface of water glittering in the sun of noon; in close ranks, as far as the eye can reach, green walls of primeval forest-growth rise up on either side. Their lines are all the more even and their colors more alike, because at such enormous distances trifling differences are obliterated, and in no direction does the smallest hill break the finely serrated line of the horizon. Overhead stretches the deep, wide, dark sky, and as a foreground to the unforgettable picture are slender palms, orchid-bearing, half uprooted trunks, and heavy vines which dip their long coils into the turbid flood across the face of the crumbling river-banks. Below their net-work, the clay of the crumbling shore shines bright. This, for more than one hundred miles, is the character of the lower Madeira. Only at great distances huts thatched with palm-leaf peer now and then from the verdure, and still seldomer is it possible to get a sight of one of their shy, taciturn inhabitants. The only visible representatives of the animal kingdom—and these not of the kind to add life to the landscape—are shining, golden-green king-fishers gazing solemnly into the stream, quietly reflective herons and a pair of alligators lying motionless in the mouth of a side stream, whose partially emerging skulls and indented tails one easily mistakes for rotten tree-trunks. Uniform and monotonous as the smooth river the days also draw to their close; one is the image of the other.

With the first streak of gray morning, before the white mists which cover the face of the river disappear in the sunbeams, the steersmen call the rowers to the boats. Great cooking-kettles, tents, hammocks, and ox-hides are stored aboard, and each one takes his place. The narrow *pagais* are pushed with one combined effort into the water, and the heavy craft turns slowly out into the stream. For four or five hours the oars are plied in a quick, even stroke, before halt is made for breakfast at some convenient place on a dry bank.

"Of the boat crews, the most of those not occupied with kitchen duties, now take the occasion to prepare themselves fresh bark shirts. The forest resounds with dull blows of axes, and before breakfast is announced, they are seen returning with thick silk-like pieces of bark, seventy centimeters broad by four meters long. This natural cloth is beaten with hammers of heavy wood until its peculiar wavelike pattern shows itself and the stuff becomes as soft and pliable as felt, the piece at the same time attaining twice its former size. It is then washed free of sap and hung up to dry. A hole is cut in the center, the head of the Indian passed through it, and the sides sewed up as high as the waist. A girdle of cotton string or a piece of wild vine completes this original costume.

"Breakfast consists usually of turtle, unless the camp be supplied with alligator. The white flesh of the latter, which reminds one of fish, looks toothsome enough, but really rivals India rubber in toughness. But turtle takes the place of beef and mutton; at one time our camp-fire was entirely surrounded with turtles of every size, from those more than a meter long to those of a span. After breakfast, our Indians were in the habit of taking a bath in the river, and I have never seen bad results from this custom. Nor do they fear the yawning jaws and scaly tails of the alligators; it is rather the latter who are in danger from the Indians. A Canitchana asks permission to go on an alligator hunt. While the camp looks on amused, he fastens a strong loop of ox-hide to a long pole, and stripping off his light bark-shirt, enters the water. The alligator has looked on in apathetic quiet and shows no life save in an occasional movement of his tail. As the crouching Indian wades toward him, he keeps his eye fixed in astonishment on the man, and does not notice the noose getting closer and closer. With a quick movement the Indian slips the thong over his head and draws it tight. Five or six comrades rush into the water, and by their combined efforts the reptile is dragged ashore, where a few scientific blows with an ax on head and tail finish him. Before the hideous game is quite dead they cut out the four musk sacks which grow two and two under the chin and at the root of the tail, in order that the flesh shall not be tainted by them. These sacks are three or four centimeters long, as thick as a finger and filled with a brown, oily liquid. They are at once hung up to dry; we were told that the ladies in Bolivia, in Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and Cochabamba delight in perfuming their hair with a mixture of rose-water and this very badly smelling, headache-producing stuff. At night-fall the Indians sit chatting and smoking about the fire after having put aside their *cascara*, or rough bark-shirt and donned their *camiseta*. This is a kind of poncho sewed up at the sides, which Indian women make on native looms with great dexterity, and whose dazzling whiteness is heightened by two stripes of brilliant red wool which run down the sides near the seam. The simple cut of these garments, and the magnificent folds of drapery into which they fall,

give to the various groups about the fire a stately character, reminding one of the antique."

Nothing can give a much better idea of the unwieldy hugeness of Brazil than to notice how the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is made the starting-point in a book treating on the Madeira River. Although both are within the empire, a glance at the map will show their total lack of geographical connection. They are as far apart as New Orleans and Montreal. On his way around the quarter of a continent which separates Rio from the mouth of the Amazon, Franz Keller notices the peculiar surf-boat used north of Pernambuco, called "*jangada*," of which the preceding sketch gives an idea. The flatness of the coast requires boats of such construction; in the surf the passenger cannot always avoid a certain amount of wetting in spite of the extreme handiness of the Indian surfmen. What gives this craft especial interest in our eyes is the fact that it is the prototype of a kind of vessel in the United States, built during the past year in even greater numbers than formerly—the craft usually called the "*catamaran*." The Brazilian "*jangada*" is a very rude example of a similar sailing-raft found in both the Polynesian islands and the waters of China. The step from a species of sailing-raft to a double-hulled racing-sloop is only natural in waters as smooth as ours; but our catamarans are, in principle, *jangadas*.

Steaming up the broad estuary of the Lower Amazon, Keller notices the motley crowd of blacks and whites, the straggling character of the settlements, the listlessness of the Brazilians. One hundred miles from the mouth of the river the ocean tides are still felt. Presently the hidden mouth of the great Madeira is passed and a dark streak in the yellow Amazon announces their approach to the Rio Negro, whose black waters take a long while to mix with the greater stream. On the Negro lies Mañaos, the capital of the province, where boatmen for the expedition up the Madeira were with great difficulty procured. It was impossible to get Brazilians to do anything, but by good luck he secured some Moxos Indians from Bolivia who were ready to return to their homes. These strangers are the only people in Mañaos who will do any work.

On entering the Madeira wide belts of floating grass called *canna-rana* or false-cane would often impede his way to a halting-place on the bank. Vegetation here has seldom the true primeval character, owing



ARÁRAS CANOE.

to the recent formation of the soil, but here and there a thick trunk rises above the slender white-coated cecropias. On many trees the smooth, light-green leaves of the climbing vanilla are seen. This is well known to be a kind of orchid. When first plucked it has not a trace of its perfume. The inhabitants, whose stiff, black hair and dark complexions, as well as their taciturnity, prove their strongly mixed Indian blood, support themselves by fishing and some little cocoa plantations near their huts. The one solitary settlement which is found in all the Madeira valley and which, in spite of the pompous name of villa, consists in nothing but an assemblage of a dozen filthy low huts around a half-finished chapel, is Borba. Here occurs a case not unknown in the interior. A coarse tyrannical priest abuses and profits by the ignorance of his innocent flock in the most scandalous manner. It is reckoned that only 5,000 inhabitants occupy the 2,000 square miles of the Madeira valley.

Above Borba appear the first lofty specimens of the caoutchouc tree (the *Siphonia elastica* or *Seringa*, as it is there commonly called), for this valuable tree has been almost extirpated throughout the lower Madeira and the Amazons, through cease-

less and heedless destruction. A few huts of the caoutchouc-gatherers begin to show; low, palm-leaf roofs, under one end of which is a flooring of palm-laths one or two meters above the earth. Into this the almost amphibious inhabitants retire at the season of high waters. Although about 1860 the settlement of a Brazilian *seringueiro* was attacked by wild Parentintin Indians, and, in accordance with ancestral custom, the luckless victims were roasted on a sand-bank near by, yet these cannibals have not broken out from the black depths of their forests since that day, perhaps because they were surprised at their horrible meal and pretty badly cut up. But in that region no *seringueiro* would dare to penetrate into one of the little side valleys, even though there, as it is indeed most probable, the richest and least touched *seringa* trees were to be found. Sooner or later he would have to expect a murderous attack at the first dawning, when his few fire-arms would be of little value against the long reed arrows and heavy spears. Another danger for settlers is malaria, which is not, however, spread generally throughout these broad, flat valleys, as it is generally supposed, but on the contrary is distributed locally. For instance, malaria is entirely un-

known in Mañaos, while on the upper Negro and Branco it is common. On the Madeira, with the arrival of the first floods from the great tributary, Beni, a fever breath runs through pretty much the whole valley; but on the lower Madeira only the places Santo Antonio, Aripuana and Jammary are really dangerous. Yet in the limits of the cata-racts, where one might expect that the heavy fall and stony nature of the ground would breed less malignant fevers, there they are most dangerous. Bolivian merchants, surprised by the floods, have run the risk of losing everything through the sudden illness of all their crews, and in some cases have with difficulty gained the smooth lower river where even sick men can float down the stream.

But in the dry season such a settlement of a *seringueiro* is beautiful as a scene in paradise, particularly so when majestic palms and *bertholletias* with lofty trunks and mighty tops rise above the lightly built huts, the hammocks stretched between two trees, and the provisionally erected mosquito curtain. Since, however, the *Siphonia elastica* only thrives when its trunk has been submerged each year at least one and a half meters, and since in consequence its locality is that of the latest alluvium,—scarcely above low-water mark,—the palm-leaf floor of the hut, inhabited by the gatherer of India rubber, rests on posts two meters high. In the dry season, noisy chickens strut about underneath. Here the canoes are moored in the wet season to protect them against driving logs. At such times the life of the *seringueiro* is by no means to be envied; he can do no work, but must allow himself to be bitten by mosquitoes, and at the most can count the days between his fever fits.

Narrow paths lead from the hut through the thick underbrush to the solitary trunks of the India rubber trees; and as soon as the dry season allows, the woodman goes into the *seringal* with a hatchet in order to cut small holes in the bark, or rather in the wood of the caoutchouc tree, from which a milky white sap begins to flow through an earthenware spout fastened to the wound. Below is a piece of bamboo which is cut into the shape of a bucket. In this way he goes from tree to tree until, upon his return, in order to carry the material more conveniently, he begins to empty the bamboo buckets into a large calabash. The contents of this are poured into one of those great turtle shells which on the Amazons are used for every

kind of purpose. He at once sets to work on the smoking process, since, if left to stand long, the gummy particles separate, and the quality of the India rubber is hurt. This consists in subjecting the sap, when spread out thin, to the smoke from nuts of the *Urucury* or *Uauassa* palm, which, strange to say, is the only thing that will turn it solid at once. An earthenware "bowl without bottom," whose neck has been drawn together like that of a bottle, forms a kind of chimney when placed over a heap of dry red-hot nuts so that the white smoke escapes from the top in thick clouds. The workman pours a small quantity of the white rich milk-like liquid over a kind of light wooden shovel which he turns with quickness, in order to separate the sap as much as possible. Then he passes it quickly through the dense smoke above the little chimney, turns it about several times and at once perceives the milk take on a grayish yellow color and turn solid. In this way he lays on skin after skin until the India rubber on each side is two or three centimeters thick and he considers the *plancha* done. It is then cut upon one side, peeled off the shovel and hung up to dry, since much water has got in between the layers, which should dry out if possible. The color of the *plancha*, which is at first a bright silver gray, becomes more and more yellow and at last turns into the brown of caoutchouc as it is known in commerce. A good workman can finish in this way five or six pounds an hour. The thicker, the more even, and the freer from bubbles the whole mass is, so much the better is its quality and higher the price. The finest kinds bring almost double what the poorest do. This last, the so called *semamby* or *Cabeça de negro* (negro-head),—consists of the drops picked up at the foot of the trees and the remnants of sap scraped from bowls and pots. The caoutchouc of India is said to be about equal to this *semamby* and like it to be mixed with sand and pieces of bark. In order to be sure of the quality each *plancha* is again cut in two at Para; in this way all air bubbles appear and any adulteration with the sap of the mangaba can be detected. The latter is that fine plant with thick shiny leaves which is now so common in Europe under the name of India rubber tree. A caoutchouc can be made of the nuts of the mangaba, but it has so slight an elasticity and toughness that so far it has had no value in commerce. For some purposes, such as the preparation



A CARIPUNA, HUNTING.

first an article of little importance in the foreign trade, it is now assuming large proportions. Cotton received a fine stimulus during the late war in the United States. India rubber has also increased steadily in value and amount for export, owing to the steadily augmenting use for it in a thousand different ways both in Europe and the United States. Brazil's report at the Centennial Exhibition, states that in the thirty-five years previous to 1874 the increase in the annual export of India rubber was over five million kilograms. The relative increase in the value of India rubber exported was greater than that of any other article. The wild production which Mr. Keller-Leutzing describes is being supplemented by systematic cultivation. When this becomes general the price of India rubber must fall, but it will always be a very profitable crop. It is calculated that India rubber and cocoa plantations are the most remunerative to the farmer; a tender of a cocoa plantation, single-handed, is expected to make \$500 from each crop.

Herr Keller found an interesting spot in the long, wearisome stretch of the lower valley of the Madeira in "Baía de Tamandua,"

of hardened India rubber, the sap of the mangaba might well be used; and as it could be furnished much cheaper than the genuine seringa, Keller thinks it might repay large European or North American commercial houses to send agents to the Amazons with that view.

Certainly the export of India rubber has seen an enormous increase during the last twenty years. Formerly sugar was the chief article of commerce for ships running to Brazilian ports; then came the coffee plant from Africa and revolutionized the agriculture of the empire. It still holds its own at the head of all other exports. Hides had a similar history to coffee; at

a long island of sand, close to the right bank and below Santo Antonio, the first rapids. Here turtles come during the month of September in incredible numbers to lay their eggs. The inhabitants of the bank take this occasion to collect millions of eggs and, having mashed them up, to prepare the well-known turtle-butter (*Manteiga de tartaruga*). This delicacy, so far from being delicious, has an insupportable rank smell and a taste just as bad. In this month the turtles come ashore in such astonishing numbers that a stranger feels disgust and horror at the sight of their mail-clad columns. The reptiles, usually so shy that they dive at the slightest noise,

are now blind to every danger, and fishermen and seringueiros turn them on their backs by hundreds, preparatory to filling their boats. A continuous war such as this upon the most prolific animal can have only one result. While the rich flora of the Madeira furnishes a number of vegetable oils, the inhabitants destroy their own means of support by using the eggs of turtles for butter. Turtles take the place of beef. It is only of recent years that an ox-hide has been a well-known article on the Madeira,

they were the waves of a petrified sea. Here all the cargo has to be laboriously transferred to the upper stream while the boats are tracked up the falls.

Passing the rapids of Morrinhos you come at length to one bearing the ominous name of "Caldeirão do Inferno," (Hell's Kettle). Here a horde of Caripuna Indians have settled down, whose reputation is not of the best, they having had several bloody fights with white men. "Either because of our numbers," says Keller, "or in conse-



MASS AT THE CHURCH OF MISSION INDIANS.

and the supply of cattle can never be sufficient. Meanwhile the turtle is steadily falling off in numbers.

Dashing and foaming in its headlong course, the yellow waters of the Madeira press through the blackish-gray rocks of Santo Antonio. It forms a great relief to eyes wearied by the monotonous character of the lower stream. Around about are mighty blocks of metamorphic rock of the nature of gneiss, whose partially upright strata hem in banks and islands with points and pinnacles, as if

quence of small gifts presented to them, we were received in a very friendly way. It was a curious psychologic phenomenon to remark the mixture of fear and loathing with which our Moxos Indians regarded these entirely wild, naked relations. One was reminded of the relation to each other of wolf and shepherd's dog."

Very different from the Parentintin and Aráras Indians—the latter have retired entirely from the Amazons into the woods on the right bank of the Madeira—are these

Caripunas. Although hardly dwelling in the odor of sanctity, they do not break suddenly out of the darkness of the woods like the remnants of the once powerful Aráras and disappear with the smoke of burning settlements and roasting human flesh. A traveler so seldom sees these wildest tribes, that were it not for an occasional bark canoe of the Aráras, which the floods bring down from a side stream, and the entire absence of settlements throughout the haunts of the Parentintins, he would be inclined to consider the stories of India rubber gatherers fables. One morning, as they were passing the smooth stretch below the Caldeirão do Inferno, they saw three bark canoes almost hidden under the vegetation of the bank. One shot out toward them; it contained two Indians and a stout squaw, all entirely naked with the exception of the latter, who wore a small apron. Their visit of inspection made, the travelers followed to the shore. In general they were well built, powerful figures of middle size, to whom long black hair,—in one case wrapped together in a great cue,—ears pierced to hold the crooked teeth of the water-pig, and bunches of red toucan feathers, which both men and women carried thrust through a hole in the cartilage of the nostril, gave an exceedingly strange and wild appearance:

“*No Christianos!*” grumbled Remigio, our bigoted captain, while the Moxos Indians, in their decent draperies, looked curiously and shyly out from under their broad straw-hats at their savage brothers. When we reached the other bank we found the whole tribe, some sixty warriors and as many women and children, waiting for us under the shady roof of orchid-covered trees of giant size. Fan-shaped *strelitzias* and magnificent palms spread their fronds between them. In front stood the chief, a powerful man of short stature some fifty years old. He held a long bow and two or three arrows in his hand, and his brown and by no means handsome face, hung about with long black hair, was rendered absolutely hideous by being painted with dark blue about his broad mouth. Beside the inevitable breast-covering of glass beads, he carried the same ornaments in ears and nose that the others bore, and had in addition a beautiful diadem of yellowish-red toucan feathers.

“About a thousand paces from the bank we reached a small clearing, in the midst of which were three very large huts, closed on the sides, and one small open one. The latter was the assembly-place for the men.

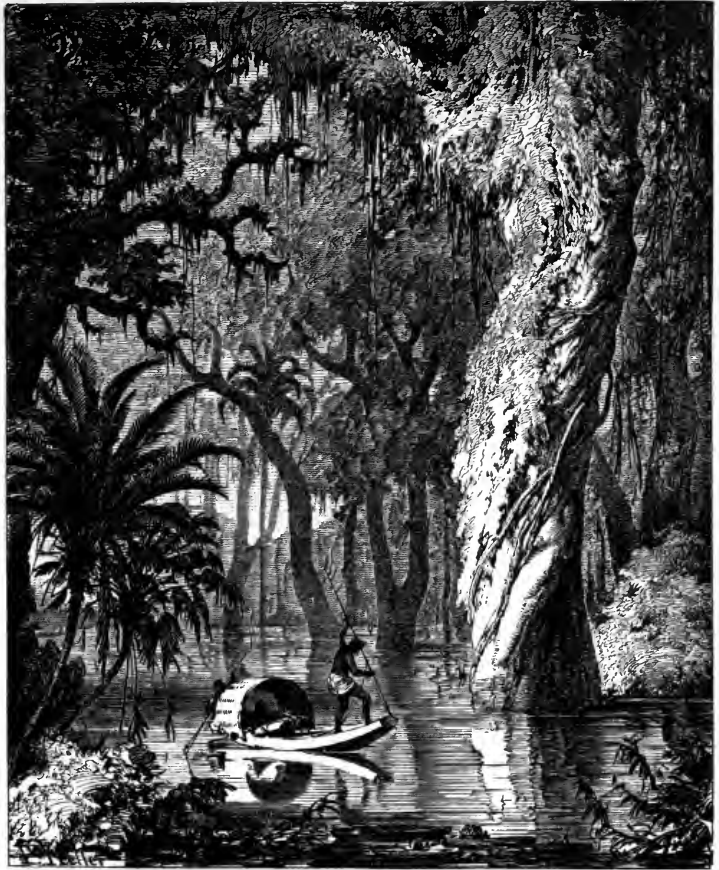
Hammocks none too clean were swinging ready for us. On the posts about hung bows and arrows, long, thin drums for sacred dances, and pretty baskets made of palm-leaves to hold feather ornaments. A further singular purpose to which the assembly-place was put, revealed itself in a few depressions on the ground, in the center of which were smooth stone plates, evidently covers to subterranean openings. These were two graves of warriors, who are stored away in great urns called *izaqabas*. Of course we could not get a sight of their style of interment, although we could imagine what they looked like from the burial-places found in extensive tracts further toward the coast. It is dangerous to tread too closely on such matters with a people who regard all things connected with their dead with the greatest awe. I asked a young Indian to exchange for a pair of scissors a narrow, thin board about fifty centimeters long, which made a humming noise when swung by a string passed through its center. He turned at once to an old Indian and repeated my demand with agitation in his voice. With a very solemn face, but at the same time with a kind of quiet courtesy, the elder gave me to understand that this instrument was used at their funeral ceremonies, and therefore could not be exchanged in the way of trade.

“The Brazilian government is alive to the advantage of civilizing the Indians, and has made some efforts in that direction. A school at Mañaos has been opened for them, another at Santa Isabel. There are various establishments conducted by Franciscans, and religious men of other orders endeavor to teach them Portuguese and the rudiments of education. It is hoped that the pupils will become missionaries to their savage brethren. The Indians of Brazil are estimated at one million. Government reports claim that they are sober and industrious, and make good artisans.”

We continue Mr. Keller's description, without quotation marks: Having bought a quantity of mandioc roots and maize, we returned to our boats the best of friends. It was, therefore, a disagreeable surprise afterward to hear that a few months later the same tribe had fallen upon the boats of a Bolivian merchant, and had killed him and some of his crew. Whether there was a provocation cannot be ascertained.

While crossing the rapids of the “Caldeirão,” we had discovered by the light of a lantern, at the same time that we were taking

astronomical data, some shallow drawings, partly semicircular, partly in form of volutes, on the dark-brown surface of some almost perpendicular rocks. At the rapids of Periquitos further up, while the crew was anxiously at work dragging the boats over the lowest swells, I climbed the rocks of the right bank and found again several of the volutes and concentric circles we had discovered at Caldeirão do Inferno. Like those, they were shallow cuttings in the surface of the black, hard, gneiss-like stone. But the best found was a complete inscription, the even parallel strokes of which could in no case be considered the handiwork of some lazy Indian. The surface of the letters was as much weather-beaten as those further down, so that in some places they are pretty much wiped out, and only appear clearly under a favorable light. A shining, dark-brown crust which forms when the water has covered the rocks, even if it be only for a short time, is found on the signs as well as the surface of the rock between them. Many centuries must have passed over them since the stone chisel laboriously cut the rind. Since the lower line of the signs is pretty horizontal, and since, like those at the other cataracts, they are little raised above the low-water mark of the river, we may well assume that the present position of the blocks is the original. Could these, perhaps, represent great conquering marches of the Incas, or are they still older? They cannot well be traced to the ancestors of the present Caripuna Indians, if, as we may assume, they stood on as low a footing. A rude hunter-people like them would hardly take the trouble to work at a hard rock surface for months with flint chisels. If such a thought had occurred to them they would have selected some close, child-like resem-



A TAPUYO'S EDUCATION.

blance in animals; alligators, turtles and fish, or the sun and moon, as in the pictures on crags in the valley of the Orinoco described by Humboldt.

Above the cataract of Madeira, and just below the mouth of the Beni, were enormous masses of drift-wood which had come down this latter tributary during floods. Undoubtedly it was such heaps of giant trees lying by hundreds in the neighborhood which made the Portuguese call these falls "Madeira," that is "Wood," just as it was the great quantity of drift-wood at the mouth of the larger stream which earned for it the name of Madeira in place of the old Indian name "Caiary."

The Beni has a breadth of 1,000 meters, and an average depth of fifteen. Hence it is the chief branch of the Madeira, and that name should attach only to the stream below the junction of the Beni with it. Unfortunately, our instructions as well as the advanced season did not permit us to ascend this interesting and utterly unknown stream,

which, to judge from the size of the cedars and calisaya trees which come down into the Madeira, must flow through a rich country. At the mouth of the Beni, and on the western side of the stream begins the territory of Bolivia. In passing the next cataracts above the Beni, we found still further signs engraved on the rocks. After these were passed each man breathed lighter, and the end of the journey, the missions on the Mamoré, a smaller branch of the stream, seemed pretty near, although there was still fifty miles to go. These districts are not regularly flooded every year. It is not overflow, but fever, difficulty of communication with the Amazons and the neighborhood of wild, blood-thirsty Indians, so far little known, which cause them to be uninhabited. The stream is like a lake; not one foreign sound breaks the majestic quiet of nature; neither the solitary hut of a *seringueiro* nor the smooth palm-roof of an Indian malocca is to be seen. Near the mouth of the Guaporé, rules to guard against ambuscade of the Indians were made doubly strict; weapons were held continually in readiness, and no one was allowed to stray far from camp. These bold robbers during their raids come as far as the forts of Principe da Beira on the Guaporé, where they have murdered several soldiers, under the cannon, so to speak, of the half-ruined citadel. On the Mamoré they range to the former mission of Exaltacion. Inhabitants of this mission who had gone down the stream at the time of ripe cocoas in order to gather these fruits, were suddenly saluted with a cloud of arrows as they passed by a high bank, and many were wounded and killed. The impudence of these robbers is so great, that a few years ago they seized a boatman belonging to the flotilla of a Bolivian. He had sprung on a sand-bank to look for gulls'-eggs, when they pounced upon and carried him off before a shot could be sent after them. The merchant and his men pursued them in vain, although they could hear his despairing cries for help in the thick woods. His fate was either to be eaten or to exist as the lowest kind of slave.

The branches, Mamoré and Guaporé, have low banks which are not overflowed. The vegetation, which had lost much of its luxuriance since we left the region of the cataracts and neared the "campos" of Bolivia, became even meager and steppe-like. Instead of the forest giants of the

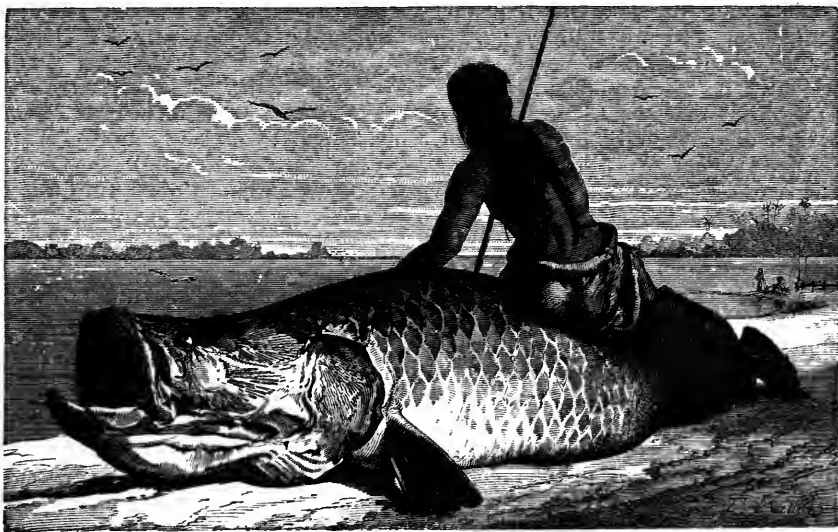
lower stream, bushes appeared, and only now and then a couple of palms would give the landscape, one cannot say richness, but at least grace. In some places on the left bank, where a porous sandstone shows out, the vegetation was really that of the prairies,—high, tough grass and low brambles. At last we reached the "harbor" of Exaltacion, our goal. At the foot of a steep bend of the river lay a few small canoes, as well as two large boats of the same heavy build as our own, while above on the bank were a pair of wretched straw huts surrounded by some dwindled bananas and the peculiarly crippled and wind-wrenched vegetation of the "Campos." This bore the name of "Porto de Exaltacion de la Santa Cruz!" A few Indians bathing, and two brown women who were filling their great water-pitchers, enlivened somewhat the melancholy picture. While we marched across the dry campos, some two kilometers toward the "pueblo" we met, within sight of the roofs which peep between some thick-leaved tamarind trees, several Indian women. They greeted us in their own tongue in their peculiar, quiet manner. The literal translation of the greeting is: "Indeed! you are come?" and the correct answer, according to Indian usage, is a long-drawn, somewhat chanted: "Hm! now!"

Without communication with the exterior world, separated from the outer movement on the one side by the sky-touching snowy Cordilleira de los Andes, on the other by trackless, primeval forests, and rivers full of rapids and cataracts, some 30,000 genuine, unmixed Indians, mostly of magnificent physical growth, exist in a state of neglect and oppression, than which nothing more saddening can be imagined. They live in fifteen great communities, formerly laid out with regularity by the Jesuits on the prairies of the easterly provinces of Bolivia, between the rivers Beni, Mamoré, Itowama and Guaporé. When their ancestors listened to the crafty words of the Jesuits, and took up settled abodes which hardly agreed with their usual necessities, and when gradually they were brought to renounce most of their national peculiarities, they bent before a far superior mental power which had found out just that form of government which, along with a strictly patriarchal system, agreed best with the egoistic purposes of the rulers on the one side, and the childish nature of the Indians on the other.

The success of the missions is to be laid to the inflexible rules of the order of Jesuits, the self-sacrifice of its members, the tact of those in contact with the lower race, and lastly, the gentleness and obedience in the character of the Guarany and Moxos Indians. In this latter relation a remark of a chronicler in regard to the manner used by the Jesuits in dealing with Indians is worth giving: "If with other heathen faith finds an entrance through the ears, as St. Paul has said, it enters into the Indians of Paraguay through the mouth."

But to return to the "Pueblo" of Exaltacion. Its first impression is sad enough. The broad streets, marked out by half-rotten posts, which show its former size, and lead to the plaza in the center of

a stronger material. But Spanish carelessness has not taken the trouble to make the most necessary repairs. And yet, notwithstanding, their appearance is such that one is ready to expect at any moment to see one of the *padres* step out from the dark background of the ancient columns. It is chiefly the absence of all trees which gives the whole a vacant, almost cloister-like, appearance. Moreover, the many colossal crosses, bleached by the years, of which the largest rises in the center of the plaza, and the silent forms of Indians in their white, heavy-folded camisetas flitting mysteriously through the dark colonnades only make this impression more deep. After we had admired the grotesque ornamentation, the brilliantly painted pilasters and statues of



THE PIRA-RUCU.

the regularly laid-out village, are desolate and grass-grown. Only a few of the low Indian dwellings, painted white and running close together, show anything besides the door but a small barred window. But all, both those in the side streets as well as those on the plaza, have a deep roof projecting in front and supported by wooden posts. One side of the plaza, some hundred meters long, is occupied by the isolated "Campanile" and the former college of the fathers, built of adobe. At this day, a hundred years after that other heavy storm which carried off from the Jesuits the missions in Paraguay, Brazil, Bolivia, etc., and with them all their rich revenues, these buildings might just as well be standing in as good repair as if they had been built of

the vestibule, we stepped from the glaring light of the sinking tropical sun into the mysterious gloom of the interior.

From the music-loft over against the altar I could easily watch the dark lower space fill slowly. Silently and gravely men and women entered. The former were without exception in the classic camiseta, the latter now and then in broad figured skirts of European make, their long black hair loose about their shoulders. Even the children, most of them charming little persons, marched solemnly behind their parents. In fine, it was evident that church and service were as interesting to them as when the first missionaries were there. In the same loft, where stood two little organs in richly ornamented cases with painted doors, the mu-

sicians had taken their places. The leader was a venerable Indian with a pair of spectacles held in place by a string weighted with leaden bullets which ran across his forehead. Close to the balustrade stood the singers provided with a red flag wherewith to beat the time for the benefit of the chorus of the congregation below, while the violins, flutes and wonderful trumpets posted themselves behind. The priest appeared at the altar, and the full tones of good old church music sounded through the large building. It was the festival of some saint, and the altar glittered with rich silver ornaments, while long palm branches, nodding from the pillars of the nave and the balustrade of the organ-loft, gave just that touch of the tropics which was needed to make the picture fairy-like.

Great church festivals with processions were chief factors in the successful reduction of these Indians, and are still, not only in Bolivia, but in all South America, events which electrify the whole population. But in the pueblos, processions have a peculiar character on account of the dominant, purely Indian element, which, in many ways, by greater earnestness and a certain wildness, is superior to the childish monkey-like proceedings of the negro, mulatto, and mestiz populations of the cities. At a festival in Exaltacion de la Cruz, a dozen *macheteiros*, or sword-dancers, under the leadership of their chief, who brandished a silver cross, marched from cross to cross, strewing incense and chanting, while the whole tribe followed their steps. They wore a fantastic head-dress made of the long tail-feathers of the aráras, and the golden-red down from the breasts of toucans, dazzling white camisetas, and in their hands, clapping deer-hoofs, together with a broad sword generally of wood. At each of the many crosses which adorn this mission, as well as before the altar, they performed a kind of allegorical war-dance, which plainly symbolized the subjection of the Indians and their entrance into Christianity. After the macheteiro had finished his sword-dance before the altar, and, hot and sweaty, had approached it with many bendings of the knee, he laid both weapon and head-dress at the foot of the crucifix.

On the Amazon and Madeira, hunting is not done for sport, but to obtain a strong kind of food. The noblest and most largely hunted beast is the tapir (*anta*), the representative of the pachyderms in the New World, which is only found in a few localities in India. This diminutive elephant,

in spite of its want of gregariousness, infests in great numbers the densely wooded banks of all the tributaries of the Amazons and La Plata, but not in the swampy bottoms nor on the dry plateaus, but in the valleys clothed with luxuriant vegetation. Behind impenetrable thickets or beneath the feathery roof of slender tree-ferns the tapir loves to keep its lair, whether it be on the banks of roaring mountain streams or at the foaming cataracts of giant rivers like the Madeira and Paraná. It is a timid animal and easily killed when once it has taken to the water. Only the mother is dangerous. The dogs that dare approach are at once destroyed, and when shot she falls at her post over her frightened young. The young are easily tamed and become household pets. So it is with all the large animals of South America. The wild hog, deer, guaty, pacca, even the leopard, are easily tamed, to say nothing of the monkeys, parrots and fowls. Even the giboia or American python snake is kept in some huts as *Jerimbabo* or house pet, to destroy rats, mice and such vermin.

The extraordinary quantity of fish in these great rivers explains the preference to the neglect of household animals, which Indians and Mestizes show for sport of that kind as well as for hunting. As a tiny child, the young Tapuyo, as the present colored inhabitants of the Amazons are generally called, accompanies his father in a light craft into the inundated woods, between the tops of palms and the mighty forest trunks festooned with creepers. There, harpoon in hand, they wait for the huge *pira-rucu*. The *lamantin* or *manatee*, which, in spite of its Portuguese name of *peixe-boi*, ox-fish, is no fish at all, but a cousin of the whale, is most found among the swimming reed-grass and wild-rice which form its chief nourishment. The *pira-rucu*, by no means delicious eating when fresh, furnishes a disgusting article of food, far inferior to cod-fish, when it has been salted and dried. Thousands of hundred weight are shipped on the Amazons and consumed by Indians, Mestizes, and white men from Pará to the Peruvian boundary. This mighty one of the stream, which not seldom attains the length of four meters, and is covered with thick broad scales, the edge of each of which has a well-defined scarlet line, is cut down the length of the back, the backbone removed, and its flesh hammered out into a thin sheet, salted and dried in the sun. But since it is very quick to absorb moist-

ure, and the atmosphere of the lower Amazon is very damp; moreover, since the stone sidewalks in the small towns furnish the most convenient spot for redrying these blankets of fish, the inhabitants and passers-by have the pleasure of smelling pira-rucu even oftener than eating it.

The most faithful attendant of a traveler on the Amazon from the mouth to the cataracts of its tributaries is no genuine fish, but the porpoise or dolphin. They often strike the surface with their tails as they come up for their regular breath of air and throw themselves snorting and grunting above water.

Of the inhabitants of the waters a really dangerous one, and an enemy more feared than the alligator, is the rather small fish called the *piranha*. Its teeth are in double row, sharp and protruding, triangular in shape. They hunt in schools of hundreds, and as soon as the water is reddened with blood fling themselves upon the victim and tear his flesh off piecemeal. Many a bold swimmer has been actually devoured in this way by their horrible little snapping jaws.

Our return was quicker than our upward journey, and leaving Exaltacion the 19th of October, we reached St. Antonio the 18th of November. The first storms were beginning when we left, and we made haste to escape the fevers which the floods produce in the region of the cataracts. Yet none of us escaped without more or less severe attacks of fever. The continual taking of quinine in strong doses gave us some relief, but could have been of little permanent use, because afterward as well as before, we were subject to the same deleterious influences.

Yet in general the climate of Brazil may be termed a healthy one, with the exception of some river valleys. The temperature is, generally speaking, very equable over the whole extent of the empire. The yellow fever is dangerous for new arrivals in the large sea-coast towns, but not elsewhere. The cholera is, however, a great plague, especially among the blacks. Measles and

scarlet fever riot among the Indians, and whole tribes succumb to them. Although the white is the ruling race, it is really only a small fraction of the population. Especially in the interior only a small number of families can boast of pure descent from Portuguese, who still form the largest portion of the foreign element and control the petty commerce. At first glance a Brazilian can be distinguished from his ancestors. He is usually darker, small, graceful and easy, while, generally speaking, the Portuguese is stronger, but also heavier, and distinguished for a comfortable stoutness. The inhabitants of the southern provinces are usually much handsomer, more industrious and energetic, and nearer to a European type than those of the northern states, in whom the Indian element is more apparent. In regard to color, prejudice is by no means so strong, as for example, in North America, but it is a great insult to question the pure descent of a Brazilian of good standing. Indeed, I know of dark-hued Brazilians in high official positions in Rio de Janeiro, who would give half their fortune and power to own the skin of the Portuguese water-carrier who has just labored up the steps of their palace in order to earn a few pence. Race distinctions are after all stronger than any other grades or denominations. Hereditary nobility no longer exists in Brazil. The constitution has been modeled in the direction of that of the United States, but there still exists a personal nobility which can be conferred by patent of the emperor.

Keller has little to say about slavery; it still exists, but legislation has seen to its gradual extinction. No one can be born into slavery now, and the government makes a boast of liberality, the freedom of the press, and conscience, and the steadily improving educational facilities which, under Dom Pedro's guidance, go hand in hand with advances in material wealth.



ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"HURRAY FOR YORK AND POSEY!"

CHAPTER IV.

ELECTIONEERING.

"MARK," said the major, in a tone of paternal authority, and after long and deliberate chewing of his quid of tobacco, "ef it hadn't been for me, explaining and mollifying things and the like, you would

have set all Rocky Fork ag'inst you. Why, Jim McGowan was bilin' mad. You mus'n't look at purty faces and the like too long, ef you mean to be a member this winter. A man like you owes somethin' to himself and—and his country and the like, now, you know. Hey?"

Mark was in no mood now to receive this

remonstrance. In the cool gray dawning of the morning, when the excitement of the night had passed off, there came to him a sense of having played the fool. A man never bears to be told that he has made a fool of himself, when he knows it beforehand.

"Major Lathers," retorted Mark, stiffly, "I didn't bring you along for a guardian. I'll have you know that I can take care of myself in this canvass. If I choose to enjoy myself for a few hours dancing with a pretty girl, what harm is it?"

"If you was to be beat, and the like, now, you know, by about six votes, you'd find out that folks as dances has to pay the blackest kind of nigger-fiddlers sometimes with compound interest and damages and costs, and sich like, all added in and multiplied. Don't let's you and me git into no squabble, nur nothin', like Cain and Abel did in Paradise. I don't want to be no gardeen, nur the like, to no such rapid-goin' youth as you. Risk's too big, you know. You've got book-learnin', and you can speechify, now, you know, but fer whackin' about the bushes and the likes, ole Tom Lathers is hard to git ahead of. You shoot sharp at long range and off-hand. I clap my hands every time you shoot. But I pick up the votes and salt 'em down fer winter use and the like. Now, I think we better keep pards till election's over, anyhow. Ef you want to quarrel afterward, w'y go in, that's all, and I'm on hand. I done what I could to keep Rocky Fork from gittin' on a freshet last night, and if you go back on me now, it'll be ungrateful, and we'll both be beat all to thunder and the like."

With these words the breach was healed for the time, but Mark was sulky all that day.

A few days after the dance at Rocky Fork, Mark had an opportunity to retrieve his fortunes by making one of his taking speeches at the Republican meeting-house only a few miles away from Kirtley's, but in a neighborhood much more friendly to the Whig candidate. This Republican meeting-house had been built as a union church, in which all denominations were to worship by turns. But, in 1840, sectarian spirit ran too high for the lion and the lamb to lie down together. The Episcopal Methodists had quarreled with the Radicals, or Methodist Protestants, about the use of the church on the second and fourth Sundays in the month, while the Hardshells, or Anti-means Baptists had attempted to drive the Regular

Baptists out of the morning hour, and the Two-seed Baptists and the Free-wills had complicated the matter, and the New Lights and the Adventists and the Disciples were bound also to assist in the fight. The result was that the benches had been carried off first by one party, then by another, and there had been locks and padlocks innumerable broken from the door. So that the visionary experiment of a Republican meeting-house in a country where popular education was in its infancy and sectarian strife at its worst, had only resulted in teaching these militant Christians the arts of burglary and sacrilege. The Whigs and Democrats, however, managed to use the much-damaged church for political meetings without coming to blows over it. On this occasion Bonamy was to have a discussion with his opponent, the Democratic candidate for representative, one Henry Hardin. But, as Hardin had no gift for speech-making, while Mark had, there could be no doubt of the issue.

The Democrats for the most part came out in surly anticipation of defeat, but old Enoch Jackson, the wire-puller for the party in that part of the country, shook his head significantly and gave the "boys" to understand that "he knew somethin' or 'nother that would make the Whigs squirm." And it was passed round from one to another that "old Nuck had somethin' in his head." So the Democrats marched into the meeting with an unterrified air.

Mark Bonamy felt very sure of success. He was to make the last speech and Major Lathers assured his Whig friends that when Hardin was through with his speech, young Bonamy would chaw him all up and the like, now, you know. Hardin had, however, been carefully "coached" for the occasion and he made a fair argument of the heavier sort, against the National Bank, against internal improvements by the general government, and especially in favor of free trade, spicing his remarks, which were delivered in a loud, monotonous tone, with many appeals to the popular prejudice against the Federalists, of whom, it was claimed, the Whigs were lineal descendants. At proper intervals in the speech, which was of uniform heaviness, Enoch Jackson would bring his heavy, well-oiled boot down upon the floor, whereupon his trained partisans followed his lead with energetic applause, which gave the exhausted orator time to breathe and to take a sip of water, while it also served to give an appearance of vivacity to the

speech. But Bonamy felt himself able to brush away the effect of Hardin's speech with a dozen telling hits delivered in his magnetic manner.

As soon, therefore, as Hardin had ceased, Mark rose and began in his most conciliatory and vote-winning fashion:

"Fellow-citizens of Brown Township: I want to say in the beginning that it is with no animosity to Democrats that I rise to address you. I hurried for the hero of New Orleans when I was a boy. Here are the men who voted for my father. I have no unfriendly feeling toward them, I assure you."

"You're a turn-coat," cried one of the young men. But this was what Bonamy wanted. Contradiction was his foil.

"I am a turn-coat, am I?" he cried in a burst of indignation. "I will show you whether I am a turn-coat or not. Where did I learn the principle of protection? From General Jackson himself, as I will proceed to show."

But at this point everybody's attention was drawn to a storm of oaths coming from two voices without the door.

"You lie, you——scoundrel. I'll lick you within an inch of your life if you say another word."

The voice was Jim McGowan's, and Major Lathers, knowing at once that mischief was intended, closed the door just as the other voice cried:

"You dassent tech me with your little finger, you cussed coward you."

"Fellow-citizens," resumed Mark, "I have been called a turn-coat, now I——"

"Le' go of me," Jim McGowan was heard to say. "I kin kill Sam Peters the best day he ever saw. Le' go of me, I say."

"Le' go of him," cried Peters. "I'll spile his pro-file fer him."

Within there was confusion. Only Enoch Jackson appeared entirely quiet and really anxious to hear what Bonamy had to say. The rest would rather have seen a fight than to have heard the best speaker in the world.

"I have been called a turn-coat," resumed Mark, "and I want to——"

But here the cries out-of-doors indicated that the two had broken loose from their friends and were about to have a "stand-up fight." This was too much for the audience. It was of no use for Mark to say "Fellow-citizens." The fellow-citizens were already forming a ring around Sam

Peters and Jim McGowan, who, on their parts, had torn off their shirts and stood stripped for the fight, which for some reason they delayed, in spite of their vehement protestations of eagerness for it. Bonamy was left with no auditors but Major Lathers, Enoch Jackson, who looked at him innocently, and his opponent, who sat decorously waiting for him to proceed.

When Mark desisted from speaking, Enoch Jackson's triumph was complete, but he set out to walk home with the gravity of a statesman. Mark, however, did not give up the battle easily. He called a Whig justice into the church, swore out a writ against Peters and McGowan, and helped arrest them with his own hands. This prompt action saved him from the ignominy of entire defeat, but it was too late to save the day. By the time the participants in this sham battle had paid their fines, the day had so far waned that it was impossible to rally the audience to listen to any further speaking.

Lathers did not say anything to Mark as they rode away. Bonamy was in continual expectation of a reprimand for his folly in running after "purty girls and the like." But Lathers knew that Mark needed no further rebuke.

From that time until the day of election Bonamy gave his whole heart to the canvass, and his taking speeches and insinuating manners enabled him in some degree to retrieve the error he had committed. It was only on the very last day of that exciting campaign that he ventured to turn aside on his way home and ask for a drink of water at old Gid Kirtley's fence, loitering half an hour without dismounting, while Nancy Kirtley, on the other side of the fence, made Mark forget her foolish talk by shifting from one attitude to another so as to display face and figure to the best advantage. Only the necessity for reaching Luzerne that evening in time for "the grand rally" with which the canvass closed, could have persuaded the dazzled young man to cut short the interview. This he found hard of accomplishment, the bewitching siren using all her endeavor to detain him. It was only by sacrificing a watch-seal of no great value upon which he saw her covetous eyes fastened, that he succeeded in disentangling himself. He swore at himself half the way to Luzerne for his "devilish imprudence" in giving her the trinket. But a hopeful temperament brought him peace after a

while, and he made a most effective appeal to the Whigs at Luzerne to "rally" round the hero of Tippecanoe.

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION DAY.

You have often wondered, no doubt, why men should make a business of politics. There is, of course, the love of publicity and power; but, with the smaller politicians, this hardly accounts for the eagerness with which they give themselves to a business so full of toil, rudeness, and anxiety. I doubt not the love of combat and the love of hazard lie at the root of this fascination. This playing the desperate stake of a man's destiny against another man's equal risk, must be very exciting to him who has the impulse and the courage of a gamester.

The grand rally of each party had been held in the village of Luzerne, and other rallies not so grand had been rallied at all the other places in the county. It was at last the morning of the election day. Politicians awoke from troubled slumbers with a start. I fancy election day must be hard on the candidate: there is so little for him to do. The whippers-in are busy enough, each at his place, but the candidate can only wait till night-fall. And all the while he is conscious that men are observing him, ready to note the slightest symptom of uneasiness. With all this, under the ballot system, he must remain in entire ignorance of the state of the poll until the election is concluded.

On that first Monday in the August of 1840, the town was thronged with people by seven o'clock. The old politicians voted silently early in the morning. Then came the noisy crowd who could not vote without swearing and quarreling. There were shouts for "Little Van," and cries of "Hurrah for Tippecanoe," for, though the presidential election came months later, the state elections would go far toward deciding the contest by the weight of their example.

At midday, when the crowd was greatest, old Bob Harwell, a soldier of the Revolution, who had managed to live to an advanced age, by dint of persistent drunkenness and general worthlessness, was drawn to the polls in a carriage amid deafening cheers for the veteran, from the Whigs. The old man appreciated the dramatic position. Presenting his ballot with a trembling hand, he lifted his hat and swung it feebly round his head.

"Boys," he cried, in a quavering, mock-heroic voice, "I fit under General Wash'ton, an' I voted for him, an' now I've voted for General Harrison" (the old man believed that he had), "and if the hero of Tippecanoe is elected, I want to die straight out and be the first one to go to heaven and tell Wash'ton that General Harrison's elected! Hurrah!"

"You'll be a mighty long while a-gittin' thar, you old sinner," cried one of the Democrats.

The old Swiss settlers and their descendants voted the Democratic ticket, probably from a liking to the name of the party. It is certain that they knew as little as their American fellow-citizens about the questions of finance which divided the two parties. After the Revolutionary relic had departed, there came an old Frenchman—one Pierre Larousse—who was commonly classed with the Swiss on account of his language, but who voted with the Whigs.

"W'at for you vote the W'ig tigget, eh?" cried out David Croissant, one of the older Swiss. "You are a turn-goat, to come to Ameriky an' not pe a damograt. *Sac-à-papier! Entrailles de poules!*"

"*Sac-r-r-ré! Le diable!*" burst out Larousse. "You dinks I is durn-goat. I dinks you lies one varee leetle pit. By gare! I nayvare pe a damograt. I see 'nough of damograts. *Sacr-r-ré!* I leef in Paree. Robespierre was a damograt. I hafe to veel of my head avairy morning to see eef it vas nod shop off. I no likes your damograts. Doo much plud. I likes my head zave and zound, eh? By gare! *Quel sacré imbecile!*"

It was with some difficulty that the Swiss Democrat and the French Whig were restrained from following their stout French oaths with stouter blows.

With such undignified accompaniments and interludes did the American citizen of that day perform the freeman's "kingliest act" of voting. The champion fighter of the western end of the county cheerfully accepted "a dare" from the champion fighter from the eastern end of the county, and the two went outside of the corporation line, and in the shade of the beautiful poplars on the river-bank pummeled each other in a friendly way until the challenger, finding that his antagonist had entirely stopped respiration, was forced to "hollow calf-ropes," that is, to signify by gestures that he was beaten.

Night came, and with it more drinking, noise, and fighting, filling up the time till the returns should come in. After nine o'clock, horsemen came galloping in, first by one road and then by another, bringing news from country precincts. On the arrival of the messenger, there was always a rush of the waiting idlers to that part of the public square between the court-house door and the town-pump. Here the tidings were delivered by the messengers and each party cheered in turn as the news showed that the victory wavered first to one side and then to the other. The Democrats became excited when they found that the county, which always had been a "stronghold," might possibly be carried by the Whigs. It was to them the first swash of the great opposition wave that swept the followers of Jackson from their twelve years' hold on the government.

In the first returns, Bonamy ran a few votes ahead of his ticket, and his friends were sure of his election. But to Mark there was a fearful waiting for the punishment of his sins. His flirtation with Nancy Kirtley did not seem half so amusing to him now that in a close election he began to see that Rocky Fork might put back the fulfillment of his ambition for years. Paying the fiddler is a great stimulus to the pricks of conscience.

When the returns from the Rocky Fork precinct were read, Mark was astonished to hear that where nearly every vote was Democratic, his friend, Major Lathers, had received twenty-five votes. His own vote in the same poll was precisely one. This must have been cast by old Gid Kirtley. Every other man in the Fork was his enemy. When the adjacent voting-places in Brown Township came to be heard from through the mud-bespattered messengers who had ridden their raw-boned steeds out of breath for the good of their country, Mark caught a little glimpse of the adroit hand of Lathers. He had lost twenty-four Whig votes to offset the twenty-five Democratic votes which Lathers received. There had then been a system of "trading off." This is what Lathers had been doing, while he, like a fool, had been dancing attendance on "that confounded Nancy Kirtley," as he now called her in his remorseful soliloquies.

At ten o'clock the two remote townships—York and Posey—were yet to be heard from. The whole case was to be decided by them. It was still uncertain whether

the Whigs or the Democrats had carried the county; but there was little hope that the two towns, usually Democratic, would give Whig majority enough to elect Bonamy. Meantime, the crowd were discussing the returns from Tanner Township. What made Bonamy fall so far behind? When the story of the dance began to be circulated, there was much derision of Mark's weakness and much chuckling over the shrewdness by which Major Lathers had made it serve his turn. But Lathers was quite unwilling to confess that he had betrayed his friend. When asked about his increased vote, he declared that "the dog-law and the likes done the business."

As the time wore on toward eleven, the impatient crowd moved to the upper part of the town, where they would intercept the messenger from York and Posey. Here, under the locusts in front of a little red building used as a hatter's shop, they stood awaiting the vote that was to decide the awful question of the choice of six or eight petty officers—a question which seemed to the excited partisans one of supreme moment.

All at once the horse's feet are heard splashing through mud and water. Everybody watches eagerly to see whether it be a Whig or a Democrat who rides, for, as is the messenger, so is his message.

"Hurray for York and Posey!"

Mark, who is in the crowd, notes that it is the voice of Dan Hoover, the Whig ring-leader in York. The voters surround him and demand the returns, for the Democrats still hope that Bonamy is beaten. But they can get but one reply from the messenger, who swings his hat and rises in his saddle to cry:

"Hurray for York and Posey!"

"Well, what about York and Posey, Hoover? We want to know," cries Mark, who can bear the suspense no longer. But Hoover is crazed with whisky and can give no intelligible account of the election in York and Posey. He responds to every question by rising in his stirrups, swinging his hat and bellowing out:

"Hurray for York and Posey, I say!"

After half an hour of futile endeavor to extract anything more definite from him, Mark hit upon an expedient.

"I say, Dan, come over to Dixon's and get a drink, you're getting hoarse."

This appeal touched the patriotic man. Mark got the spell of iteration broken and persuaded Hoover to give him a mem-

orandum which he carried in his pocket and which read:

"York gives 19 majority for the Whig ticket,
Posey gives 7 majority for the same,
Bonamy a little ahead of the ticket."

This indicated Mark's election. But he did not sleep soundly until two days later when the careful official count gave him a majority of thirteen.

With this favorable result his remorse for having cheated poor Jim McGowan out of his sweetheart became sensibly less, though he laid away some maxims of caution for himself, as that he must not run such risks again. He was not bad, this Mark Bonamy. He was only one of those men whose character has not hardened. He was like a shifting sand-bank that lay open on all sides to the water; every rise and fall or change of direction in the current of influence went over him. There are men not bad who may come to do very bad things from mere impressibility. He was not good, but should he chance to be seized by some power strong enough to master him, he might come to be good. Circumstances, provided they are sufficiently severe, may even harden such negatives into fixed character, either good or bad, after a while. But in Mark's present condition, full of exuberant physical life and passion, with quick perceptions, a lively imagination, ambitious vanity, a winning address and plenty of *bonhommie*, it was a sort of pitch and toss between devil and guardian angel for possession.

Set it down to his credit that he had kept sober on this election night. His victory indeed was not yet sure enough to justify a rejoicing which might prove to be premature. Drunkenness, moreover, was not an inherent tendency with Bonamy. If he now and then drank too much, it was not from hereditary hunger for stimulant, much less from a gluttonous love of the pleasures of gust. The quickened sense of his imprudence in the matter of the dance at Rocky Fork had a restraining effect upon him on election day. At any rate, he walked home at midnight with no other elation than that of having carried the election; and even this joy was moderated by a fear that the official count might yet overthrow his victory. It was while walking in this mood of half-exultation that Bonamy overtook Roxy Adams and her friend Twonnet, just in the shadow of the silent steam-mill.

"Good-evening, or good-morning, I de-

clare I don't know which to say," he laughed as he came upon them. "You haven't been waiting for election returns, have you?"

"Have you heard, Mark? are you elected?" inquired Roxy, with an eagerness that flattered Bonamy.

"Yes, I am elected, but barely," he replied. "But what on earth are you girls taking a walk at midnight for? I'll bet Roxy's been sitting up somewhere?"

"Yes," said the mischievous Twonnet, whose volatile spirits could not be damped by any circumstances, "of course we've been sitting up, since we haven't gone to bed. It doesn't take a member of the legislature to tell that, Honorable Mr. Bonamy."

This sort of banter from his old school-mate was very agreeable. Mark liked to have his new dignity aired even in jest, and in a western village where a native is never quite able to shed his Christian name, such freedoms are always enjoyed.

"But where have you been?" asked Mark, as he walked along with them.

"Up at Haz Kirtley's. His baby died about an hour ago," said Roxy, "and I sent for Twonnet to tell them how to make a shroud. She understands such things, you know."

"That's just what I am good for," put in Twonnet, "I never thought of that before. I knew that nothing was made in vain. There ought to be one woman in a town that knows how to make shrouds for dead people. That's me. But Roxy—I'll tell you what she's good for," continued the enthusiastic Swiss girl with great vivacity; "she keeps people out of shrouds. I might put up a sign, Mark, and let it read: 'Antoinette Lefaire, Shroud-maker.' How does that sound?"

"Strangers never would believe that you were the person meant," said Mark. "One sight of your face would make them think you had never seen a corpse. Besides, you couldn't keep from laughing at a funeral, Twonnet, you know you couldn't."

"I know it," she said, and her clear laugh burst forth at the thought. "I giggled to-night right over that poor dead baby, and I could 'a' whipped myself for it, too. You see, Haz Kirtley's sister was there. Haz is ignorant enough, but his sister—oh my!" and Twonnet paused to laugh again.

"Oh, don't, Twonnet,—don't laugh so," said Roxy. "I declare I can't get over that poor child's sufferings and its mother's scream when she saw it was dead. I used

to think low people of that sort hadn't any feeling, but they have. That sister of Haz's is an ignorant girl, and I don't like her much, but she *is* beautiful."

"She's the prettiest creature I ever saw," said Twonnet. "But when she looked at me so solemnly out of her large, bright eyes and told me that she knew that the baby must die, 'bekase the screech-owl hollered and the dog kep' up sich a yowlin' the livelong night, I thought I'd die."

Mark could make but little reply to this. He had not thought of any kinship between Haz Kirtley the drayman, and Nancy Kirtley a dozen miles away on Rocky Fork. Had Nancy come into town to-day to be his Nemesis? He heartily wished he had never seen her. Without suspecting the true state of the case, Twonnet was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to tease.

"By the way, Mark," she began again, "while I was cutting out the shroud, Nancy Kirtley told me in confidence that she knew you well. She spoke of you as though you were a very particular friend, indeed."

"A candidate has to be everybody's very particular friend," said Mark, in a tone of annoyance, thinking of the seal he had given away the day before.

"She said you couldn't trot a reel very well, though," persisted Twonnet. "She claims to have danced with you all night, and she ought to know."

"Pshaw!" said Mark, "What a yarn!"

The evident vexation of Bonamy delighted Twonnet.

"Poor old Mr. White!" interrupted Roxy, who wished to make a diversion in Mark's favor. "There's his candle burning yet. They say he hasn't been able to sleep without it for twenty years. It must be an awful thing to have such a conscience."

Something in Mark's mood made him feel in an unreasonable way that this allusion to Mr. White's conscience was a thrust at himself. White was an old man who had shot and killed a man in a street affray, many years before, when the territory of Indiana was yet new and lawless, but the old man from that day had never closed his eyes to sleep without a light in his room.

They had now reached the little gate in the paling fence in front of Twonnet Lefauere's home, and Mark was glad to bid the vivacious tease good-night, and to walk on with Roxy, whose house lay a little further away in the direction of his own home. Now that Twonnet was out of sight his com-

placency had returned; but he was quite in the mood to-night to wish to live better, and he confided to Roxy his purpose to "turn over a new leaf," the more readily since he knew that she would cordially approve it, and approval was what he craved now more than anything else.

Besides, Roxy was the saint of the town. In a village nobody has to wait long to find a "mission." He who can do anything well is straightway recognized, and his vocations are numerous. The woman who has a genius for dress is forthwith called in consultation at all those critical life-and-death moments when dresses are to be made for a wedding, an infare, or a funeral. And the other woman whose touch is tender, magnetic and life-giving, is asked to "set up" with the sick in all critical cases. Such a one was Roxy Adams. The gift of helpfulness was born in her; and to possess the gift of helpfulness is to be mortgaged to all who need.

That night Roxy climbed the steep stairs to her room, and went to bed without writing in her diary. When one's heart is full, one is not apt to drop a plummet line into it; and now Roxy was happy in the reaction which helpfulness brings—for an angel can never make other people as happy as the angel is. And she was pleased that Mark had carried the election, and pleased to think that perhaps she had "dropped a word in season" that might do him good.

And while the innocent-hearted girl was praying for him, Mark was inwardly cursing the day he had met Nancy Kirtley, and resolving to cut her acquaintance, by degrees.

CHAPTER VI.

A GENRE PIECE.

WHITTAKER was one of those people who take offense gradually. Adams's rude remarks about preachers had rankled in him. The first day after he made up his mind that it was offensive. In two or three days he concluded that he would not visit the keen-witted but aggressive shoemaker again until some apology should be made. By the time the election was over he doubted whether he ought to greet Mr. Adams on the street if he should chance to meet him. At least he would let his crusty friend make the first advance.

Now Adams was penitent for his rudeness even while he was being rude; it was an involuntary ferocity. He had regretted

the words before he uttered them. He knew that he ought to apologize, but he must do even that by contraries. Meeting the minister one afternoon, right at the town pump, he stationed himself so as to block Whittaker's path, bowed, smiled grimly, and then came out with:

"Mr. Whittaker; you and I had some sharp words in our discussion about good old Henry VIII., the last time you were at my house. You haven't been there since, and you haven't been in the shop, either. It occurs to me that may be you said something on that occasion for which you would like to apologize. If so, you now have an opportunity."

This was said with such droll, mock-earnestness, that Whittaker could not but laugh.

"Of course I will apologize, Mr. Adams," he said, not without emphasis on the pronoun.

"And I," said the other, lifting himself up as if to represent the height of his own magnanimity,—"and I will freely forgive you. Come and see me to-night. I haven't had a human soul to quarrel with since you were there before, except Roxy, and she wont quarrel back worth a cent. Now the old score's wiped out and we've settled Bluebeard and his wives, come 'round to-night and abuse me about something else."

"I'll come this very evening," said Whittaker.

"Now?"

"No; this evening."

"Oh! you're a confirmed Yankee," said Adams. "Why, it's evening now. After supper, we call it night. Come, let's reconcile the confusion of tongues. Come to supper. I suppose you call it tea. Come, we'll teach you English if you live in these wild heathen parts long. Now I've made up, I am aching to quarrel, I tell you."

Mr. Whittaker made some feeble resistance. But the village society was so insipid that he found in himself a yearning for the stimulant conversation of the paradoxical Adams. It was a relief to talk with somebody who did not give an *ex officio* deference to a minister's opinion. Perhaps there was an unconscious inclination to see Roxy again, but this did not come into the category of admitted reasons for eating supper with the shoe-maker.

When Roxy saw Mr. Whittaker coming home with her father, she put hat upon the reluctant Bobo and sent him home. Then she began to "fly around," as the

western phrase is, to get a supper "fit for a preacher." If Mr. Whittaker had been observant of trifles he might have foretold the character of the supper, for the "company supper," among the better families in a western town did not vary much. There was commonly fried chicken in a rich gravy made with cream; there was strong coffee with plenty of loaf-sugar and cream; there might be "preserves" of apple, or peach, or quince, of a tempting transparency, and smothered with cream; and then there were generally hot biscuits of snowy whiteness, or some of those wonderful "corn batter-cakes," which dwellers north of the great corn belt have never tasted. Western housekeepers are all Marthas. They feel obliged to "put themselves about," as the Scotch say, when they have company. And so Roxy got out the old china tea-pot and sugar-bowl which had come down from her grandmother, divers parts of handles, lids, and spouts having suffered those accidents which china is heir to, and been judiciously mended with cement. There were yet three tea-cups and two saucers of the old set left. The cups had dainty handles and were striped and flowered with gilt. She served the two saucers to her guest and her father, while she was forced to use a china cup with a saucer which did not match. I may add in digression that table manners were not the same then and there as now and here. Then one must not drink from the cup, but only from the saucer, into which the coffee was poured to cool. Such loose food as could not be eaten with an old-fashioned steel fork with two tines was gracefully and daintily shoveled into the mouth with the knife, but it was *de rigueur* that the knife should be presented with the back toward the lips. The little sauce-dishes even yet work their way slowly into use upon that latitude. In Philadelphia itself, I find some people to-day putting everything upon one plate. But when "preserves" were eaten with cream, as here at Roxy's table, they were taken from a saucer.

Supper over, the minister and the shoe-maker fell into a dispute, of course, and as Whittaker persisted in exasperating Adams by his politeness, and especially by his down-east interrogative of "What say?" when he did not comprehend the drift of his companion's remark, the rudeness of the shoe-maker might have grown as pronounced as it had been before, if a kindly chance had not made a break in the talk. Old

Tom Roberts—or, as the people would pronounce it, “Robberds”—had brought a load of unpressed hay to town, and having stood all day upon the street without finding a purchaser, had resolved in sheer despair to make a virtue of a necessity, and get rid of his hay by paying a long-standing debt for a pair of boots. The opportunity to collect such a debt was not to be missed, and Adams found it necessary to forego the company of his guest while he should stow away the hay in the mow, as Roberts pitched it off the wagon.

But Roxy, to make amends for her father's absence, hurried through with her work, and when she had cleared away the “super things,” sat down in the sitting-room. There was an old-fashioned fire-place stuffed full of great green asparagus bushes now, to hide its black walls. Above was the mantel-piece, over which hung a common print of “Washington crossing the Delaware.” In one corner stood the tall clock, whose loud, slow, steady, sixty beats to the minute was typical of the way in which time passed in those unprogressive days. There is a characteristic pertness and unsteadiness about the ticking of clocks nowadays—sharp-set, jerky things, with brass inside.

Roxy lit a candle and set it upon the round center-table of cherry-wood which stood in the middle of the floor, which was covered with bright new rag-carpet; and then, while Whittaker sat in the red, gilt-striped, rocking arm-chair, she sat upon a straight-back, splint-bottom rocker, swaying herself gently to and fro as she knitted and talked. A malediction on the evil genius who invented knitting-machines! There never was any accompaniment to talk like the click of knitting-needles. The employment of the fingers gives relief from all nervousness, gives excuse for all silence, gives occasion for droopings of the eyes, while it does not in fact preoccupy the mind at all. And then, I will forever maintain with sweet Charles Lamb, that there is no light like candle-light; it gives the mixed light and shadow so much prized by the old painters. Indeed, Roxy looked like a figure out of an ancient picture, as she sat there with the high lights brought out by the soft illumination of the candle, and with her background of visible obscurity. Hers was not what you would call a handsome face, in the physical sense. There was no sensuous beauty of red lips and softly rounded cheeks. But it was indeed a very

extraordinary face, full of passionate idealism, and with high enthusiasms shining through it. I have seen an emblematic face in an illuminated title to the Gospel of Matthew that was full of a quiet, heavenly joy, as though there were good tidings within, ever waiting to be told. This pure gladness there was in Roxy as she looked up now and then from her knitting. It was such a face as a master would have loved to paint, and would have worshipped after he had painted it. So it seemed to Whittaker, as he sat on one side of the table trying to guess which it was of all the saints he had seen in old prints that she was like. His eye took in the mantel-piece and the old clock in the corner, almost lost in the shadow, and, though he was not an artist, the sentiment of the picture moved him deeply.

Like most men who have lived bookish lives, Whittaker thought it needful to adapt his speech to the feminine understanding. He began talking to Roxy of her father, her garden, her chickens, her friends; but to all of his remarks or inquiries upon these subjects Roxy answered half absently. The minister was puzzled by this, and while he debated what course was best, the conversation flagged and an awkward silence ensued, which was presently broken by Roxy asking him what he thought of the experiences of President Edwards's wife.

Mr. Whittaker started a little. What did a village girl, and a Methodist at that, know of the experiences of Jonathan Edwards's wife? This then was the ground on which she was to meet him—not chickens, or garden, or girls, or beaus! From the experiences of Mrs. Edwards Roxy passed to the saints in the Methodist calendar—to Mrs. Fletcher, the lady preacher, to Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, who accepted banishment to her mother's kitchen as a penalty for her piety, and thence to Lady Huntington, who was better known to Whittaker. The minister listened with wonder as her face glowed with sympathetic enthusiasm and thought he detected the latent ambition to be such a saint as these. He was a New Englander, and the training of a quieter school of religion had its place with him, but all the more did he wonder at finding in the heart of this imaginative girl an altar on which was burning so bright a flame of mystical devotion. He noticed then that in that face illuminated from within, there was something about the set of the lip that indicated a great endurance of pur-

pose. This mysticism might come to be more than a sentiment.

Mr. Adams came back again after a while and started a discussion on the merits of Napoleon Bonaparte, in which Mr. Whittaker ought to have been much interested. But somehow he did not now care anything about the justice or injustice of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and all the rasping paradoxes which the contradictory shoe-maker could put forth failed to arouse in him any spirit of contradiction. For Roxy had by this time put down her knitting and was passing in and out of the room attending to her household duties, and the preacher had come to feel that somehow the red-and-yellow striped rag-carpet, and the old clock and the splint-bottom chairs were made lovely by her presence. He watched her as she came in and went out, and wondered as he had often wondered before at that look of gladness in her face. He heard Mr. Adams say something about Bonaparte's being the one man in modern times who understood that the people needed to be governed. But what did he care for Bonaparte, or for modern times? Here was a saint—a very flesh and blood saint. A plague on all Bonapartes and garrulous shoe-makers!

And so the conversation lagged. The preacher was dull. He fell to agreeing in an imbecile fashion with everything Adams said. The latter, in sheer despair, vehemently asserted that Napoleon did right to divorce Josephine, to which Mr. Whittaker agreed, not awaking from his absent mood until he saw the look of surprise in Roxy's face. Then he stammered:

"Oh, I didn't know; what was I saying? What was your remark? I'm afraid I did not understand it. I thought you said Bonaparte did right to marry Josephine."

"No; to divorce her," said Adams. "You are not well to-night?"

"No, not very,—pretty well though for me; but excuse me, I didn't mean to agree with you about divorce. I think Bonaparte showed himself an atrocious scoundrel in that whole affair."

"Oh, you do, do you?" cried the other, pleased that he had at last started the game from cover. But when he ended a new eulogy upon Bonaparte and divorce, and waited for another reply, Mr. Whittaker was engaged in comparing a silhouette portrait of Roxy's mother which hung near the clock, with the profile of Roxy, who stood at the window looking under the half-

raised curtain at the crescent moon bravely sailing its little boat through a blue sea beset with great, white, cloud-burges against which it seemed ever about to go to wreck. When Mr. Adams found that his companion was not in the least interested in that "splendid prodigy" which had "towered among us wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," he gave up in despair and waited in the vain hope that the other would start something which might offer a better chance for contradiction. The minister, feeling embarrassed by his own inattentiveness, soon excused himself and bade Roxy and her father good-night. Once out of the house he strolled absently through the common, then back into the town, under the shadow of the trees, to his home in the house of Twonnet Lefaire's father.

The Swiss in that day held rigidly to Presbyterianism—that is to say, the few who were religious at all, attended the Presbyterian church. While they held it to be a deep and eternal disgrace for a Swiss to be anything but a Presbyterian, most of them, like Twonnet's father, did not much like a Presbyterianism which forbade them to hunt and fish on Sunday or to drink good wine. It was not so in the old country, they declared.

But Twonnet's mother was a Presbyterian truly devout, and the minister had sought board in a Swiss family that he might improve his French pronunciation. Mrs. Lefaire let him in on this evening with a cordial "*Bon soir*," and a volley of inquiries beginning with "*Pourquoi*," and relating to his reasons for not telling them that he was going out to tea. But when she saw by the minister's puzzled look that he only half understood her rapidly spoken French, she broke into a good-natured laugh and began to talk in English with real Swiss volubility and vivacity. Whittaker answered as best he could in his absent frame of mind, and soon managed to evade the hail-storm of the good woman's loquacity by bidding the family good-night and ascending to his room. He essayed, like a faithful and regular man that he was, to read a chapter in the Bible before going to bed, but he sat near the west window and kept looking off the book, at the moon now swimming low through the cloud-breakers near the western horizon. And he wondered what Roxy could have been thinking of when she was looking at the sky. He gave up the book presently and knit his brow. It was not love but finance that engaged his thought. How might an honorable man marry while his salary

consisted chiefly of a pittance of two hundred dollars a year which the Home Missionary Society allowed him as a stipend for founding a feeble Presbyterian church in a village already blessed with a Baptist church and a Methodist—and that when the young man owed a debt of five hundred dollars incurred in getting his education, toward the liquidation of which he could manage now to put by just twenty-five dollars a year? This question puzzled him and rendered him abstracted while he was at his prayers; it kept him awake until long, long after the moon's shallop had made safe harbor behind the hills.

Roxy was not kept awake: she only delayed long enough to read her Bible and pray and to enter in her diary:

"Had a very refreshing conversation this evening with Mr. Whittaker about the remarkable experiences of Mrs. Edwards, and the holy lives of Lady Huntington, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Fletcher. Oh, that the Lord would prepare me to do and suffer for Him in the same spirit!"

The outer form of this entry was borrowed no doubt from the biographies she read. But the spirit was Roxy's own.

CHAPTER VII.

TWONNET.

MR. WHITTAKER carefully abstained from going often to Mr. Adams's after the evening of his conversation with Roxy. For at the breakfast table next morning Twonnet had turned the conversation to her friend. She spoke seriously,—as seriously as *she* could,—but there was mischief lurking in the twinkle of her black eyes as she praised Roxy and watched Mr. Whittaker's face, which was paler than usual this morning. Her Swiss tongue must go about something, and nothing excited her enthusiasm more than the virtues of Roxy Adams.

"She's perfection," said Twonnet with moderation. "She's just perfection, Mr. Whittaker, and nothing less."

"She seems a very nice girl indeed," said the minister guardedly; but his reserve only amused Twonnet all the more, for now she laughed that clear, ringing laugh that is characteristic of Swiss girls; while every brown curl on her head shook.

"*Qu'as-tu?*" said her father, reproachfully.

"Oh, let her laugh, Mr. Lefaire," said Whittaker; "Twonnet's fun is always good-natured; but to save my life I couldn't tell what she is laughing at."

"Because you said that Roxy was a very nice person, Mr. Whittaker. You could almost say that of me now, and I am nobody along side of Roxy; nobody but a——"

"A giggler," said the mother with a quiet chuckle, the wrinkles about the corners of her eyes showing plainly that she had been what Twonnet was then. For a hearty chuckle is the old age of a giggle.

"I tell you what, Mr. Whittaker," said Twonnet, sipping her coffee and looking at the minister under her eyebrows, "Roxy is the kind of a person that people put in books. She is a Protestant saint; *Saint Roxy*, how would that sound?" This last was half soliloquy. "Roxy is the kind of person that would feel obliged to anybody who would give her a chance to be a martyr."

"*Toinette*," said the father, shaking his head, "*lais-toi!*" He was annoyed now because the younger children, seeing that Twonnet meant mischief, began to laugh.

"I'm not saying any harm," replied the daring girl, with roguish solemnity. "I only said that Roxy would like to be a martyr, and you think I mean that she would even marry a minister. I didn't say that."

The children tittered. Whittaker's pale face reddened a little, and he laughed heartily; but this time the father frowned and stamped his foot in emphasis of his sharp "*Tais-toi, Toinette, je te dis!*"

Twonnet knew by many experiments the precise limit of safe disobedience to her father. There was an implied threat in his "*Je te dis*," and she now reddened and grew silent with a look of injured innocence.

If Twonnet had had a lurking purpose to promote the acquaintance between Whittaker and Roxy Adams, she had defeated herself by her suggestion, for Whittaker hardly went near the old hewed-log house again in months. His foible was his honor, and one in his situation could not think of marriage, and, as he reasoned, ought not to make talk which might injure Roxy's interests if not his own. Twonnet was disappointed, and with her disappointment there was a lugubrious feeling that she had made a mistake. She said no more about Roxy, but she continued to tease the minister gently about other things, just because it was her nature to tease. Once Whittaker had tried to talk with her, as became his calling, about religion; but she could not help giving him droll replies which made his gravity unsteady, and brought the interview to a premature close.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A STUDY OF KEATS.—I.

IN the first half of the last decade of the last century, a man named Jennings, whose Christian name has not been handed down, kept a large livery stable called "The Swan and Hoop" in Moorfields, opposite the entrance to Finsbury Circus. He had at least two sons and one daughter, whose Christian names have not been handed down either; and he had in his employ a young man of twenty-six or seven, whose name was Keats, but whose Christian name is also missing. He was the principal servant of Mr. Jennings, which means, I suppose, that he was his head groom. Short of stature, and well knit of person, was Mr. Keats, who is rather snobbishly described as a man of remarkably fine common-sense and native respectability, and so described by an English man of letters, who himself was only the son of a school-master. He had brown hair and hazel eyes, and was every way a comely person—for a groom. His comeliness commended him to a daughter of his master, who was tall, of good figure, with large oval face, somber features, and grave behavior, and she married him, and a very happy couple they were, I have no doubt. Whether they lived with Father Jennings after their marriage, or whether they lived apart by themselves, or where they lived at all in the wide world of London, no one has cared to discover, which any one might easily have done, for there have been directories of London for nearly two hundred years. It was not long before a man-child was born to them. We are beginning now to strike Christian names, though we have not yet reached the family Bible, or the parish register. George Keats was followed by John Keats, who came into the world on the 29th of October, 1795, two months earlier than he should have done, hastened, it is said, by the passionate love of amusement in his somber, saturnine mother, who comes down to us as Minerva and Venus. John was followed by Thomas, who was followed by Fanny, both of whom were presumably born in London. Of the early childhood of John Keats, only one anecdote is authenticated. It represents him as a little man of four or five, armed with an old sword, and standing for three or four hours as sentinel at the door of the sick-room of his enigmatical mother, whom the

doctor had ordered not to be disturbed till some specified time. The father of the English man of letters I have mentioned, a Mr. John Clarke, kept a school for boys at Enfield, the market-town and parish of Middlesex, about ten miles from London. Two of Mr. Jennings's sons had been educated there, and there John was sent, at an early age, before he had doffed his what-doye-call-ems, George having been sent before him, and Thomas after him. Mr. Keats often rode up the north road from London to see his boys, of whom he was very fond, and who, in turn, were very fond of him. He rode there once too often, for, on his return, he was killed by a fall from his horse. He was brought home a dead man, at the age of thirty-six, after ten years of happy married life—home to his disconsolate widow and darkened house.

The school-life of John Keats was remarkable for determination to excel in his studies, and for immense pugnacity. The Keats children inherited this quality, which ran in the blood of the Jennings family, one of whose members, and one of the two who had been educated at Enfield, was an officer under Duncan, admiral of the blue, in the great battle with the Dutch fleet off Camperdown,—a tall, strapping fellow, who was an especial mark for Mynheer's sharpshooters, when the admiral's ship, the "Venerable," went crashing into Admiral de Winter's vessel, which was obliged to strike her colors at last. He escaped unharmed, and was worshiped by his family ever after, and by no one more than his little nephew John, who was not quite two years old when this noble action was fought out to its triumphant ending. John would fight anybody, and for anything. An usher once boxed his brother Tom's ears,—an usher who could have put him in his pocket,—but he squared off at him, and struck him, like the boyish Cribb that he was. His brother George had to hold him down by main strength at times, when he was in "one of his moods," and was struggling to thrash him. He carried the same energy into his studies, and for the last two or three half years of his stay at Enfield, took the first prize for the greatest quantity of extra work. He began to work before the first school-hour; was at work through

almost all the hours of recreation, and through the afternoon holidays—the only boy left in school. They had to drive him out-of-doors to take exercise, he was so enamored of Latin and French. His favorite books in English were Tooke's "Pantheon," Spence's "Polymetis," and Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary." He read through the whole school library, which consisted of abridgments of voyages and travels and histories, Robertson's "America" and "Charles the Fifth," all Miss Edgeworth's stories, and the big folio of Burnet's "History of His own Times." He read no poetry, except Virgil's "Æneid," of which he had translated the whole twelve books when he was under fourteen, and he read no journals, except "The Examiner" of Leigh Hunt, which was started at that time, and was taken in by Mr. John Clarke. Such, in brief, was the school-life of John Keats at Enfield,—that pleasant old town, where there was once a royal Chase, which was disforested a few years before he was born; where there was a royal palace (it is in ruins now) in which the boy-king, Edward the Sixth, kept his court, and at which the Princess Elizabeth rested on her way to London to assume the crown of England. Historic, happy Enfield!

The saturnine, mercurial mother of the Keats children died suddenly of consumption early in 1810, and left one of them inconsolable. John shut himself up in a nook under the desk of the master for several days, and refused to be comforted. He had reason for his grief, poor child, for he was taken out of this school at Enfield in the summer of that year, before he was fifteen, and apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon at Edmonton. His wishes, if he had any, were not consulted; he was placed in durance for five years. About thirty years before, a melancholy gentleman of fifty, who had been in durance for alienation of mind, sent all the readers in England on a helter-skelter ride from Cheapside to the Bell at Edmonton, and set them laughing at the mishaps which befel their hero, John Gilpin, on the way. Let us hope that the recollection of this imaginary ride sometimes tickled the fancy of the young surgeon in Church street, Edmonton. One pleasure certainly awaited him as often as once a week, and that was a walk over to Enfield, which was only two miles away, to have a long talk with his old master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke, who was nearly eight years older than himself, and who loaned him such

books as he wanted. Every man of letters, poet, dramatist, novelist, was made what he is by the first friend or friends that he made, and the first book or books that he read. Give us the knowledge of the personal and intellectual influences under which he wrote, and his surroundings at the time, and we can understand his work thoroughly; but not otherwise. Just after he had completed his sixteenth year, John Keats strolled over to Enfield one Wednesday or Saturday afternoon to chat with his friend Charles Cowden Clarke, and perhaps to return the last book that he had loaned him, and get another in exchange for it; and Clarke, after their handshaking was finished, and all small talk dismissed, sat down and enchanted him by reading a poem to him, written by Master Edward Spenser about two hundred and twenty years before, when he was wooing Mistress Elizabeth Nagle, and persuading her to become the mistress of Kilcolman Castle. It was Spenser's beautiful "Epithalamion," and Keats was enraptured with it. When he returned to Edmonton that night, he took back with him the first volume of Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Before I proceed further I beg all who may honor me (and the immortal memory of Keats) by reading this paper, to read it with his poetical works in their hands, or on their tables, and, if possible, in the last edition thereof, edited by Lord Houghton, and published last year by Messrs. Bell & Sons of London. I desire to be followed closely and critically, as I hope I have followed the shining trail of this great poet.

The reading of the "Faerie Queene" spurred Keats into writing his first poem, which is in the Spenserian measure, and reflects the serene and lovely spirit of that early master. It reflects his Latin reading in the happy days at Enfield, and his English reading also, there, or elsewhere, for Dido and Lear are introduced into the third stanza. The two poems which follow this imitation of Spenser are so much inferior to it that one might suppose they were written before it, but the mention of Britomartis in the second destroys the supposition. The lady knight is there as Armida the fair, also Rinaldo the bold, and Oberon and Titania. The mention of Mrs. Tighe in the first poem indicates reading in the wrong direction; for the "Psyche" of Mrs. Tighe (who was the wife of the member of Parliament for Woodstock, and died at the age of thirty-seven) is very enervating reading. Her

memory is preserved (if it is preserved) only by Moore's exquisite lyric,

"I saw thy form in youthful prime."

These unfortunate trifles, the measure of which recalls the early measures of Moore, are noticeable only for their artificial elegance. The song beginning,

"Stay, ruby-breasted warbler, stay,"

is also in the manner of Moore, and not in his best manner. Succeeding this, in point of time (though not in Lord Houghton's arrangement), are two indifferent sonnets, one addressed to Chatterton, the other to Byron. The first was written under Spenserian influences, as the obsolete word "amate" shows, but the form is stricter than obtains in Spenser's sonnets, being (as Lamb would say) Italianate. The last, which preserves the Italian form, is the more indifferent of the two. Keats had completed his nineteenth year when he wrote it (December, 1814), and was probably thinking of "The Bride of Abydos" (1813); for neither "The Corsair," nor "Lara" (1814), was likely to attune his soul to tenderness.

Keats read no paper while at Enfield but the "Examiner," which Hunt had succeeded in making a power in the land,—a power which was very obnoxious to the Prince Regent and his servile ministers. It is an old story how he and his brother John were tried for libel in calling his bloated royal highness a fat Adonis of fifty, and so forth; and how they were convicted, fined, and confined for two years, Hunt in Horsemonger Lane Prison, and his brother elsewhere. Hunt's friends were indignant at his persecution, none more so than Keats, who had not met him, though he sympathized with his liberalism, and who was still studying surgery at Edmonton, and walking over to Enfield of a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon to talk with, and borrow books of, his friend Clarke. He was making one of these periodical visits in February, 1815, his twenty-first year, when he met Clarke, who was on his way to London to see Hunt, whose term of imprisonment had expired. The friends shook hands, the young school-master mentioned his pilgrimage, and the young surgeon turned back and accompanied him part of the way to Edmonton. At the last field-gate, when taking leave, he gave him the sonnet, "written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left prison" (February 3d). It was his third sonnet, but the first

that had any intellectual value, being manly and independent in thought, and poetical in expression. Spenser and Milton figure in it, together with their spiritual enfranchisement of the imprisoned poet.

This was the first proof that Clarke had received of his having committed himself in verse, and he clearly remembered over thirty years afterward the conscious look with which he hesitatingly offered it. "There are some momentary glances of beloved friends that fade only with life." This noble sonnet was followed by an "Ode to Apollo," one of those lofty flights which young poets are fond of attempting, and in which they never succeed; and by a copy of verses, "To Hope," which appear to have been written at Edmonton in moments of despondency, which were rare with Keats at this period, and which were rather juvenile verses for a young man of twenty. I am following here the chronology of Lord Houghton, which I believe faulty, and which is certainly faulty in regard to the spirited "Hymn to Apollo" that is sandwiched between them. It was undoubtedly written later in the year.

The Hunt sonnet is cast in the approved, or one of the approved, Italian molds. I appreciate the difficulties which attended Lord Houghton in his attempted chronological arrangement of the early poems of Keats, for I feel them now myself. I believe, however, that what may be called Spenserian influences were at work again in his mind (if indeed they had ever ceased to work), and that their new blossom was the "Specimen of an Induction to a Poem," a beautiful example of rich, melodious and picturesque versification. There is a reference in it to Hunt, whom Keats had not yet met, whom he names *Libertas*, partly no doubt on account of his well-known love of liberty, but more, I think, in remembrance of his masque "The Descent of Liberty" (1815). I find in this "Induction" the first occurrence of feminine rhymes, which Keats scattered so freshly and profusely through this early exercise in heroic verse, and the first occurrence of short lines in the midst of heroic lines,—a pleasant musical artifice which he had caught from the young Milton. "Calidore," his next Spenserian exercise in heroics, is richer every way than the "Induction," more picturesque, freer in versification, and more nearly human, if any Spenserian poetry can be said to be human. Feminine rhymes are more thickly sown in it; it contains his first triplet, and the first

distinct trait of Cockney mannerism in the descriptive touch,

"And shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim."

And in the description of Sir Gondibert,

"He was withal
A man of elegance and stature tall."

There are more short lines here than in the "Induction" (more "Lycidas," in a word), and one line, the scanning of which would have puzzled most Elizabethan poets:

"While whisperings of affection."

Between the stanzas "To Hope" and the "Induction," Lord Houghton has inserted the glittering lines "To —," beginning:

"Hadst thou lived in days of old."

I should have placed them elsewhere,—perhaps before the three sonnets on Woman, after "Calidore," which, I fancy, suggest a recent and not profound reading of Sydney's sonnets, as the lines "To —" suggest Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," with faint remembrances of Spenser. The structure of these sonnets is the same as that of the Hunt sonnet. Another sonnet of this period—the one beginning:

"How many bards gild the lapses of time"—

was the means of introducing Keats to Hunt. But I must take up here the thread of the outward life of Keats, who had quitted Edmonton, and had gone to London to walk St. Thomas's Hospital,—an ancient house of suffering and healing, founded about six centuries before by the Prior of Bermondsey, and re-founded by the beneficent boy-king, Edward the Sixth, in his brief but glorious reign. Clarke, who had gone thither about the same time, and was living with his brother-in-law in Little Warner street, Clerkenwell, received a letter from him one day, inviting him to his abode at 8 Dean street. He, in turn, invited Keats to his abode in Little Warner street. The young poet went, and it is not too much to say that the moment he crossed the threshold of his friend's door, he crossed the threshold of another poetical life. A Mr. Alsager (his Christian name is of no consequence), who was living opposite Horsemonger Lane Prison, when the libelous poet was incarcerated, where he had sent him over his first dinner, and who was now the money editor of the "Times,"—Mr.

Alsager, I say, had loaned Clarke the folio edition of old George Chapman's "Homer." The book was produced, as the "Faerie Queene" was produced about three years before, and if Keats had gone through that as a young horse would through a spring meadow, ramping, he went through this as the strong war-horses of Achilles went through the startled ranks of the Trojans,—tearing round the walls of Ilion with the mangled remains of the god-like Hector trailing behind his chariot-wheels. They read, read, read, and parted at day-spring, and when Clarke came down to his breakfast the next morning, he found a letter on his table, with no other inclosure than a sonnet,—but what a sonnet!—one of the few great sonnets in English poetry, the one "On first looking into Chapman's 'Homer.'" It was written (if I read his reminiscences correctly) at Keats's residence in Dean street, and dispatched by messenger to him in Little Warner street before ten o'clock. Truly, a new planet had swum into the ken of Keats.

When the doors of the Horsemonger Lane prison had closed for the last time upon Hunt and his family, he took a pretty little cottage for himself and them in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath. It was within easy-reaching distance of London, the village standing about four miles from it on the southern slope of the Heath, which had a fine outlook over the neighbor lands, looking down upon the great dome of St. Paul's. Hampstead had been a favorite watering-place in the last century; now, like the tomb of old Thomas Churchyard, it inclosed poetry and poverty,—Leigh Hunt and his friends, some of whom made merry in prose, as did Hunt also, though no longer at the expense of his sensitive highness, the Prince Regent. Here Hunt was visited by Clarke, who took with him two or three of the poems he had received from Keats, including the sonnet already mentioned, and the grand Homeric sonnet (if that was written, of which I am not sure, though I think so), and possibly "Calidore," and the "Induction." Mr. Horace Smith (who was a merry writer in prose, and occasionally a good poet) was struck with the last six lines of the sonnet ("How many bards, etc."), especially the penultimate:

"That distance of recognizance bereaves."

"What a well-condensed expression!" he exclaimed, and justly. Clarke was delighted at the unhesitating and prompt admiration

which broke forth from Hunt before he had read twenty lines of the first poem (either "Calidore" or the "Induction"), and was questioned in regard to Keats personally, and with reference to any peculiarities of mind and manner, and was asked to bring him over to the Vale of Health. "That was a red-letter day in the young poet's life," says Clarke, "and one which will never fade with me as long as memory lasts. The character and expression of Keats's features would unfailingly arrest even the casual passenger in the streets; and now they were wrought to a tone of animation that I could not but watch with intense interest, knowing what was in store for him from the bland encouragement, and Spartan deference in attention, with fascinating conversational eloquence, that he was to encounter and receive. When we reached the Heath, I have present the rising and accelerated step, with the gradual subsidence of all talk, as we drew toward the cottage. The interview, which stretched into three 'morning calls,' was the prelude to many after-scenes and saunterings about Caen Wood and its neighborhood; for Keats was suddenly made a familiar of the household, and was always welcomed."

Hampstead Heath was now Parnassus to the eager young poet, whose next verse was inspired by it, and the beautiful scenery of which it was the outlook. I refer to the charming poem which has no title in the collected edition of his writings, but which begins:

"I stood tiptoe upon a little hill."

The idea of it came to him one delightful summer forenoon, as he stood beside a gate (which may be remaining still) that leads from the path-way on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood; but a dream of it, or something like it, had passed into his mind as he and Clarke were leaning one day over the rail of a foot-bridge that spanned a little brook in the last field above Edmonton. The brook and its surroundings, its tiny people, and possible glimpses of womanhood, were reflected in his imagination as he stood tiptoe like another Mercury on his heathy eminence, and he proceeded straightway to sketch them. Hitherto he had drawn only ideal landscapes; but on this immortal summer day the living colors of actual scenery painted themselves upon his glowing canvas, with their changing lights and shadows, and over all rose the dome of an authentic heaven. Every word was a picture, and every touch exquisite. The music of

the verse was as melodious as the music of his dear master, Spenser. Feminine rhymes are more abundant and closer together—more adjacent, in a word—than in "Calidore," and the range of vision and thought is larger. The eye of the naturalist guides the hand of the painter, and nowhere more surely than in its crystal reflection of the little brook and its swarms of minnows:

"How they ever wrestle

With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!

If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;

But turn your eye, and they are there again."

The influence of Spenser's verse is here, as well as the influence of the young Milton's verse; but the animating spirit of all—the spirit that was beginning to domineer over the genius of Keats—was the lovely mythology of Greece. He had already written a "Hymn to Apollo," you remember, and Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," which Clarke says he appeared to *learn*, was one of his few favorite books at Enfield. Mythology floats into the poem, like the moon,

"Lifting her silver rim

Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim,
Coming into the blue with all her light."

The moon inspires him with hinted suggestions of her qualities and influences,—as the word "sleep" inspired Shakspeare in writing the terrible gate-knocking scene in "Macbeth," and as the same word was to inspire Keats himself about four years later,—and he launches out, as I have said, into hinted suggestions of her beneficence to mankind:

"Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile on us to tell delightful stories."

Then the souls of certain delightful mythological stories, the ghosts of beautiful shapes, rise like exhalations before the loving eye of his imagination,—Psyche and Love, Syrinx and Pan, Zephyrus and Narcissus, and last, "that sweetest of all songs," the love of Cynthia and Endymion. The conclusion of this charming poem is not only the perfection of picturesque writing, but it is the best and most evenly sustained verse that he had yet written, being at once musical and mellow. The influence of Hunt is visible in the unlucky phrase, "jaunty":

"Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves,"

and the extent of intimacy between the two poets is also visible in the line of verse which stands as the motto, and was selected from

"The Story of Rimini," which was not published until the following year. Keats had either read it in manuscript, or Hunt had read it to him; most likely the latter, for "loved Libertas" was not averse to reading his poetry to his friends. It is, I fear, a habit of poets, and one (*me judice*) more honored in the breach than in the observance. This poem was written, I think, at Edmonton. The poem which followed it, "Sleep and Poetry," or most of it, was certainly written at the Vale of Health, in the library of Hunt, where an extempore bed had been made up for Keats on the sofa. It is characterized by the poetic qualities that sparkle throughout the nameless poem I have just mentioned; is radiant with the same beauties of diction; is more thickly sprinkled with curious and happy phrases, and is every way more ambitious and daring. It is the most personal poem that Keats had yet ventured to write, and read by the light of his brief life, and in the shadow of his sad death, it is to me one of the most pathetic poems in the world. The heart of the young poet throbs through its impassioned lines. He tells us the secret of his soul, his burning desire and strong determination to be a poet. He implores the Spirit of Poesy to yield clear air from her sanctuary, smoothed by the breath of flowering bays, that he may die a luxurious death, and his young spirit may follow

"The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo
Like a fresh sacrifice."

He prays for ten years in which to overwhelm himself in poesy.

"So may I do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed."

He revels in thought in the countries that he sees in long perspective; and lovely woman is remembered lovingly. Then he has a vision in the heavens of a strange charioteer, who looks out with glorious fear upon the winds, and talks to the trees and mountains, until shapes of delight and mystery appear, and sweep by as if they were chasing ever-fleeting music.

"Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow!"

The gladness of the youthful poet soon gives place to despondency, against which he struggles manfully, however, upheld by his belief in the strength of poesy, his description of which is incomparably noble,

while his knowledge of its great end is perfect. Does any one say that he has spoken presumptuously,—that he had better hide his foolish face from hastening disgrace? How!

"If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of Poesy;
If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade."

"Oh, for ten years!" sighed this glorious boy,—this poor boy, whose life-work was over in about five years, and whose life was ended in less than six years! What is it that Wordsworth sings?

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness."

"Sleep and Poetry" is a wonderful production for a boy in his teens. It abounds with life, and energy, and felicity. What can be happier than the thought that a bowery nook will be

"An eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves and flowers"?

Was ever poesy so well described as in the passage beginning: "A drainless shower of light is poesy"? and were its purpose and end ever so accurately stated as in the lines ending:

"It should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man"?

The hinted descriptions of sleep are as exquisite as the hinted descriptions of Cynthia already referred to; the management of feminine rhymes (of which there are in one place four pair together) is more skillful than before; the musical discords that result in harmony are introduced for the first time, and there is a bolder sweep of thought and expression. The versification is varied and effective, but a little too careless. The latter fault was partly due to the haste with which the poem was written, but more, I suspect, to Keats's admiration for the jaunty swagger of Hunt's poetic style. His contemptuous opinion of Pope and his following of indifferent versifiers was no doubt imbibed from Hunt's conversation. He has not yet learned to get rid of his "elegance," and he expressed a wish to "tease" his spirit. The last fifty lines are a description of Hunt's library and art-furniture, which "loved Libertas" was never without.

I find no sonnet written by Keats at this period until after the completion of "Sleep

and Poetry," which had fairly tested his strength of wing. The next sonnet ("Give me a golden pen, and let me lean") commemorates one of his leave-takings with the Hunts at an early hour in the evening, and his poetic ambitions, and discontent with himself:

"For what a height my spirit is contending!
'Tis not content so soon to be alone."

It is strictly Italian in form, and of no great intellectual value. Two or three months later (October, or November, 1815) he commemorated in another sonnet another symposium and leave-taking at the Vale of Health. The sonnet itself fixes the season when it was written:

"Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there;"

and gives us a second glimpse of Hunt's little cottage, of the Miltonic conversations held there, and of Hunt's art-furniture:

"Lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd."

The form of this sonnet also is strictly Italian, and its general effect is picturesque and charming. About this time (perhaps a little before it, but certainly after penning "Sleep and Poetry") Keats produced his "Hymn to Apollo" ("God of the golden bow"), a rough but noble bit of versification, worthy of the young Pindar. If it has an original in English poetry, I have never seen that vigorous original. The inspirations of this "Hymn," and of the two sonnets just mentioned, stimulated the unsatisfied ambition of Keats, who felt the need of a broader flight, and straightway returned to his heroics. He had a friend—George Felton Mathew—who was a poet like himself, and to whom he addressed a poetic epistle, apparently from London, where he was still walking St. Thomas's Hospital. It is a frank, friendly, eager poem,—better in mere workmanship than "Sleep and Poetry," and beautifully picturesque. It is a curious poem to the literary student, in that it indicates the English poets with whom Keats was more or less familiar,—Chatterton and Milton, traces of whom we have met with before, Burns and William Browne, who are new to us; and Beaumont and Fletcher, whose influence we have already suspected. There are fewer feminine rhymes here than in "Sleep and Poetry;" and there is one triplet and one Alexandrine, each the first of its kind in his early poetry. The date of this epistle is November, 1815, the age of the writer—twenty.

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If the reader who has thus far honored me with his attention, will now take up his Keats, and read the poems which this marvelous young man wrote in ten months, in the chronological order that I have suggested,—beginning with the sonnet written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left prison (February 3d), and ending with this poetic epistle to George Felton Mathew (November), he can trace for himself, as well as I can trace it for him, the sudden and glorious flowering of this beautiful genius. I know of no such growth in the life of any English poet, no such aspiration, struggle, and triumph. Truly, as Keats wrote of himself, later,—or earlier, as Lord Houghton thinks:

"The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming."

The second year of Keats's poetic life (1816) witnessed the introduction of no new element in his reading, so far as I can discover, and no very marked growth of his genius. There was a slight improvement in his literary workmanship, however, and an increased firmness of touch. He produced during this year two poetic epistles,—one addressed to his brother George, written in August, and another written in September, and addressed to Charles Cowden Clarke. Besides these poems he certainly wrote ten sonnets (of which more hereafter), and he probably wrote three more sonnets which I shall point out. The epistle to his brother opens with a mental description of the despondency common among young poets, and passes to the reaction which speedily follows it, and in which they see nothing but poesy in water, earth or air. Knightly Spenser has told this to Libertas (whose story of "Rimini" has probably been published), and has helped his eager disciple to the picturesque suggestions which crowd upon him. Kindling with his theme, and with the living pleasures of the bard (which are generally imaginary ones), the spirit of inspiration impels Keats to foretell his reputation. He celebrates his apotheosis in the delicious passage beginning:

"Lays have I left of such a dear delight—"

and ending with:

"Lured by the innocent dimples."

These twenty lines of exquisite verse are worthy of any poet that ever lived. He thinks he would be happier and dearer to society if he could smother his ambition,

but he makes no attempt to smother it, for after all it is a delight to him; and when some bright thought has darted through his brain,

"Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure."

Of course he has, and he is glad that his "dear friend and brother" likes his sonnets, "though none else should heed them." But you know better than that, Master Junkets; for it was one of these very sonnets that introduced you to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and you know in your soul that no English poet ever wrote a finer sonnet than yours "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Pray you, avoid the affectations of your friend Hunt. Over sixty years have passed since Keats penned this fraternal epistle, which is as fresh and sunny as on the day it was scribbled. We see him stretched out on the grass with his head pillowed on flowers; but we do not quite see where he is—at least I do not—on the

"Lofty cliff which proudly towers Above the ocean waves."

It is a lovely place wherever it is (I suspect it was Margate), with a glorious outlook, for the quivering shadows of stalks and blades checker the tablet he is writing upon. On one side of him he sees the scarlet coats of the poppies through a field of drooping oats:

"So pert and useless that they bring to mind The scarlet-coats that pester human kind."

On the other side is the blue mantle of the ocean streaked with purple and green. Now he sees a ship under full sail, and notes the silver spray curling round her prow; and now he sees

"The lark down-dropping to his nest, And the broad-wing'd sea-gull never at rest; For when no more he spreads his feathers free, His breast is dancing on the restless sea."

Why does Keats direct his eyes toward the sunset?

"Why westward turn? 'Twas but to say adieu! 'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George, to you!"

The epistle to Clarke is almost perfect of its kind. The opening lines descriptive of the sailing of a swan show clearly that another swan was sailing with outspread wings, a proud breast, and a triumphant heart on the shining river of English song that delighted to reflect the white shadow

of his genius. He tells his friend Charles that he has never penned a line to him, because his thoughts were never free and clear, nor fit to please his classic ear; and because his wine was of too poor a savor to please his palate which gladdened in the flavor of Helicon. He reminds him of the books that he had read, of his Tasso, his Spenser and his Shakspeare, and of the forest walks that he had lately been taking with the wronged Libertas, and he says that he was still unwilling to try his dull, unlearned quill for him. Nor should he try it then, but that he had known him long, and had been first taught all the sweets of song by him. That Master Clarke had had a very intelligent pupil is evident in the lines which immediately follow this beautiful compliment to him—lines which no other English poet could have written, and which are remarkable for critical insight and accurate definition. I mean the glorious lines that state the characteristics of the sonnet, the ode, the epigram, and the epic:

"Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring,"

He feigns that Clarke found these for him, and pointed out to him the patriot's stern duty, which was, of course, to shoot Gessler, as Tell did not, and to slay Cæsar, as Brutus and his fellow conspirators did.

"Ah, had I never seen Or known your kindness, what might I have been?"

Can he ever forget his benefits and repay the friendly debt? No,—doubly no. But if these rhymings please him, he shall roll on the grass with twofold ease. For he has for a long time been hoping that he would one day think the reading of his rough verses not an hour misspent.

"Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!"

The modesty of all this is admirable. He reminds Clarke that some weeks have passed since he last saw the spires reflected in the Thames, and intimates that warm desires to see the sunrise and the morning shadows streaking into slimness across the lawny fields and pebbly water, to feel the air that plays about the hills,—

"And sips its freshness from the little rills,"—

to see the high, golden corn wave upon a summer's night in the light of the moon

when she peers among the little black and white clouds, as though she were reclining in a bed of bean-blossoms—desires for all this pleasance have brought him where he is. Then he began to think of rhymes and measures, and the air seemed to say in passing by him:

"Write! thou wilt never have a better day."

And write he did, though he was not smitten with the grace of his lines. Yet as his hand was warm, he thought he had better send him what he had written. Many days had passed since he had seen him sitting before the piano, and warming his heart with Mozart and Arne and Handel and the Irish Melodies, since he had walked with him through shady bowers, reveling in chat that ceased not there, nor at night when they got together over his books.

"No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Midway between our homes; your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly
floor.

Sometimes I lost them, and then found again;
You changed the foot-path for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wished for joys
That well you know to honor: 'Life's very toys,
With him,' said I, 'will take a pleasant charm;
It cannot be that aught will work him harm.'
These thoughts now come o'er me with all their
might;—

Again I shake your hand,—friend Charles, good-
night."

I know not how it may strike others, but this bright glimpse of the early life and friendship of Keats—this leaf from the book of his happy memories—is to me charming. The poem is nearly perfect, in spite of its carelessness, but not quite so.

"With him who elegantly chats and talks"

is a bit of Cockneyism unworthy of any poet, though Hunt would no doubt have sanctioned it. "Water" and "shorter" are ludicrously bad rhymes, and the word "wean" in the line,

"Verses from which the soul would never wean,"

smacks a little too freshly of the nursery. Keats, by the way, had already used it in "Sleep and Poetry," toward the close of that lovely but uneven poem, in the passage that describes the pictures in Hunt's library, *i. e.*:

"Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face."

A wiser friend than Hunt would have kindly pointed out the dubious taste implied in the serious use of that phrase, and of the word "tease," and Keats, whose mind was as modest as it is possible for a poet's mind to be, would, I am sure, have seriously considered it. But Hunt was full of verbal affectations, which, perhaps, were instinctive with him, and was therefore a lenient critic of the mannerisms of his young friend. Let me just note in passing that this epistle abounds in musical discords which there is no difficulty in reading, especially if one has captured the open secret of Swinburne's glorious harmonies.

The sonnets of 1816 are not equal on the whole to the sonnets that Keats wrote in the preceding year. They are Italian in form, but not strictly so, for two of the ten violate Italian sonnetary laws by rhyming couplets in the two tercettes. They were written, I should say, at the same period,—the summer of 1816. One certainly was ("The church bells toll'd a melancholy round"); another probably was, and most likely in London ("O Solitude! if I with thee must dwell"); of the third ("As from the darkening gloom") I am less certain. It reads like an exercise of fancy—a forced inspiration of a supposed death, written for practice, and to keep his hand in. It has no value whatever. The best sonnets of this year were written in November and December. They are the fraternal sonnet, "To my Brothers," which bears the date of November 18th; the sonnet "To Kosciuszko," which was written about November 12th; and the two sonnets addressed to Haydon, which are dated November 19th. There is a cozy, comfortable feeling of home in the brotherly sonnet, which was written on the birthday of Thomas Keats, and which breathes a prayer for his health and longevity:

"Many such eves of gently whispering noise
May we together pass, and calmly try
What are this world's true joys, ere the great
Voice
From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly."

But it was not to be. For scarcely two years passed before the great Voice summoned poor Tom; and scarcely four years and three months passed before the mighty spirit of John passed out into the Unknown. Among the sonnets of this summer (1816),

there is one which expresses his contentment with his country ("Happy is England!") and which at the same time expresses an unsatisfied desire to be elsewhere:

"Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian."

His languishment was fulfilled; for in less than five years he was under Italian skies, and under Italian earth with its daisies growing over him!

"I weep for Adonais,—he is dead!"

To return, however, to his verse. The sonnet beginning, "Had I a man's fair form," which I believe to have been written during the second poetical year of Keats, reads to me like another exercise of fancy, and faintly reflects the manner of Sydney's sonnets. The sonnet "To a Friend who sent me some roses" was, I think, written at this period, and is now known to have been addressed to that remarkable poet and man of genius, Charles Wells, the author of that unique Elizabethan dramatic poem, "Joseph and his Brethren." I attribute to this period a third sonnet addressed "To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown." It is very spirited and ambitious, and, speaking after the manner of Walter Savage Landor, I am sure there is a story in it. *Voilà*. It was sent to Keats when he was at Hampstead Heath, in Hunt's cottage, and he accepted it gladly, but only to present it to Hunt, who made no scruples about accepting it, and who wrote two sonnets about it (or about a crown of ivy which Keats presented to him), which sonnets may be found to-day in the first edition of his "Foliage" (1818). None of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," and none of Sir Egerton Brydges's "Imaginary Biographies," is so veritable as this pleasant little anecdote. The sonnet "To Kosciusko" was either inspired by a sonnet of Hunt's addressed to that famous soldier, or was written at the same time as that sonnet, in a friendly poetical duel. The sonnet "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket" was struck out in one of these immortal duels, to which Hunt was the challenger. "No one was present but myself," says Clarke, "and they accordingly set to. I, absent with a book at the end of the sofa, could not avoid furtive glances, every now and then, at the emulants. I cannot say how long the trial lasted; I was not proposed umpire, and had no stop-watch for

the occasion; the time, however, was short for such a performance, and Keats won, as to time. But the event of the after-scrutiny was one of many such occurrences which have riveted the memory of Leigh Hunt in my affectionate regard and admiration, for unaffected generosity and perfectly unpretentious encouragement; his sincere look of pleasure at the first line,—

'The poetry of earth is never dead.'

'Such a prosperous opening!' he said, and when he came to the tenth and eleventh lines,

'On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence.'

'Ah, that's perfect! bravo, Keats!' and then he went on in a dilation upon the dumbness of all Nature during the season's suspension and torpidity. With all the kind and gratifying things that were said to him, Keats protested to me, as we were afterward walking home, that he preferred Hunt's treatment of the subject to his own." The second poetic year of Keats closed prosperously with this delightful sonnet, which was written on the evening of December 30th, 1816.

I write after an interval of more than sixty years from this period of the life of Keats, and at a distance of three thousand miles, more or less, from London, Hampstead, and their neighborhoods where it was passed,—consequently I write at a disadvantage, depending solely upon my books. Lord Houghton's "Life, Letters and Literary Remains" (1848) tells me that Keats scribbled doggerel rhymes among the notes which he took of the medical lectures that he attended, and that he enriched with the same doubtful ore the notes of his fellow students when he obtained possession of them. "Of course, his peculiar tastes did not find much sympathy in that society. Whenever he showed his graver poetry to his companions, it was pretty sure to be ridiculed and severely handled. They were therefore surprised when, on presenting himself for examination at Apothecaries' Hall, he passed his examination with considerable credit. When, however, he entered on the practical part of his business, although successful in all his operations, he found his mind so oppressed during the task with an overwrought apprehension of the possibility of doing harm, that he came to the determined conviction that he was unfit for the line of life on which he had expended so

many years of his study and a considerable part of his property. 'My dexterity,' he said, 'used to seem to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up a surgical instrument again,' and thus he found himself, on his first entrance into manhood, thrown on the world almost without the means of daily subsistence, but with many friends interested in his fortunes, and with the faith in the future which generally accompanies the highest genius." Clarke states that Keats's profession had been *chosen for him*, and that he made no secret of his dislike to it. "The other day, for instance," he said to Clarke, "during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and Fairy-land." The sunbeam that came into the life of Keats was his coming to age in his second poetical year, and becoming his own master. When that auspicious October day closed it closed the doors of Apothecaries' Hall and St. Thomas's Hospital, and deprived the disciples and followers of Galen and Hippocrates of an illustrious brother. If Thomas Lovell Beddoes had made the same decision as Keats about ten years later, the nineteenth century would have rivaled the sixteenth with a second and greater Marlowe. Doctor Keats deceased in 1816, and was succeeded—but not in his business—by Keats the poet.

We have two verbal portraits of this beautiful genius at this time, and both by skillful painters,—Leigh Hunt and Benjamin Robert Haydon. "He was under the middle height," says Hunt, "and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well turned." (How like the elegant *Libertas* that last touch is!) "His shoulders were very broad for his size; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up, an eager power, checked and made patient by ill-health." (But the checked and patient look came later). "Every feature was at once strongly cut and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold; the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing, large, dark and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled." Thus far, his fellow-poet. "He was below the middle size," says Haydon, "with a low

forehead, and an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions." (Bravo, Haydon!) "I read one or two of his sonnets, and formed a very high idea of his genius. After a short time I liked him so much that a general invitation on my part followed, and we became extremely intimate. He visited my painting-room at all times, and at all times was welcome." One would like to know which one or two of Keats's sonnets it was that led Haydon to form his very high idea of his genius, and one comes to the conclusion—I do, at least—that it was the two which he addressed to him. Lord Houghton speaks of Keats's habit of spending frequently his evenings in Haydon's painting-room, where many men of genius were wont to meet, and, sitting before some picture on which he was engaged, criticise, argue, defend, attack, and quote their favorite writers,—*"making us wings for the night,"* as Keats used to put it. And Haydon himself describes one of these gatherings where an immortal dinner came off (modesty, you see, was Haydon's foible), at which Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb, Leitch Ritchie, and an unfortunate comptroller of stamps were present, and at which—or, to be more exact, at the tea which followed it—Lamb quizzed the poor devil so unmercifully that Keats and Haydon hurried him into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter.

I must not write about this, however (you can read it for yourselves in Tom Taylor's "Life of Haydon"), nor about any of the guests at that immortal dinner,—but introduce my readers to an early friend of Keats's whom I could not bring in till now. This was Mr. John Hamilton Reynolds, whose father was head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and who was residing then with his family in Little Britain. He was a year older than Keats, whom he outlived thirty-one years, and was coming into notice among the young poets of England. Byron mentions him and his first poem in his journal, under the date of February 28th, 1814: "Answered—or rather acknowledged—the receipt of young Reynolds's Poem, *Safe*. The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed—*whence*, the reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think—though wild, and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his Tale—that he has much talent, and, certainly, fire enough."

SOME PRECEPTS FOR SLANDERING SAFELY.

Sam.—Let us take the law of our sides. I will bite my thumb at them.

Abr.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam.—Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE desire to know exactly how much I could say against my neighbors without making myself liable in an action for slander, induced me some time ago to make a collection of legal precedents. For a long time I had felt the need of them—a need, I doubt not, that has been felt by hundreds of others. It is hardly necessary to say that I have found them useful. They have not only proved a very present help in time of trouble, but they have imparted to the character a certain repose and confidence which will prove of rare value in future emergencies.

It is no slight recommendation of these precedents (compiled from adjudged cases in this country and England), that they are applicable as well to cases of libel as of slander. Slander is the malicious uttering of false and defamatory words, tending to the damage of another. It is the *malicious* utterance that makes the slander; so that, if words are spoken in a friendly manner, as by way of advice, admonition, or concern, without any tincture of ill-will, they are not slanderous. Of this character are communications in regard to servants, advice as to dealing with tradesmen, and other statements of a like nature, which are called privileged communications. You will at once perceive, my dear reader, what a field is here opened to the discreet. Hardly a day passes without an opportunity of advising a friend about the church he should or should not attend, the doctor he should employ, the lawyer he should hire, the tradesmen he should patronize, etc., etc., and even about the people with whom he should or should not associate. But in what you say the great point is to avoid the *appearance* of malice. You can do a great deal of damage with the appearance of friendship, if you add a “but,” spoken under the breath or with a shrug of the shoulders. Undoubtedly this one precept will be sufficient for ordinary occasions, but there are times when this alone would be weak and jejune, when such small words of heat and passion as “rogue” and “rascal” would be but “so much waste of your strength to no purpose; they are like sparrow-shot fired against a bastion; they serve to stir the

humors, but carry off none of the acrimony.” They will not do on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions are excited. Then something more—something stronger is needed.

I have intimated that general terms of abuse, expressive of evil inclinations and corrupt manners, such as “rogue,” “rascal,” “scoundrel,” and the like, are not actionable. And it has been held that the words “swindler” and “cheat” are too general to support an action. (*Chase vs. Whitlock*, 3 Hill, 139.) It has been held in England that the words, “Thou art as very a thief as any in Warwick gaol,” none being then in prison, are not actionable, but would have been so had a felon been there at the time. (1 Bulstrode’s Rep., p. 40.) And it also has been held that no action lay for the words, “You killed your wife,” it not appearing that the wife was dead; and the difference was noted between the two cases—when she was dead and when she was living; for when she is alive no action lies, although the defendant says that the plaintiff has murdered her, but it would be otherwise if she were dead. (4 Coke, 9.) This case has been reduced to rhyme, as follows:

“If a person says he killed my wife,
No action lies, if she be yet alive.”

It is not slander if the words are heard only by the plaintiff. (*Haile vs. Fuller*, 2 Hun, 519; see also “London Assurance,” Act II.) In this last authority, which is written in the form of a dialogue, Cool asks, “What terms are actionable?” to which Meddle answers, “You may call him anything you please, providing there are no witnesses.” Meddle states the law correctly, but gives, I think, the wrong reason. The words are not actionable, not because there are no witnesses to prove them, but because, not having been heard by others, they have done no damage.

You can call a man a “blackleg” (3 H. & N., 376); you can say he “got drunk on Christmas” (1 Miss., 324); if you are in South Carolina, you can say he cut off your horse’s tail (3 Rich., 242); if in Missouri, “he whipped his wife” (26 Mo., 153), or his

mother (ib., 255); in Pennsylvania you can say, "If he would do that, he would steal." (27 Pa. St., 112.) In Indiana it was held by the Supreme Court that the words, "You hooked my geese," were not actionable in themselves, the court being of the opinion that the usual and ordinary meaning of the word "hook" is not "steal." (*Hays vs. Mitchell*, 7 Blackford, 117.) You can say of an attorney, "He is a Presbyterian" (*T. Jones*, 23); of a farmer, that he "cheated in corn" (id., 156); that "Brown is an enchanter, and did enchant a bull, and make it run mad about the common," no death or bodily harm being specified. (2 Keble, 548.) You can call a woman a witch, because not within any statute law; but you cannot say of one that he is a sacrilegious person, because sacrilege is an offense at common law; but when it appeared that the words were, "You commit sacrilege every day," judgment was not allowed to be entered against the defendant. (2 Keble, 401; id. 430.) It is not actionable to say, "She is a witch, and hath bewitched all that deal with her," the words being too general; but perhaps they would be actionable, if applied to any particular person. (2 Keble, 408; id., 441.) But the words, "You are a witch, and I will hang you for it, if you vex me," adding, "She hath imps," are actionable, for the words imply an offense at common law, and so felony; but Twisden, who was one of the judges, doubted. (2 Keble, 430, pl. 61.)

While it is actionable to call a man a thief, it is not actionable if you add the words, "Because he has stolen a cat," the stealing of a cat not being felony; and Judge Twisden said (2 Keble, 377) that "thieving rogue" was actionable, but "thievish rogue" was not, because it implieth but a bare inclination. Stevenson said of Higgins that he was a "knave, and a sitting knave, and had received stolen goods," and the court held the words not actionable, because it was not averred that Higgins knew them to be stolen goods, and Twisden said that even then the action would not lie (2 Keble, 338); it is not actionable to say, "He is a drunken rogue," "A cheating knave" (2 Keble, 336); but it is actionable to say a man cheats in his trade; or to say, "You are a thieving rogue and get your living by pilfering and stealing;" for these words imply a habit and a trade of thieving (2 Keble, 440); you can say of your neighbor, "He seeks to take my life," and no action will lie, for he may seek your life lawfully upon just cause; and also the words

are too general, and for seeking alone no punishment is inflicted by the law. (4 Coke, 5.)

No action lies for saying, "He is in Warwick gaol for stealing a horse and other beasts," because it is not directly affirmed that he had stolen them, but it is only a report of his imprisonment and the supposed reason therefor. But the words, "He stole them and was in gaol for it," are actionable. (*Hobart Rep.*, 239.)

It is not actionable to charge one with the intent to commit an unlawful act.

You cannot say of a person that he has an infectious disease without laying yourself liable, but you can with safety say that he has had an infectious disease. In Vermont, the following words were held not actionable: "It is a pity Montpelier should be represented by a man who snaked his mother out-of-doors by the hair of her head. It was the day before she died." (7 Verm., 439.) It has been held in Massachusetts, that a charge of "plundering a library," would not of itself be slanderous, because, though it conveys the notion of a wrongful acquisition, it does not express the nature of the wrong done. (*Carter vs. Andrews*, 16 Pickering, 1.)

Words which are harmless when spoken of an ordinary individual are scandalous when spoken of a peer of England—thus, to say of a peer, "He is no more to be valued than a dog," is scandal, yet you can call an archbishop a covetous man (4 Henry 8, Rot., 649), and can say of him, "He hath no more conscience than a dog;" but, in England, an indictment will lie for saying, "It's a good world where beggarly priests are made lords," this being a public scandal. (2 Keble, 336.) You can call a clergyman a dunce, blockhead, or fool, for it does not injure him in his profession. The court held that one can be a good parson and a great fool, but otherwise of an attorney. It has been adjudged that to call a justice of the peace blockhead, ass, etc., is not a slander for which an action will lie, because—note the distinction—he was not accused of any corruption in his employment, or any ill-design or principle; "And it was not his fault," said the court, "that he was a blockhead, ass, etc.; for he cannot be otherwise than his Maker made him; but, if he had been a wise man, and wicked principles were charged upon him when he had them not, an action would have lain; for, though a man cannot be wiser, he may be honestest than he is." (*Holt*, 653.)

You cannot say of a churchwarden, "He diverted himself on Sunday, when he ought to be in the house of God," for these words charge a breach of duty. (*Moore vs. Bloxham*, Irish Term Rep., 91.) If you are a church member, however, you can in the course of religious discipline, speak words concerning a church member, that would under other circumstances, be actionable. And this too without telling him privately his fault. Thus you can say, "He has committed forgery." (*Jarvis vs. Hathaway*, 3 John., 179.) Neither are the words, "Squire O. is a rogue," actionable, if it does not appear that they were spoken of him in his official capacity. (1 Johns., Cases, 129.)

It was held no slander to say, "The justices of the peace do not understand more than this jug the statute of excise, except Mr. Hunt, nor have nothing to do with it, and the said Hunt understands but part, nor one in twenty the parliament men that made it." (2 Keble, 494.) On this case you might risk it to say of a member of your legislature that he did not understand the laws that he had made, and this, even though you could not justify.

It may happen to you sometime to be a party to an action; if you are successful, that of itself will be sufficient; if you are defeated, it undoubtedly will be because your opponent and his witnesses have sworn falsely. If you are so incautious as to call them "perjurers," you will lay yourself liable to another action, but you can say they are "forsworn," that "they have sworn falsely," that "they have taken a false oath," or, "have sworn to a lie," without incurring any liability, and most of those that hear you will not notice the difference between these sayings and the word "perjurers." There are some decisions that hold that you can call a man a perjurer, if at the same time you give a reason for so doing—and this reason impute not felony—thus, you can say, "Mr. B. is a perjured old knave, and that is to be proved by a stake parting the lands of N. and W.;" for, it is as much as to say, "Thou art a perjured knave, but none in the world can prove it," which will not bear an action. So it is in this case, the proof of the perjury being referred to a stake, which is a thing insensible, and incapable of producing any proof. (*Yelverton*, 10.) There once lived in this state a man who knew his right to slander and availed himself of it. He boldly said: "Morgan swore to a lie, but, I am not liable, because I have not said in what

suit he testified," and the court held the words not actionable. (*Lalor*, 263.)

If your opponent, or any one in his behalf, has made an affidavit, you can in your affidavit say that he has committed "perjury," or "rank perjury." (2 Sandf., 195.) When you are on the witness-stand testifying, you can voluntarily, for your own purpose, and even maliciously, defame your adversary and his witnesses in any manner that your ingenuity and malice can suggest; in other words, a witness is not responsible in a civil action for any reflection on another made while giving evidence, and this even though done after his examination is finished, but before leaving the stand. Let me caution you, however, to beware of the judge, for if you go too far he may commit you for contempt. It would be well, perhaps, before going upon the witness-stand, to instruct your lawyer to ask you such questions that, in answering them, you can avail yourself of your privilege as a witness to gratify any malice that you may have against your opponent, or any of his witnesses.

Jones once said to three men who had given evidence against him, "One of you is perjured;" and upon an action brought by one of them, it was adjudged that no action lay; but this is doubtful law in this state.

If you are beaten in this action, and think it was owing to your attorney's want of skill, you can say that he acted like a fool in that particular case; but to say of a stock-broker, "He is a lame duck," is actionable. In talking of an attorney and his skill in his profession, you cannot say, "He cannot read a complaint;" and having said it, the court will not suppose that the attorney is ill-sighted, or that the complaint is ill-written, but will suppose that the words were intended of any complaint. (2 Keble, 710.) Perhaps you might risk saying it if you should carefully leave out any reference to the attorney's profession, for the court allowed Richardson to say of King, "He is a cheating rogue and a cheating knave;" it not appearing there was any special reference to King's office; the court thus holding that that was the gist of the action, and must be proved in evidence. (2 Keble, 265.) Yet the court held in the case of *Baker vs. Morphew*, 2 Keble, 202, that the words, "Morphew hath no more judgment in the law than Master Cheyny's bull," spoken of an attorney while talking about his profession, were actionable, although it was not averred

that Cheyny had a bull, for the scandal is greater if he hath none. It is true the court was divided,—Chief Justice Keeling holding on Fermor's case, that no action lay, but the other three judges were against him, and held that this is as much as to say he had no judgment at all, which is as well a scandal to an attorney as to a counselor. It is actionable to call a lawyer a "daffo-downdilly," if there be an averment that the words signify an ambidexter (Pearce's case, Cro. Car., 382); to say he has "no more law than a goose," is actionable, but it was doubted whether the words, "He hath no more law than the man in the moon," were actionable.

You can say of a lawyer, "He has as much law as a monkey," because he hath as much, and more also. But if you say, "He hath no *more* law than a goose," then are those words actionable. You can say, "He is a common barrator, and deserves to be hanged," for the words, "He deserves to be hanged," are too general and extravagant to found an action on; because it was not shown what act was done to deserve hanging. (Yelverton, 90.) The words, "Honest lawyer," spoken ironically of an attorney, were held actionable. (Boydell *vs.* Jones, 4 Mees & Wels., 446.) No action will lie for the words, "He is a great rogue, and deserves to be hanged as well as Gale, who was condemned for stealing at Newgate. He bade J. S. steal what goods he could, and he would receive them," for by the first words the defendant only expressed his opinion, and perhaps he did not think Gale deserved to be hanged; the other words were but bad counsel, and no act was done. (T. Jones, 157.) You can also say, "A. made a note, and when asked for payment got the holder to wait, and when he sued, A. plead the Statute of Limitations, and got off scot free." (4 Sandf., 60.)

The words, "Brown is no gentleman, but is descended from Brown the great pudding-eater in Kent," were held actionable in England, it appearing he was not so descended, but from an ancient family.

You cannot say of your butcher, "He has *nothing* but rotten meat in his shop," but you can say, "He has rotten meat in his shop," for the reason that such words would not tend to his prejudice in his trade, for he might well have rotten meat in his shop and good meat also. (12 Mod., 420.)

The words, "Go, fetch the candles that thou stolest from my Lady Chandoy's," were held actionable (2 Keble, 654); and I

remember an unreported case in Oneida County, New York, where the words, "I never stole a log-chain. Did you?" were held slanderous. But it has been held in England that the following words were not actionable: "Bear witness, mistress, that he hath stolen my hair-cloth." The court held that the plaintiff should take nothing by his complaint; for it is no direct affirmation to charge him with the stealing of it, no more than if he should say, "Mistress, you will bear witness that he hath stolen my horse," for thereby the party who speaks does not slander the other, but leaves it to the testimony of others for the proof of it, as if he should say, "J. S. will prove you stole my horse;" these words will not maintain an action. (Yelverton, 126.)

"Thou art a rogue, and receivest stolen mutton from Bess Gamble; she stole it, and you were a partner with her," which Saunders, who was of counsel for the defendant, said, in arrest of judgment, was not actionable, "partner" being an uncertain word, was yet regarded as such by the court, who held that this must be intended partners in guilt, and gave judgment for the plaintiff. (2 Keble, 494.) The words, "We would suggest to the ex-Duke of Brunswick the propriety of withdrawing into his own *natural* and sinister obscurity," were held not libelous. (2 Car & Ker, 10.) But in another case the court took judicial notice of the meaning of the words, "They had realized the fable of the frozen snake," and held them slanderous. (12 Queen's Bench Rep., 625.)

You can say of the postmaster, "He has broken open my letters in the post-office," without danger (17 N. J. L., 12); in Alabama these words do not involve the idea of moral turpitude, or render him infamous. (2 Stew. & P., 395.) In South Carolina and Tennessee the words, "Those two rascals killed my hogs, and converted them to their own use," are not actionable. (2 Brev., 480, Sneed, 79.) If you are in Minnesota, you can say, "He robbed the town of St. Cloud," or any other town; or, "He is a public robber," without being liable, for the courts there hold that the crime of robbery cannot be committed against a town. (12 Minn., 494.)

Generally, it is dangerous for a man to quarrel with his physician, but such quarrels sometimes do happen, and it then becomes necessary to consider what can be said of him without being made to pay for the pleasure. Of course you understand that you can call him a "bad man," a "rogue," a

"scoundrel," and many, if not all, of the names mentioned above. I caution you not to say anything against his professional skill, unless, like Meddle in the play, you put by a small weekly stipendium until you can afford it. You can say to his brother doctors that he has met homeopaths in consultation (9 Jurist N. S., 580), and that will injure him very much, if he belongs to the regular school. You can also say, "He was the cause of such a one's death," because "a physician may be the cause of a man's death," said Lord Mansfield, in *Peake vs. Oldham*, Cowp. 275, "and very innocently," and this remark would in reality reflect upon his skill. But you cannot say, "He hath small practice and is very unfortunate in his way, and there are few sick but die under his hands." (2 Keble, 489.) You can say of him, "He is not a physician, but a two-penny bleeder," and can insinuate that he is not a graduate of a regular medical school. (*Foster vs. Small*, 3 Wharton, 138-142.)

Let me advise you, if you should be sued for slander, to swear as a witness in your own behalf that you believed what you said to be true. If you have carefully avoided the *appearance* of malice, as I advised you to do, this evidence, if it does not succeed in establishing a complete defense in your behalf, will serve to reduce the amount of damages to such an extent that you will feel you have had the full worth of your money. "In these cases," saith my Lord Coke, "you may see many excellent points of learning in actions for slander, to observe well the occasion and cause of speaking of them, and how it may be pleaded in the defendants' excuse."

Do not let any unmanly fear of what the world may think or say of you prevent or hinder you from doing your duty. What if there be an unjust prejudice against slander? Many of the most eminent men of antiquity were slanderers — Demosthenes, Cicero, Martin Luther and a host of others. The writings of these men, either in the original or in good translations, should be studied for the purpose of increasing your vocabulary. Then, too, a great part of the disgrace attending slander is because of its supposed secretiveness. These precepts will teach you that you need no longer confine to the closet what you have perhaps for years been desiring to proclaim from the house-top.

Fear not to use these precepts because they are not derived solely from the decisi-

ions of the courts of this country. Although some of them are based on the decision of the English courts, yet these decisions (says Chancellor Kent) are the best evidence of the common law of England, which has been recognized and adopted, as one entire system, by the constitutions of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland, and has been assumed by the courts of justice, or declared by statute, as the law of the land in every state in the Union.*

It may seem at the first reading that I have endeavored to injure my profession by extending among the laity a knowledge of the law of slander; but a careful examination of what I have written will convince any lawyer that such is not the case,—that in reality these rules, if acted upon, will be the source of as much new litigation as any "Every Man his own Lawyer" ever printed. I shall thus have made two lawsuits grow where there was one before, and shall have deserved well of the profession. For, my dear brothers, if we can once get a hot-tempered man started on these non-actionable words, ten to one he will forget himself and run over into those that are actionable; or he will so exasperate his opponent that *he* will either commit an assault (and then we shall have an action for assault and battery), or will use words that are actionable and so make himself liable to an action for slander; or better yet, will both slander and assault, and then there will be a multiplicity of actions.

* I once heard a lawyer from Massachusetts relate a curious instance of the authority of the common law in his state. He said that he once advised a client, who had the reputation of being a fighting man, to plead the right of wager of battle. Now, wager of battle is a trial by combat, and was formerly allowed by the common law. By it the defendant had the right to fight with the plaintiff, the result of the conflict proving whether he was guilty or innocent. My friend argued to the court that the common law, as it was at the Revolution, had been adopted in Massachusetts, and that when adopted, a defendant in England had the legal right to wage his battle, and the law never having been abolished by statute in Massachusetts the defendant still had that right, although the law had been abolished in England. The court held the plea a good one. I have examined the Massachusetts Digest, but I find no reported case to the above effect. Perhaps the story is mythical. It may have been suggested by the celebrated case of *Ashford vs. Thornton*, 1 Barn. & Ald. 405, decided in 1818 in England. In this case the defendant did plead his right to wage battle, and the court allowed it. This case called the attention of Parliament to the fact that this anomaly—this relic of another age—was still a part of the common law of England, and the next year it was abolished.

LOST.

THE 25th of May, 1866, was no doubt to many a quite indifferent date, but to two persons it was the saddest day of their lives. Charles Randall that day left Bonn, Germany, to catch the steamer home to America, and Ida Werner was left with a mountain of grief on her gentle bosom, which must be melted away drop by drop, in tears, before she could breathe freely again.

A year before, Randall, hunting for apartments, his last term at the university just begun, had seen the announcement, "*Zimmer zu vermieten*," in the hall below the flat where the Werners lived. Ida answered his ring, for her father was still at his government office, and her mother had gone out to the market to buy the supper. She would much rather her mother had been at home to show the gentleman the rooms; but knowing that they could not afford to lose a chance to rent them, she plucked up courage, and, candle in hand, showed him through the suite. When he came next day with his baggage he learned for the first time what manner of apartments he had engaged; for although he had protracted the investigation the previous evening to the furthest corner, and had been most exacting as to explanations, he had really rented the rooms entirely on account of a certain light in which a set of Madonna features, in auburn hair, had shown at the first opening of the door.

A year had passed since this, and a week ago a letter from home had stated that his father, indignant at his unexplained stay six months beyond the end of his course, had sent him one last remittance, barely sufficient for a steamer ticket, with the intimation that if he did not return on a set day he must thenceforth attend to his own exchequer. The 25th was the last day on which he could leave Bonn to catch the requisite steamer. Had it been in November, nature at least would have sympathized; it was cruel that their autumn time of separation should fall in the spring, when the sky is full of bounteous promise and the earth of blissful trust.

Love is so improvident that a parting a year away is no more feared than death, and a month's end seems dim and distant. But a week—a week only—that even to love is short, and the beginning of the end. The chilling mist that rose from the gulf of sepa-

ration so near before them, overshadowed all the brief remnant of their path. They were constantly together. But a silence had come upon them. Never had words seemed idler, they had so much to say. They could say nothing that did not mock the weight on their hearts, and seem trivial and impertinent because it was exclusive of more important matter. The utmost they could do was to lay their hearts open toward each other to receive every least impression of voice, and look, and manner, to be remembered afterward. At evening they went into the minster church, and sitting in the shadows listened to the sweet shrill choir of boys whose music distilled the honey of sorrow, and as the deep bass organ chords gripped their hearts with the tones that underlie all weal and woe, they looked in each other's eyes and did for a space feel so near that all the separation that could come after seemed but a trifling thing.

It was all arranged between them. He was to earn money, or get a position in business, and return in a year or two at most and bring her to America.

"Oh," she said once, "if I could but sleep till thou comest again to wake me, how blessed I should be; but, alas, I must wake all through the desolate time!"

Although for the most part she comforted him rather than he her, yet at times she gave way, and once suddenly turned to him and hid her face on his breast, and said, trembling with tearless sobs:

"I know I shall never see thee more, Karl. Thou wilt forget me in thy great far land and wilt love another. My heart tells me so."

And then she raised her head and her streaming eyes blazed with anger.

"I will hover about thee, and if thou lovest another I will kill her as she sleeps by thy side."

And the woman must have loved him much, who, after seeing that look of hers, would have married him. But a moment after she was listening with abject ear to his promises.

The day came at last. He was to leave at three o'clock. After the noontide meal Ida's mother sat with them and they talked a little about America, Frau Werner exerting herself to give a cheerful tone to the conversation, and Randall answering her questions

absently and without taking his eyes off Ida, who felt herself beginning to be seized with a nervous trembling. At last Frau Werner rose and silently left the room, looking back at them as she closed the door with eyes full of tears. Then as if by a common impulse they rose and put their arms about each other's necks, and their lips met in a long shuddering kiss. The breath came quicker and quicker; sobs broke the kisses; tears poured down and made them salt and bitter as parting kisses should be in which sweetness is mockery. Hitherto they had controlled their feelings, or rather she had controlled him; but it was no use any longer, for the time had come, and they abandoned themselves to the terrible voluptuousness of unrestrained grief, in which there is a strange meaningless suggestion of power, as though it might possibly be a force that could affect or remove its own cause if but wild and strong enough.

"Herr Randall, the carriage waits and you will lose the train," said Frau Werner from the door, in a husky voice.

"I will not go, by God!" he swore, as he felt her clasp convulsively strengthen at the summons. The lesser must yield to the greater, and no loss or gain on earth was worth the grief upon her face. His father might disinherit him; America might sink, but she must smile again. And she did,—brave, true girl and lover. The devotion his resolute words proved was like a strong nerve to restore her self-control. She smiled as well as her trembling lips would let her, and said, as she loosed him from her arms:

"No, thou must go, Karl. But thou wilt return, *nicht wahr?*"

I would not venture to say how many times he rushed to the door, and glancing back at her as she stood there desolate, followed his glance once more to her side. Finally, Frau Werner led him as one dazed to the carriage, and the impatient driver drove off at full speed.

It is seven years later, and Randall is pacing the deck of an ocean steamer, outward bound from New York. It is the evening of the first day out. Here and there passengers are leaning over the bulwarks pensively regarding the sinking sun as it sets for the first time between them and their native land, or may be taking in with awed faces the wonder of the deep, which has haunted their imaginations from childhood. Others are already busily striking up acquaintances with fellow-passengers, and a

bridal pair over yonder sit thrilling with the sense of isolation from the world that so emphasizes their mutual dependence and all-importance to each other. And other groups are talking business and referring to money and markets in New York, London and Frankfort as glibly as if they were on land, much to the secret shock of certain raw tourists, who marvel at the insensitiveness of men who, thus speeding between two worlds, and freshly in the presence of the most august and awful form of nature, can keep their minds so steadily fixed upon cash-books and ledgers.

But Randall, as, with the habit of an old voyager, he already falls to pacing the deck, is too much engrossed with his own thoughts to pay much heed to these things. Only, as he passes a group of Germans, and the familiar accents of the sweet, homely tongue fall on his ear, he pauses, and lingers near.

The darkness gathers, the breeze freshens, the waves come tumbling out of the east, and the motion of the ship increases as she rears upward to meet them. The groups on deck are thinning out fast as the passengers go below to enjoy the fearsome novelty of the first night at sea, and to compose themselves to sleep as it were in the hollow of God's hand. But long into the night, Randall's cigar still marks his pacing up and down as he ponders, with alternations of tender, hopeful glow and sad foreboding the chances of his quest. Will he find her?

It is necessary to go back a little. When Randall reached America on his return from Germany, he immediately began to sow his wild oats, and gave his whole mind to it. Answering Ida's letters got to be a bore, and he gradually ceased doing it. Then came a few sad reproaches from her, and their correspondence ceased. Meanwhile, having had his youthful fling, he settled down as a steady young man of business. One day he was surprised to observe that he had of late insensibly fallen into the habit of thinking a good deal in a pensive sort of way about Ida and those German days. The notion occurred to him that he would hunt up her picture, which he hadn't thought of in five years. With misty eyes and crowding memories he pored over it, and a wave of regretful, yearning tenderness filled his breast.

Late one night after long search he found among his papers a bundle of her old letters already growing yellow. Being exceedingly rusty in his German, he had to study them out word by word. That night, till

the sky grew gray in the east, he sat there turning the pages of the dictionary with wet eyes and glowing face, and selecting definitions by the test of the heart. He found that some of these letters he had never before taken the pains to read through. In the bitterness of his indignation, he cursed the fool who had thrown away a love so loyal and priceless.

All this time he had been thinking of Ida as if dead, so far off in another world did those days seem. It was with extraordinary effect that the idea finally flashed upon him that she was probably alive and now in the prime of her beauty. After a period of feverish and impassioned excitement, he wrote a letter full of wild regret and beseeching, and an ineffable tenderness. Then he waited. After a long time it came back from the German dead-letter office. There was no person of the name at the address. She had left Bonn, then. Hastily setting his affairs in order, he sailed for Germany on the next steamer.

The incidents of the voyage were a blank in his mind. On reaching Bonn, he went straight from the station to the old house in — strasse. As he turned into it from the scarcely less familiar streets leading thither, and noted each accustomed landmark, he seemed to have just returned to tea from an afternoon lecture at the university. In every feature of the street some memory lurked, and as he passed threw out delaying tendrils, clutching at his heart. Rudely he broke away, hastening on to that house near the end of the street, in each of whose quaint windows fancy framed the longed-for face. She was not there, he knew, but for a while he stood on the other side the street, unmindful of the stares and jostling of the passers-by, gazing at the house-front, and letting himself imagine from moment to moment that her figure might flit across some window, or issue from the door, basket in hand, for the evening marketing, on which journey he had so often accompanied her. At length, crossing the street, he inquired for the Werner family. The present tenants had never heard the name. Perhaps the tenants from whom they had received the house might be better informed. Where were they? They had moved to Cologne. He next went to the Bonn police-office, and from the records kept there, in which pretty much everything about every citizen is set down, ascertained that several years previous Herr Werner had died of apoplexy, and that no one of the

name was now resident in the city. Next day he went to Cologne, hunted up the former tenants of the house, and found that they remembered quite distinctly the Werner family, and the death of the father, and only bread-winner. It had left the mother and daughter quite without resources, as Randall had known must probably have been the case. His informants had heard that they had gone to Düsseldorf.

His search had become a fever. After waiting seven years, a delay of ten minutes was unendurable. The trains seemed to creep. And yet, on reaching Cologne, he did not at once go about his search, but said to himself:

“Let me not risk the killing of my last hope till I have warmed myself with it one more night, for to-morrow there may be no more warmth in it.”

He went to a hotel, ordered a room and a bottle of wine, and sat over it all night, indulging the belief that he would find her the next day. He denied his imagination nothing, but conjured up before his mind's eye the lovely vision of her fairest hour, complete even to the turn of the neck, the ribbon in the hair, and the light in the blue eyes. So he would turn into the street. Yes, here was the number. Then he rings the bell. She comes to the door. She regards him a moment indifferently. Then amazed recognition, love, happiness, transfigure her face. “Ida!” “Karl!” and he clasps her sobbing to his bosom, from which she shall never be sundered again.

The result of his search next day was the discovery that mother and daughter had been at Düsseldorf until about four years previous, where the mother had died of consumption, and the daughter had removed, leaving no address. The lodgings occupied by them were of a wretched character, showing that their circumstances must have been very much reduced.

There was now no further clew to guide his search. It was destined that the last he was to know of her should be that she was thrown on the tender mercies of the world,—her last friend gone, her last penny expended. She was buried out of his sight, not in the peaceful grave, with its tender associations, but buried alive in the living world; hopelessly hid in the huge, writhing confusion of humanity. He lingered in the folly of despair about those sordid lodgings in Düsseldorf as one might circle vainly about the spot in the ocean where some pearl of great price had fallen overboard.

After a while, he roused again, and began putting advertisements for Ida in the principal newspapers of Germany, and making random visits to towns all about to consult directories and police records. A singular sort of misanthropy possessed him. He cursed the multitude of towns and villages that reduced the chances in his favor to so small a thing. He cursed the teeming throngs of men, women and children, in whose mass she was lost, as a jewel in a mountain of rubbish. Had he possessed the power, he would in those days, without an instant's hesitation, have swept the bewildering, obstructing millions of Germany out of existence, as the miner washes away the earth to bring to light the grain of gold in his pan. He must have scanned a million women's faces in that weary search, and the bitterness of that million-fold disappointment left its trace in a feeling of aversion for the feminine countenance and figure that he was long in overcoming.

Knowing that only by some desperate chance he could hope to meet her in his random wanderings, it seemed to him that he was more likely to be successful by resigning as far as possible all volition, and leaving the guidance of the search to chance; as if fortune were best disposed toward those who most entirely abdicated intelligence and trusted themselves to her. He sacredly followed every impulse, never making up his mind an hour before at what station he should leave the cars, and turning to the right or left in his wanderings through the streets of cities, as much as possible without intellectual choice. Sometimes, waking suddenly in the middle of the night, he would rise, dress with eager haste, and sally out to wander through the dark streets, thinking he might be led of Providence to meet her. And once out, nothing but utter exhaustion could drive him back; for, how could he tell but in the moment after he had gone, she might pass. He had recourse to every superstition of sortilege, clairvoyance, presentiment, and dreams. And all the time his desperation was singularly akin to hope. He dared revile no seeming failure, not knowing but just that was the necessary link in the chain of accidents destined to bring him face to face with her. The darkest hour might usher in the sunburst. The possibility that this was at last the blessed chance lit up his eyes ten thousand times as they fell on some new face.

But at last he found himself back in Bonn, with the feverish infatuation of the

gambler which had succeeded hope in his mind, succeeded in turn by utter despair! His sole occupation now was revisiting the spots which he had frequented with her in that happy year. As one who has lost a princely fortune sits down at length to enumerate the little items of property that happens to be attached to his person, disregarded before but now his all, so Randall counted up like a miser the little store of memories that were thenceforth to be his all. Wonderfully the smallest details of those days came back to him. The very seats they sat in at public places, the shops they entered together, their promenades and the pausing-places on them, revived in memory under a concentrated inward gaze like invisible paintings brought over heat.

One afternoon, after wandering about the city for some hours, he turned into a park to rest. As he approached his usual bench, sacred to him because Ida and he in the old days had often sat there, he was annoyed to see it already occupied by a pleasant-faced, matronly looking German woman, who was complacently listening to the chatter of a couple of small children. Randall threw himself upon the unoccupied end of the bench, rather hoping that his gloomy and preoccupied air might cause them to depart and leave him to his melancholy revery. And, indeed, it was not long before the children stopped their play and gathered timidly about their mother, and soon after the bench tilted slightly as she relieved it of her substantial charms, saying in a cheery, pleasant voice:

"Come, little ones, the father will be at home before us."

It was a secluded part of the garden, and the plentiful color left her cheeks as the odd gentleman at the other end of the bench turned with a great start at the sound of her voice, and transfixed her with a questioning look. But in a moment he said:

"Pardon me, madame, a thousand times. The sound of your voice so reminded me of a friend I have lost, that I looked up involuntarily."

The woman responded with good-natured assurances that he had not at all alarmed her. Meanwhile, Randall had an opportunity to notice that in spite of the thick-waisted and generally matronly figure, there were, now he came to look closely, several rather marked resemblances to Ida. The eyes were of the same blue tint, though about half as large, the cheeks being twice as full. In spite of the ugly style of dress-

ing it, he saw also that the hair was like Ida's, and as for the nose, that feature which changes least, it might have been taken out of Ida's own face. As may be supposed, he was thoroughly disgusted to be reminded of that sweet girlish vision by this broadly molded, comfortable-looking matron. His romantic mood was scattered for that evening at least, and he knew he shouldn't get the prosaic suggestions of the unfortunate resemblance out of his mind for a week at least. It would torment him as a humorous association spoils a sacred hymn.

He bowed with rather an ill grace, and was about to retire, when a certain peculiar turn of the neck as the lady acknowledged his salute, caught his eye and turned him to stone. Good God! this woman was Ida!

He stood there in a condition of mental paralysis. The whole fabric of his thinking and feeling for months of intense emotional experience had instantly been annihilated, and he was left in the midst of a great void in his consciousness out of touching-reach of anything. There was no sharp pang, but just a bewildered numbness. A few filaments only of the romantic feeling for Ida that filled his mind a moment before still lingered, floating about it, unattached to anything, like vague neuralgic feelings in an amputated stump, as if to remind him of what had been there.

All this was as instantaneous as a galvanic shock the moment he had recognized,—let us not say Ida, but this evidence that she was no more. It occurred to him that the woman, who stood staring, was in common politeness entitled to some explanation. He was in just that state of mind when the only serious interest having suddenly dropped out of the life, the minor conventionalities loom up as peculiarly important and obligatory.

"You were Fraülein Ida Werner, and lived at No. ——— strasse in 1866, *nicht wahr?*"

He spoke in a cold, dead tone, as if making a necessary, but distasteful, explanation to a stranger.

"Yes, truly," replied the woman, curiously; "but my name is now Frau Stein," glancing at the children, who had been staring open-mouthed at the queer man.

"Do you remember Karl Randall? I am he."

The most formal of old acquaintances could hardly have recalled himself in a more indifferent manner.

"*Herr Gott im Himmel!*" exclaimed the

woman with the liveliest surprise and interest. "Karl! Is it possible. Yes, now I recognize you. Surely! surely!"

She clapped one hand to her bosom, and dropped on the bench to recover herself. Fleishy people, overcome by agitation, are rather disagreeable objects. Randall stood looking at her with a singular expression of aversion on his listless face. But, after panting a few times, the woman recovered her vivacity and began to ply him vigorously with exclamations and questions, beaming the while with delighted interest. He answered her like a school-boy, too destitute of presence of mind to do otherwise than to yield passively to her impulse. But he made no inquiries whatever of her, and did not distantly allude to the reason of his presence in Germany. As he stood there looking at her, the real facts about that matter struck him as so absurd and incredible, that he couldn't believe them himself.

Pretty soon he observed that she was becoming a little conscious in her air, and giving a slightly sentimental turn to the conversation. It was not for some time that he saw her drift, so utterly without connection in his mind were Ida and this comfortable matron before him, and when he did, a smile at the exquisite absurdity of the thing barely twitched the corners of his mouth, and ended in a sad, puzzled stare that rather put the other out of countenance.

But the children had now for some time been whimpering for supper and home, and at length Frau Stein rose, and, with an urgent request that Randall should call on her and see her husband, bade him a cordial adieu. He stood there watching her out of sight with an unconscious smile of the most refined and subtle cynicism. Then he sat down and stared vacantly at the close-cropped grass on the opposite side of the path. By what handle should he lay hold of his thoughts?

That woman could not retroact and touch the memory of Ida. That dear vision remained intact. He drew forth his locket and opening it gazed passionately at the fair girlish face, now so hopelessly passed away. By that blessed picture he could hold her and defy the woman. Remembering that fat, jolly, comfortable matron, he should not at least ever again have to reproach himself with his cruel treatment of Ida. And yet why not? What had the woman to do with her? She had suffered as much as if the woman had not forgotten it all. His reckoning was with Ida—was

with her. Where should he find her? In what limbo could he imagine her? Ah, that was the wildering cruelty of it. She was not this woman, nor was she dead in any conceivable natural way so that her girlish spirit might have remained eternally fixed. She was nothing. She was nowhere. She only existed in this locket and her only soul was in his heart, far more surely than in this woman who had forgotten her.

Death was a hopeful, cheerful state compared to that nameless nothingness that was her portion. For had she been dead he could still have loved her soul; but now she had none. The soul that once she had, and if she had then died, might have kept, had been forfeited by living on and had passed to this woman, and would from her pass on further till finally fixed and vested in the decrepitude of age by death. So then it was death and not life that secured the soul, and his sweet Ida had none because she had not died in time. Ah! had not he heard somewhere that the soul is immortal and never dies? Where then was Ida's? She had disappeared utterly out of the universe. She had been transformed, destroyed, swallowed up in this woman, a living sepulcher, more cruel than the grave, for it devoured the soul as well as the body. Pah! this prating about immortality was absurd, convicted of meaninglessness before a tragedy like this; for what was an immortality worth that was given to her last decrepit phase of life, after all its beauty and strength and loveliness had passed soulless away? To be aught but a mockery immortality must be as manifold as the manifold phases of life. Since life devours

so many souls, why suppose death will spare the last one?

But he would contend with destiny. Painters should multiply the face in his locket. He would immortalize her in a poem. He would constantly keep the lamp trimmed and burning before her shrine in his heart. She should live in spite of the woman.

But he could now never make amends to her for the suffering his cruel, neglectful youth had caused her. He had scarcely realized before how much the longing to make good that wrong had influenced his quest of her. Tears of remorse for an unatoneable crime gathered in his eyes. He might indeed enrich this woman, or educate her children, or pension her husband; but that would be no atonement to Ida.

And then as if to intensify that remorse by showing still more clearly the impossibility of atonement, it flashed on him that he who loved Ida was not the one to atone for an offense of which he would be incapable, which had been committed by one who despised her love. Justice was a meaningless word, and amends were never possible, nor can men ever make atonement; for, ere the debt is paid, the atonement made, one who is not the sufferer stands to receive it, while, on the other hand, the one who atones is not the offender, but one who comes after him, loathing his offense and himself incapable of it. The dead must bury their dead. And thus pondering from personal to general thoughts, the turmoil of his feelings gradually calmed and a restful melancholy, vague and tender, filled the aching void in his heart.

DICKENS.

As ONE who flings large hospitable doors

Wide to a world of masquers whom he has bade

Sweep hurrying onward with their paces mad

And merrily flood his vacant chamber-floors,

Even so with him about whose form in scores

Humanity's eager passions, blithe or sad,

Rush reveling, and however strangely clad,

Are still the old rascals, bigots, fools and bores!

Ah, what a riotous witch-dance they prolong

Of avarice, hatred, hope, revenge, despair!

How right flies timorous from the clutch of wrong!

How pleasure and ease take hands with toil and care!

While humor, that wild harlequin, here and there,

Dashes in spangled somersaults through the throng!

AMERICAN OYSTER CULTURE.

It is doubtful whether the three species which naturalists have distinguished among the oysters of our Atlantic coast have more than a nominal existence. The oyster is so affected by the conditions of its life that the progeny of a single parent may represent at maturity the most widely variant forms of oyster-growth. The nature of the substance on which an oyster is fixed, the consistency of the bed in which it rests, the depth, temperature and saltiness of the water it lives in; every circumstance of its environment, in fact, is reflected in its shape and size, in the character of its shell, and in the flavor of its meat. An oyster which begins its settled existence on a scallop-shell will carry through life the impress of its first resting-place; and the general form of the oyster is as subject to the accidents of place and surroundings as are the markings of its shell. Left to crowd one another on an irregular surface, oysters grow crooked and unshapely. Planted on soft mud, into which they sink with increasing weight, they build their shells almost entirely on the forward edge, becoming thin-shelled and narrow; and if left long enough to struggle against impending suffocation, their length will be five or six times their breadth, and their meat a mere ribbon of fringed integument. On a gravelly bottom in a swift current, the same stock grow deep and broad and massive; and, with abundant growing space, develop the oval form, the large and solid

as hard and translucent as porcelain. Thus oysters differing enormously in form and character may be not only of the same



KEGGING OYSTERS.

species, but offspring of the same parent, the duration of the infant oyster's free existence being sufficient to allow the members of the same brood to be distributed over

every variety of seabottom suitable for oyster life. It is true that the southern oysters are markedly different from those prevailing between New York Bay and Cape Cod, and these from the still more northern variety; but the variations would seem to be easily accounted for by differences in temperature and other external conditions.



OPENING OYSTERS.

meat characteristic of the typical northern oyster. On one ground the shells will be soft and heavy, on another thin, fine, and

Northern oysters transplanted into Virginia waters speedily assume the form and other nominally "specific" features of the natives

of that region. In like manner, the southern oysters when brought to the north become (when they can endure the climate) the rivals of the northern natives in firmness of flesh and depth of body. As a rule, however, they do not maintain themselves more than a single season in the colder northern waters; nor do they bear transportation to Europe or to California so well as the oysters of the north.

As for comparative merit, that is a matter which rivals the oyster itself in delicacy. In Washington or Baltimore, the oyster dealer will generously admit that it is quite possible to find good oysters outside of Chesapeake Bay; but for a "perfect" oyster, he will tell you that it is useless to look to any other locality. The Philadelphian is equally sure that the estuary of the Delaware is the perfect oyster's only home,—a local prejudice which the oyster-eater of New York attributes to a deplorable ignorance of what a first-rate oyster really is. Doctors differ; and the unprejudiced can only rejoice that anywhere between the parallels of 36° and 40° north, one may find oysters worthy of any human palate. Here in New York the favorites are, first and foremost, the Saddle Rocks,—a variety which Jerseymen insist has been exterminated these many years. They still remain, however, not only as direct descendants from the colony about the original Saddle Rock, but in many other localities in Long Island Sound; for it was not a distinct variety that gave the name its fame, but only an exceptionally thrifty chance-sown bed of the common natives,—a grade of oyster that artificial culture easily and constantly rivals. Next in rank may be mentioned the Blue Points, coming chiefly from Great South Bay, Long Island; the same as the former in stock, but bred under different conditions, and so differing somewhat in flavor. The products of Shrewsbury River, N. J., probably come next; these were formerly transplanted natives of Newark Bay, improved by development in the favorable waters of the Shrewsbury; but more recently, we are informed, the seed is commonly brought from Long Island Sound.

Twenty years ago the oyster business was carried on at the north very much as it now is in more southern waters. The natural beds were mercilessly dredged—as they still are, for that matter—and the perpetuation of the supply was left for the most part to accident. Occasionally a man who owned a mill-pond or claimed the control

of a limited natural bed in shallow water, would endeavor to make up for the deficiencies of nature by the importation of seed from the Hudson or elsewhere; but for all



A VETERAN.

that the supply steadily diminished. The moment a chance-sown bed was discovered a fleet of dredgers would gather in hot haste, and in a little while every obtainable oyster would be carried away. Nothing was done to repress the ravages of star-fish and other enemies of the oyster, and its utter extermination was seriously threatened.

From time to time local laws were enacted restricting the amount of oysters that might be taken by any one man in one day, and forbidding the working of oyster-beds during the summer season; but these afforded no real protection to the more valuable natural beds in deep water, while the close time, from which so much was expected, proved a hindrance rather than an advantage to the multiplication of spat. One other law, however, indirectly and unwittingly furnished a basis for the development of American oyster culture—the only really practical and profitable system of oyster propagation the world has seen. To enlist her citizens in the work of restoring and preserving the oyster-beds of the Sound, the state of Connecticut passed an act granting to any resident of the coast the privilege of

having surveyed and set off for his own use a small area of Sound-bed, not already productive, on the sole condition that it be stocked and kept stocked with oysters. Immediately a large number of such

ments of oyster land fell into the hands of professional oystermen.

At the time referred to, twenty years or so ago, there were among the oystermen of Norwalk two young men, brothers,



THE WATCHMAN'S HOME.

claims were entered, and there was a promise of a great renewal of once famous beds which had been depleted by over-dredging or by the ravages of star-fish. But the promise was not fulfilled. The measures adopted for restocking the grounds were inadequate or useless; nothing was done to insure the fixing of spat or to protect from the attacks of their enemies such young oysters as chance supplied; and when a bed happened to be successful it was more likely to be stripped by thieves than to yield a profit to the owner. Only those who were directly and constantly employed in the business could manage such property advantageously; and gradually (and in spite of

by the name of Hoyt, who held possession of a few acres of oyster ground, which they annually replenished with seed brought from the Hudson River. The young oysters, attached to empty shells and other rubbish, were usually gathered and transplanted in the summer time, when nothing was doing in the regular oyster trade; and it was repeatedly observed that later in the season a plentiful crop of still younger oysters had established themselves on the imported seed. Whence did they come? Were they imported with the others when too small to be seen, or were they the offspring of native oysters spawning on the spot? If the latter were true why should not the spat be equally

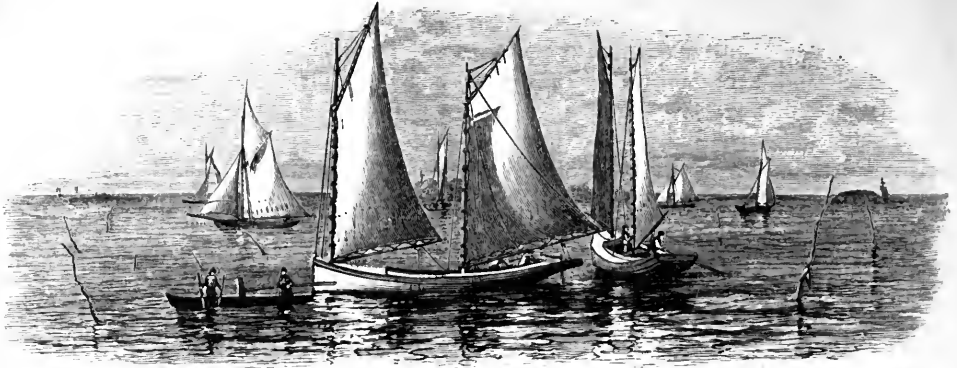
plentiful where no planting had been done? The question was hard to answer. Even among professional naturalists, at that time, the physiology of the reproduction of oysters was an unsolved mystery. Yet our young oystermen were confident that there must be a reason for what they saw, and that if they could once master it they would not only be saved the cost of bringing seed from abroad, but they would be able to produce regularly the higher grade of oysters natural to the waters about Norwalk Islands. To this end Mr. Charles Hoyt studied oysters individually and collectively with the direct-

ness and perseverance of a born naturalist. He practiced vivisection relentlessly, watching the oyster's internal changes day by day, particularly during spawning time, until



KEG-MAKING.

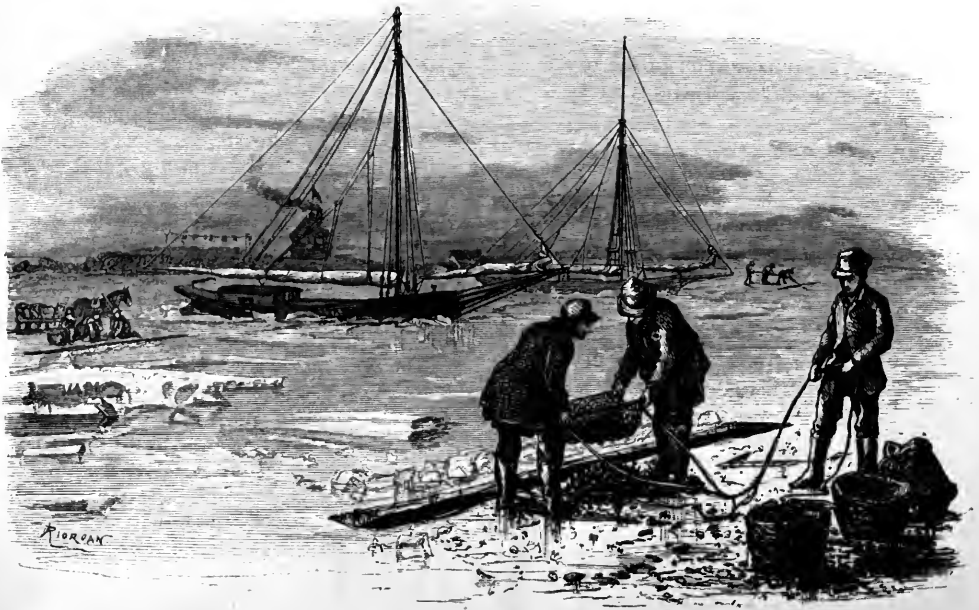
strenuous opposition from those who refused to recognize the authority of the state to divert to individuals what had always been common right) the more valuable allot-



AN OYSTER FARM, NORWALK ISLANDS.

he was able to tell from an oyster's appearance not only whether those of a given bed were about to spawn, but when the spawning would begin. At the same time he was as intently studying the external conditions of successful spawning, by far the obscurer problem of the two. Some seasons every object exposed to the tide would be found covered with spat. At other times, though the parent oysters showed every evidence of good spawning condition, and were seen to emit spawn in abundance, the young crop would be a total failure. A clue to the mystery was first found in noticing that with a general failure of spat certain localities would be found in the fall thickly set with young oysters; and these were places

which had been much dug over during the summer by men tonging for clams. Further, it was observed that objects known to have been lost overboard during the spawning season—tongs and dredges, rubber boots, bottles, anchor stones, clam-shells opened for fish-bait, and so on—would be found in the fall well covered with young oysters, while the surrounding objects were quite barren. Why should these things be? Mr. Hoyt not only asked himself this question again and again, but put the question repeatedly to nature, believing that the answer would make him master of the secret of successful oyster breeding. The story of his experiments, his unaccountable successes, and (at the time) still more unaccountable



DREDGING UNDER THE ICE.

failures, would furnish an entertaining record of Yankee acuteness, pluck and perseverance; but there is no space for it here. It is enough to say that after long groping in the dark he began at last to see his way clearly, arriving at the following conclusions of vital importance in oyster culture:

First: That the young oysters are born during July and August, earlier or later according to the season, the depth of the water, and other external conditions.

Second: That the young oysters, or spat, swim freely for a time, then attach themselves for life to some solid object if anything suitable be presented; if not they die.

Third: The supporting object, which may be any firm substance, *must be clean*,—that is, free from the slime that speedily covers everything under water.

For the successful propagation of oysters, two conditions are therefore essential: the breeding oysters must spawn, and the vagrant oyster-brood must be furnished with suitable resting-places at the precise moment when they are ready to settle down for life. It is in supplying the latter, surely and cheaply, and in a way that answers for deep water as well as shallow, that the superiority of American oyster culture consists. And it is to the credit of Mr. Charles Hoyt, that two or three years before the famous studies and discoveries of Professor Costé were begun in France by command of the French government, he had anticipated them alone and unaided; and more, he had put his discoveries to a more successful use, employing simpler, more natural, and more economical methods of oyster propagation than the French oyster farmers have attained to even at the present day. The best of the French methods, the "tile method," developed by Dr. Kemmerer, of St. Martins, Isle de Ré, is at once feeble and enormously expensive compared with the American method; and its application is limited almost exclusively to flats daily laid bare by the tide. In our climate such operations would not survive the first cold winter, even if it were possible to produce oysters by them at anything like the price which oysters bring in our markets.

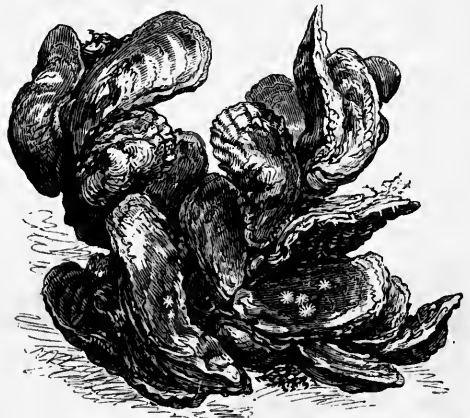
Though simple, the internal structure of the oyster is much more curious and interesting than might be supposed. Let us examine one as it lies, a tempting morsel, on

the half-shell before us. At first sight it seems to consist of two almost structureless parts only—a central tough portion commonly miscalled the heart, and a larger mass



SEED; ONE, TWO AND THREE YEARS OLD.

of whiter and more tender substance edged with black. The tough part is the strong muscle with which the oyster closes and holds together the two valves of its shell. When the muscle is relaxed the valves are slightly thrust apart by means of a small elastic ligament in the hinge, the oyster's normal condition at rest being with its doors a little ajar. The softer portion of the oyster's body comprises the various organs of life, common to all animals of the higher grades. That pulsating, purse-like transparent body in the cavity back of the great muscle, is the heart. In spite of the rough usage the animal has received in the process of opening, the heart keeps on slowly beating. Life persists,—sensitive life, too, as readily appears on touching the border



A CLUSTER OF SEED.

of fringe around the oyster's outer edge. See how it shrinks from the touch as though in pain. And notice the quivering motion of the filaments of the dark border when looked at through a magnifying glass. It is by the movement of these fleshy threads or cilia, that the oyster keeps up the circu-

lation of water through and around its body to serve the purposes of respiration and the capture of food. Lift up the upper flap of the fleshy mantle which covers the animal's viscera. The four-fold series of frills thus disclosed are the oyster's gills. Carefully cut away the lifted flap, and the greater part of the oyster's internal economy will be laid bare.

Very little requires special explanation. The current set in motion by the cilia flows downward toward the hinge, passing to the mouth through the tentacles, which, like sensitive lips, select from the contents of the stream the living atoms which constitute the oyster's food; for the oyster is not an omnivorous scavenger, as has been thought, but a dainty feeder, subsisting entirely on living organisms. The rejected particles pass on around the muscle, and are cast out with the stream, which, taking up in its subsequent course the waste and refuse of the system, serves as a common sewer to this close-walled realm. The stomach lies below the mouth, concealed by other organs; so also does the large and important organ, the liver: and the two usually contain digestive juices enough not only for the oyster's need, but also for the need of the man who eats it. It is this ability of the uncooked oyster to digest itself that makes it such a welcome morsel to the stomach of the dyspeptic.

Sexually, the oyster is complete in itself, the ova being produced and fertilized by the same individual; and every mature oyster is capable of being the parent of millions. Reproduction begins the third or fourth year. The ova are not at once cast upon the water for development, as in the case of most other mollusks, but are retained in the folds of the gills for hatching. At an early stage the ova are fecundated; and, bursting the capsules which contain them, they swim freely in a thick white fluid prepared for their reception. At this time the oyster is said to be in "milk." Gradu-



DREDGING AT CHERRY-STONE, CHESAPEAKE BAY.

ally the fluid thickens, until the swarming young are ready to be turned from their parental shelter to shift for themselves. Then they are ejected in puffs of milky cloud, the pasty coating of each young oyster quickly hardening into a delicate shell as soon as it comes in contact with seawater. At this stage the young fry have little likeness to their parent; but their free life quickly ends. Their shell thickens, and losing their capacity for swimming, they are forced to adopt the settled life of their kind—unless, as occurred with the specimen figured on page 234, they happen to settle on the back of a crab or other traveling object.

The prime secret of successful oyster breeding lies, as already noted, in capturing the young vagrants just at the time the character of their life changes. In this it will not do to trust to nature alone, in other words, to accident. Nature fails too frequently; so art steps in and makes sure that the conditions under which nature succeeds are uniformly secured at the critical moment.

The oyster farmer's work falls naturally into two parts. During the cooler months he is chiefly engaged in harvesting his crop and preparing it for market. As warm weather approaches he begins the more specific work of making ready for the spawning season. As the oyster requires from three to five years to mature, it is evident that the grounds of any extensive grower will present beds of oysters in various stages of development, with other areas from which the matured crop has just been gathered. In no case, however, will

the oysters of any bed be of absolutely uniform age. It would be a profitless task to try to take all the oysters from a field; and there is generally an abundance left after a crop has been gathered to supply any desired amount of spawn, in case the ground should be wanted for breeding-purposes.

As the work of gathering for market slackens in May, the oysterman begins to "comb" the beds that contain his growing stock, by means of coarse-meshed dredges. In this operation the oysters which have settled into the mud during the winter are lifted out, scoured of slime, and loosely scattered upon the surface. At the same time the larger clusters are removed and broken up for transplanting to thinner beds; the predatory star-fish and whelks are caught and killed, and the ground is left in condition to receive kindly the young spat which will soon swarm in the water.

The propagating beds receive a very different treatment. On these there will be a few old oysters left for seed, or selected oysters will be placed there as a brood-stock; and as spawning time approaches the oyster farmer will make ready the "stools" which are to afford resting-places for the coming crop. In assorting the oysters sold the previous season he has accumulated a considerable pile of refuse shells, dead star-fish, whelks, gravel, etc., which by sunshine and shower has been freed from mud and animal matter, and otherwise fitted for the reception of spat. If the promise of an abundant spawning is good he will supplement this pile of stools with some hundreds, perhaps thousands of bushels of clean shells of oysters, clams, scallops, and the like, and many sloop-loads of gravel. The depositing of these stools begins as soon as the oysters show signs of spawning. Usually four or five hundred bushels of shells, or from five to six tons of gravel, coarse and fine, are required for each acre of breeding-ground, the shells and gravel being cast upon the water by the shovelful as the boat drifts with the tide. A marked advantage is gained by using stools of unequal sizes; apparently not so much for the greater range of choice presented to the young spat, as for the mechanical action of the unequal stuff upon the bottom currents. The floating spat doubtless take refuge in the little eddies created by the irregular bottom, and remain until ready to strike, when otherwise they might be swept away and lost. At any rate, it has been repeatedly observed that the mixed stools have ar-

rested an abundance of spat where the unmixed stools have failed.

It is not enough that these needed lodging-places be scattered over the bottom in readiness for the home-seeking spat; they must be in proper condition to welcome their expected tenant,—that is, entirely free from slime. And as this slime quickly covers every object under water it is clear that hap-hazard work at such a time will not answer. Besides, the precise moment of spawning is determined not by the almanac, but by the general character of the season, the position and nature of the ground, the depth of the water, and so on, and may be any time between the first of July and the last of August. Again it sometimes happens that the spawning process is aborted; the ova fail to be developed; in which case the most inviting of stools would be offered in vain. Thus it requires no small degree of special intelligence and practical skill to determine when the proper moment for stool-planting occurs; for the lack of which many have thrown away their stools and their labor, and jumped to the conclusion that oyster breeding is more a matter of luck than of science. The infant oysters begin to be plainly visible in about a fortnight after they strike; under specially favorable conditions they have been discernible in eight days. For the first three or four months their growth is slow, after that they increase in size very rapidly.

Would you like to see how an oyster farm looks? You may be sure of a pleasant sail, this fair October day, at any rate; for our host, the pioneer in successful oyster farming, has placed a tidy smack at our disposal, and will see to it that the pursuit of knowledge does not spoil companionship or lessen the enjoyment of sea and sky. Last summer a broad tract lying between the islands and yonder wooded shore was stocked with breeding oysters and duly planted with shells and gravel; a half-hour's run down the harbor will bring us to it. It is a pretty bit of water, backed by low hills, bright with autumnal colors. Only a few protruding poles give indication of the wealth that lies below the surface; let us see what report the dredge will give.

It takes but a moment to cast off the iron-jawed bag of netting; in another minute or two the boat comes about and the catch is hauled in and emptied upon the deck. Mere rubbish, you are disposed to call the dirty mess of empty shells and gravel, with only

two or three fair-sized oysters to keep company with a ragged, sprawling spider-crab and a couple of star-fish. But look closer. Here is half an oyster-shell specked with little brown things scarcely larger than pin-heads. They are young oysters. Count them! Seventy-nine! Take another shell at random; you count a hundred such spots, and there are more on the other side. Those golden spots are not oysters, but young "gingles": the majority are—oysters enough to fill a bushel-basket when fully grown. This pebble, no larger than a hickory-nut, carries a score or more; and similarly every particle of this seeming rubbish is loaded with promises of future profit and enjoyment. If no more than one in ten survives, the crop will be a good one. Drop the dredge anywhere on this well-stocked ground and the same favorable report will be returned. A promising patch, the owner calls it; and,

removed for making up deficiencies on other grounds; by the same operation the loose "seed" will be lifted out of the mud and the ground prepared for another falling of spat. The second year the combing and thinning will be repeated lest the crop become too crowded; and if all goes well, a further thinning out will be required the year after, by which time the oysters of this year's birth will be ready for transference to the fattening-grounds, where another year's development will fit them for market as fancy Saddle Rocks. In the meantime the seed (last year's oysters), now being transplanted, will have undergone the same course of treatment. There is no danger of over-combing, for the seed which slips through the meshes of the dredge will be all the ground can carry, and the more the bottom is disturbed in this way the surer the new crop. The surplus seed removed in the process of comb-



OYSTERS ON VARIOUS "STOOLS," AVERAGE ONE-SIXTH NATURAL SIZE.

indeed, the acres inclosed by its corner stakes do seem but a patch upon the broad surface of this beautiful bay, itself a mere patch compared with the square miles of oyster fields along the Connecticut shore.

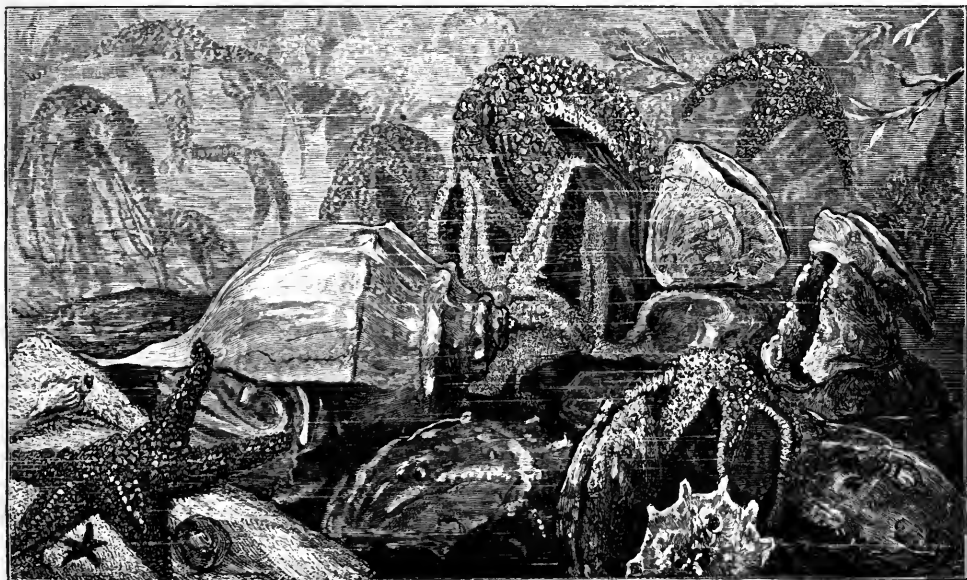
Next summer the spawn of the season just passed, grown by that time to the size of a nickel coin, will be combed and the clusters

ing usually finds a ready market among the oyster growers of adjacent waters, who now draw their supplies from the Sound rather than from the Chesapeake or other southern waters; and latterly a considerable demand has arisen for northern seed for transportation to England and to the Pacific coast; the beginning, no doubt, of a large and

profitable trade likely to make seed raising a specific branch of oyster farming.

Up to this time, however, the foreign demand for young oysters has not been of general advantage to the home trade. Unable to compete with foreign buyers in point of

on uncultivated ground as we proceed to that portion of our host's domain devoted to oysters of maturer growth. Here in the broad channel between the islands is a tract of common ground,—that is to say, it has always borne oysters, and consequently no



THE OYSTER'S ENEMIES AT WORK—(STAR-FISH, WHELKS AND DRILLS).

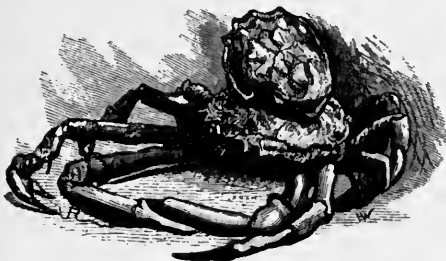
price, many oyster growers particularly those of Long Island who have not learned to raise their own seed, have resolved to plant no more oysters until the price of seed is reduced; a wise enough resolution, provided they adopt the one legitimate and certain means for cheapening seed, namely, artificial propagation. Thus far, unfortunately, they have not taken kindly to this good work. Heretofore they and their fathers have been satisfied with the unaided efforts of nature, trusting to chance-sown beds of seed for the replenishing of their grounds. When oystermen were few, the areas under cultivation small, and the demand for oysters comparatively limited, such happy-go-lucky methods may have answered very well. But times have changed, and men must yield to the logic of events or retire from the contest. The winners in this, as in every other competition involving natural processes, must inevitably be those who leave nothing to accident, who know the conditions under which nature succeeds and skillfully supply such conditions.

To test the relative beneficence of aided and unaided nature, let us cast the dredge

one has ever been allowed to cultivate it. The dredge passes freely over the clean gravelly bottom and comes up but scantily loaded, though it has been down much longer than any previous cast. What have we in it? The first to attract attention are three or four ungainly spider-crabs, ugly but harmless. Half a dozen oysters, mostly two or three years old, a number of half-grown scallops, a multitude of drills, gingles, double-deckers, a whelk or two, and perhaps half a peck of small stones and empty shells,—these worthless commodities complete the catch. You may look long without finding a single oyster of this year's spawning. Observe, however, this shell with a large round hole through one valve. A boring whelk did that; and in killing one oyster, made opportunity for a dozen others to start on the hazardous road to maturity. See these brown scales on the clean white of the inner surfaces; they are young oysters, which, thanks to the whelk, were able to find a timely resting-place. This clam-shell also is fairly well tenanted; it was opened for bait by some summer fisherman, most likely, and thrown into the water just in

time to catch a few spat. But the rest of the shells and all this gravel must have been too foul to receive the spat, and consequently the prospect is not encouraging for those who may wish, four years hence, to reap the benefits of this common ground. Nature is a careless mother at best; and of the countless millions of embryo oysters that swarmed in these waters last summer, very few were able to find a suitable resting-place. Nature betrayed them at the critical moment, and now they are not. Had these grounds been subject to individual ownership and personal care, they would not have been allowed to remain in barrenness. Whether the general public would have lost or gained by a surrender of its profitless right to those who would have made a thousand oysters grow where scarcely one now appears may be left to the reader's judgment to decide.

As we pass another line of stakes marking the boundary of private property the dredge is cast again. Lay your hand on the rope: the water is three fathoms deep, yet you can feel the multitude of oysters rolling in between the dredge's iron jaws. Haul in! A cable's length away, a bottom quite as good as this would have yielded nothing of value. Here the dredge comes up loaded with oysters, the most of them ranging in size from a silver quarter to a half-dollar piece. They are now in their second year, a few in clusters of two or three, but the majority single, and all showing the rounded outline which delights the oyster-lover.



OYSTER ON THE BACK OF LIVE SPIDER-CRAB.

Here and there in the pile is a gaping shell, some with one valve shorter than the other, some with a pin-hole through the purple spot where the muscle was attached. The former have been killed by star-fish, the latter by drills,—innocent-looking creatures both of them, but dreadfully destructive to oysters. Fortunately, the drills confine their attacks to the young broods when thinning out is not so injurious. The stars kill at all ages. Sometimes they come up from deep

water in swarms as countless as Colorado grasshoppers, and ravage an oyster plantation as relentlessly as the latter do the wheat fields of the border. Yonder sharpie is engaged in replanting a large tract which the stars invaded last spring, when the only oysters saved were those that were hastily removed in advance of the destroying host. By such attacks a man may lose his entire fortune before his danger is suspected, and at all times it is only by constant watchfulness and persistent dredging that these pests are kept within tolerable limits.

In course of time, when the number of oyster farmers is largely increased, it may be possible by united effort and the maintenance of a special police working steam-dredges to keep the stars under control, if not to exterminate them from these waters; but for many years they are likely to remain the chief source of annoyance and loss to this important branch of industry. Now and then a boring whelk or a winkle will kill an old oyster, or a boring sponge riddle a shell and divert its owner's strength to the work of maintaining the integrity of its pearly coat; now and then a violent storm will bury an oyster-bed under a smothering mass of weeds or mud; or, if in shallow water, will roll the crop ashore, or crush it to death with drifted ice; but these are occasional and minor evils, compared with the ceaseless depredations of the stars.

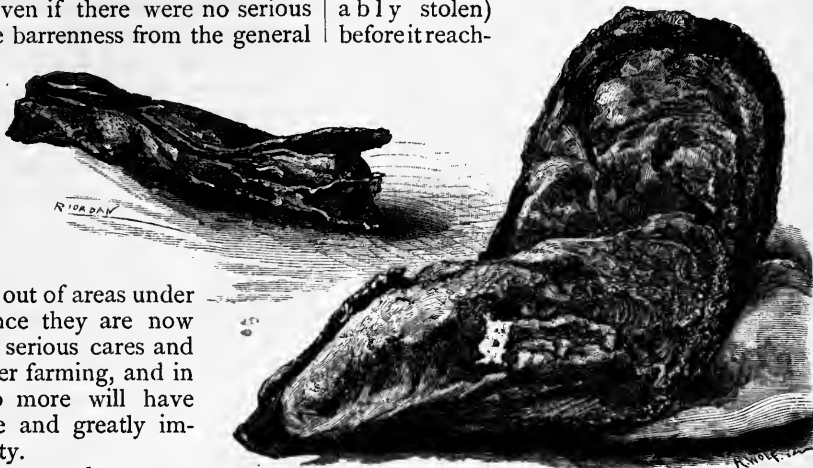
While our host has been recounting the troubles and risks of oyster farming, his tidy craft has carried us to another ground from which the dredge brings up an attractive lot of round oysters, from two to four years old. Vast quantities of oysters of this size are annually opened at Fair Haven and the meats forwarded in tubs and barrels to the interior cities of New England for immediate use. And of late years a considerable demand has arisen for such oysters to be served on the half-shell as appetizers before a meal—a foreign fashion, which if kept within bounds is not a bad one, for young oysters thus served are unspeakably dainty and delicious. The general use of such immature oysters, however, is not to be commended, since it has nearly ruined the French oyster growers and largely helped to destroy the valuable natural beds along the Scotch and English coasts. The oyster rarely spawns before the fourth year, and if the beds are stripped at an earlier age, as has been largely the case in Europe, the fall of spat necessarily fails. As a recent English writer has said, speaking of the oyster breeders of Arcachon,

Marennnes, the Isle de Ré and other places, they "have killed the goose for the sake of its golden egg, and now we are beginning to be told that artificial oyster culture is not paying in France, and that the spat has failed! The excuse is amusing: how can they have spat if there be no oysters left to exude it?" Even if there were no serious risk of ultimate barrenness from the general destruction of immature oysters, it would seem wasteful if not wicked to kill them at this stage (further than may be necessary for the thinning out of areas under cultivation), since they are now past the more serious cares and dangers of oyster farming, and in a year or two more will have doubled in size and greatly improved in quality.

Yonder is an oyster-sloop nearly loaded with marketable oysters; let us run alongside and look at them. How bright and clean they rise from this gravelly bottom, swept almost constantly by a tide that runs like a mill-race. There can be no better fattening-ground. Observe this handsome four-year-old, a typical Saddle Rock, nearly as broad as long, and half as thick as it is broad. It was well formed when transplanted a year ago, but thin. You can see the lines of the old shell, and how great the increase in thickness has been. With scarcely any change in area, the bulk of its meat has nearly doubled. This six-year-old is another beauty, so regular in form, so healthy in appearance; and the rest are not unlike it. It is now at its best. It might live a dozen years longer without much enlargement save in the thickness of its shell. Notice the changes that have been wrought in these less regular forms, in the effort to attain the typical oval form. When transplanted they were thin and crooked; during the past year they have added nothing to their length, but very much to their breadth and thickness. Here is one that had been left too long on a muddy bottom and had developed into a regular "Shanghai." In transplanting, fully an inch of one valve was broken off at the end, and a new beginning was made at the broken edge.

Very curious are the alterations often made in ill-formed shells in consequence of

removal to a different bottom, all showing the susceptibility of the oyster to changes in the external conditions of its life. A most remarkable illustration of the oyster's ability to withstand rough usage was shown in a specimen, set aside for representation here, but lost (probably stolen) before it reach-



REPAIRED SHELLS.

ed the artist's hands. The shell had been caught somehow by an oysterman's tongs or dredge, unhinged, and the valves turned at right angles to their normal position. In spite of this terrible wrench, the animal not only survived but constructed a new hinge, walled in the exposed angles, and re-arranged its internal economy to conform to its new condition. When taken, it was alive and hearty, its eccentric shape alone drawing attention to its strange experience.

The changes wrought by cultivation in the oyster's outside appearance are not more remarkable than the improvement of its meat. The body grows deep and large and solid; the mantle, naturally thin and skinny, thickens to the very edge with firm white flesh; and the quality of the meat surpasses that of the uncultivated oyster as signally as high-bred, stall-fed beef does the product of Texan pastures.

As they come from the fattening-grounds, the oysters are naturally charged with bitter sea water, more or less muddy, and the large stomach is filled with undigested food. To fit them for the table, they must be "floated"—that is exposed for a tide to sweeter water. The oyster grower's land station is usually at the mouth of a river, and when the oysters are brought in they are allowed to rest for a day or so in large shallow floats open to the current. Here

the oysters are washed by the upper layer of fresh water, which purges them of all impurities and leaves them white and sweet. In this condition they will live and retain their flavor out of water for three months if closely packed and kept cool.

When the inquiries were made for this article, oyster grounds were valued at from



OYSTERS ATTACHED TO OLD RUBBER BOOT.

fifty to five hundred dollars and more an acre. It is to be presumed, however, that there has been a shrinkage in these values as in the case of all other property. Under favorable circumstances, an average yield of five hundred bushels of oysters to the acre can be reasonably counted on, very much larger crops being common. From four to six years are required for the maturing of a crop of spat, in which time an acre of seed will have increased to two or three thousand bushels if properly handled and cared for. This, it is to be feared, but rarely happens, most oyster growers trusting too much to nature for the development of their stock. Left to themselves, the oysters crowd each other and become pinched and ill-developed. Many die; more are killed by stars and other vermin; and those that are left are in the end sadly inferior in size and quality to what they ought to be. In sea-farming, as in every other occupation, it is only the intelligent, diligent and watchful that command high success.

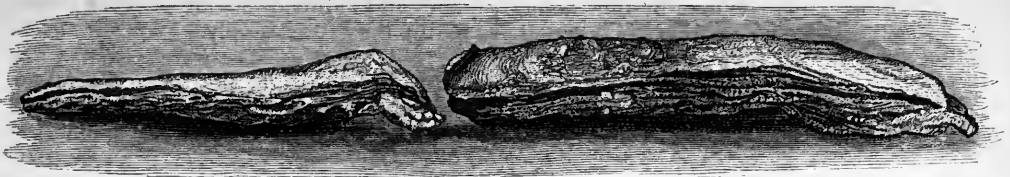
Shortly before the war of the rebellion the oyster-beds of Virginia were represented by Governor Wise as having an area of nearly 2,000,000 acres, averaging four hundred bushels to the acre. The Virginia oysters are enormously prolific, and there

were none but human enemies to limit their increase; yet so unsparing and persistent had the pursuit of them become that they were in imminent danger of extermination. The war gave the oysters of the Chesapeake a respite, and the work of depletion was stayed; but it was speedily taken up again, and already the oystermen of those parts are deploring the exhaustion of their most valuable beds and the necessity of going further and further out for their supplies. The natural advantages of the Chesapeake and its tributary waters for the rapid growth of oysters are unsurpassed. Nevertheless, those seemingly exhaustless fields are faring precisely as oyster-beds have the world over when left to the mercy of men who have but one object in connection with them, and that is to gather each day the largest amount possible, regardless of the future. There never yet was a useful natural growth, however vigorous and prolific, that could hold its own against human greed untempered by personal ownership.

"No fishery," observed a prominent member of the British Oyster Fisheries' Commission lately, "No fishery can fail to be destroyed if left to the interested ingenuity of man, the oyster fishery least of all." The opinion is a plausible one—but it is utterly mistaken.

The British government has acted on it for years, vainly striving to foster the multiplication of oysters and oyster-beds by restrictive measures, close times, and the like, and all the while the oyster crop has fallen off and the prices of oysters has risen; they were ten dollars a bushel in 1862, and more than seven times as much in 1875. In like manner it has been attempted in this country to thwart, by various enactments, the "interested ingenuity" of oystermen, and always with an effect contrary to what was expected. The cure lies in the very opposite direction. If the depletion of our oyster-beds is to be stayed, if a constant supply sufficient to meet the steadily increasing demand is to be maintained, it will be by increasing the interest—personal, pecuniary interest—of oystermen in the oyster-beds, not by trying to thwart or restrain it. Oystermen must be allowed to be something more than oyster catchers. The ownerless buffaloes are doomed to certain extermination; they are nobody's property and everybody's prey. So likewise are the ownerless oysters.

The oyster commissioners of the Chesapeake predict that if the steady exhaustion



PINCHED OYSTERS (CALLED SHANGHAIS).

of the oyster-beds of Maryland and Virginia continues, the entire stock will be used up within half a century, and we may be sure that no diminution in the demand for oysters will cut short the work of destruction. That the predicted extermination of the oysters of those waters, or any of the waters of our Atlantic coast, will really happen, however, we have not the slightest

uncertain title, such as has been granted along the Connecticut shore, certainly does not point that way. While the perpetuity of oyster-beds on common ground has everywhere been seriously threatened, a shadowy title to cultivated ground has sufficed to cover miles and miles of once unproductive Sound-bed with the finest oysters in the world. Were the title made good enough to borrow money on, there would be no lack of capital to stock the rest of the Sound, or of men to cultivate its inviting acres now untilled.

Our excellent and serviceable National Fish Commission might do well to move in this matter. An act of Congress authorizing the sale of soundings along the coast exclusively for oyster farming would help the work enormously. The coastwise states, by supplementary enactments, could easily place the oyster farmer on an equal footing with the ordinary agriculturist with great advantage to them and to the country at large. There would be some delicate questions of local jurisdiction to settle, and some common rights to ordinary fisheries to be protected, but these need not lead to any



OYSTER-BOATS.

fear. The nation cannot afford it, and will prevent it by giving to oyster growers the best of all encouragement—freedom and protection.

The country is well stocked with domestic cattle, and there is little danger of the supply running out. Suppose they were suddenly declared to be common property, as the oysters are; and no one allowed to hold a permanent personal interest in any he suffered to remain alive,—how long would the supply be kept up? In the case of cattle the interested ingenuity of man is wisely conservative; their numbers are increased and their quality improved by careful selection and cultivation. Why should the rule be reversed under water? Suppose the government were to authorize the survey and sale of shallows—in other words, land suitable for oyster farming—and make the oyster grower's title to the ground he stocks and the crop he raises as secure as the upland farmer's is,—would the quantity or the quality of the oyster crop be endangered?

The effect produced by a partial and



A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

serious difficulties. Nor would navigation be interfered with or impeded in the least.

The productive area which might be

added to the public domain by thus taking in the cultivable coast is simply enormous. It lies at our very doors, and the cost of reclaiming it would be small compared with the wealth it would return. Once assured that their growing crops would be as

home and abroad advances even more rapidly than the supply. And if every acre of available coast-water, from Cape Cod to the mouth of the Chesapeake, were brought under cultivation, it is doubtful whether the supply of oysters could ever

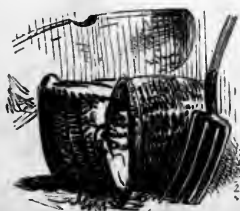


A YOUNG CULTIVATED AND AN OLD UNCULTIVATED OYSTER.

secure against trespass as the upland farmer's, the oystermen of Long Island Sound would go on extending their operations until every acre of the Sound-bed would be brought under cultivation. The depth of the waters would offer no obstacle, either to the growth of oysters or their propagation, since the finest natural oysters the Sound has produced were found in the deepest depression of that submerged valley, and the American method of cultivation answers as well in deep water as in shallow. By the gradual extension of cultivated ground, the star-fish and other pests of the oyster-bed would be brought more and more under subjection, and with the lessening of the risks and losses the cost of raising oysters would be reduced and the price would fall accordingly. The employment of steam power for propulsion and for hauling dredges would more than make up for the extra labor of dredging in deep water; and with the improvement in modes and means of working likely to come from the cultivation of large areas, the productiveness of the grounds—already worth more, acre for acre, than the best farm land—might be greatly increased.

The demand for American oysters at

outrun the demand. Vast as the present commercial and alimentary importance of the oyster trade has become, it is but in its infancy. It is capable of almost infinite extension; and when the supply is drawn, not merely or chiefly from unprotected natural beds, chance-sown and accidentally developed, but from larger areas systematically stocked, cultivated and defended against vermin and the unregulated greed of man, the oyster crop will rank among the first of American resources in point of value as it now does in point of excellence. It is nourished by the inexhaustible sea; it steadily enriches instead of impoverishing the land, and the average yield is several times more abundant and remunerative than any grain crop. It is little less than national folly, therefore, to pride ourselves on practical thrift, while slighting a field of productive industry so promising as this is; still worse to discourage honest enterprise in it, as has been done hitherto, by legal restraints. What has already been accomplished in the face of popular opposition, financial difficulty and needless risk, is a guarantee that the field is well worth working, and also that there would be no lack of workmen were they offered proper encouragement.



SONNET.

THE foolish bud would fain become a flower,
 And flaunt its heart out in the fair sunshine;
 The ardent blossom, tremulous on its vine,
 Dreams only of a golden fruitful hour.
 Amber and amethyst, of royal dower,
 The perfect, purple clusters hang, and pine
 To pour their souls forth into perfumed wine,
 Impatient leaning from their sheltered bower.
 O blind ones! All your blended stores of scent
 And subtle sweets to this poor end are spent;
 That man should idly quaff from sparkling glass
 Your dew and fire and spice; sighing, while e'er
 Your honey lingers on his lips, "Alas
 The bud, the bloom, the fruit! How sweet they were!"

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XII.

DID HE SAY HE SHOULD COME AGAIN?

BUT the skating carnival was doomed never to take place. Claudia's zeal waned before the preparations were well under way. After hope, despair. In these alternations the days passed, until angry jealousy took the place of both and put an end to all desire to please and entertain her visitor. For Claudia now looked in vain for the renewal of the old intimacy with Captain Elyot, who did not avail himself of the permission she had given him that night at the door. He often passed the house, either alone or with companions; sometimes she met him face to face. He went in and out at Mrs. Stubbs's,—she herself had seen him,—but he did not come to her. It tormented her day and night. If she only knew the cause of his staying away, she would be satisfied, she said to herself. Why had he asked to come if he had not desired it? What could it be that stood in the way? Not that she went about sighing, and groaning, and wringing her hands. Civilization has turned a key upon expression. No; Claudia lived her usual life, to

outward seeming, even partaking of the pleasures that came in her way, though without the heart to originate any. She was quiet,—perhaps more so than in former times,—cool, and, if the truth be told, a little cross in the sanctity of her own home where one may certainly be allowed some privileges of expression. But Captain Elyot never dreamed of the mischief his careless words had wrought. They had passed from his mind—with a faint regret over their having been uttered—before he reached his quarters. If any thought of the evening lingered long with him, it was over Blossom, who had, without doubt, expected him. He fancied her alone,—as she was so many hours of the day,—listening for his knock at the door, turning her soft brown eyes toward it at every step outside; for, notwithstanding Lieutenant Orme's occasional notice of the girl and his freaks of kindly attention, it was to Elyot himself that she looked for her pleasures and the relief from the dullness of her life at the post. He had promised to teach her cribbage. They were to have made a beginning this night.

But Blossom had not passed so forlorn an evening as he imagined. It is well for peo-

ple to learn that they are not the hinges upon which the lives of others turn, and the young man would have received a shock of surprise, to say the least, had he passed her window an hour earlier than he did. The clear stillness of the winter night outside was shivered by the sound of young voices singing within the parlor,—not the doleful ditties which Blossom bestowed upon her friends, but gay, two-part songs and merry

Elyot said to Lieutenant Orme the next morning after the tea-party at the major's.

"I was not with them at all," replied Orme. "I spent the evening at the Stubbs's."

The room was uncomfortably warm, but this was like a puff of cool air in Elyot's face. So Blossom had not sighed in solitude, and the young man went there at his own pleasure now!

"There's a nice little girl for you," the



"HE BENT, WITH A SUDDEN IMPULSE, AND KISSED HER HAND."

glees from an old book Lieutenant Orme had picked up elsewhere. Some jolly fellow, ordered into the wilderness, had left it behind. They were droll songs to Blossom, with their "Tirra-la-las,"—all about hunting, and scenting, and rising betimes, and full of the blast of horns. Blossom's little fingers skipped and hopped about the keys,—no fox in the chase was ever more bewildered; but Mrs. Stubbs, at the further end of the room, taking her ease after the perplexing business of the day, thought it all wonderfully fine, and rejoiced over the girl's happy laugh, which filled every pause and took the place of more than one difficult passage.

"You left early last night," Captain

lieutenant went on, between puffing away at his meerschaum and critically eying its tint. "No sort of nonsense about her. I asked her to go out on the ice this afternoon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but the old woman objected. It was too cold, she said. I assured her that there was every prospect of a change in the weather, but all for nothing. She held out against me, and I confess I gave it up rather than rouse her. They say there isn't such a temper within a thousand miles if a spark happens to strike her. I've no desire to be that spark, and besides, she might deny me the house if I proved troublesome. I'll try her again the first mild day. Or suppose

you ask her, old fellow. She'd never refuse you. You might take Miss Blossom out, as you did the other day, and then turn her over to me."

"I *might*," the captain said, with a grim smile.

"That would be the surest way," the lieutenant went on, meditatively. "Her mother would never say no to you. Yes, she's a good little girl!"

He apostrophized her with a sigh, raising a cloud of incense in the silence his companion did not break.

Captain Elyot did not forget his promise to Miss Laud. The afternoon was fine, and they spent a long hour on the ice. Claudia watched them set out from behind the curtain of her room, where she was hidden, with a beating heart and a twinge of jealousy she could not overcome.

"What if he asks for you when he calls?"

Miss Laud was determined to steer clear of all dangers after her narrow escape the night before.

"You had better be ready so that he need not wait," Claudia had replied calmly. "Of course if he asks for me I shall see him. But in that case he might feel obliged to invite me to go with you."

"Why, then you would."

"Then I would not," said Claudia, with some heat. "Unless—unless there should be something very particular in his manner," she added, slowly, upon second thought.

But there was nothing at all particular in his manner when he appeared, unless it was the absence of all interest in Claudia. He did, indeed, ask if she were well, and hoped they should see her on the ice, in a coldly polite tone which struck a chill to the girl's heart, even through the door against which she had placed her ear.

Why did not Kitty reply? Why did she not call her? she thought, with a burst of tears, throwing herself upon the bed. But Miss Laud had no opportunity to reply. He had taken her skates from her hand with a "by your leave," and hastened her away, for all the world, as Miss Laud said to herself, as though he dreaded Claudia to appear.

But Miss Bryce did not spend the afternoon in tears. There was still a shred of hope left to her.

"Be sure that you ask him to come in when you return," she had said to her friend. "You may invite him to tea if you choose."

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It was only the night before that he had drunk tea with them, but his visits had once been almost daily, and why should they not be again? He had asked to come as he used. She wiped away her tears, arranged her dress, and was behind the shabby little window watching for their return before the afternoon had half passed away. It was almost dark when they appeared, Captain Elyot swinging Miss Laud's skates and his own, and the latter looking up into his face as they came on over the snow in the gray light, in a saucy, bewitching way not pleasant for another woman to see—if that other woman chanced to feel a personal interest in the smiles of the young man.

They stood a moment, these two, at the door, but Miss Bryce had retreated from the window. She did not feel that she could compose her countenance to meet Captain Elyot's eye. She listened to their voices, however, for their conversation was prolonged for some time after they had gained the door. A very gay time Kitty was having, and without a thought of her! Claudia could hardly keep back the tears of vexation while she hearkened every moment for the door to open. It did open after a time,—a long time it seemed to her,—but she could distinctly hear the retreating step of the young man. So he was not coming in, after all! And with the pang of disappointment, sharp as the stab of a knife, her friend entered, happy and most inappropriately gay and rosy.

"Claudia, I wish you had come out; we have had a delightful time."

"So I should judge from the sound of your voice at the door," Claudia replied, stiffly. "I only hope you have not caught cold standing so long outside."

And Miss Bryce bent over the work in her hand as though life were too short for its completion.

"Don't be cross, dear," and Miss Laud laid her rosy face against Claudia's pale cheek. "How could I help enjoying myself? Everybody was out,—and asked for you," she added quickly. Miss Bryce moved her face away. "And indeed I did invite him in, but he refused. He had promised to meet some one. It was about some affairs at the mess-room I don't understand, but I heard him make the engagement with Captain Luttrell on the ice. So you see, dear, it was no flimsy pretext to get off. But why were you not at the window? I kept him a moment, thinking you would appear."

"How could I stand in the window, as though I were watching for you and him?" Claudia said, relenting a little.

She hesitated, blushing faintly.

"And did he say anything, Kitty? Did he ask if I were coming out?"

"He asked that before we left the house," Miss Laud replied.

But there was little comfort in this assurance, since Claudia had overheard the inquiry.

"And there really was no opportunity," Miss Laud went on hastily as she disrobed.

"We were never alone a moment."

"But there was the walk home. I am sure you came on slowly enough to have talked over everything."

So Claudia had been at the window!

"Yes; and he gave me a most amusing account of a skating experience——"

But Miss Bryce did not desire its recapitulation at this moment.

"I know,—with the Slades," she said. "I was there myself."

But she did not so much as smile at the remembrance. She could hardly have patience with the levity of her friend. It was so exaggerated as to seem almost as though it were assumed. There must be something more—something held back.

"And was the sutler's daughter out to-day?"

"No; but she sat in the window as we passed just now, Claudia; and she has the sweetest face——"

"Did he see her?"

Claudia forgot her work for a moment.

"To be sure, he did, my dear,—having the use of his eyes! He took off his hat as though she had been a duchess. I really can't make him out. But I managed to refer to his visit here last evening, before he left me."

It was coming at last. This was what Claudia had waited for. She worked on steadily, but her face betrayed her, while Miss Laud ran on as she took off her wraps:

"'I'm afraid you found our game last night rather slow,' said I. 'Rumor credits you gentlemen with playing so high that a quiet hand at whist with a couple of poor players like Claudia and me must be stupid enough.'

"'Rumor is a liar,' he answered, quite savagely (the young man is certainly not devoid of spirit). 'I can at least deny the story for myself.'

"'Then you didn't find it utterly dull? We were afraid you might,' said I.

"'By no means,' he replied, emphatically. 'I never passed an evening further removed from dullness.'"

"Did he, Kitty? Did he really say that?"

"'Then perhaps you will repeat it,' said I. 'I'll promise you a better partner another time.'"

Claudia waited eagerly for what was to come. But here Miss Laud's memory failed her.

"He thanked me, I know, and added something of having spent many pleasant evenings here."

"But did he say he should come again? You must remember, Kitty, if you think a moment."

"I can't say; I really don't know; and yet the impression I received was that he would come."

And with this Claudia was obliged to content herself.

But days passed on and he did not appear, as was said at the beginning of the chapter. A heavy rain set in, flooding the ice and rendering all out-of-door recreation impossible. Even visiting was for a time out of the question, and Miss Laud yawned and sighed over the dreary prospect from the window, and wished herself back in the states again.

Claudia watched and fretted in secret. Why did he not come? Others of the officers dropped in, in spite of the storm. Men for whom she cared nothing braved wind and flood to reach them. He, only, staid away. Sometimes she doubted her friend. Was Kitty deceiving her? She appeared true and ready with sympathy, but to Claudia's sick fancy every face was double.

It was more than a week before the rain ceased and the heaviness hanging over the little company at the fort rolled away with the clouds. If the cold would but strengthen now, the skating would be finer than ever.

Miss Bryce, entering the parlor suddenly one afternoon, discovered her friend consulting the thermometer. At Claudia's appearance, Miss Laud reddened.

"It is growing colder," she said, with evident embarrassment, walking away from the window.

The cold increased throughout the night. By the second day the ice was pronounced safe, and every one prepared to enjoy it after the enforced rest. In default of a more desirable attendant, Claudia had accepted Lieutenant Gibbs as an escort.

"But I cannot think of leaving you alone all the afternoon," she said as she settled her hat in its place. "I'll only go out for half an hour. I thought Captain Welles asked you last night. Why didn't you accept? So fond of skating as you are, too, I could not understand your refusal."

Miss Laud's back was turned to her friend. She did not reply at once.

"I refused him," she said presently, without turning her head, "because—I am expecting Captain Elyot to come for me, Claudia."

"What do you mean? When did you see him to make such an appointment?"

Claudia's voice was sharp, and near to breaking. But now Miss Laud faced her friend.

"Not since we went skating together more than a week ago. You may believe me, Claudia, I have never seen him since. But he engaged to take me out again the first fine day. You remember it looked like a storm that night."

"And you knew it all the time and kept it back! I would never have thought it of you, Kitty. I would never have believed you to be so sly."

There was a sudden quaver in Claudia's voice, and she burst into tears.

"I don't know why you should call me sly," Miss Laud said, with some spirit. "I would have told you that night but I knew you would be angry. You were vexed as it was because I didn't bring him in. I asked him; what could I do more? And it's little enough attention I have received from your friends. You need hardly begrudge me this, Claudia. I may as well confess that it isn't at all as I supposed it would be, or what you led me to expect from your letters. And my new dresses not so much as taken out of my trunks! I might ——"

But there came a resounding rap at the door, and Jinny's head was thrust into the room, putting an end to Miss Laud's words, as well as checking Claudia's tears. Lieutenant Gibbs was in the parlor.

"You will never go out. Your eyes are frightfully red," said Miss Laud in a more composed tone.

The walls were thin; what might he not have overheard.

But Claudia disdained reply. She bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, ruffled by the pillows where she had taken refuge, re-adjusted her hat and went. At last she began to feel something of a roused spirit. She had no one to depend upon but herself.

She saw clearly now that she must gather her strength and fight as best she could single-handed. What were red eyes in such an emergency!

When Captain Elyot called for Miss Laud (a duty he had nearly forgotten), he found her equipped and awaiting him. He had been entrapped into asking her again,—if one can be said to be caught who walks open-eyed into the snare. Her brusque, odd ways amused him; her saucy speech could not wound. It could sting, indeed; but, as a boy, he had learned to grasp a nettle boldly. She still persisted in bringing up Blossom's name; but forewarned now, he made brief reply, or none at all, to her suggestions and innuendoes.

The river was crowded with skaters. Even Mrs. Bryce had been tempted to try her clumsy skill, and Lieutenant Orme was happy in having Blossom under his care. Mrs. Stubbs had been cajoled into an unwilling consent at last.

Claudia and her attendant were already upon the ice when Miss Laud and Captain Elyot reached it,—not the angry, tearful Claudia of an hour before, but Miss Bryce at her best, well-dressed, graceful, almost handsome, and the observed of all.

"A charming day, certainly;" she replied to Captain Elyot's polite greeting, uttering the words with a smile.

They were, almost like the smile and the words she had bestowed upon him months before,—perhaps not exactly the same, but at least equal to a photograph of the original. The amount of will and energy which the weakest woman will develop to hide her heart is beyond wonder and praise. Do not call it deceit. It is a natural growth, like porcupine quills, and intended for the same purpose of defense. Captain Elyot, who had remembered uncomfortably the manner in which he had parted from Miss Bryce that night at her door, and had determined to avoid her since, was set at ease at last. His vanity had deceived him, he thought to himself; the whole unpleasant evening had been but an echo of his spirit, which was out of tune. Claudia's old charming manner had returned, and he wished Gibbs success with all his heart. I am afraid he was a good deal befogged at this time, and hardly knew headlands from clouds. But the four formed a small circle for a moment, and nothing could be more amiable or even affectionate than the manner of the two young ladies. He little imagined that they had mentally vowed

never to speak to each other again less than sixty minutes before, and that he had been the occasion of the quarrel.

He devoted himself to Miss Laud, as in politeness bound, but his eyes would sometimes follow a slight figure in a fur-lined jacket shooting past, with Lieutenant Orme's long legs beside it. Other parties were dashing by with alarming velocity. Each time, Blossom and her companion seemed to increase their speed. It was reckless and unsafe; the careless boy was not to be trusted with such a charge, he thought, replying absently to his companion, and tempted to interfere at the risk of angering the lieutenant. While he hesitated, the calamity he had foreseen took place. There was an exclamation like a cry. The crowd pressed forward to one spot.

"Stand back! Stand back!" shouted an authoritative voice. "Don't you see that the ice is cracking under your weight!"

It was the major, who had just come.

The circle widened suddenly and broke. As it parted, Elyot saw a little motionless form, a dark heap, about which the others had gathered. There had been a collision between the mad racers, and Blossom had gone down. Before any one could raise her, he had dashed into the circle, lifted her in his arms, and was skating toward the shore, ignoring Lieutenant Orme, who, upon his knees beside her, was tugging wildly at the straps of his skates. The boy followed him as speedily as possible, as did most of the company, for she lay like one dead in the young man's arms. The afternoon's sport was at an end.

"Will you oblige me by apologizing to Miss Laud and taking her home," Captain Elyot said, coldly, to the young lieutenant, who came up as the former was having his skates removed.

The poor lieutenant, terrified and repentant, went off without a word to do his bidding, while Captain Elyot carried Blossom home to her mother. Any one of the women who had regarded her so superciliously a moment before, would have gladly done something for the poor little thing now. Some one offered to run on and prepare Mrs. Stubbs. But the dash over the ice had begun to revive her already, and by the time she was laid upon the fine sofa in her own parlor, Blossom had opened her eyes. Half the company who had witnessed this accident had crowded into the room or hung about the open door.

"What is it?" Blossom cried, in an

excited tone, waking to find all these strange faces about her.

"Nothing at all, child. Don't you be fretted," said her mother, with a strange quaver in her voice.

"You fell on the ice. They came to see if you were hurt," Captain Elyot explained.

"That was kind," said the child, with a sweet, faint smile.

Forgiving her enemies with the words, though quite unconscious that she had any, and too weak to try to understand why the tears came to the eyes of the chaplain's wife, or why the showy young lady who had pressed forward to Captain Elyot's side, should turn away her head.

"Let me stay with you, Mrs. Stubbs," said Mrs. Brown, the chaplain's wife. "I can sit by her if you are called away."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I reckon I can do all that is necessary," Mrs. Stubbs replied in a hard tone.

The grace of forgiveness was not hers, and she remembered that this woman had slighted Blossom. They stole away one after another. The major, even, had pressed into the room to see how it fared with the child, though neither Mrs. Bryce nor Claudia had followed.

"You'll be quite well in the morning," he said kindly, patting her brown curls.

"I am quite well now," Blossom replied. "I think I could sit up."

But Mrs. Stubbs gathered her in her strong arms and bore her off to her bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THO' FATHER AN' MITHER AN' A' SHOULD
GAE MAD."

EARLY in the evening Lieutenant Orme crept around to the store. He looked with longing eyes toward the parlor door, but it was not to open for him.

"How is Miss Blossom?" he ventured to ask of Mrs. Stubbs, who stood like a grim image of justice behind the scales.

Thank God! she was not dead, or even desperately ill, or her mother would not be here.

"Blossom?" repeated Mrs. Stubbs, in an unpleasant voice. "She's but poorly, sir."

And she poured out the coffee she had been weighing.

A chill ran through all his bones.

"It was my fault, I know; but you see —"

The boy would have attempted to excuse himself to her, — though no excuse would have set him right in his own eyes, — but

Mrs. Stubbs, tying up the package and giving it into the hands of the purchaser, paid no further attention to him.

"Is there nothing more? Thank you," as she handed back the change, for the sutler's wife was ceremoniously polite within the bounds of her business affairs.

"Could I do anything?" asked the lieutenant in an awed voice, pressing into notice again.

What if she were to die, after all!

"Nothing that I think of now," Mrs. Stubbs replied coldly, moving off and intrenching herself behind a great ledger which gave her the appearance of having stepped around a corner, and effectually ended the conference.

The boy stole away, heavy-hearted and full of forebodings. If she were to die! He sat down upon the steps outside for a moment. He was too miserable to go back to his quarters. Even Captain Elyot had blamed him,—he felt it, though they had not met since they parted on the ice. And did Blossom also reproach him? Or—and he grew sick at heart over the vision his fancy called up—did she lie still and white with no thought of him at all—too ill for recollection? He could not bear the suspense or the weight of his fears. He would seek Captain Elyot and beg of him to go and face Mrs. Stubbs, and learn the truth, even if by so doing he received the full measure of his friend's anger for his carelessness.

A half an hour later, Captain Elyot strolled into the store.

"And how is Miss Blossom now?" he inquired cheerfully. "None the worse for her fall, I hope."

"You may just step in an' see for yourself, Cap'n Elyot. She's a bit weak an' trembly yet; but you'll find her in the parlor. She would be brought out; she declared she could walk; but 'Not a foot do you put to the floor this night,' said I. The surgeon says there are no bones broke, but he's a fool at the best, as every one knows. Ah, well, I deserve a broken back myself for being talked into trusting her to that rattle-headed —"

"Don't be hard on Orme. The boy is frightened enough at what has happened. He'll be more careful another time; and, really, it was not entirely his fault. I saw it all, and —"

"Them can risk their lives as choose; but it'll be neither me nor mine," said Mrs. Stubbs in a tone beyond gainsaying.

She shut up her book, with the air of having the lieutenant's head between the covers, and descended from her high seat.

"But you may go on, Cap'n Elyot; I'll follow you presently."

And she proceeded to make everything tidy and fast for the night, while the captain, after a tap and a pause at the parlor door, passed on into the room where he was to find Blossom. A pale, soft light shone through it from a great lamp on the table beside the sofa, and just rising from the sofa, in some kind of a loose, white gown, was Blossom. Was it the pale yellow light or the gown that made her so white?

"Don't let me disturb you; I am sure you had better lie down," Captain Elyot said, tossing his hat upon the floor, and drawing a chair close to her side. "I have come from Lieutenant Orme, which must excuse a rather late call. The poor fellow dared not come himself. I left him tearing his hair over his carelessness."

"Oh, he need not do that," Blossom said quickly; "it was my own fault, and, indeed, there is no harm done. I shall be up to-morrow."

"He heard a most alarming account of you at the store."

"I suppose he didn't see mother."

And Captain Elyot could not contradict her. There fell a moment's silence between the two, with the hush that comes at night-fall—a hush of the spirit as well as of all confused and laborious sounds that fill the working-hours.

Blossom lay back in one corner of the flowered sofa, her cheek against its arm, one hand, with its pink-tipped fingers, just showing below the loose sleeve of her gown as it lay on her knee. How frail and sweet to look at she was this night! It came to him like a revelation that life would hold nothing beautiful or dear to him if those eyes, languidly open now, should close forever,—what it would have been to him if they had never opened again. He bent, with a sudden impulse, and kissed her hand.

"You gave me an awful fright," he said, in a hoarse voice, and with the beating of his heart sounding in his ears.

There was a hand on the door. It opened, and Mrs. Stubbs appeared. Captain Elyot had risen to his feet. His color was heightened, but he stood erect and unabashed.

"Are you going, Cap'n Elyot?" Mrs. Stubbs asked, suspecting nothing.

"Yes; Miss Blossom is tired. I shall look in in the morning," and he began to search about for his hat. "I am glad to have so good a report to carry back to Orme. The poor boy is inclined to take more blame than fairly belongs to him."

"Tell him I am not hurt at all. He must come and see me to-morrow," said Blossom faintly from the sofa.

"You must not be tiring yourself with too many visitors," Mrs. Stubbs interposed.

Evidently the lieutenant was in disgrace with the sutler's widow.

"For one little moment," pleaded Blossom.

But her mother made no reply. She was stirring the fire noisily and setting the room in order. All the peaceful stillness that had hung over the place a moment before now flew up the chimney and away. It was not a paradise any longer, in which, as the young man had thought, one could linger forever. The bustle of every-day life had come back. It was only when he looked at Blossom, pale and sweet and languid in her white gown, with her cheek pressing the flaring roses, that the dream remained.

He had no excuse to linger, but he could not go without a word from her. Would she be angry with him for his presumption? Dear child! Would she know that it was presuming? Somebody should take care of her. Oh, if —

"At least, I may tell the lieutenant you forgive him?" he said interrogatively, addressing Blossom, and stepping directly before the gaudy sofa.

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered in a low voice, while the color flew over her cheeks.

But she did not lift her eyes, or put out her hand when he bade her good-night. And had she forgiven him also? He could not tell, he said to himself. He would see her in the morning. And he found himself humming a gay song—he who had no voice for singing—as he strode across the parade-ground to his quarters, where Orme was waiting for him.

It had been a long half hour to the boy, whose face was fairly haggard with dread.

"Will she die?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Hallo, Orme; not tired of waiting? Have a pipe, man. Why didn't you help yourself? Die? Who could have told you such a story? Why, if you had seen her —"

"And why didn't I see her? It was the

old woman who made me believe I had nearly killed her."

The young lieutenant's voice broke. The strain of anxiety had made him as weak as a girl.

"But I understand it all," he went on. "I've seen it coming for a long while. She's only too glad of an excuse to shut the door against me. They say the truth when they declare she don't want me there, but that you —"

"What is that?"

The blood flew into Captain Elyot's face; the stem of the pipe snapped between his teeth. Had the gossip of the garrison fastened on him?

"What do they say?" he repeated. "I'll take it all, Orme."

"I talk like a fool, but it's true all the same," Lieutenant Orme replied. "They say the old woman would rather see you with her daughter than me. That's the whole of it, Elyot, on my honor. Gossip, you know; but the Lord's truth. Of course she'd rather you went there than I; and so would Blossom. That's the worst of it," the boy added, with a choke in his voice, dropping his face into his hands.

"You don't mean to say, boy —"

Captain Elyot's voice was hoarse. He wheeled suddenly round in his chair, tossed his pipe into the fire and regarded his friend.

"How could I help it?" said the lieutenant. "Such a dear little girl, and seeing her day after day! I've been there no end of times when you didn't know it."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"And she seemed always glad to see me, and all that, you know, till sometimes I've thought —"

"Yes, yes," Captain Elyot said brusquely.

Had he not been going through this same course of reasoning to-night?

"But have you said anything of this to her? You haven't been turning her head, Orme?"

"What do you mean? I'd ask her to marry me to-morrow if I dared. But it's no use."

And the lieutenant fell back into despair again.

"I tell you, Elyot, it—it would be different if it were you," blurted out the boy with something very like a sob.

"Speak of yourself, man," said Captain Elyot coldly. "And that's not the way to be talking about any woman. Consider your own chances. Beyond that, it's no concern of yours."

"But I am thinking of myself," persisted the lieutenant. "Of course I know it is nothing to you, and I wouldn't have said that to any one else. But you have stood by me like—like a trump ever since we came over the plains together, and I couldn't keep anything in my heart from you."

"Don't gush," Captain Elyot said, shortly. "What can I do for you, boy?"

"You might help me, if you would, since it is nothing to you. Now, if *you*——"

"Please to consider yourself. I might help you, and so I will; anything in the world."

He had succeeded in making his voice almost hearty and free.

"If you'd—stay away."

"What?"

"If you would stay away till I could try my chance."

"Yes, to be sure;" Captain Elyot answered quietly, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"Not entirely, of course. You'll have to take me round there at first, for Mrs. Stubbs will never let me into the house until she has forgotten this. Even when I have made my peace with her, you must show yourself occasionally, just to keep her in good humor; not staying long at a time, or saying too much to Miss Blossom."

"No, oh no; I suppose you have considered this matter on every side."

"I can't think of anything else."

"As far as it concerns your own happiness. But have you given a thought to how this fancy—I beg your pardon—this—this choice may strike—your father and mother?"

All the vague doubts as to the wisdom of a connection with the Stubbs family took shape, and crowded upon Captain Elyot's mind now. He remembered old Colonel Orme,—the lieutenant's father,—whom, with his elegant wife, he had met a year or two before. How would they look upon Blossom, and, above all, upon Mrs. Stubbs? Surely it was his duty, if not to warn the lieutenant, at least to set this matter before him. I am afraid it was one of those times when duty is an unconscious satisfaction.

"They might stand out at first, but they'd come round."

Young Orme's doubts had faded when thrust into the light.

"She is so sweet, who could resist her?"

Who, indeed! thought Captain Elyot, forgetting to respond aloud, and aware of nothing but that he was being galloped over rough-shod by this heedless boy.

"But the old woman! There's the rub!"

And the lieutenant thrust both hands into what would have been a mass of light curls but for a very close cut of the day before, as he stared with scowling brow at the rough deal table on which his elbows rested.

"I suppose one couldn't kill her! Fancy my mother taking up Mrs. Stubbs! But don't distress yourself, old fellow. Perhaps we could pension her off. There'd be some way to arrange all that. There always is."

And with this cheerful, young philosophy, the conference ended, as Captain Elyot announced his intention of retiring. Without some reminder of the lateness of the hour, Lieutenant Orme would have gone on till morning singing Blossom's praises and balancing his chances. His hopes grew with the sound of his own voice, and he went off at last entirely assured and happy.

"You shall be best man," he exclaimed, thrusting his head in at the door, when he had apparently taken himself away. "And, see here, Elyot," appearing again, "I shall expect you to make it all right with the colonel."

"Get to bed, will you!" roared Captain Elyot at this second interruption. "And mind, boy, I positively decline dwelling upon this subject more than twelve hours out of the twenty-four, vitally interesting though it is; and now off with you!"

And he closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

He had the room to himself, but still he was in no haste to retire. He paced back and forth, smoking one fierce pipe after another, until long after every sound about him was stilled. Once, in passing his open desk, a sealed letter, lying with face upturned, caught his eye. It was the one he had written and never sent to his Uncle Jeremy. He tore it up deliberately before he resumed his march. He was in no mood to-night to bind himself with chains of this old man's wedding, though what did it matter what became of him now! The morning, pale and gray-clad, peered into his room before, tired out at last, he went to bed.

He acceded to all his friend had proposed. He took him around to Mrs. Stubbs's domicile, and assisted him to make his peace with that exacting female. Then he staid away faithfully for a fortnight. Even when his visits were resumed, they were at intervals growing longer as the weeks went by. He held firmly to his promise, as a soldier and man of honor should do, he said to

himself, when the light from Blossom's window tempted him in passing the house. The brightness seemed to have dropped out of his life at this time. It was like an illuminated picture with the sun left out. But he kept faithfully to his promise. He was haunted by Blossom's face as he had seen it the night after her fall on the ice—lying against the thornless roses, with its half-shut eyes, its drooping mouth, like a tired child. And again, he thrilled at the thought of the trembling hand he had kissed. She had made no effort to draw it away. She had flushed rosy red. Could he have mistaken the meaning of it all? She was a child, innocent, ignorant of herself, but with the heart of a woman. And had her heart not responded to his in that one instant? He asked himself this again and again,—more frequently perhaps than was quite consistent with the fealty he had sworn to his friend; for he had vowed within himself that he would put all thought of Blossom out of his mind. But the thought of those we love is like ghosts and spirits; bolts nor bars avail against them. And though he saw the girl but seldom now, and rarely without the lieutenant by his side to divide with him her smiles and blushes, the shadow of her innocent self never left him.

The lieutenant, in the meanwhile, vibrated between assurance and despair; and, like a sieve, could hold neither hopes nor fears. Reduced to infinitesimal, tormenting particulars by this filtering, his visits to the Stubbses,—which he had managed to make almost daily again,—Blossom's friendly greeting, her timid ways, her growing charms, were all spread out by the boy before his friend. To listen was like rubbing an inflamed wound, and yet Captain Elyot could not turn his ear away. Unconsciously, while he argued aloud for his friend, or mechanically concurred in the lieutenant's hopes, he was arguing mentally in his own favor, and feeding little by little the flame he honestly intended to extinguish. At times he was tempted to throw up his commission, return to the states, and even submit himself to Uncle Jeremy's wishes. But the last was only the indifference of despair, and this state was never of long continuance. More often, the increasing fascination of Blossom's vicinity, even though he saw her so seldom now, held him to the fort.

The winter was wearing away. There had been no excitement of action, and but little social gayety to make the long, dull days, or still duller evenings, pass more

swiftly; and discontent or indifference to everything—except the card-table, which still held its votaries—was slowly creeping into the garrison, when news came that disturbances had broken out down in the Washita country, with a report that troops were to be sent from Fort Atchison at once to join General Johnston there.

Languor and discontent vanished like a puff of smoke. Anything was better than the mole-life they had been leading for the past three months. Even death is a cup men drink greedily enough with a froth of excitement on the top. And not an officer at the post—unless among the married men, with whom family considerations weighed heavily—but hoped he might be ordered to join the expedition.

The choice fell upon two—Captain Luttrell, whose long service and good judgment in military affairs made him a competent leader, and Lieutenant Orme.

"It's the best chance that could fall to me," said the boy, rushing in upon Captain Elyot to announce the news and talk it over. "If I dawdled the whole winter away here, I should be good for nothing by spring; and I want to be a soldier, first of all," he added, straightening his boyish form, while a faint blush of shy pride showed for a moment on his cheek.

"That's right, old fellow!" said Captain Elyot, laying an affectionate hand upon the young man's shoulder.

Then they were silent. Each knew of whom the other was thinking; but something choked the boy, and Captain Elyot could not bring himself to utter Blossom's name. He was ashamed to feel that his heart had leaped in him when he found that his friend was to go; that the way would be open for him now if he chose to walk in it. He fought it out with himself in that brief moment, while the lieutenant was declaring his ambition. He put self under his feet with a struggle; the boy should have his chance.

"But all the same," he went on. "If you prefer to stay, I fancy I have a little influence at head-quarters, and could persuade the major to let me go in your place. I'm rather rusty with lying by so long," he said carelessly.

"Yes, I thought of that," the boy replied coolly. "I knew you would, and I don't mind telling you that I was tempted at first to stay."

A bright blush glowed all over the young face as he went on:

"But you see, Elyot, I'd better go. I've thought sometimes that she looked on me as a boy; and I want to show her that I'm not afraid of any of it!" he burst out, and, throwing himself down into a chair, he covered his face and sobbed like a girl.

"What must you think of me?" he said, after a moment.

"I think too well of you to want you sent off on a winter campaign like this," Captain Elyot replied under his breath.

He was more moved by the boy's reliance upon him, and the confidence he felt himself but half to deserve, than he chose to show.

"You'd better let me try for your place," he said aloud. "Nobody would be the wiser; and I'm used to it. It would only be play to me,"—though he knew full well that the only play would be cold and fighting, and perhaps death. "Come, say the word, and I'll go up to head-quarters at once."

But the lieutenant refused.

"I should feel like a coward. Besides, I've been waiting for something like this. I could speak to her perhaps if I knew I were going away. Suppose we go down there now? She can't have heard it so soon. I believe I would like to tell her myself."

"Then you don't want me?" said Captain Elyot hastily, pleading an engagement and hurrying away from his friend.

He believed that the lieutenant was about to try his fate, and he could not sit quietly, and wait to know the result. He started off upon a solitary walk, conscious that renunciation leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. He had done his duty; he had behaved as a man of honor should do, but he was neither glad nor at peace with himself.

But the lieutenant had no intention of declaring his feelings to Blossom at once unless some particularly fortunate chance should occur. He would tell her, first, that he was to go away, and watch the effect of these tidings upon her. He had read of girls who trembled and turned pale when their lovers were sent into danger and possible death. Would she thus unconsciously declare her tender interest in him? If she did, he would assure her that he should hold his life as something precious indeed, since she valued it.

He burned with excitement as he hastened toward the sutler's quarters, while he planned all this scene in his mind, giving to it the happiest termination. It was too wonderful to be true! And yet it had been realized for others; might it not be for him?

But Blossom did not tremble, nor did the pretty color leave her face. She had heard the news before he reached her, and opened the subject herself.

"So you are going away!" she said; "and down into that dreadful country where the Indians are murdering the women and children!"

She did shudder as she spoke, and her face may have paled, for there came to her a recollection, vivid and piercing, of that one time of horror in her own life not many months past. This was not the emotion Orme had hoped for. It had little to do with himself, the lieutenant felt, and his heart suddenly dragged like an anchor wrenched from its hold. But despair catches at straws. Might it not have been different if she had been alone? There sat Mrs. Stubbs, prim, black and silent, with some stiff, ugly knitting in her hand, casting a shadow over the whole bright room lying open to the winter sunlight.

"I hope you'll think of us sometimes, Miss Blossom," said Orme, twirling his cap, and forgetting all the fine things he hoped to say.

In spite of his efforts at self-command, the tears would rush into his eyes. Blossom did not see them. He could not have borne that humiliation; but she was struck by the dejected air of her friend and was truly distressed over his departure.

"I shall think of you a great many times; every day, and—and more," she replied. "Indeed, I shall miss you more than I can say."

And there was a catch in the voice which suddenly ceased. I am not sure that a scene would not have ensued but for Mrs. Stubbs's presence, though hardly of so tender a nature as the boy had pictured to himself. As it was, Mrs. Stubbs thought it time to interfere. She had not left the store and donned a clean apron at this hour of the day to have this young man make love to her daughter before her eyes.

"You'll soon be coming back," she broke in, warming wonderfully, to all appearance, toward the young man, and speaking in a cheery voice, for which Blossom blessed her in her heart. All her hopeful words of encouragement were drowned in a sea of tears, welling behind her eyes at the moment.

"It won't be long before you an' Blossom 'll be singing your pretty songs again, I'll warrant ye."

"But not with my leave or consent," she added, to herself. There had been folly

enough already, she thought, watching the boy's changing countenance, which any one might read. She blessed her stars that she had left her work and taken up her position in the parlor, anticipating some such visit as this. It had been inconvenient, and at the time seemed almost impossible. Officers of distinction from other posts were here on their way south. They were to leave with the detachment from Fort Atchison early the next morning, and the ladies, perhaps to banish dismal thoughts, had planned a ball for this night. The band were blowing themselves faint in preparation for so unusual an event. The store had been ransacked, and Mrs. Stubbs driven wild by the impossible demands upon her. And in the midst of it all, she had taken up her position in her own parlor as though she had nothing to do but complete the endless round of the ugly blue stocking in her hand.

At this moment a summons came to her from the store.

"Well, good luck t' ye, and you must tell us all about it when you come back," she said with a cheerful air of dismissal, rolling up her work and waiting for the young man to take his leave.

And was it to end like this? Was he not to see Blossom again? The woman's rough, cheerful, parting words went on in his ears, and still he did not rise, or offer to make reply. He was struck dumb and motionless. It had all proved so different from his dream. At last, by an effort, he got upon his feet. Some suspicion of Mrs. Stubbs's scheming had struggled in upon his mind and gave him strength. "But I shall see you again before we set off." Then like a ray of light out of the darkness a thought crossed his mind. "I shall see you tonight," he said hastily. "Surely, Miss Blossom, you will be at the ball?"

Blossom looked to her mother, her face flushed and glowing with sudden heat. Oh, if she could, if it were possible that this unknown delight were in store for her! The boy did not notice how soon she had forgotten his going away. He was intent only upon his hope of seeing her once more; of having an opportunity to whisper one tender word in her ear.

Mrs. Stubbs hesitated. But why should she deny the child the sight, the like of which would not occur again for a long time. And yet she shrank from putting herself forward, from thrusting herself into a company where she knew she would be unwelcome. Still if she refused might not

this boy haunt the house and even obtain entrance in her absence. There was safety in a crowd. And then Captain Elyot would be there. He had absented himself of late, in a way that both puzzled and annoyed the woman. Were her schemes to be foiled after all?

"Blossom could not go alone," she began, revolving the matter in her mind.

"If I might——" suggested the lieutenant eagerly. But he checked himself, for he saw that he had made a mistake. "Come yourself, Mrs. Stubbs," he said, as cordially as he could, considering that he did not in the least desire her presence. "You'll enjoy looking on. Everybody is to be there."

"We might look in for a while," the woman said doubtfully.

"Do, Mrs. Stubbs, mind that you come now; I'll be on the watch for you. And I won't say good-bye or take any of your good wishes, since we are to meet again;" and the lieutenant went off in high spirits to report his success to his friend, sure, from the remembrance of Blossom's glowing face as he turned away from the door, that it needed but one undisturbed moment by her side to make him entirely happy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BALL.

THE festivities were well under way before Mrs. Stubbs and Blossom approached the ball-room. The woman could fight, both for her daughter and herself, valiantly and victoriously, upon her own ground; but to appear here was like carrying the war into Africa. To put oneself deliberately into an unwelcome position can never be agreeable, even to the most calloused feelings; and Mrs. Stubbs's sensibilities had become more and more acute each day as she fancied herself browbeaten and "put upon," as she expressed it to herself. She was rich, *rich*; day and night this rang in her inner ears like a call to worship, yet no one came to bow down before her. She was astonished at the extent of her wealth. Stubbs had been a careful man, a man not given to boasting, even in the presence of his own wife; and though she knew that each visit to the states augmented the store laid by there against future need, she did not dream of its having reached the sum she found it to be when death revealed all of Stubbs's secrets. It seemed limitless to her, as she fingered notes and bonds and deeds. She regarded herself with awe as the possessor

of all this wealth. Why did not others give her the reverence she bestowed upon herself? And what was it that held her back from taking her place with the best of them? Was it the store? A few weeks, or months at most, would put that out of her hands. But even this thought failed to assure her. Strive as she might, she could never be like the others; this she knew deep down in her heart. Theirs had been a life of ease and of gentle associations, while hers had been one of hardship and work and rough ways. Each had left an ineffaceable mark: even gold would not rub it out. But the child—and then she came back to Blossom, who was the Rome to which all the roads of her fancy lead. Blossom would yet be a lady; it might be when she was dead and out of the way; and death sometimes seemed a boon to the woman.

They were in the dressing-room and Mrs. Stubbs was laying aside her coarse heavy shawl as these thoughts flew through her mind. There was their nest indeed, to which they constantly returned. There they multiplied and brooded and filled her with dark fancies like uneasy wings. There was a cold sensation about her heart as she smoothed down her hair. How they would stare at her and wonder why she had come here!

"We'll not be long, you'll soon see enough of it," she said to Blossom, pulling out the somber folds of her stiff black gown, and trying to hide the nervousness which nearly overcame her. She had regarded appearances so far as to assume her best gown, but this was the only concession she had made to the occasion. Her hard bony hands were uncovered, her dark hair streaked with gray was brushed plainly down on either side the face, fast losing its comeliness. No fold of crape or shred of softening lace concealed it. There had been no attempt to make herself fine.

The bewitching sound of horns and bugles, with the patter of feet and the slide of silk over the floor, came out to meet them through the open door.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" cried happy Blossom, peeping in. She neither hoped nor feared anything. She was only wild with excitement over the little glimpse of glory she had caught through the open door. Never for a moment did she dream of the faintness at the heart of the woman who waited in silence for her to slip out of her cloak and shake out her pretty white gown. She had worn it last—caught here

and there with roses—at some school festival in the east. The roses had been replaced by knots of velvet, though one white bud was caught now in her curls. But her cheeks were roses—blush roses—and her eyes were gems and she needed nothing more for adornment, when she had thrown a little white cloak over her pretty bare shoulders and followed her mother into fairy-land.

And a very prosaic fairy-land it was, to one without the glamour of youth over his eyes,—ornamented with strips of bunting and of light-colored cambric, every yard of which had passed through Mrs. Stubbs's own hands. Somewhat cold too. Blossom drew the cloak closer about her throat as she looked around her with innocent, eager eyes. The trumpets shrieked, the cymbals clashed and the drums rolled in between. They were silenced as the dance ended. The dancers dispersed to find seats, or promenade slowly up and down the long room. But it was fairy-land, nevertheless, to Blossom, with its bright lights (Mrs. Stubbs's own candles, if the truth were told), the music beginning to rise again softly, the gay uniforms and gleaming gowns floating by. The girl had never seen anything half so dazzling before.

They could not have chosen a more fortunate moment for their entrance. They found seats near the door as the dance broke up, and for a time, escaped notice. But Blossom was quite too pretty to have this oblivion continue long. One and another of the strangers began to observe her.

"I say, Miss Bryce, who is that little girl?" asked a young captain, elegant, indolent but curious, and one of the visitors at the post.

Claudia stared, could not believe her eyes, stared again, using her eyeglass this time.

"What impertinence!" she exclaimed aloud, forgetting her interlocutor, and turning to whisper her indignation into the ear of the friend at her side.

"Who is she, Orme?" persisted the young man, seizing the lieutenant by the arm as he hastened by, evidently in search of some one. "And see here, Orme, let me give you a word of advice," as he led him away; "don't ever be such a fool as to ask about one woman of another. You should have seen the major's daughter just now."

"Who is she?" repeated the lieutenant, whose eyes were searching the room while he only half caught the words addressed to him. "The major's daughter? Why, man, you were talking with her as I came up."

"Nonsense; who is that pretty little thing down by the door with the black bat beside her?"

"Why there she is now!" exclaimed the lieutenant as his eye followed his friend's and lit upon Blossom, and twisting his arm free he darted down the room to her.

"When did you come in? I've been looking out for you the last hour. Confounded draft from that door! Let me find you another seat, and Miss Blossom, they're forming a cotillon, will you accept the most awkward partner in the room? I'm awfully stupid, but think I could get you through."

"We're only looking on, Blossom and me," Mrs. Stubbs interposed in confusion, drawing back stiffly.

"But surely she might be permitted one dance," urged the lieutenant. His chances for a word with the girl were slight indeed if her mother was to hold her by her side all the evening after this manner.

"I—I would rather stay here," Blossom answered shyly, shrinking from a stare of overbolder admiration as Captain Luttrell swaggered by. She had longed to dance, but her courage failed when the opportunity came. "But don't let us keep you here," she went on, as Orme settled into a seat.

"Oh, I never dance when I can help it," the boy replied frankly; "besides, we're to hang back to-night, you know, and give the other fellows a chance. And by the way," as a sudden recollection crossed his mind, "one of them was inquiring you out a moment ago. First-rate fellow—captain in the Sixth Infantry—know all about his family—may I bring him up, Mrs. Stubbs?"

It was an exercise of self-denial on the part of the young man and he almost hoped Mrs. Stubbs would refuse. But no, she consented at once, and he went off in search of his friend. He found him hanging upon the skirts of the major's party.

"Beg pardon for leaving you so abruptly," the lieutenant said, "but the truth is, I was looking for her myself. I'll introduce you now."

"Thanks; but believe I don't care about it," was the reply with a shrug of the shoulders as the young man turned away. "She's the sutler's daughter, isn't she?"

"She's the prettiest girl here and the best of them all, and any one who says —"

"Don't excite yourself, Orme," said the other one coldly. "She's a pattern of the virtues, I don't doubt, and pretty enough I'll admit; but the truth is I've engaged Miss Bryce for this dance, and if you would be

so obliging, my dear fellow, as to permit me to pass." For Orme, heated and almost menacing, stood directly in his path.

The music had struck up, and the dancers hastening to their places jostled him on every side.

Miss Bryce, sweeping by, gave him a disapproving glance with her cool bow. She had not overheard his words, but she had marked his quarrelsome attitude and flushed face, and decided in her own mind that the lieutenant had been drinking, early in the evening though it was. It was disgraceful that the young men should do so. It had grown up from "Stubbs's," and it would be a blessing to the post if the whole pestilent family were removed. To think that the woman should actually force herself and her daughter upon them here!

Lieutenant Orme took himself out of the way of the dancers, he hardly knew how, and in a quiet corner strove to compose himself before returning to Blossom and her mother. There was no one among them all worthy to stand beside her, he thought loyally, even though they chose to despise her. And how pretty she was! I am afraid Blossom's face went a long way toward attaching her friends to her. He staid away until he began to fear they would wonder over his absence. Then he went back to them, very sore and a good deal ashamed for his friend, with a shame which seemed to react upon himself.

"He was engaged. I couldn't bring him," he stammered; for Mrs. Stubbs's sharp eyes seemed to pierce through him and see into his very soul. He felt that she more than half suspected the truth, and the excuse he had prepared to offer slipped out of his mind. "It's lucky for me; that is, if you'll let me stay here." He took the vacant seat by Mrs. Stubbs's side, and tried manfully in the occasional lulls of sound to interest and amuse his companions. Claudia Bryce, whirling past them, threw an icy glance upon Blossom, in which was no recognition, her companion staring fixedly over the heads of the party; girls neither so young nor half so sweet of face kept time to the music and brushed poor little Blossom's white gown. She alone of all the young ladies in the room played the part of wall-flower,—a charming wall-flower,—mignonette, sweet pea, daffodil at least, but a wall-flower nevertheless.

More than one pair of admiring eyes had sought her out in this half hour before supper; but Claudia's scorn of the girl and

indignation at her intrusion, as she called it, had been evident to all and no one of the gallants was brave enough to approach her in the very face of the major's daughter. But all these arrows of scorn, sharp though they were, glanced off the head of the unconscious girl. It was the mother who took them into the quiver of her heart.

The couples began to move toward the supper-room as the dance ended and the music changed. The young captain who had scorned Blossom threw a quizzical glance toward Lieutenant Orme. Would Orme lead the bat and her charge in to supper? It was a question the boy had asked of himself. He would have been only too happy to devote himself to the daughter, had she been unattended. But every chivalric emotion within him was aroused now, and he would hardly have hesitated to lead Mrs. Stubbs alone down the floor.

"They are going out to supper. We may as well follow," he said heroically, but with the most indifferent air he could assume. Already the room was half deserted. But Mrs. Stubbs refused.

"I'll have none of their supper," she said in a harsh voice which attracted the ear of more than one passing by, and gave an unpleasant prominence to the odd party. Something of the fire that burned within her flashed out of her eyes as she settled herself in her seat with an air of defiance. She had been sharp enough to see that every one avoided them, and to know that Lieutenant Orme's friend had not cared for Blossom's acquaintance or he would have sought her out. But she had overcome her first impulse to leave. Did they think to drive her away? She would see it out with the others. She would stay to the last, despite their sneers. But it was a passive resistance. She could hold her ground, but she shrank from advancing.

"Blossom may go if she has a mind to," she said, relenting a little. "You'll have a care over her?" she added, almost drawing back from the permission so unexpectedly granted. Might not some of these fine ladies say something to wound the child?

"Trust her to me; I'll bring her back in half an hour," said the delighted boy, leading her hurriedly away lest Mrs. Stubbs should recall her consent. "Now give me your fan and handkerchief and we'll have a jolly time," said he, taking possession of both. He tucked her dexterously into a corner behind Mrs. Bryce's broad back, which, as it was never once turned, made an

ample and convenient shield and screen. One would have thought her the seven-headed monster instead of a rather delicate young girl, to see the way the boy loaded her plate until the contents ran over into her lap, and even then urged more upon her.

He had lost the self-consciousness which had made him dumb in her presence when he paid his visit to her earlier in the day. Now was the time to utter the few words he had been longing to speak, and yet a most inauspicious time. How could he talk of love, of undying affection with the rattling of plates and glasses in his ears? Men have done it, but at a fearful risk, and with Mrs. Bryce's shoulder so dangerously near, the lieutenant dared not make the attempt. He persuaded her to take a short promenade before returning to her mother, who sat, silent and grim, and almost the only occupant of the ball-room, like the unbidden old fairy who always cast a shadow over the feasts in the fairy stories.

The heart of the boy thumped fast and loud under his vest. I am not sure that it would not have escaped entirely but for the many buttons which held it in. Ah, now was his opportunity. The music fell low and sweet and beguiling, the candles had burned down, until they shed a less garish light than at first, and as he led her away to a part of the room where they were somewhat screened from Mrs. Stubbs's sharp eyes, beginning already to search for her, the boy thought it the happiest moment of his life. A joy just about to be snatched away, a pleasure ours for the moment, with the consciousness that it is as evanescent as sweet,—what can be more intoxicating? He forgot to talk to her, it was pleasure enough to feel the faint pressure of her hand upon his arm as their feet kept time to the music. He forgot that he was to go away into danger, possibly to death, or perhaps the unconscious knowledge of this made the present moment more dear. The room was filling again. After all it was a brief joy. Miss Laud hastening by to join the dance broke the spell.

"Oh, you monopolize Lieutenant Orme. That will never do," she said with a good-natured smile, since Claudia was not by to hear.

Poor Blossom was not used to such badinage. She took it in serious earnest.

"We—we had better go back," she said, striving to draw away the hand that had rested with the weight of a rose-leaf on the boy's blue sleeve.

But he would not let it go.

"It is I who have taken possession of her," he said clumsily, "and we wont go back just yet," to Blossom, as Miss Laud passed out of hearing. "Don't mind her, she is always saying things," he added angrily.

"But I have kept you from the others."

"What do I care for the others? I had rather be with you than with any of them. I would rather be with you than with anybody else in the world," he went on hotly.

It was out at last. Not as he had intended it, but he had spoken the words that would bring him joy or pain, he knew as soon as he had uttered them, and he waited with a stifled feeling at his heart for her to reply. But she was silent now. Could it be possible that she understood and was too shy to

make response? For an instant he was dizzy with joy. It turned his brain.

"Oh, Blossom!" he began, ready to pour out all his love. Then he looked at her, and the earth suddenly stood still, and the room grew dark, for she was not listening to him at all. She was following with her eyes a figure just advancing through the door-way, and in a moment as he recognized Captain Elyot, Orme knew that it was all over with him. He felt at this moment that he had known it from the first and that he never had had any hope.

"Hullo, there's Elyot," he said quietly, for a strange calm, like the numbness after a hurt, had fallen on him. "Suppose we go back," and he took her to her mother.

(To be continued.)

OFF ROUGH POINT.

We sat at twilight nigh the sea,
The fog hung gray and weird.
Through the thick film uncannily
The broken moon appeared.

We heard the billows crack and plunge,
We saw nor waves nor ships.
Earth sucked the vapors like a sponge,
The salt spray wet our lips.

Closer the woof of white mist drew,
Before, behind, beside.
How could that phantom moon break through,
Above that shrouded tide?

The roaring waters filled the ear,
A white blank foiled the sight.
Close-gathering shadows near, more near,
Brought the blind, awful night.

O friends who passed unseen, unknown!
O dashing, troubled sea!
Still stand we on a rock alone,
Walled round by mystery.

RECALLINGS FROM A PUBLIC LIFE.

WESTERN PEOPLE AND POLITICIANS FORTY YEARS AGO.

In the autumn of 1834 I was returned member from Posey County to the legislature of Indiana, and was twice re-elected for the succeeding years. The manner in which, during these primitive days, I was first invited to become a candidate struck me at the time as whimsical enough, and I recall it still with a smile.

Squire Zach Wade, farmer and justice of the peace, tall, lank and hardy, illiterate but shrewd and plain-spoken, inhabitant of a rude but commodious log-cabin in the woods, and making a scanty living by selling Indian corn at eight cents a bushel, and pork at two dollars a hundred,—eked out by an occasional dollar when a young couple presented themselves to be married,—called on me one morning during the spring of the above year.

"Mr. Owen," said the squire, "the neighbors have been talkin' matters over, and we've concluded to ask you to be our candidate for the legislature this season."

"Squire," said I, "I think you can do better."

"How so?"

"Because I am a foreigner. It is not nine years yet since I left the old country."

"Any how, you're an American citizen."

"Yes, an adopted one. But my birth-place will be sure to be brought 'up against me."

"Well, it oughtn't to. A man isn't a horse, if he was born in a stable."

I was very proud of my country:

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Fit nurse for a poetic child."

But I had been long enough in the West to take the homely simile in good part, as it was doubtless intended. Nor, seeing that the squire was a Hard-shell Baptist in good standing, did I suspect any inkling of irreverence in the allusion. I am quite sure the good man, when he spoke, did not, for a moment, reflect who *was* born in a stable and cradled in a manger, though it flashed across my own mind at the time. He spoke without guile, in good faith, and I replied in the same tone, thanking him for his preference, and promising an answer in a few days.

I may mention here, as illustrative of the

style of thought and of idiomatic expression among the simple people with whom I had made my home, an incident of a later date, when I was in the field for Congress against George Proffit. It was in a rustic portion of the district; and after we had spoken, I had been invited, as usual, to spend the night at a neighboring farmer's. Happening to sit, during the evening, on my host's front porch, I overheard, from just round the corner of the cabin, the conversation of two men who did not suppose I was within ear-shot. Their talk was, as usual, of the candidates.

"Did you hear Owen speak?" asked one.

"Yes," said the other, "I hearn him."

"Now, aint he a hoss?" was the next question.

"Well, yes; they're both blooded nags. They make a very pretty race."

Franklin declared that he preferred the turkey to the eagle, on our national escutcheon, as being the more honest and civil bird. Why may not the generous horse, the farmer's main-stay and most efficient aid, be emblem of force and spirit, in contradistinction to the ass, representative of sluggishness and obstinacy?

Yet these and a hundred other similar incidents, provoking a good-natured smile, are but ripples on the surface of the Western character. I gradually came to know that, beneath these trivial eccentricities, there lay concealed, as in the depths of the ocean, things rare and valuable. Twelve years after I had accepted Squire Wade's invitation to enter public life, I had occasion, during the debate in Congress on the bill organizing the Smithsonian Institution, to speak as I felt, of the people among whom, during these twelve years, my lot had been cast. Finding now, after thirty years' farther experience, nothing to change in that brief estimate, I shall be pardoned, perhaps, if I introduce it here.

"I have sojourned among the laborers of England; I have visited amid their vineyards the peasantry of France; I have dwelt for years among the hardy mountaineers of Switzerland; I have seen, and conversed, and sat down in their cottages with them all. I have found often among them simple goodness; ignorance, oppression, cannot trample out that. I have witnessed patience under hopeless toil, resignation beneath grievous wrongs; I have met with civility, kindness, a cheerful smile, and a ready wel-

come. But the spirit of the man was not there,—the spirit that can lift up the brow with a noble confidence and feel that, while it is no man's master neither is it any man's slave. Between them and the favorite of propitious fortune, one felt—*they* felt—that there was a great gulf fixed, broad, impassable.

"Far other is it even in the lowliest cabin of our frontier West. It is an equal you meet there; an equal in political rights; one to whom honors and office, even the highest, are as open as to yourself. You feel that it is an equal. The tone in which hospitality is tendered to you, humble though means and forms may be, reminds you of it. The conversation, running over the great subjects of the day, branching off perhaps to questions of constitutional right, or even of international law, assures you of it. I have heard in many a backwoods cabin, lighted only by the blazing log-heap, arguments on government, views of national policy, judgments of men and things that, for sound sense and practical shrewdness, would not disgrace any legislative body upon earth."

There was in those times one Western trait that is not to be met with in like manner to-day, a falling off, however, which is due to change of circumstances rather than of character. The early settler was Arabian in his hospitality. Houses of entertainment were infrequent; the farmer was often comparatively isolated, and, though scant of cash, he had usually enough, and to spare, of plain provision for man and beast. Thus, as a general rule, the chance traveler found welcome and shelter for himself and horse, if he knocked at any door which he chanced to approach toward night-fall. Payment, commonly offered, was almost always declined.

"What do I owe you?" I asked a farmer, to whom I was indebted for a comfortable supper and breakfast, and plentiful provision for the animal I rode.

"Well," he replied with a smile, "I haven't time this morning to make out the bill; but I'll tell you how you can pay it. Promise me that if you ever come within striking distance of my little place again, you'll give me a call, so we can have another good long talk together."

The only hesitation seemed to be when they feared the stranger might be dissatisfied with such fare as they could offer. On one occasion I encountered a tempestuous snow-storm during a horseback journey to Indianapolis to attend an eighth of January celebration, and, espying a decent-looking double log-cabin, I resolved to seek shelter there.

"Can I put up with you to-night, madam?" I asked a patient-looking woman, who came to the door at my call.

"Well," she said, hesitating, "it don't seem like a body should turn a stranger from

the door on a night like this, but we aint fixed to keep travelers. We haint got no meat in the house."

The snow was drifting right in my face, and it was getting colder every minute.

"Have you bread and butter and tea?" I asked.

"No tea, but coffee, and plenty of bread and butter, and eggs, of course."

"I don't want better fare than that," said I, about to dismount.

"But *he* aint at home," she objected, "and there's nobody to take your critter."

"Never mind. You expect him soon?"

"Within an hour, I guess."

"All right. I can take care of my own horse."

In the stable I found corn, fodder and prairie hay in abundance; and I had fed and curried my horse before *he* came back. When I returned to the house, my hostess renewed her apologies.

"I most wish I hadn't let you stay. I know we haint nothing to give you like what you've been used to at home."

I repeated my assurances that I should be quite satisfied with what she had. Then, happening to cast my eye around the room:

"Madam," said I, "I thought you said you had no meat in the house; but surely these are prairie-fowls," pointing to three or four that hung against the wall.

"Oh, sir," said she, "would you eat a prairie-fowl? Then I can make you out a supper."

"Pray," I asked, "what made you suppose that I disliked prairie-fowl?"

"Ah," she replied, "if you had had them morning, noon and night as we have, you wouldn't wonder. We can shoot them, most any day, in our barn-yard; but it's all right."

And so it was. *He* made his appearance in time for supper. The broiled prairie-fowl was done to a wish; the bread was excellent, the coffee fair with rich cream, and the butter and eggs unexceptionable. I have seldom eaten a better supper with better appetite, if it was in a house where there was no meat to be had. My hostess felt quite at her ease when I explained to her that I lived in a heavily timbered part of the country, in which prairie fowls were not to be had for the shooting, and where, in consequence, they were valued as a rarity.

I did not think it necessary to add that if the "meat," of which she deplored the absence, had been forthcoming, so that she

could have offered me (as she doubtless would instead of the worthless bird) a mess of fat pork swimming in grease, as a dish which one need not be ashamed to set before any one, nothing but sheer politeness would have induced me to touch it. Such an avowal might have set the good woman to wondering in what uncivilized portion of the world I had been born and bred.

CONSERVATIVE ELEMENTS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

PASSING to matters of greater moment, I perceived among the larger and better portion of these people conservative elements which are wont to be overlooked by eminent statesmen in transatlantic monarchies who prophesy, plausibly enough, as Macaulay, in a recently published letter, has done,* that "institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both"—civilization, when, in times of severe distress, the poor, urged by demagogues to spoliation, plunder the rich; or else liberty, if order and prosperity are saved by a strong military government. During some such critical season, he predicts, our government "will be wholly unable to restrain a distressed and discontented majority."

The conservative element to which I chiefly allude is the law-abiding spirit which I found prevailing among the agricultural masses, resting on a solid foundation, too. They had the pride of ownership in their country's institutions; it was *our laws, our constitution*. The legal provisions which protect property and order were felt to have been freely adopted, not forced upon them. For these they had not the fear felt by the governed subject, but the affection of parents for their offspring. Such sentiments are unknown among the peasantry of European monarchies.

Then, too, most of them, if only in a small way, were land-owners,—a situation tending greatly to allay the dangerous jealousy between labor and capital.

Aside from this, their regular, unexciting occupation tended to tranquillity of mind, and a disposition to listen dispassionately when addressed in public. If, in a political harangue to a popular audience in any of our large cities, there be introduced an appeal to passion or prejudice, the hearers begin to yawn; they need a Mark Antony to rouse them. But on a hundred occasions I have addressed, and heard others

address, to crowds of hard-working men grouped under the forest shade, calm, deliberate arguments, lightened now and then, it may be, by a few homely anecdotes in point,—arguments which were listened to with Indian quietude and courtesy, and with eyes riveted on the speaker, with sober applause or laughter, now and then, but no sign of weariness, and not one boisterous token of dissent. Such a class of men, unlettered and not given to suspicion, may, for the time, be stirred by demagogical sophistry or misled by falsehood as to facts, but they can be steadied and guided in the end by a logical appeal to reason and common sense. They will furnish, with rare exceptions, no incendiary material that may be fired in the event of an intestine rebellion against law and order.

Despite Macaulay's forebodings, then, I feel assured that, in case of any such national crisis, we may securely fall back on the inhabitants of our rural districts as far more efficient antagonists of anarchy than any military force which despot ever brought together. I speak here of the West and North. The Southern element is a more dangerous one to deal with, complicated as it is with aristocratic trendings and antipathy of races.

HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

AMONG these people there were few serious crimes. During a forty years' residence among them I never locked an outside door nor barred a window, often leaving plate or other valuables wholly exposed, yet no thief ever entered my premises. Another class of offenses were very infrequent,—those which invade the domestic circle. Elopements did not occur. In our village or surrounding neighborhood I do not recall a single instance of violence caused by marital jealousy, nor, during my long term of residence, more than three or four cases of illegitimacy.

But every medal has its reverse. Two-thirds of the crimes and offenses which did occur in what was then a frontier country had their origin in a vice which prevailed to a lamentable extent—intemperance. It is a vice which has since materially diminished, and at this day is disreputable; in those times it was shameless. The drunkard was indulgently spoken of as a good fellow, or excused as nobody's enemy but his own. If he kept out of lawless brawls he did not lose caste among his fellows.

At political gatherings and on election

* Letter of May 23, 1857, to H. S. Randall, author of a biography of Thomas Jefferson.

days, drinking was the rule, and that habitually, to a certain extent, at the expense of the candidate. The chances of success were small in the case of any aspirant for office if he acted on his conviction that such a custom was more honored in the breach than in the observance. His conduct would not be ascribed to principle, but was sure to be set down as proof of a pharisaical pride, or else of a mean parsimony that grudged a few dollars to be spent in hospitable entertainment of friends.

Our family was brought up in strictest principles of temperance, from which none of its members, so far as I know, has ever been tempted to deviate, in his own person. I wish I were able to add that, as candidate for a seat in the legislature, I was as scrupulous in the case of others as in my own. I remained unconvinced, indeed, by the sophistry of Squire Wade and his friends when they sought to persuade me that there would be the same amount of liquor drank whether I paid for part of it or not. But when they added, what was probably true, that if I held out I should lose my election, I did what I have often since repented, weakly consenting that my leading political friends might act for me in the premises, and of course paying the bills when presented. I have no apology for this, and can only plead, in mitigation of censure, that I sought office in those days, not for aggrandizement, but because I had some favorite reforms which I hoped to aid in carrying out.

THE BEGINNING OF A REFORM.

SOME weeks before I accepted Squire Wade's invitation, an incident occurred in our little village of New Harmony, fitted to stir in any generous mind sympathy and indignation. Two worthless young fellows from Kentucky who had recently married sisters, the daughters of a well-to-do farmer of that state, bringing their brides to the village, persuaded them, on the plea of economy, to occupy a cabin about a mile in the country until, as they said, a Wabash boat should pass by,—the girls leaving behind them five or six ponderous boxes containing numerous substantial articles of home manufacture, bed and table linen, towelings, coverlets, blankets and the like, together with a large stock of domestic clothing: all, as we afterward learned, the product of years of industry and saving, such as thriving farmers' daughters, in those days, were wont to lay by as a marriage portion. Next day the scoundrels, opening their wives'

boxes, sold off at auction every article they contained, and absconded with the money the night following, leaving the poor girls desolate and penniless in their solitary cabin.

I ascertained next morning that the sale had taken place entirely without the knowledge or consent of the victims, and I still remember the hot impulse that prompted me to get together a *posse*, mounted and armed, and go in pursuit of the villains; but no magistrate would grant us a writ for their arrest. How could he? I found that, by the law of Indiana, the property sold belonged not to the woman of whose labor it was the product, but to the scamps who had entrapped and deserted them. There was no remedy except to raise by subscription, as we did, a sum sufficient to send them back to their Kentucky home.

But then and there I made a vow, since kept, that if I ever had the chance and the power to change a law working results so iniquitous, I would not cease effort till I had procured its repeal. I did not then imagine that more than a sixth of a century was to elapse before, after repeated trials, I was successful.

LEGISLATIVE JOKES.

LIKE most of my colleagues who lived in remote portions of the state, I traveled on horseback to attend the legislature; part of the way along bridle-paths, sometimes swimming creeks, or, if we were fortunate enough to find a canoe, depositing therein saddles and saddle-bags, and trailing our horses swimming behind. A trunk for those who indulged in such a luxury was sent on by a carrier.

The legislature was composed chiefly of farmers, plain, honest, genial men, with a few sharp-witted lawyers and other professionals often taking prominent parts. Now and then I could not forbear a smile at the ignorance, especially in common facts in science, that sometimes peeped out. The hall in which we met being often irregularly heated by two large cast-iron stoves, my friend, Chris. Graham, member from Warwick County, moved that the door-keeper be authorized to buy two thermometers so that an even temperature might be maintained. Thereupon an old farmer from a remote county objected. He did not know, he said, just what sort of machines the gentleman wanted to keep us warm; but these out-of-the-way patent contrivances were always expensive, and he supposed it would need a man to attend to each and

keep it in order; for his part, a stove, or—what he liked much better—a big wood-fire, was good enough for him.

But if science was not adequately represented among us, sound judgment in many practical matters and an earnest sense of duty were. The venality which now stains so many of our legislative bodies was unknown. Economy, occasionally degenerating into parsimony, was practiced, and I am very sure that no member went home richer than he came except by what he may have saved out of three dollars a day after paying expenses. And they were a lively, genial body in their way. Nothing took better with them than a merry story or a practical joke. Of the latter, one instance came very near having a serious result.

It was toward the close of the session, when we were waiting to receive bills from the senate, with little else to do meanwhile. Several young ladies of my acquaintance came into the speaker's lobby, where I then happened to be. One of them told me that, a few evenings before, Mr. Cutter, a young member, had made to them a solemn promise that he would introduce a bill taxing old bachelors, and that they had come to see that he kept his word; would I please tell him so? I did her bidding, of course.

Now, G. W. Cutter was our poet, and one of no mean order; author of the celebrated "Song of Steam," beginning:

"Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!"—

a poem which "Blackwood," not overprone to commend American literature, pronounced to be "the best lyric of the century." Its author afterward married the well-known actress, Mrs. Drake, many years his senior.

When I delivered to him the message from the young ladies, he was at first inclined to shirk the matter; but when encouraged to go through with it, he drew up a bill at once providing that on every bachelor over the age of thirty there be imposed an annual tax of ten dollars, the amount to go to the school fund. I suggested an amendment which he incorporated in his bill, thus: "Provided that if such bachelor shall make it appear to the satisfaction of the court doing county business that

he has twice offered marriage and been twice refused, he shall be exempted from said tax."

Then I posted the speaker as to what we had on hand, and he recognized Cutter as soon as he rose. The rules were suspended and the bill was read twice. Thereupon we had a jovial debate, interspersed with all manner of gibes against bachelors. One speaker opposed the bill.

"We have adopted the *ad valorem* system," he argued; "we tax according to intrinsic values. Therefore, we impose no tax on the contents of the rag-bag, or the chips in the wood-yard; why, then, on any article so utterly useless to society as an old bachelor?"

Finally, the rules again suspended, we actually passed the bill!—rather taken by surprise, when the vote was announced, at what we had done, and a little concerned as to how our constituents might take it. But we were in no mood to reconsider the vote. So we urged the clerk to report to the senate at once. Then, having adjourned the house, we followed, accompanied by the young ladies to see the result.

The spirit of frolic is infectious. The senate took up our bill at once; it was read a first and second time, and put on its passage. Then two or three of the more "grave and reverend signors" made a serious stand against it; and, finding the tide for the time too strong against them, availed themselves of the lateness of the hour to procure an adjournment of the senate. Next day it was laid on the table by a small majority.

I afterward asked our governor if he would have signed it.

"Why not?" he replied. "I see no impropriety in the bill; and as to its expediency, you gentlemen of the house and senate would have been responsible for that."

A LEGISLATIVE STRUGGLE.

THE most important matter that came before the Indiana legislature in the three years during which I was a member was the distribution of what was called the surplus revenue. Loaded down with a national debt as we now are, most of us have probably forgotten the time, though it is little more than forty years since, when the income of the government, under a low revenue tariff, left an unexpended balance of more than twenty millions in the treasury. It was divided among the states, according to population, Indiana's share being some

three-quarters of a million of dollars. It was payable in three equal installments.

The legislature was divided in opinion as to its disposition. In the house, then consisting of a hundred members, two-thirds wished the whole applied to internal improvements, while one-third preferred that it should go to public schools. One of the minority, but knowing well that it was impossible to obtain the whole for educational purposes, I introduced a bill, dividing the amount between the two objects. It was defeated, only thirty-three "education men," as we were called, voting for it. The leaders of the "internal improvement" party, assured that the game was in their own hands, now put forward their bill, proposing to invest the amount in stock of the state bank, the dividends to go for internal improvements. But here a schism showed itself. The farmers, headed by one of their number, Joel Vandever of Orange County, objecting to bank stock as insecure, wished the money invested in bond and mortgage of real estate. As soon as it was evident that they would vote against the bill because of this obnoxious feature, I quietly called the leading "education men" together in my room, and we agreed to side with Vandever, and thus defeat the bank men, which we did. Then Vandever's party, triumphant, introduced their bill, with the bond and mortgage feature in it, but the entire proceeds still to go for internal improvements. Thereupon we changed sides, going over to the bank men, and defeated their opponents by a vote of about two-thirds.

Thus we came to a dead lock; the house divided into three nearly equal parties, each resolved to carry its own point. No move was made during two or three weeks. Meanwhile I held secret conference with my friend Vandever.

"I thought," he said, "that you education men were going to vote for our bill. Don't you prefer the bond and mortgage investment?"

"I think most of us do. But we are determined to vote against any bill which gives us nothing for public schools."

"You can't expect half. You're barely a third of the house."

"I've given up all hope of half; but we, being one-third, isn't it reasonable that we should have one-third of this windfall?"

"That seems fair enough."

"Then, frankly, Vandever, I've come to make you and your friends a proposal."

"Well?"

"I'll draw up a bill, with the bond and mortgage clause in it; the first and third installments of this surplus revenue to go for internal improvements, the second for public schools; and I'll do my best to muster every education man in its favor if you'll do the same by the friends of your bill. You can't defeat the bank men in any other way."

"Perhaps not. I'll see about it. You'll present the bill?"

"That would be bad policy. I'm in the minority, a notorious education man. You are the proper person to present it."

And so it was settled; he and I agreeing to keep the matter a profound secret from the bank men until Vandever introduced our compromise bill. Then we had a regular field day.

The dismay of our opponents when this masked battery suddenly opened upon them was ludicrous. Vandever said but little, and, after I had added a few words, recommending the friends of education to vote for the measure as the best we could expect to get, I stepped into the lobby back of the speaker's chair, where I overheard a scrap of pithy conversation.

"What in the h—— is the meaning of all this, Jeff?" asked a young lawyer, leaning over the steps leading to the chair and whispering in the ear of the speaker, Mr. Evans.

"It means that the dog's dead. We're whipped. It's all some of that d——d Owen's work."

I smiled, to think they were giving it up so readily; but we had a fiery debate first, of which Vandever had to stand the chief brunt, being soundly berated as an apostate from the internal improvement faith.

The most flowery speech on our side was made by a promising young man, then fresh from college and classical recollections, Joseph Wright. A poor boy, he had entered the State University as janitor, and afterward became, first governor of the state and then foreign minister. I remember that he was descending, in a somewhat sophomoric strain, on the duty of Indiana toward the children of the state,—her best treasures,—when his eye was arrested by a chubby little fellow of seven or eight, son of one of our members, who had been sitting on his father's knee and had strayed off, coming down the center aisle toward the orator.

"Ah, there!" said Wright, extending his arms to the boy, who stopped, abashed at

the sudden address. "Look there! I am reminded, when I gaze upon that little one, of a pleasant story from the annals of Rome, in her old republican days. It is related of the mother of the Gracchi, when several of her lady friends were exhibiting to her, somewhat vauntingly, no doubt, their costly ornaments, while she, simple in her tastes, had little to show them in return, that she turned to her children playing in the room, and exclaimed: 'These are my jewels!' Let us learn wisdom, gentlemen, from the mother of the Gracchi."

"The mother of the what?" exclaimed, in an undertone, a rough young country member, named Storm, and whom, because he seldom opened his lips except to move the previous question, we had nicknamed "Previous Question Storm." His exclamation was addressed to the member next whom he was sitting, Thomas Dowling, of Terre Haute. Now, of all things, Dowling loved from his heart a good joke; and this was too good a one to be lost. So, composing his features, he replied gravely to Storm:

"Why, don't you know her? It's a noted old woman in Parke County where Wright comes from. Everybody knows her there. You get up and ask Wright, and no doubt he'll tell you all about her."

We succeeded, however, in maintaining our bill against all the violent attacks that were made upon it. Then it went to the senate, where it was amended by giving two-thirds of the amount to the common-school fund, and one-third only for internal improvement. When the bill was returned to the house, we had another hard fight over it. But the senate held firm; and when it became evident that they would rather see the bill defeated than sacrifice their amendment, the house concurred. Thus the bill became law, and half a million of dollars (a large sum in those days) was invested for schools; being the first money going to make up the present general school fund of the state. And thus it came to pass that a minority of one-third of the house contrived, by a little adroit management, to set on foot a bill by which two-thirds of the surplus revenue of the United States was secured for the cause of education.

PROPERTY RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

I BROUGHT forward, in accordance with my previous resolution, a proposal so to change the common law that married women might have the right of holding personal

property. Unanimously opposed by the members of the judiciary committee—it was lost.

Later in the session I introduced a bill in which I had incorporated the provisions of the civil law in regard to the property of married women, substantially as embodied in the Louisiana code. Of this bill I sent one copy to Chancellor Kent and one to Judge Story, and received from each of these eminent jurists a prompt reply at considerable length. The following brief extracts, however, give the gist of their opinions. Chancellor Kent said:

"I have been educated under the English common-law code relative to the relation of husband and wife, and am not insensible to the many harsh features which it contains and which are alluded to in the speech you made in introducing the bill, and for the perusal of which I feel greatly indebted to you. Several of the objections to the common-law doctrine are so strong that I should wish to see parts of that system corrected; but I cannot say that I am prepared for so thorough an innovation as you propose."

Judge Story was more decidedly in favor of the civil law principle. He wrote:

"Your speech has treated the whole subject in a very striking and masterly manner, and cannot fail, I think, to satisfy the minds of reflecting men that the present state of the common law with regard to the rights of property between husband and wife is inequitable, unjust, and ill adapted to the purposes of a refined and civilized society. I perceive that your scheme is mainly founded on, or in coincidence with, the civil law system. There are, in that system, a great many admirable provisions, and I am not sure, as a whole, whether it does not work better than that of the common law on this subject. As, however, I have never lived in a civil law country, I do not feel competent to judge of its actual operation. I have long been dissatisfied with the state of the common law respecting the rights of property between husband and wife. I think it requires great alteration and amendments for the protection of the property of married women coming to them after as well as before marriage. But whether it would be best to change the entire system for that of the civil law is a point upon which I am not prepared to give an opinion."

After stating his inability to judge whether the change proposed would accord—as to be useful he thought it should—with the feelings and institutions of the people of Indiana, Judge Story adds:

"Many of the provisions of your bill strike me in their general bearing to be excellent and worthy of the thorough and deliberate examination of every wise legislature."

Profiting by these strictures and by the knowledge I gradually gained of the feelings and prejudices of my fellow-members, there-

by convinced, also, that my bill was too radical for that time and place, I did not press it to a final vote. At the next session we revised the laws, and, being appointed one of the revision committee, I adopted a more prudent system of tactics. It so happened that the law of descents was referred for revision to a sub-committee consisting of Mr. Marshall of Jefferson County, one of the ablest lawyers in the house, and myself. Having won over my colleague, I reported, with his concurrence, a bill giving to the widow of an intestate dying without children one-third of his real estate in fee absolute and two-thirds of his personal property, the old law entitling her, in most cases, to but one-third of his personal property, and the use, during her life, of one-third of his real estate.

Yet even this proposal to do scant and partial justice to a childless widow drew down upon me a storm of denunciation. I was assailed by one of the most prominent lawyers and oldest speakers of the house as a reckless innovator to whom nothing was sacred, not even laws and principles, dating back to the time of Edward the Confessor, and he stigmatized my bill as a covert attempt to annihilate social rights and ties, and "subvert the whole order of society."

I ignored the personal attack and contented myself with the following appeal to the sympathies and sense of justice of the farmers, of whom our legislature was largely composed :

"Who takes lot and part in the heavy labors incident to the occupation of a new country? Is it the man alone? Is there no task but that he performs?—no home duties, no domestic labor, sometimes weighing down his weaker partner even to the grave? I appeal to any successful settler, who having raised his cabin first in the wild woods, has opened a flourishing farm and seen plenty flow in upon him, whether he, alone and unaided, built up his fortune and made comfortable his home?—whether there was not one who saved while he accumulated; whether, when his arm was busy without, her head was idle within; and whether his heart does not revolt at the idea that she, whose prudent economy has so faithfully seconded his exertions while he lived, should, if disease or accident deprive her of his sustaining arm, have wrenched from her, by an iniquitous law, the property her watchful care may have mainly contributed to increase and keep together? If we had proposed to alter the law, so that the whole property went to the widow, who shall say that such a change would have been inexpedient or unjust? We give, by this bill, less than half, because we scrupled to make, even so righteously for the better, a sudden change. If blame attach to us, it is in being too fearful of innovation, and in not proposing, as we ought, to give her the whole."

At the commencement of the debate the house had seemed to hesitate at the proposed change, but when Mr. Marshall had followed up my remarks by an effective speech on the same side, there was a complete revulsion of feeling and the bill passed almost by acclamation, and became, for a time, the law of the state.

The new law was everywhere received with approbation, and remained in force until a commission appointed to codify the laws dropped it out of the revised code of 1843. It is difficult to believe that such an omission was due to carelessness. If it was made of set purpose, what a comment does it furnish on the recklessness of professional prejudices! The legislature, brought face to face with the notorious fact that, throughout the toilsome farming life, the wife bears her full share of the burden and heat of the day, had taken a first step in righting the grievous wrong done to her. The people approve; but these commissioners, in contempt alike of civilization and of Christian precept, go out of their way to defeat the popular will, and to revive legal principles which were a disgrace even to the dark feudal period whence they originally sprang. For ten years longer the childless widow was forgotten, and the crying evil remained undressed.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

OUR circuit judges were elected by the legislature; not a good plan, I think, as it virtually left the choice to the delegation from the judicial circuit. Yet the judges were of fair ability, and more than fair honesty of purpose. If they sometimes wrested the law from its strict legal construction, it was usually in favor of what to the popular sense seemed natural justice. They were much respected; more so than the easy-going familiarity which commonly prevailed in the court-room, even between bench and audience, would have led an outsider to imagine. I call to mind an incident in point which some of our old inhabitants still remember, though it occurred nearly fifty years ago.

A certain antiquated dame, hale and self-possessed, widow of a well-known farmer who had settled at a very early day near the town which had taken the place of the ancient French post of Vincennes, had been summoned to that town as witness in a circuit court suit. She was dressed in the old-fashioned, short-waisted, straight-cut gown that has since disappeared, and wore what was called a poke-bonnet, composed

of pasteboard covered with printed calico, projecting much in front, and fringed behind with a wide calico cape as protection to the back of the neck from the sun.

Though still lively and loquacious, the old lady's voice had no longer the ring with which it had been wont to summon her husband to dinner from his distant labor; and the failure of a few front teeth since then had tended further to weaken it.

"Madam," said the judge, after this witness had answered a question or two, "try to speak a little louder."

But the second effort succeeded scarcely better than the first, and he again addressed her:

"The court cannot hear a word you say, my good woman. Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours."

"Sir," she replied composedly, and speaking distinctly enough this time, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right at all to require of a lady to remove her bonnet."

"Madam," rejoined the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us on the bench."

Whereupon she rose, dropped a low courtesy to the court, and, to the infinite amusement of the by-standers, replied:

"I thank your honor kindly, but there are old women enough there already."

The circuit judge was aided by two associate judges, whose judicial services were paid for at the rate of three dollars for each day of session, no mileage or other expenses being allowed. The grade of professional ability likely to be called out by such a rate of compensation may be imagined. When it happened that the judge, because of some legal disability, had temporarily to vacate his seat, the elder of the two associates presided, and on such occasions, judge and

counsel not infrequently came into collision. An example of old date, which went the rounds of the bar at the time, occurs to me.

The elder associate on this occasion was an illiterate farmer, short of stature, lean of person, and acrid of temper. An old friend of mine, John Pitcher, who has since served with much credit as judge of our Court of Common Pleas, was of counsel in the case. He is still living, an octogenarian, and was noted in younger days for acumen and wit, the latter usually of a caustic character. In the exercise of this somewhat dangerous faculty, he had, on some occasion, offended the associate now presiding, who bore him a grudge in consequence.

It was a suit for damages, and Mr. Pitcher, retained for the defense, took occasion in the early part of his remarks to the jury, to say:

"There is a legal maxim, applicable in this case, to which I invite your attention—*'De minimis non curat lex.'*"

Here he paused, intending, doubtless, to add the translation; but ere he could do so, the judge broke in:

"Come, Pitcher, none of your Pottowatotomy! Give us plain English."

The other, without turning his eyes from the jury, or intimating by word or gesture that he had heard the remark, proceeded quietly in his speech for more than half an hour, ere he again reverted to the matter, winding up thus:

"But, gentlemen of the jury, this case, at last, turns chiefly on that well-known legal axiom, which I have already had occasion to bring to your notice, *'De minimis non curat lex,'* which, when reduced to the capacity of this honorable court, means—observe, gentlemen—means 'law does not care for little trifling things' and"—turning sharp round on the diminutive figure, representative for the nonce of judicial dignity—"neither do I!"

MARS AND HIS MOONS.

THE recent discovery by Professor Asaph Hall, United States navy, of the satellites of Mars has tended to increase the interest in the study of that planet not only by astronomers and scientific men, but by the thinking public at large. The various theories as to this planet have been treated at length at different times in the "Cornhill Magazine," and it may be interesting to sketch them briefly here. One is the theory that

the planet is at present inhabited, and that, too, by creatures which, though they may differ very much from the inhabitants of this earth in shape and appearance, may yet be as high in the scale of living creatures. This theory assumes as probable the belief that among the inhabitants of Mars are creatures endowed with reason. According to another theory, neither vegetable nor animal forms known to us could exist on

the planet. Yet another theory, an intermediate one, holds that each planet has a life-bearing stage, but that the duration of this stage of its existence, though measurable perhaps by hundreds of millions of years, is yet exceedingly short by comparison with the duration of the preceding stage of preparation and the sequent stage of decay and death.

By the application of the laws of probability, the chances are shown to be very small that life exists at this present time on any planet selected at random, so that the period of a planet's fitness for life being short compared with the preceding and following stages, the chances are very small that any time taken at random would fall within the period of any given planet's fitness to be the abode of living creatures. Two conclusions follow from this theory: first, our earth is but one among many millions of worlds inhabited at the present time; secondly, every planet is at some time or other, and for a very long period, the abode of life. This theory, while recognizing that natural processes like those going on in our earth are at present manifested in Mars, calls to notice the fact that for countless ages in the past, mighty processes of disturbance and continuous processes of steady change took place in our earth, when, as yet, there was no life, and that life will probably have ceased to exist on this earth millions of years before the land, and sea, and air will cease to be the scene of nature's active but unconscious workings.

Being much farther from the sun than we are, Mars receives much less direct heat, and his orbit being outside the earth, he was probably formed far earlier, and as he is much smaller, he cooled more quickly than the earth. His mass is not much more

than one-ninth of hers, while his surface is about one-third of hers. Then, if originally formed of the same temperature, he had only one-ninth her amount of heat to distribute. If he had radiated it away at one-ninth of her rate, his supply would have lasted as long, but radiation takes place from the surface in proportion to the surface, hence he parted with it three times as fast as he should have done to cool at the same rate as the earth, and must have attained a condition which she will not attain until three times as long an interval has elapsed from the era of her first existence than has already elapsed. Geologists agree that the last-named period must be measured by many millions of years; hence it follows that twice as many millions of years must elapse before our earth will be in the same condition as Mars, and Mars must be three times as far on the way toward planetary decrepitude and death as our earth. Then assigning two hundred thousand years as the extreme duration of the period during which men capable of studying the problems of the universe have existed, and will exist on this earth, the theory holds that Mars would have entered on that stage of his existence many millions of years-ago, and that the appearance of the planet itself implies a much later stage of planetary existence.

With the naked eye, Mars is principally remarkable for its ruddy color, and in the telescope this color is not lost, but confined to particular regions, and the intermediate parts are of a darker and greenish hue. On the opposite sides of his disk, two bright spots of white light are seen, presenting the same appearance as would our snowy poles to an observer on the planet Venus. These reddish spots and darker regions between are permanent peculiarities, and were

first discovered by Cassini. Dawes made such excellent pictures of the planet that from them Proctor constructed his chart. The names attached to the different portions are those of astronomers whose observations have thrown light upon the geography of the planet.

The markings on Mars are not al-

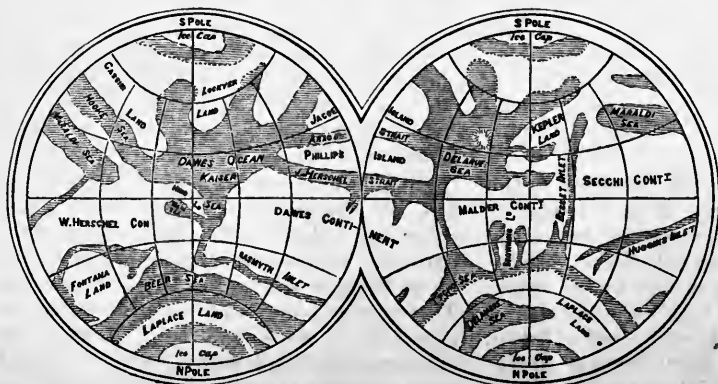


CHART OF MARS.—AFTER PROCTOR.

ways visible when the part to which they belong is turned toward us. A veil which has nothing to do with the distinctness of our atmosphere is sometimes drawn over it for hours and even days. In October, 1862, Lockyer was observing Mars and noticed that a part of Dawes' ocean was hidden from view. A faint, misty light was noticeable, but later he saw that the outlines gradually became clearer, though the white light continued until he gave up observation. Dawes, later on the same night, also observed Mars. His drawing at that time showed that the veil had been lifted, but traces of the misty light seen by Lockyer were still to be detected in the drawing. An eminent French astronomer argued that vegetation on Mars is red, losing its ruddy tint in winter. If this be true, such changes as were noticed by Lockyer and Dawes would indicate a sudden blooming forth of vegetation over hundreds of square miles. Knowing the position of the planet's equator, we can tell what season is in progress in either hemisphere, and it has been observed that the hemisphere where winter is reigning is nearly always covered by just such a veil as has been mentioned. An observer on Venus watching our earth would observe a hiding of the features of that hemisphere which was presented to him in its winter season, for fogs and rain and snow are more prevalent with us in winter than in summer. The cold air of winter, unable to retain the aqueous vapor passing into it, is forced to precipitate it in the form of fog, mist, rain or snow, an exact counterpart of processes recognized on earth. Our winter clouds, instead of increasing the coldness by keeping off the sun's rays, are an enormous supply of heat, liberated for our benefit as the invisible vapor of water assumes the form of cloud and rain.

On Mars the summer and winter of the northern and southern hemispheres are not equal, owing to the eccentricity of his orbit, and like the earth the axis of Mars is so situated that summer in the northern hemisphere occurs when at the greatest distance from the sun; but the effects resulting from this are more striking than with us, for Mars's sun gives half as much light and heat again in perihelion as in aphelion, hence summer in Mars's northern hemisphere is much cooler, and winter much warmer than with us. And the contrast between summer and winter in the southern hemisphere is more striking still. Now, if there are living creatures on Mars, the existence of such clouds as

have been mentioned would be more necessary to them than would our clouds to us.

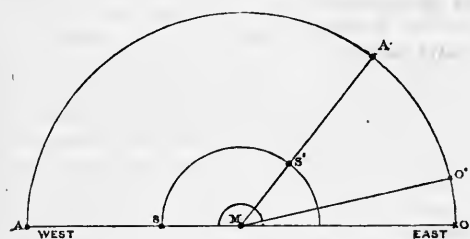
The vaporous envelope which covers Mars has been shown by the spectroscope to be aqueous, therefore we must believe in the existence of oceans there. The water in the air must be raised from seas and rivers upon the planet, and this proves that the white spots indicate the presence of ice fields around the poles. The clouds have been repeatedly seen to disappear, and we may well believe they are often dissipated in rain. The passage of clouds from place to place indicates aerial currents, hence Mars has winds. The existence of continents proves the action of volcanic forces—there must be volcanic eruptions modeling and re-modeling his crust. There must be rivers by which the water from the rain-falls can find its way back to the seas. There must be mountains and valleys. This much science and the calm reasoning of Proctor teach us.

At present, however, the greatest interest is centered in Mars's satellites. To the powerful telescope of the Naval Observatory at Washington, the present proximity of Mars, and the skillful labors of Professor Hall, are we indebted for the knowledge that the poet was wrong who sang of the snowy poles of moonless Mars.

The outer satellite is about twelve thousand miles from the surface of Mars, and is supposed by competent authority to be about eleven miles in diameter. The inner one is about thirty-five hundred miles from the surface of Mars, and about fifteen miles in diameter. The outer one revolves around Mars from west to east once in about 30h. 18m., and the inner one in the same direction in about 7h. 40m. Here is presented a phenomenon hitherto unknown in the solar system. Mars himself revolves on its axis from west to east in about twenty-four and one-half hours, hence the outer satellite would, like our moon, rise in the east, while the inner one would rise in the west!

By reflecting on the direction and rate of the motion of the satellites and Mars himself, it will be seen that in one hour of time a point on the surface of Mars would pass over about $14^{\circ} 42'$ of arc from west to east. The outer satellite in the same time and in the same direction would pass over $11^{\circ} 53'$ of arc, while the inner one with its far greater speed would pass over about 47° of arc. No other satellite is known to travel in its orbit faster than its primary revolves on its axis. The result would be then that

the outer one traveling in its own orbit slower than Mars revolves on its axis would rise in the east, but the inner one would run ahead of Mars and rise in the west.



M, Mars. S and O, Moons rising. S' and O', Moons' places four hours after rising. A and A', Apparent places in the heavens of the inner moon.

Now, supposing that both moons were to rise at the same time, the outer one in the east and the inner one in the west. In one hour's time Mars gaining on the outer one at the rate of $2^{\circ} 49'$ in arc, and the inner one gaining on Mars at the rate $32^{\circ} 18'$, at the end of four hours from moon-rise the outer one would be $11^{\circ} 16'$ above the eastern horizon, while the inner one would have passed over $129^{\circ} 4'$ in arc from the western horizon, and thus be but $50^{\circ} 56'$ above the eastern horizon. This will be seen by a reference to the accompanying figure. We might at first conclude that the inhabitants of Mars, if such there be, would witness the extraordinary sight of two brilliant moons passing each other in the heavens above them, but a little further reflection will show that to all intents and purposes Mars has but one practical moon, and that as far as light reflecting is concerned the outer one is a most useless attendant. The inner moon being fifteen miles in diameter and 3,500 miles away would from the surface of Mars subtend an arc of $23'$, which would give it an apparent size of about three-quarters of our moon.

Now the outer one being but eleven miles in diameter and 12,000 miles away would subtend but about $3'$ of arc, and as the naked eye, that is, the human eye of this

earth, can but barely see a celestial object which subtends $1'$ of arc, it follows that to the inhabitants of Mars their outer satellite would appear to be a little larger than Mars does to us. We may therefore conclude that for the people of Mars there is but one practical moon, and that that one rises in the west.

Again, supposing that this inner moon should rise on a certain evening at 6 o'clock, it would set in the east at 11h. 34m., and rise again in the west at 5h. 9m. the following morning,—set again at 10h. 43m. in the forenoon to rise once more at 4h. 18m. in the afternoon, and so on. Thus to the men of Mars the moon rises twice in the same night.

Let us see now how his moonlight nights would compare with ours. Supposing his moon and ours to rise at 6 o'clock in the evening. At 6 o'clock the next morning we would have had nearly twelve hours with our moon above the horizon, while the Martians would have had light from theirs but 6h. 25m.—that is, counting from 6 o'clock in the evening to 6 o'clock the next morning. But on the other hand, the Martians have their moon every night, which is a boast we on earth cannot make.

There is still another interesting phase of Mars's moon. Speeding through its orbit in 7h. 40m., each quarter will consist of but 1h. 55m.; thus, as in the former case, supposing it to rise at 6 o'clock in the evening and at that instant of time to be full moon, at 7h. 55m. it will have reached its last quarter, at 9h. 50m. it will be new moon, and at 11h. 45m. eleven minutes after setting, it would reach the second quarter. Thus in one night the Martians will see their moon passing through all the phases, which with us and our moon require more than 27 days.

NOTE.—The figures here given indicating the speed and distance of the moons of Mars are not claimed to be exact, for the elements from which they are derived are not as yet absolutely determined, astronomers still differing on that point. Still the error would not be sufficiently large to affect materially the facts given above.

HESPERUS.

Do ye perceive, shapes of the western skies,
Apart from joy such as to life belongs,
Know ye, oh marvelous fabrics, that the eyes
Of mortals watch ye—listening as though to songs?

Slow-chanted poems, changing in form and hue,
Are ye aware of wide symphonic moves
Among your star-crowned pinnacles? And you,
Ye sea-foam strips at mid-day—gullies, grooves,

Fantastic turrets, bastions and holy fanes,
Cities scarce built when ruined, do ye reckon
How to the heart of man your mysteries beckon?
What of your glories in man's soul remains?

Or is this sky a dome of polished blue,
A crystal-pillared chapel, on whose walls
Some humorous, mighty power doth still endure
A pageant-travesty of all that crawls
About the earth-crust? From the infant's crow,
From laughter of a little red-cheeked boy
To shocks of armies and the overthrow
Of century-mortised cities; from the joy
Of still-voiced grasses to the angry blare
Of hurricanes and earthquakes,—each great text,
Plain to high souls whom envy never vexed,—
Folly, crime, love and wisdom, all are there.

Then how that boundless vast artificer
Must love to shift his scenes from dawn to dawn;
To breathe in curves exquisite, subtly drawn,
With delicate tints, and angels' pinion-stir,
Some hint of earthly happiness or woe!
Perchance a bridal or a funeral train,
Or thoughts that scud across a maddened brain
When hope looks true, and all the pulses glow;
Perchance unsounded problems of the world,
A law, a truth, a virtue elemental,
A hieroglyphic, close-wrapped, transcendental
Never by man's dull wit to be unfurled!

From off this sheer and skyward promontory
I see a bay where meet the converged lines
Of Western traffic, and behold the glory
That from a nation in yon city shines.

Still, there be promptings, secret calls that turn
Westward my face, though the night's end may glow
Fair with false sunrise, high though the mid-sun burn,
Though evening's gale the sunset caldron blow:

Why in that core flamboyant must I gaze
Longing to march westward, ah! far away?
Why do our souls, seeking a cloud-Cathay,
Run toward the sun along those glittering ways?

Say we are waves, urged by a devious current
Obedient to mysterious laws of mass,
Never, for all our boasts, to be aberrant
From the vast Plan through which all comes to pass.

Or, being plants fed with a quicker sap
That faster move than brethren of the meadow,
Do we lean after, out of night's dark lap,
Afraid to brave the round earth's starlit shadow?

Or are we poured like Norway's living flood?—
O'er crag and lake the myriad-breeding lemming
Moves with an instinct that will bear no stemming
Till the Atlantic drowns the prodigious brood.

Once did the West contain those blessed islands
The ancients fabled? The red Indians know
Moored in the evening sky, their happy highlands
Where the pale foeman flies the exultant bow.

Perhaps our home was once a golden region
Long sunk beneath the sinister gray sea,
And that is why a world-wide, dim religion
Motions men on to where that land may be;

Perhaps beneath the treacherous Atlantic
It slumbers now, while through the oozy ways
The starfish creeps; in palaces gigantic
House mighty sharks and human-visaged rays.

Or is it memory? If from twilight ages
Our ancestors have westward, westward marched,
Broken through all, fought, and by deadly stages
Mastered seas, sands,—wind-rent, by deserts parched,—

Then may they, many a time, in separate æons,
Have stood just here, noting with savage gladness
In blood-red skies, loud gales where all is sadness,
Signs of their prey, and heard triumphant pæans,

Till, following ever on the ancient trail,
A thousand times girdling the pied earth's rind — —
Could it be they, whose dim foredeeds avail
To urge us westward with this longing blind?

But if this height full many a time was trod
By antique men, facing the beckoning west,
Were there not some whose naked feet were shod
With wings ideal?—on whose dull hairy breast

Weighed all this life-long misery of a crawling?
Who sighed for change and in each coarse limb yearned?
For wind, for space, for more light dumbly calling?—
Watching the stars, proudly the flat earth spurned?

Such if there were, like to an ant with wings
That soars scarce once, but, being hatched in the mud,
Hastes to the earth and off her pinions flings,
Back they did plunge, ay, back to the old wildwood!

How many æons more? Shall thousand races
Like individuals live, die, wake, and sleep?
Once more a thousand times shall all the faces
Of earth perceive the human myriads creep,

Before man's shoulders have put forth their wings,
Before man's brain, remembering and forgetting—
Pure force the senses are no more besetting—
Shall grow to a bird that free from discord sings?

Yet the old Gaul esteemed this frame a raiment
Round deathless souls, and the brave heathen loaned
His coin and cattle 'gainst an actual payment
In some new land beyond his burial mound.

What if it now were true? The dull earth spurning
Perhaps we too while gazing on yon gold
Shall through these eyes behold the red sky turning
To gray and know our last day by has rolled;

Then when the body will no more obey,
Why shall we not—a mist, a shade, a thought—

Finding death's pruning-knife great fruit has brought,
Wing westward still after the flying day?

We may not speak to mortal friends or foes,
Nor shall we care so to infringe that Plan:
Mysteries obscure and wonders we shall scan
Wrapped in divine, ineffable repose.

Are not the pleasures of the growing boy
Thrice those of infants? and when mind gains sway
O'er matter does not an intenser joy
Break on the student as the kneaded clay

Of his five wits grows finer in the straining?
So at the last, when in the slow machine
Of brain and body there's no heat remaining,
Shall not the engineer desert the scene?

Oh! to sweep on across the windy mountains,
Study all lands, oceans, all woods and airs,
Search every river to its tiny fountains,
Track wily men through their fine-spun affairs!

Deaf to its roar are those who make their home
Where sheer Niagara jars the primeval rock:
Let them but go and come: the awful boom
Strikes on their new-born ears with thund'rous shock!

Blind are these eyes, except they note some change—
They cannot see, until by contrasts taught;
Then how obtuse, how narrow in their range
Are human senses and is human thought!

But,—when the trammels fall! what sights, sounds, tastes,
Globed in our perfect and unfettered minds,
Shall greet us then! Silent and moveless wastes
Shall sound with anthems mightier than the wind's.

What time the mullein, rising from her ashes,
Builds from the dry heart of her crumpled leaves
A gold-tipped campanilé till it flashes
Like the famed bird that, dying, life receives,

Then to review the scenes of earthly bliss!
To launch in thought again upon the stream
Of summery passion, where the sigh and kiss
Each other's sweetness to enhance did seem—

Kiss like those fresh gold blossoms, and the sigh
Like this brown wreath of winter-bitten leaves:
Shall we not smile, rehearsing words gone by,
Wise, far too wise, to dwell on that which grieves?

Someone foreknew the desperate heart of man,
When stars and moon, and the bright northern sky,
Obedient to a Sun-of-suns, began
Through the dark night the name of Light to cry:

A fly's love-lantern to the swamp is pledge
That somewhere dwells a midmost soul of flame;
Through the black storm a sword of dazzling edge
Flashes a hope and scores an eternal name:

And since the night forms but a lovely version
Of glorious day, different, but no less real—
Mortal, look up! so shall this clay's dispersion
Prove but the step into a life ideal.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Protection.

TO THOSE who watch carefully the development of public opinion, it is easy to perceive that a change is in progress concerning the policy of "protecting" American industry. If we are not driving toward free trade, we certainly are driving toward the freest trade we can have consistent with the raising of a competent revenue for carrying on the government. By great multitudes of thinking men, who have come out of the old party of protection, or have inherited its traditions, it is now believed that the time for protection is gone by; that the country is no longer in a state of childhood, but is in a state of manhood entirely capable of entering into a free competition with other nations for the world's trade, and entirely capable of taking care of itself. The wise men are many who believe that the policy of protection is to-day obstructing the channels of industry and exchange to a disastrous extent, and that nothing is necessary to our national prosperity but to throw open our ports to such a free entrance of trade as to set all our industries in motion to supply the articles of exchange. We may cite Mr. Horace White's article in a recent number of "The Galaxy" as very strongly and lucidly representing the views of these men.

We coincide with Mr. White in his opinions at all important points. We have probably been a firmer believer in protection than he has ever been, because we have a memory that reaches farther back. There was undoubtedly a time in the early history of this country when free trade would have been a curse to us. A nation, in order to enter upon free trade with the world, should be in like circumstances with the nations with which it is to enter into competition. For nearly a century, certainly, we were not in the same circumstances as other nations. We were developing a new country, and had need of every laborer who had a hand to offer. With "all out-doors" to cultivate, and to weave together with canals and railroads, and with wages ranging from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than in Europe, how could we develop manufactures, and become in our industries a self-sufficient nation, through a policy of free competition? The free trade doctrinaire is in the habit of laughing at this question, but he will find it difficult to give it a short and sufficient answer. So we say that the policy of protection was sound in its application to the exceptional circumstances of a young nation, not yet grown, and trained, and stripped to its work. And now we say that the circumstances of the nation are not exceptional,—that our railroads are built, our labor is plenty and partly unemployed, and we are ready to go into a free competition with all other nations for the business of the world.

How are we to raise the revenues? Here is a question of an exceedingly important and practical nature, and it was to write something about it that

we began this article. There is a large mass of voters, and there are a good many politicians, who fancy that a tariff for protection has an important relation to the revenue. It certainly has such a relation, but not in the way they suppose. All this is familiar ground to the political economist, but the average voter has never understood the difference between a tariff for protection and a tariff for revenue. He has, at least, never understood that a tariff for protection is absolutely opposed to a tariff for revenue, and that we may have a tariff that will give the largest revenue, and, at the same time, yield the least protection. Absolute protection is absolute prohibition. Absolute protection is, therefore, the destruction of revenue. A tariff so high as to shut off all importation is a tariff squarely opposed to all revenue. The principle of protection is at war with revenue. To give revenue, something must come in. To give much revenue, something, or rather a good many things, must come in pretty freely. To get the largest revenue, we must abandon the policy of protection entirely.

It is beginning to be apprehended that the petting of our industries, at this period of our history, is a luxury which, as a great, impoverished people, we cannot afford. We have learned, at least, that protection cannot keep industries alive when the market for their products is insufficient, and that we are paying much more than we ought to pay for goods, while the man who produces them is not benefited. Some of our industries, which have been utterly overshadowed by protection, have died out. An illustration of the working of protection, in increasing the cost of goods to the people, can be found in almost everything we wear. A silk hat, for instance, which ought to cost, at its best, no more than five dollars, now costs eight. The duty of sixty per cent. on the plush and other silk employed makes the silk hat a luxury, and nobody is benefited. We pay three dollars more for the hat than we ought to pay; the hatter himself does not at all increase his profits, while he finds his business cut down to its lowest mark compatible with continued existence, for only rich people will buy silk hats at the price. A low tariff on the materials—say a tariff of twenty per cent.—would increase the revenue, and so cheapen the hat that everybody could afford to buy it, and thus set all the manufacturers at work. Forty millions of people, with every man and woman of the number heavily taxed to keep alive our woolen industries, while their gates are shut down and their workmen unemployed, do not form a very edifying spectacle. The people have petted the manufacturers a good many years. They have submitted to a taxation for this purpose that none but a prosperous people could stand. Now it seems to us that it is time for the people to take care of themselves,—time for the fostering mother to push the birds out of the nest.

We have built a wall around us—a wall of pro-

tection. Our manufactories are lying still because they have no market. They can get no market outside, for, with raw materials taxed, as they are in many instances, they cannot compete in the markets of the world. Again, they can get no markets outside, because what those markets have to give us in exchange is shut out by "protection." Trade is a game of give and take; and we cannot shut out the products of other nations if we hope to sell them our own. We ask for no free trade that will be inconsistent with a tariff that will give us the largest revenue; but it seems to us that the policy of taxing the people of the United States for the protection of industries that have become bankrupt under the policy, or have ceased to find a sufficient market at home, is about played out.

A Reform in the Civil Service.

WE have several times had occasion to speak of the small influence of the voting population of the country, in the shaping of political affairs. For half a century, two great political machines have managed the voters. Men have been nominated and elected to office, now in the interest of this machine, and then in the interest of that. Issues have been made up between the machines and fought out, but the decisions which the votes of the people have aided to make, whatever they may have meant to the people, have meant but one thing to the men who have run the machine, viz., office and that which goes with office,—power and patronage. For these last fifty years, the politics of the country have been run mainly in the interest and by the power of two great bands of office-holders and office-seekers. The motives of pay and plunder and power have been dominant. It has been perfectly well understood that office was the reward of party service. The small politician who has done the dirty work of the successful candidate for Congress, has been rewarded with a post-office, or a clerkship, or a place in the custom-house. The more ambitious have received consulships or foreign ministries. We have been disgraced at home and abroad by the appointment of men lacking every element of fitness for their positions. Politics has become a business—a trade.

Now, these facts are so notorious and so shameful that no respectable man has had the "cheek" to deny them, or to justify them. Both parties have pretended, in many ways and places, to favor a reform, but we have never had the slightest belief in their sincerity. We mean the machines when we speak of parties; and we have doubted them simply because it is not in the nature of the machines to commit *hari-kari*. The old-fashioned politician is a machine-man, always, and he knows nothing of carrying on the business of a political campaign, except on the machine principle of "you tickle me; I tickle you." So, when, in the planks of a platform established by a political convention of the old-fashioned machine-men, we discover one declaring for a reform on the civil service, we know that it means nothing. We know that the plank has

been put into the platform to deceive the people with the special end in view of strengthening the machine.

It so happens now that we have a president who believes in a reform in the civil service, and who took the platform on which he was elected to his high office at its word. He is engaged in carefully and conscientiously fulfilling his pledges. Now the sincerity of the machine-politicians of his own party may be gauged by the proceedings of a recent political convention, which not only refused to indorse his action but was at infinite pains to insult him in the person of the stanchest and most influential friend of his policy. Mr. George William Curtis happens to think that there is something in American politics superior to the machine. He is not only not an office-seeker, but he is a man who is known to have declined high office in the hope of serving his country better on the platform and by the press. The history of that convention, in its slavish and brutal subserviency to the policy and will of a single machine-politician, is one of the most disgraceful in our annals; but it betrays the real spirit of the machine, and ought to be very useful to the people of the country. The machine-man spits upon reform and reformer alike. All the machine-men hate reform, simply because reform is death to them. Mr. Conkling cannot possibly love Mr. Curtis, but Mr. Curtis will be sufficiently comforted by the respect and affection of all the good people of the country whose good opinion of the machine has died out. He may further be comforted in the fact that, whoever may own the present, the future is his; for this is a question that can never be eliminated from the politics of the country, until it has achieved a sweeping and permanent triumph. No man who believes in national progress can fail to believe in a reform in the civil service.

How is this reform to be brought about? Let us give up all thought that it will, or can, be accomplished by the political machine. The professional politician of the old or the present school, the machine-man who believes in him, the party press which supports him,—these will do nothing. Worse than this: when brought face to face with the reform, and made to declare themselves, they will give us another Rochester convention,—bitter, malignant, disgraceful.

There is a large section of the American press which has no affiliation with the machine. Happily, this question of civil service reform may be regarded as outside of the pale of party politics. Both the political-machines have undertaken to manage it, with the hope of ultimately killing it, and getting what they can out of it while it is dying. They are not in earnest in their support of it, and cannot be, in the nature of things. Happily, we say, the question is outside of party politics. It is so by its nature, and so by the fact that both parties nominally adopt it and actually hate it. It is thus lifted out of the party fight, and becomes a question of public morals and of pure patriotism. As such, it can be treated by every independent political newspaper, by every literary magazine or

journal, by every religious periodical of whatever sect, by the preacher in his pulpit, the lecturer upon his platform, the author in his books. The editor and the "magazinish" have been publicly insulted. If they have any right to speak in this matter, it is time for them to assert it.

The hope of the country is in the development of a sentiment among the voting population which will make it impossible for the machine to have its way. The country is not now so seriously divided, on any great issues, that it cannot afford to take hold of this reform, and achieve it by whatever legitimate machinery it may be able to place in service. The reform once achieved, the American people will be forever free from the basest influences that enter into our politics. What better thing can this generation do than to leave the business of the country in the hands which are best fitted to carry it on, to put in foreign service men who will honor our country by their accomplishments and their high personal character, and kill out the shameful traffic in public office?

The Public Charities.

THERE comes to our table a little volume from the pen of Mr. S. C. Hall, entitled "Words of Warning, in Prose and Verse, addressed to Societies for organizing Charitable Relief and Suppressing Mendicity." It is an exceedingly sentimental little book, and if it had been written by an author less venerable than Mr. Hall, it would seem impertinent. But Mr. Hall is very much in earnest, and takes the liberty of his years to scold as well as to warn. His quarrel seems to be with the societies that, before giving, wish to investigate the circumstances of the applicant for alms:

"You teach us how to shirk the beggar tribe,
And tell us to give nothing, but subscribe.
Of course we can't pay double, so we do
The business part of charity through you."

Here follows a sharper paragraph:

"Give nought to common beggars"—that's the rule;
The Alpha and Omega of your school;
You bid us send all suppliants to your door,
When sad or sick, or desolate or poor;
After inquiry duly made, you give
To such as—pending the proceedings—live!"

Mr. Hall proceeds to cite a good many cases, or supposable cases, which go to show that societies are slow, and he says, still in rhyme:

"Better a score of times be 'taken in,'
Than let one suffering sinner die in sin—
Than hear the coroner to-morrow say,
'Died starved,' of one you might have saved to-day."

It is a long and formidable arraignment which he makes of the "organizations," ending with the following charges:

"They give to Mercy a perpetual frown,
And Hope they keep—with broken anchor—down.
To Charity they lend the garb she scorns,
And Love himself—eternal Love—they crown,
Not with the sacred nimbus, but the thorns!"

To Mr. Hall's poetical efforts, he adds some "Words of Warning" in prose, in which he expresses the belief that the organizations which engage his opposition "dry up the natural channel of the heart, check or destroy sympathy for suffering, make indifference to woe excusable, if not obligatory," etc., etc.

We have thus tried to give the drift of our friend's little book, and we can only respond that, imperfect as the organizations are, and professionally indifferent and dilatory as they are too apt to become, they are, on the whole, very much better managers and counselors than he is. It is very nice to yield to one's benevolent impulses; it is good to be developed in the high benignities; there is no pleasure greater than that which is born of personal beneficence; but if, in order to compass these advantages to ourselves, we are certain to develop a thousand liars and make as many paupers, do not our satisfaction and improvement become somewhat expensive to the community? Indeed, it is quite possible to make our benevolence the most selfish quality we possess. We can easily imagine men who selfishly hug to themselves the delight of giving, right and left, to those who excite their sympathy and pity, while they shut their eyes to the falsehoods and tricks which they have encouraged.

It is very sad to remember that the "organizations" of which Mr. Hall speaks so bitterly have had their origin in a great, commanding, public necessity. If nine beggars in ten had ever been proved to be true objects of charity, then we could afford to give without investigation; but it is perfectly well understood that more than nine beggars in ten are liars, and that impulsive and indiscriminate giving, even to those who are worthy, demoralizes them. It is appalling to think that wherever a charitable door is opened, whether it lead to a benevolent individual or a benevolent society, the throng that enter are mainly shams and cheats.

The physicians of New York have had their attention called recently to the abuses of the free dispensaries of medicines. They were satisfied that multitudes were availing themselves of the benefits of the free dispensaries who could afford to pay for their medicines. A visitor of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor took up the matter, and investigated one hundred and fifty-two cases. Of sixty-two male applicants, twenty-three were not found at all,—they had given wrong addresses. Twenty families reported wages per week of from three to eighteen dollars, while their rent per month was from nine to twelve dollars. Only six of the sixty-two were found to be without means. Of the ninety females who applied, thirty-five gave wrong addresses, and could not be found. Only six of the whole number—the same as in the case of the males—were found to be without means. Cleaners, laundresses, paper-folders, cigar-makers, cap-makers, artificial flower-makers, etc., were represented among the applicants who were found with family wages going as high in some instances as twenty dollars a week. So here

were twelve out of one hundred and fifty-two individuals applying for a certain form of aid who really had a claim for aid, and a hundred and forty who could have paid for that which they lied to obtain for nothing!

Now, if we are to learn anything from this investigation, it is that, by following the advice of such amiable enthusiasts as Mr. Hall, we encourage eleven applicants for charity in the most rascally falsehood and deception, while we really help only one who is worthy of our alms. Can we afford this, even if it should happen to help us in the development of a beneficent life? We think not. Nay, we may go further and say that no man has a moral right in such a community as ours to take the matter of giving into his own hands unless he is willing to devote all the requisite time to investigating the cases to which he takes the responsibility of ministering. Just as soon as he undertakes to do this, the first fact he will meet is the impossibility of obtaining the addresses of his beneficiaries. Fifty-eight out of one hundred and fifty-two who begged for medicine lied concerning the places where they lived. The chances are that every one of these persons had money, or was engaged in some pursuit of which he or she was ashamed. It is fair to conclude, at least, that if any agent of the dispensary were really to find out the circumstances of these persons, he would adjudge them unworthy of aid. Needy people are not apt to cover up the circumstances which will substantiate their claims to charity. This matter has been tried a great many times, and after a man has gone, in vain, all over town to find the objects of charity who have cheated him into helping them, and then carefully thrown him off their scent, he begins to think very well of "organization"—that red rag which so stirs up the Bull in the venerable English poet.

Such "organization" as we have, in most of the American cities, is sufficiently open to criticism, without doubt. We have altogether too much of it, and too much of the competitive element in it; but wise and kindly managed organization gives us our only safety in dealing with pauperism. Individual giving may be very pleasant to Mr. Hall and his friends, but it is sure to make a great deal of work in the long run for the societies whose policy and work he contemns. The time seems to be past when sentimentality can be used with safety in the administration of charitable relief.

The Harvard Examination for Women.

A YEAR ago, we gave a somewhat extended notice of the plan for the examination of the acquisitions of women, instituted by the Faculty of Harvard College. It is proper now that we tell something of its results, and of the plans for the future. It will be remembered that these examinations were held for the first time at Cambridge, Mass., in June, 1874. The first that were held in New York took place according to announcement, in June, 1877.

The circular of the New York local committee is now before us, and from this, and from private

sources, we learn the facts, which will interest our readers. It will be remembered that the examinations are of two grades, the first being a preliminary general examination; the second, an advanced examination in special departments. To show exactly what these examinations are, and what are their objects, we can do no better, perhaps, than to copy directly from the circular alluded to:

"The Preliminary Examination is intended as a careful test of proficiency in a course of elementary study of a liberal order, arranged for persons who may or may not afterward pursue their education. It differs, therefore, both in its purpose and in its selection of subjects, from any college examination, whether for admission or for subsequent standing. It applies, however, the same standard of judgment in determining the excellence of the work offered, as would be used in judging of similar work if done in Harvard College. It is, therefore, strongly recommended to all girls who wish to test their progress by a *strict and publicly recognized standard*, or in a range of subjects wider than the ordinary school courses include.

"The Advanced Examination offers a test of *special* culture in one or more of five departments, namely, Languages, Natural Science, Mathematics, History and Philosophy. It is not intended to be taken as a whole, and does not, therefore, represent the studies of a college course, but is adapted to persons of limited leisure for study, such as girls who have left school and are occupied with home cares, or teachers engaged in their professional labors. Many of the latter class who have not time or inclination for a Normal School course, may be glad to obtain a Harvard certificate of proficiency in one department."

At the New York examination, eighteen candidates presented themselves, and the examinations lasted a week, under the conduct of Professor Child, and always in the presence of two ladies of the local committee. With the exception of a short oral exercise, to test pronunciation of the modern languages, the examination was wholly in writing. A noticeable feature of the exercises was the absence of unhealthy nervous excitement, each candidate working as calmly and quietly as if she had been in her own home. Three of the candidates exercised their option, and chose to take the preliminary examination in whole. Two of the three passed in all the subjects, and one failed in two. The remaining fifteen elected to be examined in part, and of these, twelve passed, while three failed. Professor Dunbar writes to one of the committee: "I do not see what particular advice can be given as to the deficiencies of the candidates. The returns do not seem to me to show any characteristic failures or short-comings. In other years, I had thought the mathematics the stumbling-block; but this year the candidates range all the way from failure up to a hundred per cent., and the same candidate in some cases shows that range."

A member of the committee writes to us: "Please understand that we do not intend these examinations to conflict in any way with a regular college course, for all such as desire it and can pursue it. We do not consider preparation for them as equivalent to a course in Harvard, or the other first class

colleges, and do not place the same value upon a Harvard diploma and a Harvard certificate. The examinations are intended to furnish a strict and publicly recognized standard by which girls, in course of education at home or in schools, may test their progress. Such a standard has long been very much needed, and now that it is supplied, we sincerely wish that more of the principals of girls' schools were anxious to test by it the value of their work."

These examinations have now become a part of the regular work of the University, and are hereafter to be held every year simultaneously in New York, and Cambridge or Boston, in Philadelphia, and in Cincinnati. In 1878 they will take place in the first and second weeks in June.

We have already recorded our favorable opinion of these examinations, and we have only aimed in this article to spread into the great multitude of cultivated homes which our magazine reaches what we believe to be information that is much desired. The reasonableness of the enterprise lies upon its face. Its usefulness will depend entirely upon the response which the American people make to it.

For all further or special information, the interested public is referred to the secretaries of the local committees in the different cities: New York, 59 East Twenty-fifth street; Boston, 94 Chestnut street; Philadelphia, 401 South Eighth street; Cincinnati, 372 West Fourth street.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHEN you return to town from a summer vacation everything looks strange and new. It always did seem strange to see the keeper of a restaurant eating at one of his own tables. Heaven knows, there is not one reason why the keeper of a restaurant should refrain from eating like other men; nevertheless, it gives one a curious sensation to catch him in the act. You say to yourself—this, then, is the reason for all this bustle, for all this rushing in and out of hungry brokers, and newspaper reporters, and Long Island farmers, and persons from Boston, Philadelphia and Absecom; this is the reason for all these marble-top tables; these melancholy attendants in white aprons and neck-ties; these extraordinary shoutings into dark closets, and over counters; and for all this Pompeian decoration: it is all that this one man may sit at the table over yonder and eat.

As I passed a gorgeous restaurant the other night, I looked in at the side window and saw the head-waiter taking his supper in the far corner of the long and brilliantly lighted room. One of the other waiters was in attendance at the back of his chair. The head-waiter appeared to be himself conscious of the incongruity of the situation; he doubtless had some such sentiment about the performance as an on-looker would have. He seemed, indeed, to feel that a head-waiter should be above an indulgence of this kind. He ate rapidly and nervously, and glanced around with a furtive air. I caught his eye, and moved on with a feeling of embarrassment, as if I had caught the eye of a convict.

DOUBTLESS their swallow-tail coats and white chokers help give to restaurant waiters their frequent resemblance to members of the learned professions. One of our most distinguished public men—or his double—may be seen any day carrying a tray in the dining-room of a hotel near Grace Church. The counterpart of a well known Doctor

of Sacred Theology serves at a restaurant farther up town. When I dine at these places I feel like asking these gentlemen to be seated and let *me* wait upon *them*. At the village of B. the barber looks so much like a certain reverend bishop that I can never get used to submitting myself to his professional attentions.

But when you come to look closely into the physiognomy and phrenology of these doubles, you find a curious blankness; or, speaking artistically, a lack of firmness and of character in the drawing. Somewhere in the face or in the head is betrayed the want of intellectual or moral stamina.

Do you not often feel something of the same lack in the faces of men whose reputation is wide? It would be interesting to note whether in such cases the reputation has not been made merely through the possession of extraordinary faculties of the mechanical sort—such as memory, application, etc.—faculties which generally go with genius and insight, but which often themselves suffice for the making of contemporary fame.

THERE is nothing that looks more strange to a citizen returning from his wilderness or sea-side vacation than the familiar newspaper. Among the things that he notices is a tendency to expansion, which seems to be a departure from the old method of editorial writing. It used to be the rule in newspaper offices to "condense"—to use as few words and as little space as possible in saying what you had to say; but the "great dailies" have changed all that, on the editorial page at least. There are plenty of able men writing for the newspapers, but it is only now and then that you find an editorial that would not be improved by omitting one-third or one-half. Especially is this true of the work of that latest product of journalism, the funny editor. Some "happy thought" that would be amusing enough in a paragraph, is hammered out into a column of editorial—an editorial whose En-

glish is the old-fashioned newspaper Johnsonese, and whose wit reminds one of the trick of the advertisement that begins with Alexander the Great and ends with the thunder unguent which "forces the whiskers and mustache to grow in six weeks."

An explanation of the watery method of newspaper editorial writing may be found in the fact that in some of our leading dailies, although their best men are often paid large salaries, and there is no stipulation as to the amount of "copy" to be supplied in a given length of time,—still, record is made of the lineal measurement of editorials furnished by each writer on the staff. There is therefore a constant temptation to fill out the column with sound and fury signifying nothing. This supposed necessity of expansion is of course harder on the funny editor than on any other member of the staff. If he should print a true record of his own experiences the narration could hardly fail to have that touch of the pathetic which gives intensity to humor.

IN reading the newspaper nowadays it becomes evident that the American politician's scorn of the "scholar," and of the "gentleman" in politics is becoming tinged with dread. The professional politician finds that the "dam literary feller" is able, in a political convention, not only to make a telling speech, but to keep his temper in trying moments. Now the politician can also deliver a telling speech, but while his speech tells *for* him at the very instant and with the immediate audience, somehow or other he finds it telling *against* him beyond the convention's walls, and in that wider audience without whose applause his high ambitions come to naught. And moreover, the professional politician cannot keep his temper. This is the worst of it: To see a dam literary feller refusing to cower under the lash of the politician's carefully selected and long-pickled rod,—what an exasperating sight is that for a statesman who glories in his "strength!"

But it must be remembered in explanation of the American politician's unwonted dread of the literary element in politics, that he may of late years have extended his summer rambles to the Old World, where his sensibilities must have been cut to pieces at beholding the great empire of Great Britain going to the dogs under the rule of a sentimental novel-writer. If he journeyed as far as India he found a gushing poet on the vice-regal throne, and

returning to America he finds a literary man in charge of the Canadian provinces,—and the writer for a "ladies' magazine" leading the sentiment of a state and of a nation in strict opposition to the views and desires of a trained and "powerful" politician.

NEW YORK never looks so ugly as when you first come back from the country. In the country there is little that actually offends the eye; and you can see some kind of beauty in almost every direction. Even if the land lies utterly flat you get enough distance to make the view enchanting—as the familiar couplet has it. The process of converting hidden wealth and obscure intellectual vacuity into noonday hideousness is going on still in New York, but there has of late years been a change for the better. Some of the new shops and dwelling-houses are in much better taste than those put up ten years ago. The taste of many persons is improving, and more trained architects are in the field. Better architecture will come with the general improvement of taste in the community.

There were never so many artists and art-students in New York as there are this winter. The older men who have been here for years and the new men who have just come back from their studies, now find in New York something of the "art-atmosphere" whose absence has been hitherto deplored. A Munich master said not long ago that in the course of twenty-five years German art-students would be going to New York to be taught painting. He based his prediction upon the extraordinary ability of the young Americans at work in Munich.

CROSSING the Square last evening I passed close by the fountain. The water had been drawn off and the high grass and green lily-leaves surrounding the empty basin stood up dry and dusty, like artificial grasses. I stood still a moment by the stone coping and heard a slight sharp sound such as is made by tapping lightly upon a gas-pipe. Listening closer I found it was the chirp of a solitary grasshopper. There was something pathetic in that note. It suggested more than the death of summer; it was the death of summer, far away from its native fields and skies. I thought of the wide brown and purple salt marshes from which I had just come, where summer in dying only suffered a sea change into something rich and strange.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Homes and Museums.

LOVERS of bric-à-brac—and the phrase designates a large number of very interesting people—are apt to make an important mistake. They transform their homes into museums. They bring together and pile up a collection. Now, the interest with

which a visitor regards a home is a very different one from that with which he regards a collection. To find scattered about a home, just in the right nooks and places, objects of art and beauty, is an exceedingly delightful thing. To examine a collection for the collection's sake—leaving its relation to the home entirely out of consideration—may be

interesting to some people who are "up"—as we say—in those things, but it is not at all interesting to those who do not see the use of it. That is—anybody can see that a beautiful object in a barren place serves a purpose, while a great many beautiful things, shut up in a cabinet, serve no purpose except by their numbers to cheapen one another.

An object of art in a home is entirely and always out of place whenever it shows that the interest of its owner is in the object rather than the home. A collection usually betrays a passion or a taste which subordinates the love of home. A person possessing this passion, and enthusiastic in his pursuit of its object, spoils his home by transforming it into a show-place for curiosities. The true policy is, never to buy an object of art, of any sort, without knowing just where it will fit into the home—just what uninteresting spot it will illuminate—just what vacant shelf or barren surface it will adorn. Cabinets may be very interesting pieces of furniture, but they are often used in such a way as to degrade or destroy the home idea.

Village Society in Winter.

WITH the closing of the doors and lighting of the fires for winter, accidentals, sociables, sewing and reading clubs begin in all inland towns and villages. We have a word or two to say concerning these stated little assemblies which constitute society in thousands of our towns.

First: As to sewing-clubs; the work should be carefully restricted to such embroidery, etc., as cannot be done by women who earn their living by their needle. The justice of this ought to be at once apparent; but it is, as a rule, overlooked. We have known the plain sewing taken from the sempstresses of a village, and given to church clubs, for a winter; the consequence of which was, hungry women asking parish help, and a stained-glass window back of the pulpit.

Secondly: In reading-clubs, let the time for each reader be limited by inflexible rule. If this is not done, there will be found in every such club, at least one dogmatic, selfish reader who will force his author and his voice upon the club, until in disgust and weariness the members fall off and the experiment fails.

Thirdly: If we may trench upon a most delicate topic, we would suggest that in merely social combinations, for the purpose of music, dancing or conversation, the old caste lines of the town be disregarded. There is no despotism more narrow or cruel than the aristocracy of a village. New blood and new ideas would generally revivify it; outside of the so-called "good society" of such a place which has been fenced in for two or three generations, is frequently found the larger proportion of intelligence, culture, and breadth of thought.

Fourthly: The great want experienced by cultured men and women in a small town is of books, periodicals, etc., which, individually, they are not able to buy. There are very few circulating libraries in American towns of a population less than

ten thousand. This want can be obviated in a measure, by a friendly combination between certain families or individuals, in which each contributes a given number of books to a common stock; these books are loaned to the members in turn.

A more formal and much better way is the formation of a book-club, such as were common in England before the establishment of Mudie, in which each member pays at the beginning a certain sum, with which as many books are purchased as there are members, each one choosing a book; these pass in regular rotation from hand to hand, remaining a fortnight with each reader; twenty books may thus be read for the cost of one. When the books have passed around the circle, they are sold to members for the benefit of the club. Fines for detention and abuse of books also keep up the funds. No officer is required in this association but a treasurer. Another advantage in the plan is that books can be bought by the quantity at lower rates than singly. The same rule applies to subscriptions for magazines, newspapers, etc.

Notes from Correspondents.

HINTS ABOUT COFFEE.

I VENTURE to give a few items in regard to coffee which may not be known to youthful housekeepers. They have been told, in a general way, not to buy coffee ready-ground or roasted. They obey the first direction, because it is easy enough to grind coffee, and it requires no scientific knowledge to perceive that the security with which the ground berries can be adulterated with chicory and beans, to say nothing of less cleanly additions, must prove a great temptation to dealers.

But it is a difficult matter to the uninitiated to roast coffee properly, and the young housekeeper, finding that coffee of her own roasting is either burnt or tasteless, sees no good reason why she should not buy the ready-roasted berries, which certainly have a better flavor than her own.

There is a reason. The method of roasting coffee for sale is to put large quantities at a time into iron cylinders. The mass of material, and the comparatively close vessel in which it is confined, prevents the grosser elements from being evolved and evaporated properly. Now, in roasting coffee in small quantities in open vessels, this is obviated.

Coffee should be roasted in small quantities in an open earthen vessel on the top of the stove. Stir frequently. If done too little, the aroma will not be fully developed, and the beverage made from it will be insipid. If done too much, on the contrary, this aroma will be dissipated, and the infusion will be bitter. A little practice and careful observation will enable the operator to know when it is just right. When done properly, the berries are of a rich, bright brown color.

Although it is proper to roast the berries in an open vessel, they should not be cooled in the open air. The best plan is to empty them into a sheet of clean brown paper, and wrap the whole in flannel until they have cooled. When cool, put them into

a vessel that is perfectly dry and that can be tightly closed.

For these same young housekeepers may not know that coffee berries very readily absorb the odors of substances near them. A few bags of pepper once spoiled a whole ship-load of coffee. Some berries that had lain for several days in a box in which sugar had been kept were utterly ruined.

All kinds of coffee improve by keeping. It is best when two or three years old. It is hardly necessary to add that coffee should be ground as it is wanted for the table. S.

RED.

I FULLY agree with what Hannah Snowden says in the October number in regard to wood fires, but I would say add to the attraction by putting a touch of red here and there in the favorite family room, whether it be library, sitting-room or parlor. The delicate blues and pinks, mixed with white muslin, are very pretty and suitable for chambers, where we

want the rooms to look pure and cool and lovely, but if we want our intimate friends who are admitted into our family rooms to exclaim, on opening the door, "What a bright, cheerful room, and how cozy and comfortable you look," then add the touch of red. Two or three shades of light gray; a wall-paper, with graceful sprays supporting little red-breasted birds, or composed of autumn leaves, lights up well. Add a few red-bound books to those on the shelves, red, or red-and-white lambrequins, a red table-cover, or gray with red applique, a red and gray cover to the lounge, and a bright carpet. Put autumn leaves among the grasses in the pretty vases on the mantel. Then, with pictures on the walls, no matter of what kind so that they are good, and a few flowers in the windows, the furniture can be of the plainest; but such a room will be the delight of the family, and the coloring, not being sufficient to be glaring and offend the eye, will add twofold to the cheerfulness of the bright fire, with the brass andirons, of course.

M. W.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Pierce's "Memoir of Sumner,"*

THE two volumes by Mr. E. L. Pierce, which have just issued from the press, deal only with Charles Sumner's private and literary life, from his birth (1811) to the year 1845. They are crowded with most entertaining reading, viz.: personal sketches of famous men in European literature, politics, art and society,—apart from the tracing of Sumner's own characteristics in early manhood. They present the future senator as an aspiring student of law and literature, a teacher of the science of law, and a not very successful practitioner. Sumner's political career will probably be described in a future work by the same authorized biographer. Like most of the distinguished men of Massachusetts, Sumner was descended from an Englishman. William Sumner came to this country in 1635. Legal associations appear to have been transmitted with the blood. The name Sumner is contracted from "summoner," and the emigrant ancestor was a deputy to the General Court of Massachusetts, and a commissioner "to try and issue small causes." Charles Sumner's grandfather left college to join the revolutionary army, became Major Job Sumner, for some days had charge of the guard of Major André, and escorted Washington into New York after the British evacuation. It is worth noting that he went to Georgia after the war, and came near being elected governor of that state. His son followed the bidding of his surname, and went into the law, and afterward (as is well known)

became sheriff of Boston. Charles was not distinguished at school, except for his wide range of careful reading outside of prescribed studies. But this passion for enlightenment, and the industry, with which he followed it up, began to tell at Harvard, where Professor George Ticknor, on reading Sumner's notes of the *belles-lettres* lectures, said if he "continues as diligent as he has been, he will go far in the ways of reputation and success." In the law school, his untiring energy in the reading of everything bearing on the science gained him distinction. He became the trusted friend of the professors, in particular of Judge Story, and for two or three years after admission to the bar gave instruction at the law school. It was just after his graduation from college that he wrote an essay on commerce, and received for it the prize of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which Daniel Webster publicly assigned to him in Faneuil Hall.

He was bent upon laying a broad and thorough foundation, and investigated to the utmost whatever lay before him. When the time came for the choice of a profession, he reluctantly took up law; but once embarked in the study, where the great fund of energy which he possessed could be invested in books, his mind was excited by the perusal of legal biography. He resolved to make himself a great jurist of the historic pattern. This, the aim which ruled the rest of his life, sprang directly from his habits of acquisition. He followed it with the persistence that was born in him, and in turn gave birth to the greatest acts of his life. His father was a man of iron discipline in the family, and Sumner,

* *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By Edward L. Pierce. Boston: Roberts Bros.

though courteous and winning in his manners, showed even in college a tenacity of opinion which sometimes became aggressive. The same tenacity, transferred to purpose, enabled him to go forward in a career of the kind he had chosen. He worked day and night, denying himself exercise, and indeed through life kept up such habits of labor that Dr. S. G. Howe wrote to him in 1843, that he behaved as if his body "were as immortal as his spirit."

For the development of the cultured, comprehensive jurist he found travel in Europe essential, and breaking away from his first beginnings in the profession, he went to France in 1837; afterward to England, then to Italy and Germany, returning to Boston in 1839. He wrote to Judge Story: "My tour is no vulgar holiday affair. It is to see men, institutions and laws; and if it would not seem vain in me, I would venture to say that I have not discredited my country. I have called the attention of judges and the profession to the state of the law in our country, and have shown them by my conversation (I will say this) that I understand their jurisprudence." There was no boastfulness in this, for the young American of twenty-seven was so erudite that he observed a degree of shallowness in eminent French lawyers or law professors, who had not read the French works he had himself studied. In England, he met with remarkable social favor. He had some excellent introductions; but his acquaintance was rapidly enlarged by voluntary introductions (he made a point of never soliciting any), until it was hard for his English friends to find a circle he had not already come to know. His letters at this time are full of fresh, informal impressions like the following:—"How odd it seemed to knock at a neighbor's door and inquire, 'Does Mr. Wordsworth live here?' Think of rapping at Westminster Abbey and asking for Mr. Shakspeare or Mr. Milton! * * * The house itself is unlike those in which I have been received lately, and in its whole style reminded me more of home than anything I have yet seen in England. 'Wordsworth's conversation' was simple, graceful and sincere; it had all those things the absence of which in Brougham gave me so much pain. I felt that I was conversing with a superior being; yet I was entirely at my ease. * * * He spoke warmly on the subject of copyright and of slavery."

Few men have entered upon American politics equipped with such various culture as Mr. Sumner, and his acquaintance at so early an age with "the able minds in the government, the bar and the judicial system of England is almost unique. During this foreign sojourn, besides seeing so many people and places, investigating so many things, and writing home copious letters, he kept a journal and studied French, Italian and German. In Rome for three months, his routine, with a few exceptions for sight-seeing, was to rise at six and read four hours, reclining on a sofa; breakfast at ten, and then resume reading till six P. M., when he dined in a garden. In this way he learned Italian, and read Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Alfieri, Niccolini, Manzoni's

"Promessi Sposi," and several obscurer authors—all in the term of three months.

Returning to Boston in 1839, he plunged again into the struggle of law business, writing for legal reviews and editing reports. In 1844, for the first time he showed the effects of long-continued and prodigious over-exertion; he fell seriously ill, and his life was despaired of. He recovered, but was indifferent to life,—could not feel any gratitude for restoration to it. It is exceedingly suggestive that, after so many years of assiduous, enthusiastic reaching after a certain ideal, sparing no exertion that might be needed to attain to it, he should just at this time have begun to feel the agony of slow, consuming doubt as to his career, which is so much worse than final defeat. Sumner had not progressed as a practitioner; he was disappointed at not being asked to take a place in the Harvard law school on Judge Story's death; meantime, thirteen years had passed since his brilliant start in the study of his profession. His friends had somewhat doubted the wisdom of his long stay in Europe, though he had not. Now, however, the breadth and leisure of his preparation for an active part in the world seems to have brought doubt and despondency into even his own mind, hitherto confident of final success. But it was in the very next year that his first and wholly convincing triumph came. On July 4, 1845, Sumner delivered the great oration advocating universal peace, which drew attention from every quarter, and established his fame. Before this, while in Europe, he had so far entered political discussion as to publish in "Galignani" a long article on the Maine boundary dispute, which threatened war between the United States and England; and in 1842 and 1843, he had contributed to the "Boston Advertiser" long articles supporting England's right to search vessels suspected of being slavers, and discussing our national duty as to slavery; but he had as yet no thought of a political career. The oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" decided his future. Hitherto but slightly connected with the abolitionists, in a few years he became not the least of their leaders. He had already, in private, put himself into opposition to Webster. "I bow to Webster's intellect; it is transcendent, magnificent. * * * But where slavery occurs, he falls like Lucifer!" "Webster wants sympathy with the mass,—with humanity, with truth." And, from questioning the soundness of Channing's reasoning, he had come to feel that the preacher's moral insight surpassed all standards of mere logic. He wrote to a friend that Webster with Channing's moral sublimity would be "a prophet"—not seeing that what the country needed was perhaps not a prophet, but a preserver. The idealist who dreamed of universal peace was more ready for war, when it seemed justifiable, than the conservative statesman.

We have pointed out the value of this biography as revealing the deep source of Sumner's power in early and incessant preparation for dealing with great subjects; but it is also valuable as showing how the same dogged persistence which gave Sumner his high place, in the end warped him from the

jurist and made him more a theorist and a reformer. In so far, it defeated its own intent. The resoluteness that won success against all opposition narrowed his view by making it impossible for him to abandon an idea once taken. Moreover, it made him appear inconsistent, for in expressing different sides of truth, he went to extremes without giving the connection which existed in his own mind. Sumner lacked humility, but in his youth, no less than in his later and more conspicuous years, we find always noble aims and unflinching obedience to conscience.

For the dignified, unobtrusive way in which he has presented his subject, Mr. Pierce deserves cordial praise.

"The House Beautiful," by Clarence Cook.*

THIS is the first book of which Mr. Clarence Cook is known to be the author, with the exception of an illustrated volume on the Central Park, and text accompanying reproductions of Dürer's "Life of the Virgin." His reputation has been gained mainly by contributions to the daily press. For many years his criticisms on contemporaneous art were almost the only writings of the kind published in American newspapers which were not rendered worthless by the spirit of complaisance and compliment. He may sometimes have been needlessly bitter; but it must be remembered that he was making a lonely and desperate fight for critical independence, and in the interest of what he considered true art. He may not have been consistent throughout a critical career which has covered a good many years; but he has been too intelligent and too honest to aim at, or to pretend to, consistency.

In the present work, however, Mr. Cook appears, not merely as a critic, but also in the more genial rôle of teacher. Teaching—that is, lecturing to classes of young people on art and literature—has, in fact, been Mr. Cook's business, most of the time, for the last twenty years or more, and is, we believe, the occupation most agreeable with his inclination. In book-form, rewritten, re-arranged and rechristened, the "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks" essays appear to us an admirable piece of literary work. It is, in fact, the first book of the kind, in English, which has a literary, as well as a "practical," interest. These long chapters on "The Entrance," "The Living-Room," "The Dining-Room" and "The Bedroom," which might have been dull reading enough, are "as interesting as a story." Their discursiveness makes a part of their charm and their utility, and the bits of prose and verse from Sidney, Goldsmith, Emerson, Leigh Hunt, Ben Jonson, that we find between the chapters, have the effect of so many exquisite etchings appropriately hung in a room furnished with taste and refinement. As to the outside, the large, clear page of type and the rich and original drawings have been very

carefully printed by Francis Hart & Co., and the volume is embellished with a frontispiece in color by Walter Crane, and a cover-stamp designed by Cottier.

If any person, suddenly awakened to the necessity of furnishing or refurnishing "artistically" should run to "The House Beautiful" for "plans and specifications," he will be sure to find the book most provokingly "unpractical." But if those who do not undertake the business by the wholesale, or merely for the sake of show and fashion, will look into it for advice and suggestion, they will find it quite practical enough for their purpose, and delightfully suggestive. The following passage from the chapter on "The Living-Room" gives the author's own reason for his methods:

"Fault has been found with me, good-naturedly enough, but I venture to think mistakenly, for the number of elegant and costly things I introduced into the articles in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, from which this book is made up, and I am so little penitent for what I have done that I have not left a single one of these elegant and costly things out of the book itself. This is not because it is every now and then possible to purchase a fine piece of furniture—artistically fine, I mean—very cheap, but because I think we need in this country to be made as familiar as possible with the look of beautiful things of this sort. A drawing like this is a lesson in good taste, and it happens to be, like many another in this book, a threefold lesson. We have, in the first place, a very elegant and interesting piece of furniture, and this has been drawn with spirit and picturesqueness by Mr. Francis Lathrop, and then engraved with the hand of a genuine master by Mr. Henry Marsh.

"Now, the improvement of the public taste, if that be not too presumptuous an aim, is one of the principal objects of this book of mine, and it seems to me I can do something toward this end by showing beautiful things, even if they are, not seldom, out of reach, as well as by always complying with the demand that I shall show people how to get things cheap.

"It happens that the piece of furniture under discussion gave so much pleasure to one reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when the cut was published there, that she determined to have one as near like it as she could contrive. She had the body of the piece made as neatly as her favorite carpenter could do it,—and he was a skillful workman and did his best,—and then with her own hands she painted all the ornaments, in colors, not attempting to imitate the brass, and filled in the panel of the door with a painting on silk which had belonged to a great-grandmother, and might have been painted by Angelica Kauffman herself, so far as age was concerned. It is true this lady had exceptional taste, and exceptional skill in carrying out her designs, but nothing extraordinary, and many a one could have done the same. The result of this venture was a piece of furniture that does not look as if it were copied from any model, and that deserves to be admired for its own sake."

It is one of the good points of "The House Beautiful" that it is not likely to give rise to any new brand; we will not find "Clarence Cook furniture" from cellar to basement in half the houses we enter, especially of the "newly marrieds." He inculcates no mannerism,—rides no hobbies, except the good old ones of common sense, simplicity, use and beauty. It is an open secret—that is, to those who read attentively no secret at all—that the author, through long experience, has learned how to furnish a house, if not perfectly, certainly much nearer perfection than most of us are ever likely to get. It has not been in Mr. Cook's line to furnish a house for any one save himself; but in these chapters all the communicable knowledge of a man of unusual taste and general culture, who has, moreover, enjoyed special training in drawing and in architecture, and who has given an unconscionable amount of thought and bother to "beds and tables, stools and candlesticks," is generously spread out for the reproof and edification of his countrymen. In tell-

* *The House Beautiful: Essays on Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks.* By Clarence Cook (with one hundred wood engravings and an original frontispiece in color, by Walter Crane). New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ing so frankly and fully and persuasively what he has himself learned in manifold trials and tribulations, he has not only conferred an immediate favor upon a great many worthy persons, but he has done something which is sure to help toward that end which the hopeful never despair of,—and our author acknowledges himself one of the hopeful,—the “general improvement of the public taste.”

The English critic, Walter H. Pater, in a recent essay on “Romanticism,” calls “the true æsthetic critic” the Interpreter of “that House Beautiful which the creative minds of all generations—the artists, and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together for the refreshment of the human spirit.” Mr. Pater’s happy use of the familiar expression might have suggested the title of the present work,—although we happen to know that it did not. Certainly our author is an interpreter, to whom a great multitude of pilgrims will be grateful for services here performed, and whose guidance in other rooms of the House Beautiful we shall all be glad to claim. The next in order are the galleries where hang the paintings of “Some of the Old Masters.”

Jacquemart’s “History of Ceramic Art.”*

THE publication in this country of a second edition of so expensive a book as Jacquemart’s “History of the Ceramic Art” is one of many signs showing a great increase of popular interest in the subject. It would be curious to inquire how the interest arose, in the first place, in any country, especially how it came to interest Americans, so far away as they are from collections and the contagion of Europe’s example. But, besides that the inquiry would prove more curious than useful, it could never be satisfied. There is no how or why. All we know is, that pottery has been dear to man in all ages and in all countries, and there is no reason why the inborn germ should not spring to life here as well as elsewhere. If we had no collections, we could make them, and it might not unreasonably be hoped we should make the pottery too in time. There can be little doubt, however, that, so far as cultivating the inborn taste of our Americans is concerned, we are much indebted to the books of Mr. Albert Jacquemart. There has been no work on the general subject of the art of pottery so winning to look at as his “*Merveilles de la Céramique*,” in three pretty little volumes, published in Paris in 1868. Other books there were, and are, among them notably Chaffers and Marryat, which played a great part in what we may fairly call the revival of pottery. But these books are so costly as to keep them out of the hands of any but rich amateurs. The little volumes of Jacquemart, on the other hand, were not only pretty, but cheap, and this, too, although the wood-cuts with which they were profusely illustrated (the three volumes having over three hundred wood-cuts in

all) were engraved as well as designed by the son of the author, Mr. Jules Jacquemart, one of the first engravers and etchers of his time.

In 1873, the author of “*Les Merveilles de la Céramique*” published the volume we are now writing about, “*L’Histoire de la Céramique*,” which contains in a larger form all the matter of the earlier book, with all its wood-cuts and monograms, and in addition to these, twelve etchings by the hand of the same distinguished artist. This work was translated into English by Mrs. Bury Palliser, the accomplished author of “*The History of Lace*,” and it is this work, enriched with all the illustrations of the original French work, that the American publishers have put into our hands at a greatly reduced price. Mr. Albert Jacquemart died October 14th, 1875, leaving behind him an enviable reputation, not only as a most agreeable as well as learned writer on his favorite subject, but also as a collector of taste and discrimination. “One of the most modest of men,” says “*L’Art*,” in its obituary notice, “he took as much pains to keep in the background in order that he might devote himself without interruption to his favorite studies as some men do to make themselves conspicuous and to talk about themselves, and get themselves talked about, in season and out of season.” He delighted in the beautiful work of his son, Mr. Jules Jacquemart, and esteemed himself a happy man in having such a collaborator; for all his books were illustrated by this son with wood-cuts and etchings, and fortunate he to whose share has fallen, among other good things of the world, early impressions of these ornaments of our time.

Mr. Jacquemart’s book is republished in this country at an opportune time. Just now a great many people are amusing themselves with collecting china and studying the collections made by others, and while the Castellani collection is still for a little while with us, we have the rare opportunity (which we ought never to have let pass from us, and which our descendants will not forgive us for having let pass from us) of comparing the illustrations of Italian pottery in this book with the most beautiful specimens of that pottery to be seen anywhere in the world. The Avery collection, also in the Metropolitan Museum, will furnish splendid illustrations of the Oriental productions in this art, and the Prime collection will enable us to study from “the life” many rare European manufactures. Meanwhile, in the Di Cesnola rooms of the museum we have a treasure of early Greek forms such as can be found nowhere else in such variety and abundance, and the purchaser of Jacquemart’s book, with these rich means of study at hand, will find the beautiful volume not only a trusty history, but a most useful guide.

“The Story of Avis,” by Miss Phelps.*

HERE is a novel which is so essentially feminine in its weaknesses and good points that it seems

*History of the Ceramic Art. A Descriptive and Philosophical Study of the Pottery of all Ages and all Nations. By Albert Jacquemart. Translated by Mrs. Bury Palliser. Second Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Author of “Gates Ajar.” Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

almost a dastardly thing to treat it on the common level of new books; to ridicule it like insulting a lady, and to denounce it like taking advantage of a weaker person. But criticism cannot respect such whims as this; the novel must be judged on its own merits, whether the style makes a personally feminine appeal or not; there are other women who know how to write in a style that bears comparison with the work of the best men. "The Story of Avis" is about a woman, and she is thus introduced:

"Avis Dobell, sitting in the shadowed corner of the president's parlor that night, had happened to place herself against some very heavy drapery, which clasped two warm arms of intense color across the chill of a bay-window. The color was that called variously and lawlessly by upholsterers, cranberry, garnet, or ponce; known to artists as carmine. * * In the gas-light and fire-light of the room the insensate piece of cloth took on a strange and vivid life, and seemed to throb as if it held some inarticulated passion, like that of a subject soul. Coy or Barbara would have known better than to have ventured their complexions against this trying background. Avis went to it as straight as a bird to a light-house on a dark night. She would have beaten herself against that color, like those very birds against the glowing glass, and been happy, even if she had beaten her soul out with it as they did."

Naturally after this Avis must be a great "colorist." She has been studying art for many years in Italy and France, and has just returned to her father, who is professor in a New England college. The novel is chiefly concerned with her endeavor and failure to devote herself to her art instead of marrying the young tutor, Ostrander, a man with a musical voice of exquisite modulations, with songs and brooks in it,—a budding professor of geology with looks like "a young Scandinavian god." The two meet, but not for the first time they find, at a highly æsthetic "Chaucer Club," where Avis exhibits "a sketch in charcoal, strongly but not roughly laid in, and preserved by a shellac which lent a soft color, like that of a very old print, to the paper." The simile just quoted in regard to the light-house and the birds who kill themselves, receives an amplification a little further on. Avis being the Latin for bird, their is an obvious parallel between those luckless wild-fowl and Avis who dashes herself upon her love for Ostrander. So Miss Phelps writes:

"While the current of these delicate human lives swept softly on in their elected channels, long waves thundered against the harbor light. Miles away through the night some homeless bird took wing for the burning bosom of the reflector, and straight, straight—led as unerringly as instinct leads, as tenderly as love constrains, as brutally as nature cheats, with a glad fluttering at the delicate throat, with a trustful quiver of the flashing wings, like the bending of a harebell, like the breath of an arrow—came swaying; was tossed, was torn, and fell."

Avis and the people about her are cast in a mold which it is tame to call ideal; they are so superior that the mind of New York cowers before them. The adjectives which abound in these pages are equally superior and equally amazing to the humdrum intellect. Not only are the attitudes of the girls "lithe," but their nails are "clear cut, cool and conscious;" their natures have "muscles." The

illuminated hours of our first youth have a "piercing splendor," and at sixteen, Avis has "one of these phosphorescent hours." She stands "with her slender thumb piercing her palette," and a "tidal wave of color surges across her face." Ostrander, for his part, is supposed to enjoy a winter storm so much that he "flung himself upon the freezing rocks, possessed with a kind of fierce but abundant joy." It was on this occasion that he saw Avis. "She stood out against the ice-covered rock like a creature sprung from it, sculptured, primeval, born of the storm." Miss Phelps does not lack a satirical touch every now and then, sometimes rather too quickly alternating with magniloquent passages, but her humor must have deserted her when she makes Ostrander say, in the very tenderest part of his courtship:

"Do you see the bees on the *wigelia*?"

Perhaps to such botanic souls *wigelia* is as common as clover. They certainly would never descend to "Dutchman's breeches." Perhaps only they can fully understand the beauty of a sentiment like the following. Ostrander has been definitely refused by Avis, and decides to enlist as a surgeon in the Army of the Potomac and never return to the college town: "One man would answer as well as another to fill any mold, unless, perhaps the chalices of life; and it could hardly be said that the veins of his nature throbbed with sacramental wine, only a serviceable, secular brand."

But there is no use multiplying such examples. The author is suffering from the common complaint called "gush," and many of her sentences are little better than those of the authoress of "St. Elmo." There are fastidious readers who will be so disgusted by one such expression that nothing can bring them to an acknowledgment of any good in the book. Yet, in spite of these great blemishes, the novel is interesting,—almost absorbing. It is exactly similar in its effect to those women all of us have met, who irritate the nerves continually by the redundancy and over-fervidness of their talk, yet compel us to listen. Miss Phelps, for all her unreality and overstraining, does say many good things that show a knowledge of human nature. Her very boldness and excess may have an attraction, but she also has more deserving qualities. She reads women excellently, in spite of the alarming pedestal she hoists them upon. The fault of her literary work is not in the conception, but in the execution. There is a certain likeness in style between this book and Robert Buchanan's "Shadow of the Sword." In both the limits between prose and poetry are confused, so that it would be hard to tell whether rhythmical blank verse had been written out without breakage into lines, or prose had been forced into the rhythm of poetry.

Mrs. Burnett's "Surly Tim and other Stories." *

IN reading most of even our cleverest story-writers, we feel that the places where we are likely

to be disappointed are really the important places. The characters are cleverly described, both in repose and in action, but we courteously consider the main points made, rather than strongly feel them. With Mrs. Burnett's stories it is otherwise. She succeeds best where it is most important to succeed. There may be uncertainty in minor passages, but the "main point" is made with unerring accuracy and with a force that may, without exaggeration, be called tremendous. Since Bret Harte's first and best volumes of short stories, there has been no similar collection published of equal originality and power with this. Mrs. Burnett has not as delicate a touch as is shown in Bret Harte's best work, nor has she as strong and disseminating an individuality (if we may thus describe the kind of originality which gives rise to "schools" in literature), but she has as great, if not greater, dramatic power, and seems to possess a wider range.

Indeed, the dramatic intensity of these stories might be unendurable were it not relieved by a vivid and refined humor. To say that there are humorous passages in "Esmeralda" and "Lodusky" that Dickens or Harte might be glad to own, is not to say that Mrs. Burnett is an imitator of either. It will be interesting to see what sort of a career this young author makes, with her extraordinary talents. The not unhealthy youthful sentimentality of her early writings is gradually passing away. Her field of observation has widened, and her observation itself is more correct. There are some types of character which she has not yet mastered, and yet has not refrained from writing about; but, if her capacity to "take culture" proves as great in the future as it has been in the past, Mrs. Burnett will give us books not less heart-compelling than "That Lass o' Lowrie's," yet of a still firmer and more enduring artistic quality.

Attention should be called to the "Author's Note," which says that "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and the present volume are the only works issued under her name which have been prepared and corrected for publication in book form under her personal supervision."

"Worthy Women of our First Century."*

HOWEVER much the next century may amuse itself over our speculative agonies upon woman's place in the universe, there will be some among the serious-minded, let us hope, who will take pains to point out that we did not wholly lose sight of certain practical and real aspects of woman herself. The biographical sketches which comprise the volume edited by Mrs. Wister and Miss Irwin, and still more, we may add, the plan of the book itself, indicate the ideal of womanly excellence held by those who officially represented the sex in the United States at the end of our first century. It is something to know, when one is tired of serious discussion and angry over the senseless chatter respecting women, to be reminded that the womanliness of

woman is what endures in all the changing aspects of her legal and industrial relations, and to be refreshed by a glance at literary portraits which are charming in themselves and very suggestive of different phases of life and society in which our grandfathers and their parents moved.

The two ladies who edit this volume indicate briefly in the preface the difficulties which they met, in endeavoring to secure characteristic figures from the original thirteen states for their gallery of heroic women. They intimate that, while they have failed so far to complete the number, the publication of the six sketches comprised in this volume may lead to a noble envy which will call out seven other worthy companion pieces. Let us be thankful for what we have. Miss S. N. Randolph writes the sketch of Jefferson's daughter, Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph; Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, that of General Philip Schuyler's wife; Miss Elizabeth Hoar, that of Mrs. Samuel Ripley of Massachusetts; Mrs. Francis W. Fiske, not confining herself to a single character, sketches characteristics of New Hampshire women; an anonymous writer from South Carolina contributes a brief, picturesque account of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, and Mrs. Wister closes the volume with a lively biography of Deborah Logan.

The title of the book, and the fact of its emanating from a committee, are likely to create a prejudice against it in the mind of the reader, somewhat fatigued with patriotic literature and perfunctory reports; but really the chief objection to the book is the teasing manner in which private letters and journals are half opened and then shut hastily against the too inquisitive reader. The material is, in most cases, so fresh and piquant that we are ready to protest against so insufficient a use. Why should we not have a good hearty book about Mrs. Ripley? Why may we not see more of Deborah Logan and Sally Wister? Perhaps it is unfair to grumble as soon as we have finished the book; but we are sure that every reader will rise hungry from the feast.

Better than all, the glimpses given here of the diversity of domestic life in our first century make a thoroughly good contribution to the educative influences of our centennial reminiscences. Such portraits as these help us to understand our history and give us courage for the future. We are properly solicitous to have an "examination for women" successful; but however much general culture may advance, the picture of Mrs. Ripley at once shelling peas and hearing a recitation in Greek or philosophy is likely to make our theories seem at first vague abstractions. We come back, however, to the more assuring reflection that the movements in the direction of higher education have no obscure association with the memory of this worthy woman's achievements.

Two Books for Children.

"THE Bodley Family," under the direction of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, are in a fair way to be enrolled as juvenile classics. The doings of this famous family in town and country furnished the material for one of the most delightful books of the season

* Worthy Women of our First Century. Edited by Mrs. O. J. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

of 1875, and in this dainty quarto* we have a fresh collection of stories, verses, poems, and sketches for the delectation of the children. For that matter, we fancy that there are very few well-read people of mature years who will not turn these pages with delight. Here are many of the prime favorites of our childhood, both in prose and verse. The author and editor has combined within his covers some of the very best selections which it is possible to give to reading children. Stories of the Northmen, Evangeline and Gabriel, the fight between the "Constitution" and the "Guerrière," Picciola, and many more in prose and rhyme are retold for the Bodley family, whose comments and doings are naturally interwoven with the author's borrowings. It must not be supposed that the Bodleys are invented for the purpose of having the stories told to them. Far from it; the Bodleys are all very much alive. "Phippy," who did not like her name, and who had a way of putting it aside like a torn dress every now and then and arraying herself in a new and more charming one, is a real little girl who has her counterpart in more than one family that we know. And the ingenious "Cousin Ned," who used to tell stories in which he accompanied himself with divers mechanical appliances, was not only a capital good fellow, but he much resembled a certain young uncle who certainly yet "lives and moves and has his being." The pretty little songs, with music printed for young players and singers, give a new attraction to the volume. Nor should we fail to notice the pretty, though rather bizarre, binding. Of course there are illustrations, plenty of them, big and little, and all admirably designed to tell their own story to the eager eyes that will peruse them.

Some such another book, though made for children of tenderer years (who are expected to claim the services of their mothers in reading and explanation), is "Baby Days,"† a judiciously collected volume of the best things published, principally, in the "Very Little Folks" department of ST. NICHOLAS. When we have said so much, it seems as if we had said all that was needed to describe the book.

Mrs. Dodge has again manifested her rare judgment in making just such a choice for her young readers as will be sure to please, and sure to leave the best impression. And it was a happy thought to gather into one sheaf the humorous, witty, grave and tender things which have gladdened the hearts of so many little people. Here are many first-rate things like the "Miss Muffett rhymes," "John Bottlejohn," and "Grandma's Nap." The pictures, we need not say, are wonderfully clever,—for did they not come out of ST. NICHOLAS? The dress of the book is bright and attractive (the cover having been drawn by Miss Curtis and Mr. Moran from Mr. Drake's design), and a glance through the leaves will be sure to fix the wandering fancy of any child who does not cry for the moon.

New English Books.

LONDON, Oct. 6.

What will turn out probably to be one of the best books of the season is the first portion of the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M. A., author of the "History of Rationalism," etc., volumes 1 and 2, A. D. 1700–1760. This installment, it thus appears, will extend over more than half the time specified for the history, so that the size of the work will not be so large as to protract its conclusion beyond a reasonable period, and with the example of Macaulay to take warning by, Mr. Lecky will no doubt avoid the fatal mistake of aiming to leave nothing untold. It is well known that a history of this period was the cherished project of Thackeray, whose "Henry Esmond" shows how completely he had imbibed the spirit of the Queen Anne writers. A book of sterling merit may be expected from Mr. Lecky, who is yet a young man, with every advantage of position, leisure, etc., enabling him to do justice to any subject he may devote himself to. In public opinion, he seems to be generally coupled with Mr. Buckle, whose brilliant paradoxes have taken deep hold of younger readers; but as a historian, of whom calm, unbiased judgment, combined with exhaustless study of all available material, is required, Mr. Lecky will be placed far above his contemporary. Other important historical works to be looked for speedily are "The Personal Government of Charles the First, from the Death of Buckingham to the Declaration of the Judges in favor of Ship-Money, 1628–37," by Professor S. R. Gardiner of King's College, 2 volumes: this is another installment of a history of the times preceding the Commonwealth in England that has steadily won its way in public estimation until the early volumes are quite unprocureable; "History of Rome," by William Ihne, the distinguished German scholar, volume third of the English edition, revised and translated by the author; "The History of Antiquity," by Professor Max Duncker, translated by Evelyn Abbott, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford; "The History of the Sepoy War in Hindostan," left unfinished by Sir John Kaye, and to be completed by Colonel G. M. Matteson, who takes up the narrative from the end of the second volume of Sir J. Kaye's work; "History of the War of Frederick the First against the Communes of Lombardy," a translation from the Italian of Chevalier G. B. Testa, revised by the author. The original has been received with high distinction on the Continent, and will be valuable in England, as throwing light on one of the great turning-points of modern history, scarcely treated of by any historian in our language. A book strictly historical, enriched with technical views from a competent source, is "Great Campaigns, a Succinct Account of the Principal Military Operations in Europe from 1796 to 1870." The author, Major Adams, Professor of Military History at the Staff College, not living to complete the work, it is edited from his papers by Captain Cooper King. The long-looked-for library edition of Mr. Green's "History

* The Bodleys Telling Stories. By the Author of "Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country," "Dream Children," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

† Baby Days. A Collection of Songs, Stories and Pictures for Very Little Folks. With an Introduction by the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS. 300 Illustrations, N. Y.: Scribner & Co., Pp. 189.

of the English People," and the final completion of D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin," by the issue of the eighth volume, may be added to this brief enumeration, as also "Democracy in Europe,"—"A History," as it is expressly called by the author, Sir Thomas Erskine May, whose continuation of "Hallam's Constitutional History" is in all our libraries. In biography a few leading books may be mentioned as forthcoming:—"The Life and Times of Sir Robert Walpole," by A. C. Ewald, 8vo; "Memorials of Charlotte Williams Wynn," a lady of the Georgian era, whose "Diaries of a Lady of Quality" were edited by Mr. Hayward, a few years ago; "Memoirs of Lord Melbourne," the famous English premier, by J. McCullagh Torrens, M.P.; "The Life of Pius IX.," by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, 2 vols., 8vo. Mr. Trollope's long residence in Italy, and intimate knowledge of the country, well qualify him to do justice to that task; and it seems that authors regard the subject as so promising that they seize on it without waiting for the time when it would be more naturally "in order." A similar enterprise with Mr. Carlyle for its theme has been checked at the desire of the patient. A "Memoir of King Charles the Twelfth of Sweden," introduces us to a royal author,—his Majesty, Oscar the Second, King of Norway and Sweden, who desires to place the reputation of his illustrious predecessor on a firmer basis than the half mythical narrative of Voltaire, who wrote as an artist mainly for effect, without being very solicitous for historical truth. Foreign literature will be amply represented in many works, as "The Life and Writings of Lessing," by James Sime, M.A., in 2 volumes,—a book intended to rank with the "Lives" of Goethe and Schiller, by Lewes and Carlyle, and to furnish an exhaustive study of the life and works of the influential, though in England, comparatively little-known, scholar. Lessing will also be the subject of another book, by Miss Helen Zimmern, the biographer of Schopenhauer. "The Autobiography of Madame de Staël (Mdlle. de Launay)" is known from its vivid pictures of life in the old French court, in the first half of the last century, and is translated by Miss Selina Bunbury. "Niccolo Macchiavelli and his Times," is a translation from the original of Prof. Villani. "The Life of Wiclif," by Gerhard Victor Lechler, is translated from the original by Dr. Lorimer. Prof. Lechler's "History of English Deism" is referred to as the standard authority on the subject by all modern writers, and proves the vast acquaintance of the author with English theological literature, and his competence to do justice to the career of the first Reformer. "The Story of My Life," by the late Col. Meadows Taylor, is an autobiography of a gentleman well known by his novels of Hindostanee life ("Tara,"

"Adventures of a Thug," etc.), as well as by a distinguished professional career. It will be edited by his daughter, and prepared by Henry Reeve. "The Life of Mozart," from the German of Dr. Ludwig Nohl, is translated by Lady Wallace, in 2 volumes, post 8vo. The "Memoir of Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook, Dean of Chichester," by Rev. W. R. Stephens, will perpetuate the memory of one who stood among the foremost churchmen of his day in the promotion and encouragement of all good works.

One of the greatest successes of the year is Captain Burnaby's dashing "On Horseback through Asia Minor," and this is the case, not from any connection of its subject with the Eastern war, but simply from the pleasure derived from a spirited narrative of adventure related with unflagging good humor.

Mr. Stanley is understood to be engaged in the preparation of a narrative of his adventures, though nothing certain about it may be known until his arrival here. Other books of travel are: "The Land of Bolivia, or War, Peace, and Adventure in the Republic of Venezuela," by J. M. Spence; "Under the Balkans: Notes of a Visit to the District of Philippopolis in 1876," by R. Jasper More, crown 8vo; "Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis," by Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, with fac-simile illustrations from drawings by Bruce, now first published, taken during the time when the great traveler was preparing himself for his Abyssinian exploration, and in districts of North Africa scarcely explored since that date; "The Asiatic Provinces of Russia (Caucasus, Orenburg and Turkistan)," by Lieutenant Hugo Sturm, from the German, by Henry Austin Lee, of the Foreign Office; "Burma, Past and Present, with Personal Reminiscences of the Country," by Major-General Albert Fytche; "Pioneering in South Brazil: Three Years of Forest and Prairie Life in the Province of Parana," by T. Begg Wither, and "Livingstonia: Journal of Adventures in Exploring the Lake Nyassa, and in Establishing the above Settlement," by E. D. Young, R. N., and Rev. Horace Waller, the Editor of Livingston's last Journals, in 8vo.

For presents this year, preference seems given to handsome copies of standard books. An elegant work comprising both requisites is "English Pictures, Drawn with Pencil and Pen," by Rev. S. Manning and Rev. S. G. Green, whose pages will awaken reminiscences of many a charming nook of English "greenery" and scenes of old renown. Young people will find a wealth of amusement in "The Christmas Story-Teller: A Medley for the Season of Turkey and Mince-pie, Pantomime and Plum-pudding, Smiles, Tears and Frolics, Charades, Ghosts and Christmas-trees," while their scientific tastes will be gratified by a profusely illustrated little book, "The Home Naturalist."

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Progress in Telephony.

THE speaking telegraph, or telephone, has now passed the experimental stage and is in daily use for commercial purposes. There are two forms of telephone. One of these is made in the shape of a small wooden tube, of a size convenient for the hand. At one end is a mouth-piece that may be placed at the mouth, as a transmitting device for speaking, or as a receiver, to be held to the ear in listening to a message. Within the opening of the tube is secured an iron diaphragm, free to vibrate within a limited distance. At the back of this is a coil of fine wire wound round a bar of soft iron that extends through the wooden handle and is fastened at the opposite end with a set-screw. This coil is composed of insulated wire, and each end passes through the wooden handle to screws that may be used to connect it with the line wires. One end goes to earth, the other to the stations on the circuit. At the other end of the line, and at all way-stations, the same apparatus is employed, and this makes all the new machinery required on lines of moderate length. On sending a message through the telephone, the instrument is placed before the mouth and the words are spoken into it. The vibrations of the voice cause the diaphragm to vibrate, and its motion so affects the bar of iron that an electrical current is developed in the coil, and this current, traversing the line, causes the receiving instrument to repeat these vibrations on the diaphragm held before the listener's ear. The receiving diaphragm gives its vibrations to the air confined within the open end of the instrument, and the listener's ear, and he hears the words spoken before the transmitter at the distant end of the line, as a soft but perfectly distinct whisper. The vibrations given to the air are exceedingly delicate and cannot be heard much beyond the instrument, but this is not an inconvenience, as the instrument is easily held to the ear. For way-stations, a loop is made in the line, and by passing the loop through one of these instruments, every word passing on the line may be heard. For calling attention, a bell signal is used that may be operated at either end of the line. For branches and central offices, switch-boards, etc., are provided as in ordinary telegraphing. This style of telephone is reported to work well in sending messages from the lower deeps of coal-mines to the surface. Hitherto, telegraphs have not been successful in mines, and, if this report is correct, a new field is opened for telephony. The other form of telephone is essentially different in construction and apparatus. It employs a battery, and the transmitting and receiving appliances are quite distinct. The receiving instrument consists of a small electro-magnet inclosed in a wooden box that may be conveniently held to the ear. Before the electro-magnet is a diaphragm of iron, fully exposed so that in use, it may be laid directly against

the ear. This diaphragm is free to vibrate as it is magnetized or demagnetized by the varying electrical condition of the electro-magnet. The transmitting apparatus is inclosed in a small box and has a mouth-piece that carries an exceedingly thin diaphragm of mica, that is free to vibrate within certain limits. Over this is spread a delicate film of rubber, fastened down tightly at the edges. This is designed to act as a damper, to check or dampen the excessive harmonic vibrations that may accompany some sound vibrations sent through the apparatus. At the back of this diaphragm is secured a small wad of raw silk that has been rubbed in powdered plumbago. This graphite has the property of offering less or more resistance to an electrical current passing through it according to the pressure to which it may be subjected, and this property has been made of use in this form of telephone. The vibrations of the mica diaphragm, when moved by sound vibrations, change the pressure upon the mass of graphite held in the wad of silk, and this change of pressure changes its electrical resistance, and these changes of electrical resistance re-appear in the electro-magnet in the receiving instrument at the other end of the line. These are the novel features of this form of telephone, all the other parts being essentially the same as those used on an ordinary telegraph line, except that all the usual Morse instruments may be omitted. It is not here intended to make any comparison between these two remarkable inventions, but to record the fact that they are now both available for the ordinary demands of trade and business. Each transmits words in any language, easily and clearly, whether spoken or sung, sending equally well both tones or noises. The musical telephone is constructed upon quite another plan, and will be described as soon as proper investigations have been made. Both of the speaking telephones will transmit concerted vocal music and some forms of instrumental music, but, in this case, each singer must have a transmitting apparatus, and only those who hold the receivers to the ear can hear the tones of the united voices.

New Sounding Apparatus.

THE new sounding apparatus used for deep-sea sounding on some recent scientific voyages has been applied to the comparatively shallow soundings made on commercial ships and steamers. The apparatus consists of a sounding-line 100 fathoms long made of fine piano-forte wire. To this is attached a heavy iron sinker, and above this a brass tube about 60 centimeters long, closed at the bottom and fitted with a screw-cap at the top that has a small hole in it so that the water may be admitted to the tube. Within this is placed a glass tube tightly closed at one end and lined on the inside with a mixture of starch and red prussiate of potash. In using the apparatus, it is not necessary to stop

the ship as the soundings are made while the steamer is running at full speed. To make a sounding, a small quantity of a solution of sulphate of iron is poured into the tube, and the prepared glass tube is plunged in this, so that the open end is sunk in the solution and inclosing a small quantity of air within the tube above the solution. The cap is fitted on the top of the brass tube, and the sinker is let fall from the stern. The wire runs out at great speed, and when it slackens, or reaches the estimated depth, a brake is applied, and, by the aid of a crank, the wire is wound in without much effort and is coiled on a reel made for the purpose. The wire offers very little resistance to the water, and the whole operation seldom takes more than a few minutes. On recovering the brass tube, it is found that the sulphate of iron has been forced up inside the glass tube by the pressure of the water, and by chemical action staining the inside of the tube a deep blue. On comparing the stained part of the tube with a gauge, the depth of the water may be ascertained in fathoms by the proportion of the stained part of the tube, and the tube thus becomes a permanent record or "log" of the pressure, and hence of the depth of the water. To make another sounding, a fresh tube is used, and a stock of prepared glass tubes must be taken on the voyage. These tubes can be afterward cleaned and recharged with the red prussiate of potash at a slight expense. The apparatus is light, strong and durable, and has been found to work accurately under the rough usage of a voyage.

Electrical deposition of Metals.

FROM a number of experiments in the electrical deposition of metals recently made by Professor A. W. Wright of New Haven, it has been found that films of gold, iron, bismuth, silver and other metals can be laid on glass in a manner that promises to give even more valuable results than can be obtained from the common electro-plating process. The work is carried on within a hollow glass vessel from which the air is excluded. The two ends of an induction coil are brought into this vessel, and to the negative pole of the coil is attached a small piece of the metal to be deposited. The object to be plated—glass or silver—is suspended between the two poles of the coil. By the aid of a battery, a powerful spark is sent through the coil, and the gold or other metal is partially vaporized by the heat. This metallic vapor condenses, like dew, on the cold glass, and immediately cools, forming a metallic film of exceeding fineness upon the glass. A second spark again vaporizes the metal, and another film condenses on the first coat. In like manner, any number of films or coats are laid one over another till the desired thickness of deposit is obtained. Metallic films thus laid on glass are of excessive fineness, and cling to the glass with extreme tenacity. The metallic deposits obtained by this process will be valuable in a variety of scientific investigations, and will doubtless prove useful in the construction of mirrors for telescopes, heliostats and other optical instruments. Films of gold of an esti-

mated thickness of only 0.00083 millimeters have been obtained, and it is suggested that these exceedingly thin sheets of metal may be useful in investigating their character in transmitted light. Such films of gold, held before the light, show the characteristic green color of gold. Professor Wright's process will undoubtedly lead to new and useful improvements in the art of depositing metals. The mirrors thus made from vaporized iron, platinum or silver are of a remarkably pure and brilliant character.

The Aleurometer.

THIS instrument is designed to take the place of some of the more simple though perhaps inexact methods used in testing flour. It serves to measure the elasticity of the gluten in flour by recording the expansion of the gluten under the influence of heat and moisture. Wheat for baking depends on the elastic quality of the gluten; flour for macaroni is chiefly valued for the ductility of the gluten, and the aleurometer is thus chiefly useful in the hands of bakers and dealers in flours designed for domestic consumption. The instrument consists of a brass tube 3 centimeters in diameter, and about 12.7 centimeters (5 inches) long. This is provided with a cap that may be screwed to the bottom and that also serves for a base, and another cap is permanently fixed to the top. Inside the tube is a piston, fitted accurately, and provided with a piston-rod that extends upward through an opening in the top of the tube. The whole length of the tube is divided into fifty divisions, and the piston-rod is graduated from twenty-five to fifty of the same division. In use, 30 grammes (about 1 oz.) of flour is selected and made into a paste, with 15 grammes of water. After kneading, this is washed in a stream of water to remove the starch, and is then compressed to drive out the surplus water. A sample of this crude gluten is then weighed, and 7 grammes are taken out and rolled in starch to make a roll that will fit the aleurometer. The cap is removed from the base of the tube, and the inside of the tube is smeared with butter, and the roll of gluten is then inserted so as to fill just half the length of the tube or the space below the piston when it is at rest and leaving the piston pressing on the roll of gluten. The instrument is then placed in an oven, kept at the usual baking temperature. Under the heat, the gluten will expand and raise the piston, thus showing its degree of elastic expansion by the marks on the piston-rod that projects above the instrument. Good flour is said to give gluten that expands fifty per cent. beyond its original bulk. Bad gluten does not swell at all, and remains viscid and sticks to the tube, besides giving out a disagreeable odor. Good flour in this instrument gives the sweet smell of hot bread. For dealers who have no facilities for baking, the aleurometer is arranged with an oil-bath heated by a lamp or gas jet, and in this bath the gluten may be raised to any desired temperature, and to regulate this, a thermometer is attached to the apparatus.

Carrier-Pigeons in Fishing.

THE herring-fishing carried on in boats at night involves a certain amount of lost labor from the fact that the fish must be cured immediately on the arrival of the boats with the catch in the morning. No estimate can be made of the amount of catch to be brought in, and a large force must be maintained on shore to prepare for any extra supply that may arrive in, and in case of light fares, much of this labor is wasted. To obviate this uncertainty and to give prompt information on shore of the probable return of the boats and the amount of their load, carrier-pigeons are now employed. A bird is taken out in each boat, and when the nets have been hauled in and the amount of the catch is ascertained, the bird is let loose with the information on a slip of parch-

ment tied round its neck. The bird at once "homes" and quickly delivers its burden at its owner's residence. The direction of the wind, the position of the boat and its prospects for the return voyage and other useful information may thus be sent ashore, and in case of unfavorable weather, directions may be sent to guide the tug-boats that go out to bring in the fleet. In our cod-fishing on the Banks, "homing pigeons" might often prove of the utmost value, both in stating the position of the fleet, and in preventing loss in case of disaster, and in guiding steamers to the rescue of disabled boats. The use of parchment on the neck of the bird has several objections, and fine, light, oiled paper, carefully bound round one of the tail-feathers is thought to be a much safer way of sending dispatches by pigeon express.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Some New Models for Letter-writers.

IN the series of models for letters published in this department for November, there were some circumstances and contingencies likely to arise in ordinary American life, which were left unprovided for; and, therefore, at the request of many readers who feel the need of models to suit certain particular cases, the following additional forms have been prepared. It is hoped that they will prove to be adapted to the cases for which they are intended, and that the language of the epistles will not be found at variance with that of the ordinary "Complete Letter-writer."

No. 1.

From the author of a treatise on molecular subdivision, who has been rejected by the daughter of a casearilla-bark-refiner, whose uncle has recently been paid sixty-three dollars for repairing a culvert in Indianapolis, to the tailor of a converted Jew on the eastern shore of Maryland, who has requested the loan of a hypodermic syringe.

WEST ORANGE, Jan. 2, 1877.

DEAR SIR: Were it not for unexpected obstacles, which have most unfortunately arisen, to a connection which I hoped, at an early date, to announce, but which, now, may be considered, by the most sanguine observer, as highly improbable, I might have been able to obtain a pecuniary loan from a connection of the parties with whom I had hoped to be connected, which would have enabled me to redeem, from the hands of an hypothecator the instrument you desire, but which now is as unattainable to you as it is to

Yours most truly,
THOMAS FINLEY.

No. 2.

From an ambassador to Tunis, who has become deaf in his left ear, to the widow of a manufacturer of perforated under-clothing, whose second son has never been vaccinated.

TUNIS, Africa, Aug. 3, '77.

MOST HONORED MADAM: Permit me, I most earnestly implore of you, from the burning sands of this only too far distant foreign clime to call to the notice of your reflective and judicial faculties the fact that there are actions which may be deferred until too recent a period.

With the earnest assurance of my most distinguished regard, I am, most honored and exemplary madam, your obedient servant to command,

L. GRANVILLE TIBBS.

No. 3.

From a hog-and-cattle reporter on a morning paper, who has just had his hair cut by a barber whose father fell off a wire-bridge in the early part of 1867, to a gardener, who has written to him that a tortoise-shell cat, belonging to the widow of a stage-manager, has dug up a bed of calceolarias, the seed of which had been sent him by the cashier of a monkey-wrench factory, which had been set on fire by a one-armed tramp, whose mother had been a sempstress in the family of a Hicksite Quaker.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, '77.

DEAR SIR: In an immense metropolis like this, where scenes of woe and sorrow meet my pitying eye at every glance, and where the living creatures, the observation and consideration of which give me the means of maintenance, are always, if deemed in a proper physical condition, destined to an early grave, I can only afford a few minutes to condole with you on the loss you so feelingly announce. These minutes I now have given.

Very truly yours,

HENRY DAWSON.

No. 4.

From the wife of a farmer, who, having sewed rags enough to make a carpet, is in doubt whether to sell the rags, and with the money buy a mince-meat chopper and two cochin-china hens of an old lady, who, having been afflicted with varicose veins, has determined to send her nephew, who has been working for a pump-maker in the neighboring village, but who comes home at night to sleep, to a school kept by a divinity student whose father has been educated by the clergyman who had married her father and mother, and to give up her little farm and go to East Durham, New York, to live with a cousin of her mother, named Amos Murdock, or to have the carpet made up by a weaver who had bought oats from her husband, for a horse which had been lent to him for his keep—being a little tender in his fore feet—by a city doctor, but who would still owe two or three



"There she goes a sleigh-ridin' with Billy Wilkins, and only Chewsdy night she asked me for my fortografal!"

dollars after the carpet was woven, and keep it until her daughter, who was married to a dealer in second-hand blowing-engines for agitating oil, should come to make her a visit, and then put it down in her second-story front chamber, with a small piece of another rag-carpet, which had been under a bed, and was not worn at all, in a recess which it would be a pity to cut a new carpet to fit, to an unmarried sister who keeps house for an importer of Limoges faience.

GREENVILLE, July 20, '77.

DEAR MARIA: Now that my winter labors, so unavoidably continued through the vernal season until now, are happily concluded, I cannot determine, by any mental process with which I am familiar, what final disposition of the proceeds of my toil would be most conducive to my general well-being. If, therefore, you will bend the energies of your intellect upon the solution of this problem, you will confer a most highly appreciated favor upon

Your perplexed sister,
AMANDA DANIELS.

Alnaschar: New York. 1877.

WHERE was I last week? At the Skinners';
It's really a nice place to dine.
The old man gives capital dinners,
And is rather a good judge of wine.
The daughters are stylish and pretty—
Nice girls, eh? Don't know them, you say?
Indeed? That is really a pity;
I'll take you there with me some day.

You'll be pleased with the eldest—Miss Carrie;
But Maude's rather more in my style.
By George! If a fellow could marry,
There's a girl who would make it worth while!
But it costs such a lot when you're doubled;
You must live in some style, there's the rub.
Now a single man isn't so troubled,
It's always good form at the club.

As to Maude, she'd say yes in a minute,
If I asked for her hand, I dare say;

Soft, white hand,—if a fortune were in it,
I'd ask her to have me to-day.
Father rich? Well, you know there's no knowing
How a man will cut up till he's dead.
Have I looked at his tax-list? I'm going
To do it, old boy, that's well said!

But even rich fathers aren't willing
Always to come down with the pelf;
They'll say they began with a shilling,
And think you can do it yourself.
What's that paper, just there? The "Home
Journal?"

What's the news in society, eh?
ENGAGED! Now, by all the infernal—
It can't be, pass it over this way.

Hm! "Reception"—"Club breakfast"—"Grand
dinner."

"We learn that the charming Miss Maude,
Youngest daughter of Thomas O. Skinner,
Is engaged to George Jones"—He's a fraud!—
"Of the firm of Jones, Skinner & Baker.
The marriage will take place in May."
Hang the girl for a flirt—the deuce take her!
Well, what are you laughing at, eh?

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

The Dead Bee.

WHERE honeysuckles scent the way,
I heard thee humming yesterday;
Thy little life was not in vain,
It gathered sweets for other's gain,
And somewhere in a dainty cell
Is stored delicious hydromel.

O poet! in thy calm retreat,
From joy and grief extracting sweet,
Some day thy fancy's wings must fold
And thou lie motionless and cold.
Perhaps thy garnered honey then
May be the food of living men.

FLETCHER BATES.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1878.

No. 3.



"AND THEY BORE HER ALOFT O'ER THE SWORD OF THE CROFT,
ON THE VAULT OF THE GLITTERING SHIELD."

I.

JARL SIGURD, he rides o'er the foam-crested brine,
And he heeds not the billowy brawl,
For he yearns to behold gentle Swanwhite, the maid
Who abides in Sir Burislav's hall.

"Jarl Sigurd, the viking, he comes, he is near!
Jarl Sigurd, the scourge of the sea,
Among the wild rovers who dwell on the deep,
There is none that is dreaded as he.

"Oh, hie ye, ye maidens, and hide where ye can,
Ere the clang of his war-ax ye hear,
For the wolf of the woods has more pity than he,
And his heart is as grim as his spear."

Thus ran the dread tidings from castle to hut,
Through the length of Sir Burislav's land,
As they spied the red pennon unfurled to the breeze,
And the galleys that steered for the strand.

II.

But with menacing brow, looming high in his prow
Stood Jarl Sigurd, and fair to behold
Was his bright, yellow hair, as it waved in the air,
'Neath the glittering helmet of gold.

"Up, my comrades, and stand with your broadswords in hand,
For the war is great Odin's delight;
And the Thunderer* proud, how he laughs in his cloud,
When the Norsemen prepare for the fight!"

And the light galleys bore the fierce crew to the shore,
And naught good did their coming forebode,
And a wail rose on high to the storm-riven sky,
As to Burislav's castle they strode.

Then the stout-hearted men of Sir Burislav's train,
To the gate-way came thronging full fast,
And the battle-blade rang with a murderous clang,
Borne aloft on the wings of the blast.

And they hewed and they thrust, till each man bit the dust,
Their fierce valor availing them naught.
But the Thunderer proud, how he laughed in his cloud,
When he saw how the Norsemen had fought!

Then came Burislav forth, to the men of the North;
Thus in quivering accents spake he:
"O, ye warriors, name me the ransom ye claim,
Or in gold, or in robes, or in fee."

"Oh, what reck I thy gold," quoth Jarl Sigurd, the bold,
"Has not Thor laid it all in my hand?
Give me Swanwhite, the fair, and by Balder I swear
I shall never revisit thy land.

"For my vengeance speeds fast, and I come like the blast
Of the night o'er the billowy brine;
I forget not thy scorn and thy laugh, on that morn,
When I wooed me the maid that was mine."

* The god Thor, the Norse god of war.

Then the chief, sore afraid, brought the lily-white maid
To the edge of the blood-sprinkled field,
And they bore her aloft o'er the sward of the croft,
On the vault of the glittering shield.

But amain in their path, in a whirlwind of wrath
Came young Harold, Sir Burislav's son;
With a great voice he cried, while the echoes replied :
"Lo, my vengeance, it cometh anon!"

III.

"Hark ye, Norsemen, hear great tidings: Odin, Thor and Frey are dead,
And white Christ, the strong and gentle, standeth peace-crowned in their stead.
Lo, the blood-stained day of vengeance to the ancient night is hurled,
And the dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born world.

"See the Cross in splendor gleaming far and wide o'er pine-clad heath,
While the flaming blade of battle slumbers in its golden sheath.
And before the lowly Savior, e'en the rider of the sea,
Sigurd, tamer of the billow, he hath bent the stubborn knee."

Now at Yule-tide sat he feasting on the shore of Drontheim fjord,
And his stalwart swains about him watched the bidding of their lord.
Huge his strength was, but his visage, it was mild and fair to see;
Ne'er old Norway, heroes' mother, bore a mightier son than he.

With her maids sat gentle Swanwhite 'neath a roof of gleaming shields,
As the rarer lily blossoms 'mid the green herbs of the fields;
To and fro their merry words flew lightly through the torch-lit room,
Like a shuttle deftly skipping through the mazes of the loom.

And the scalds with nimble fingers o'er the sounding harp-strings swept;
Now the music moved in laughter, now with hidden woe it wept,
For they sang of Time's beginning, ere the sun the day brought forth,—
Sang as sing the ocean breezes through the pine-woods of the North,

Bolder beat the breasts of Norsemen,—when amid the tuneful din
Open sprang the heavy hall-doors, and a stranger entered in.
Tall his growth, though low he bended o'er a twisted staff of oak,
And his stalwart shape was folded in a dun, unseemly cloak.

Straight the Jarl his voice uplifted: "Hail to thee, my guest austere!
Drain with me this cup of welcome; thou shalt share our Yule-tide cheer.
'Thou shalt sit next to my high-seat* e'en though lowly be thy birth,
For to-night our Lord, the Savior, came a stranger to his earth."

Up then rose the gentle Swanwhite, and her eyes with fear grew bright,
Down her dusky hall she drifted, as a shadow drifts by night.
"If my lord would hold me worthy," low she spake, "then grant me leave,
To abide between the stranger and my lord, this Christmas eve."

"Strange, O guest, are women's council, still their folly is the staff
Upon which our wisdom leaneth," and he laughed a burly laugh;
Lifted up her lissome body with a husband's tender pride,
Kissed her brow, and placed her gently in the high-seat at his side.

* The high-seat (accent on first syllable), the Icclander *hasceto*, was the seat reserved for the master of the house. It was always situated in the middle of the north wall, facing south.

But the guest stood pale and quivered, where the red flames roofward rose,
And he clenched the brimming goblet in his fingers, fierce and close,
Then he spake: "All hail, Jarl Sigurd, mightiest of the Norsemen, hail!
Ere I name to thee my tidings, I will taste thy flesh and ale."

Quoth the merry Jarl with fervor, "Courteous is thy speech and free,
While thy worn soul thou refreshest, I will sing a song to thee;
For beneath that dusky garment thou mayst hide a hero's heart,
And my hand, though stiff, hath scarcely yet unlearned the singer's art."

Then the arms so tightly folded round his neck the Jarl unclasped,
And his heart was stirred within him as the silvern strings he grasped,
But with eyes of meek entreaty, closely to his side she clung,
While his mighty soul rose upward on the billows of the song.

For he sang in tones impassioned, of the death of *Æsir** bright,
Sang the song of Christ the glorious, who was born a babe to-night,
How the hosts of heaven victorious joined the anthem of his birth,
Of the kings the starlight guided from the far lands of the earth.

And anon with bodeful glamour fraught, the hurrying rhymes sped on,
As he sang the law of vengeance and the wrath forever gone,
Of grim gods with murder sated, who had laid the fair earth waste,
Who had whetted swords of Norsemen, plunged them into Norsemen's breast.

But he shook a shower of music, rippling from the silver strings,
And bright visions rose of angels and of fair and shining things,
As he sang of heaven's rejoicing at the white Christ's bloodless reign,
Glory unto God on highest, peace and good-will unto men!

But the guest sat dumb and hearkened, staring at the brimming bowl,
While the lay with mighty wing-beat swept the darkness of his soul.
For the Christ who worketh wonders as of old, so e'en to-day
Sent his angel downward gliding on the ladder of the lay.

As the host his rhyme had ended with a last resounding twang,
And within the harp's dumb chamber, murmurous echoes faintly rang;
Up then sprang the guest, and straightway downward rolled his garment dun—
There stood Harold, the avenger, Burislav's undaunted son.

High he loomed above the feasters in the torch-light dim and weird,
From his eyes hot tears were streaming, sparkling in his tawny beard;
Shining in his sea-blue mantle stood he 'mid that wondering throng,
And each maiden thought him fairest, and each warrior vowed him strong.

Swift he bared his blade of battle, flung it quivering on the board,
"Lo!" he cried, "I came to bid thee baleful greeting with my sword;
Thou hast dulled the edge that never shrank from battle's fiercest test,
Now I come, as comes a brother, swordless unto brother's breast.

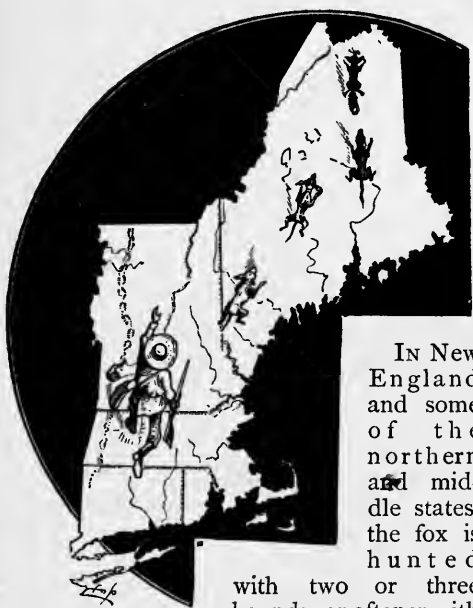
"With three hundred men I landed in the gloaming at thy shore,
Dost thou hear their axes clanking on their shields without thy door?
But a yearning woke within me my sweet sister's voice to hear,
To behold her face and whisper words of warning in her ear."

* *Æsir* is the collective name for all the Scandinavian gods.

"But I knew not of the new-born king, who holds the earth in sway,
And whose voice like fragrance blended in the soarings of thy lay.
This my vengeance now, O brother; foes as friends shall hands unite,
Teach me, thou, the wondrous tidings, and the law of Christ the white."

Touched as by an angel's glory, strangely shone Jarl Sigurd's face,
As he locked his foe, his brother, in a brotherly embrace,
And each warrior upward leaping, swung his horn with gold bedight:
"Hail to Sigurd, hail to Harold, three times hail to Christ the white!"

FOX-HUNTING IN NEW ENGLAND.



IN NEW
England
and some
of the
northern
and mid-
dle states,
the fox is
hunted

with two or three hounds, or oftener with only one, the hunter going on foot and armed with a shot-gun or rifle, his method being to shoot the fox as it runs before the hounds. The sport is exciting, invigorating and manly, and by its votaries is esteemed the chief of field sports. The fox is proverbially the most cunning of beasts, often eluding by his tricks the most expert hunter and the truest hounds. Long walks are required, which take one over many miles of woods, hills and fields, and this in fall and winter when the air is always pure and bracing. I have noticed that many who delight to shoot the hare or the deer before the hounds, are accustomed to scoff at this sport, which indeed is generally held in contempt by those who arrogate to themselves the title of "true sportsmen." It is difficult to see wherein it is more unsports-

manlike to hunt before hounds an animal of such self-possession and such varied cunning, that it is continually putting its pursuers at fault, when it is sportsmanlike to hunt in like manner animals who have each, speed failing, only a trick apiece,—the hare depending on its doublings to elude the dogs, the deer on running to water. The reason for this nice distinction lies, perhaps, in that deference to English usage which still exists among us. In this case it is most senseless, for even if fox-hunting in English fashion were practicable here, it would not be tolerated by our farmers, who would never endure the trampling of their cultivated fields and the destruction of their fences by a score or more hard-riding horsemen. But it is not practicable, for no horse could possibly follow the course of the hounds and fox among our hills and mountains, where the chase often leads up declivities to be surmounted only by the stanchest and most active hounds, and through thick forests and almost impassable swamps.

In New England the hunt is for the red fox and his varieties, the silver and cross foxes, the gray fox of the south and west being almost, if not quite, unknown. From the tip of his nose to the root of his tail, the red fox measures about twenty-eight or thirty inches, his tail sixteen to eighteen inches including hair, and his height at the shoulder thirteen inches. His long fur and thick, bushy tail make him look larger and heavier than he is. Of several specimens which I have weighed, the largest tipped the beam at twelve pounds; the least at seven pounds. The general color is yellowish red, the outsides of the ears and the fronts of the legs and feet are black; the chin and usually the tip of the tail, white; and the tail darker than the body, most of its hairs

being tipped with black. The eyes are near together and strongly express, as does the whole head, the alert and cunning nature of the animal.

The cross fox, much scarcer than the red, is very beautiful. It is thus described



"AN HONEST FOX MUST LIVE."

by Thompson: "A blackish stripe passing from the neck down the back and another crossing it at right angles over the shoulders; sides, ferruginous, running into gray on the back; the chin, legs and under parts of the body black, with a few hairs tipped with white; upper side of the tail, gray; under side and parts of the body adjacent, pale yellow; tail tipped with white. The cross upon the shoulders is not always apparent, even in specimens which, from the fineness of the fur, are acknowledged

to be cross foxes. Size the same as the common fox."

The black or silver fox is so rare in New England that to see one is the event of a life-time. The variety is as beautiful and valuable as rare. Its color is sometimes entirely of a shining black, except the white tip of the tail, but oftener of a silvery hue, owing to an intermixture of hairs tipped with white. It has probably always been uncommon here, for it is said to have been held in such estimation by the Indians of this region, that a silver fox skin was equal in value to forty beaver-skins, and the gift of one was considered a sacred pledge. One often hears of silver foxes being seen, but, like the big fish so often lost by anglers, they almost invariably get away.

Foxes are less rare in settled countries and on the borders of civilization, than in the wilderness, for, though they find no fewer enemies, they find more abundant food in the open fields than in the forest. The common field-mouse is a favorite in their bill-of-fare; and the farmer's lambs and the goodwife's geese and turkeys never come amiss therein. These are all more easily got than hares or grouse. In justice to Reynard it must be said, however, that when mice are plenty lambs and poultry are seldom molested. In times of scarcity, he takes kindly to beech-nuts in the fall, and fills himself with grasshoppers and such small deer in the summer. When these fail, —why, what would you? An honest fox must live.

When not running before the hounds, he is seldom seen in day-time, except it may be by some early riser whose sharp eye discerns him in the dim dawn, moving in meadow or pasture, or picking his stealthy way across lots to his home woods. In



AFTER A BREAKFAST.

these woods he spends his days, sleeping or prowling slyly about in quest of some foolish hare or grouse. Going into the woods without a dog you might pass within a few yards of him and never suspect that his keen eyes were watching you, or that the slight rustle of fallen leaves you heard was caused by his departing footsteps, as he stole away, with a tree between you and him.

It is doubtful if the fox much resorts to

seen on her homeward way with a fringe of field-mice hanging from her mouth. About the entrance to the den may be seen the wings of domestic poultry, wild ducks and grouse, and the legs of lambs,—the fragments of many a vulpine feast.

It is a curious fact, and one I have never seen mentioned in print, that while the cubs are dependent on the mother, a hound will only follow her for a few minutes. Of

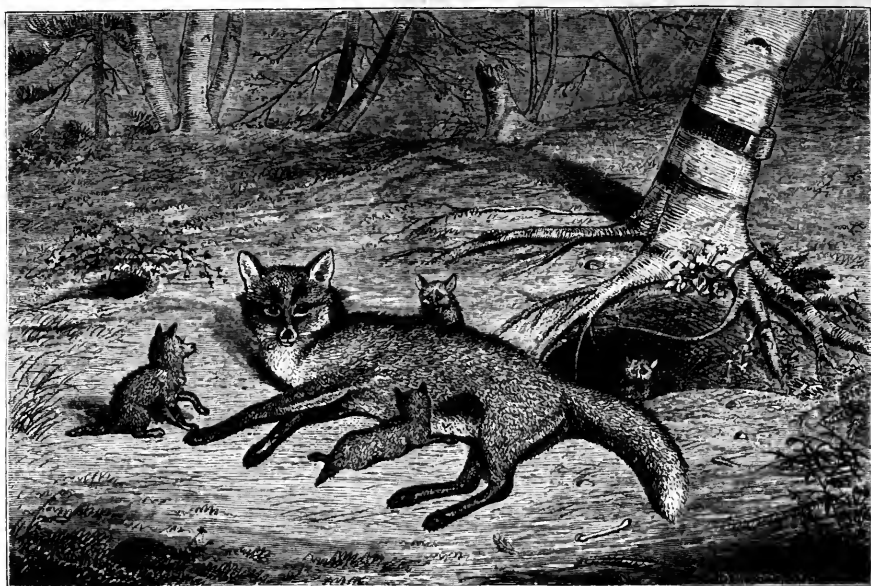


"GOING INTO THE WOODS WITHOUT A DOG."

his burrows except in great stress of weather and during the breeding season, or when driven to earth by relentless pursuit. For the most part, he takes his hours of ease curled up on some knoll, rock or stump, his dense fur defying northern blasts and the "nipping and eager air" of the coldest winter night. Shelter from rain or snow-storms he undoubtedly will take, for he is not overfond of being bedraggled, though it is certain he will sometimes take to the water and cross a stream without being driven to it.

Reynard goes wooing in February, and travels far and wide in search of sweet-hearts, toying with every vixen he meets, but faithful to none, for his love is more fleeting than the tracks he leaves in the drifting snow. In April, the vixen having set her house in order by clearing it of rubbish, brings forth her young,—from three to six or more at a litter. This house is sometimes a burrow in sandy soil with several entrances; sometimes a den in the rocks, and sometimes, in old woods, a hollow log. In four or five weeks the queer little pug-nosed cubs begin to play about the entrance. The mother hunts faithfully to provide them food, and may sometimes be

the existence of this provision for the safety of the young foxes I have had ocular proof, confirmed by the statements of persons whom I believe. In June, 1868, an old vixen was making sad havoc with one of my neighbors' lambs, and an old fox-hunter was requested to take the field in their defense. He proceeded with his hounds (tolerably good ones) to the woods where her burrow was known to be, and put the dogs out. They soon started her and ran her out of the woods, but greatly to the surprise of the hunter they returned in a few moments, looking as shamefaced as whipped curs, with the old fox following them. Disgusted with the behavior of his own dogs, he sought the assistance of an old hound of celebrated qualities, belonging to a neighbor. She was put out with the other dogs, with just the same result. The vixen was, at last, shot while she was chasing the hounds, who then turned upon her, biting and shaking her as is their wont when a fox is killed before them; but my friend, the hunter, told me they were as sick and distressed as ever dogs were after an encounter with a skunk. About the last of May, 1875, I witnessed a like incident. A stanch old hound of my own



A HAPPY FAMILY.

having accompanied me on a fishing excursion, started a fox in a piece of woods where a litter of young were known to be. Anxious to preserve the litter for sport in the fall, I hastened to call in the dog. I found him trotting along with lowered tail, the vixen leisurely trotting not more than five rods in advance, stopping every half minute to bark at him, when he would stop till she again went on. I called him in as easily as if he had been nosing for a mouse, though under ordinary circumstances it would have required a vigorous assertion of authority to have taken him off so hot a scent.

If the life of the vixen is spared and she is not continually harassed by men or dogs

during the breeding season, she will remain in the same locality for years, and rear litter after litter there; perhaps not always inhabiting the same burrow, but one somewhere within the same piece of woods or on the same hill. If she is much disturbed, or if she perceives that her burrow is discovered, she speedily removes her young to another retreat. The young foxes continue to haunt the woods where they were reared for some months after they have ceased to require the care of their mother, and then disperse. The habits above mentioned are common to the cross and silver foxes as well as the red fox.

And now for the hunt. From his helpless babyhood in leafless April, Reynard has come, by the middle of the autumn, to months of discretion and to a large and increasing capacity for taking care of himself. The weapons are double-barrel shot-guns of such weight and caliber as may suit the individual fancy. A very light gun will not do the execution at the long range sometimes required, while on the other hand, a very heavy one will become burdensome in the long tramps that may be necessary; for a man of ordinary strength, an 8-lb. gun will be found quite heavy enough. It should be of a caliber which will properly chamber its full charge of, at least, BB shot,—for I hold that the force of lighter shot will be broken by the thick fur of the fox; indeed I would suggest still heavier pellets, say BBB, or even A.



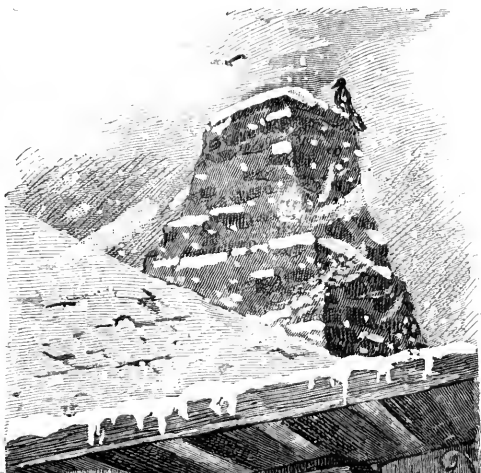
HEAD OF FOX-HOUND.

Our hounds, not so carefully bred as they should be, cannot be classed in any particular breed. They are more like the old Southern fox-hound than like the modern English; and for our purpose, are incomparably superior to the latter. They are not fleet, like him (fleetness here being objectionable, as will be shown), but of great endurance, and unsurpassable scenting powers,—for they will follow a fox through all his devious windings and endless devices, from dawn till dark, through the night and for another day. Our best dogs are well described by Shakspeare in “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*”:

“My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew’d, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp’d like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each.”

Their colors are blue-mottled, with patches of black and tan or yellow, with tan eye-patches; white, flecked with yellow, termed by old-time hunters, “punkin-an’-milk”;

our native fox-dogs possess in perfection. A hound with a weak voice is a constant worry, and one with a discordant voice vexes the ear. When the game is started the dog should continually give tongue, so that you (and the fox as well) may always know just where he is. The wrinkled brows and fore-



white and black and black and tan, with variations and admixtures of all these colors. It is an old saying, “that a good horse cannot be of a bad color;” and the color of a hound is more a matter of fancy than of excellence. A loud and melodious voice is a most desirable quality, and this many of

THE DOGS’ DREAM.

heads, and long pendent ears and flews of many of these dogs, give them an extremely sad and troubled expression from which one might suppose their lives were “fu’ o’ sarioussness.” Perhaps (who knows?) this solemn cast of visage comes of much pondering on the knavish tricks of the wily fox,

and of schemes for circumventing his many artifices. Their tails are not at all inclined to be bushy, like those of the English foxhounds of the present day, but are almost as slender and clean as the tail of the pointer.

It is the early morning of one of the perfect days of late October or early November. In the soft gray light of the growing day, the herbage of the pastures and the aftermath of the meadows are pearly with frost which is thick and white on boards and fence-rails. The air is chill but unstirred by the lightest breeze, and if the day keeps the promise of the morning it will be quite warm enough for comfortable tramping when the sun is fairly up. The hounds, called from their straw, come yawning and limping forth, stiff from the chase of yesterday, but are electrified with new life by the sight of the guns. They career about, sounding bugle-notes that wake the echoes for a mile around. Reynard at the wood-edge, homeward bound from his mousing or poultry stealing, is warned that this is to be no holiday for him. Very likely the hounds are too eager for the hunt to eat their morning Johnny-cake; if so, let them have their way,—they will gobble it ravenously enough to-night, if they have the chance.

And now, away! across the frosty fields toward yonder low hill which we dignify with the name of mountain. No song-birds now welcome the coming day; almost the only sound which breaks the gray serenity is the clamor of a flock of crows in the distant woods, announcing their awakening to another day of southward journeying, or the challenge of a cock in a far-off farm-yard. As you hurry across the home pasture, the cows stop chewing the cud, to stare curiously at hounds and hunters, and then arise, sighing and stretching, from their couches on the dry knolls. A flock of sheep start from their huddled repose and scurry away, halting at a little distance to snort and stamp at the rude disturbers of their early meditations. Almost the only signs of life are these, and the upward crawling smoke of kitchen chimneys, where sluggards are just making their first preparations for breakfast. Yours has been eaten this half hour. The old dog plods along, with serious and business-like air, disdaining and repelling all attempts of his younger companion to beguile him into any unseemly gambols; but when you cross the fence which bounds the pasture lying along the

foot of the hill, where the rank grass, mixed with last year's growth, is ankle deep, and where grass and innumerable stumps and logs afford harbor for colonies of field-mice, you find "there is life in the old dog yet." He halts for an instant and snuffs the air; draws toward a tuft of grass and noses it carefully; his sensitive nostrils dilate; his staid and sober tail begins, not to wag, but to describe circles; the serious lines of his brow become a frown; he mounts that log and snuffs it from end to end and back again with studious care. There has been a fox here, but which way has he gone? Never fear that the old dog will not tell you soon; but by what marvelous faculty he finds it out, who but a dog can tell? Alas! such niceties of his language are a sealed book to us. Now his loud, eager snuffing has grown to a suppressed challenge, and every muscle seems strained to its utmost tension, as he leaves the log and makes a few lopes toward the woods, stops for an instant as if turned to stone, raises his good gray muzzle sky-ward, and awakens all the woods and hills with his deep sonorous voice! That way has Reynard gone, and that bugle-note has perhaps given him premonition of his doom. This note has recalled the young dog from his wild ranging, and he joins his older and wiser companion, without bringing much aid, however, for, catching the scent, he proclaims his discovery till long after he has overrun it, now and then slightly disconcerting the old truth-teller; but the veteran soon learns to ignore the youngster and works his way steadily toward the wooded edge of the hill, never increasing his speed, nor abating the carefulness of his scenting. Now his tuneful notes become more frequent. If you have the heart of a fox-hunter, they are the sweetest music to your ears in all the world. Up the steep side of the hill, he takes his way, the young dog following, and both giving tongue from time to time. They slowly work the trail to the top of an overhanging ledge and, now, there is a hush, but, almost before the echo of their last notes has died, forth bursts a wild storm of canine music. Reynard is afoot; or, as we Yankees say, "The fox is started," and the reeking scent of his recent footsteps steams hot in the nostrils of his pursuers. The hounds are now out of sight, but you hear every note of their jubilant song as they describe a small circle beyond the ledge, and then go northward along the crest of the hill. Their baying grows fainter

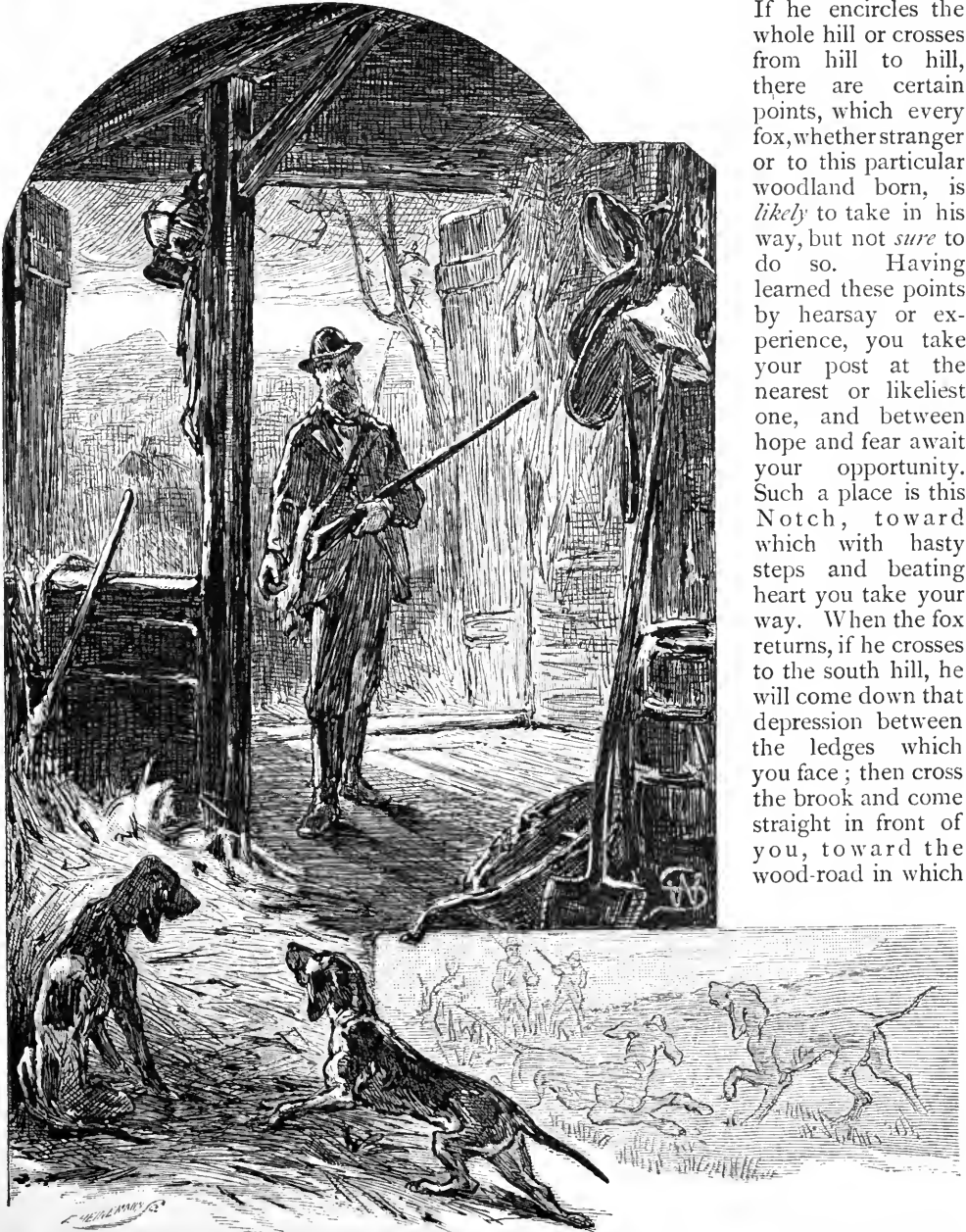
and fainter as they bear away to the further side, till at last it is almost drowned by the gurgle of the brook.

Now, get with all speed to "the Notch," which divides the north from the south hill, for this the fox will pretty surely cross when he comes back, if back he comes, after making a turn or two or three at the

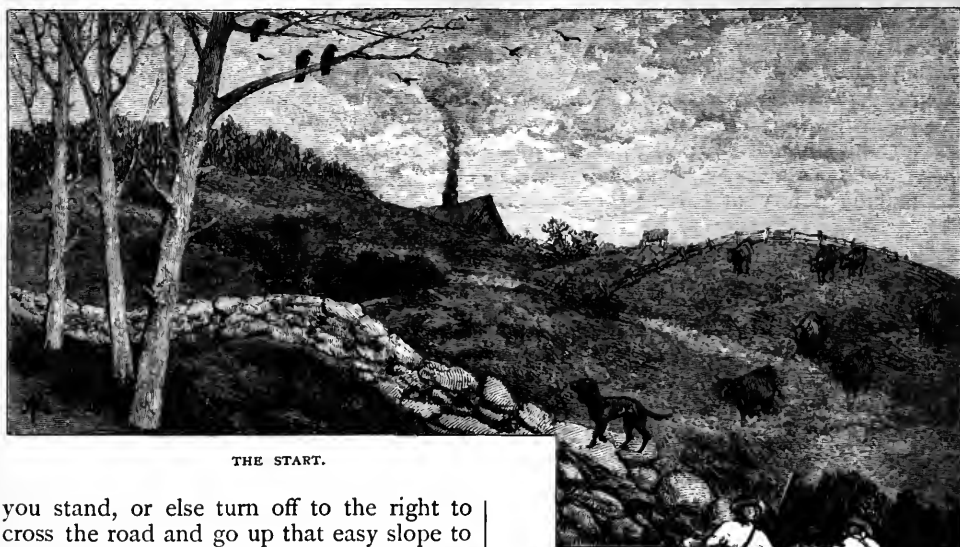
north end. On this habit of his, of running in circles, and in certain run-ways as he goes from hill to hill, or from wood to wood, is founded our method of hunting him. If he "plays" in small circles, encompassing an acre or so, as he often will for half an hour at a time before a slow dog, you cautiously work up to leeward of him and try your

chances for a shot.

If he encircles the whole hill or crosses from hill to hill, there are certain points, which every fox, whether stranger or to this particular woodland born, is *likely* to take in his way, but not *sure* to do so. Having learned these points by hearsay or experience, you take your post at the nearest or likeliest one, and between hope and fear await your opportunity. Such a place is this Notch, toward which with hasty steps and beating heart you take your way. When the fox returns, if he crosses to the south hill, he will come down that depression between the ledges which you face; then cross the brook and come straight in front of you, toward the wood-road in which



CALLING THE DOGS.



THE START.

you stand, or else turn off to the right to cross the road and go up that easy slope to the south hill, or turn to the left and cross on the other hand. Standing midway between these points, either is a long gun-shot off, but it is the best place to post yourself; so here take breath and steady your nerves.

How still the woods are! The hounds are out of hearing a mile away. No breeze sighs through the pines or stirs the fallen leaves. The trickle of the brook, the penny trumpet of a nut-hatch, the light hammering of a downy woodpecker are the only sounds the strained ear catches. All about rise the gray tree-trunks; overhead, against the blue-gray sky is spread their net of branches, with here and there a tuft of russet and golden and scarlet leaves caught in its meshes. At your feet on every side lie the fading and faded leaves, but bearing still a hundred hues; and through them rise tufts of green fern, brown stems of infant trees and withered plants; frost-blackened beech-drops, spikes of the dull azure berries of the blue cohosh, and milk-white ones, crimson-stemmed, of the white cohosh; scarlet clusters of wild turnip berries; pale asters and slender golden-rod, but all so harmoniously blended that no one object stands forth conspicuously. So kindly does Nature screen her children, that in this pervading gray and russet, beast and bird, blossom and gaudy leaf may lurk unnoticed, almost at your feet. The rising sun begins to glorify the tree-tops. And now, a red squirrel startles you, rustling noisily through the leaves. He scrambles up a tree, and with nervous twitches of feet and tail, snickers and scolds till you feel almost wicked enough to end his clatter with a charge of shot. A

blue jay has spied you and comes to upbraid you with his discordant voice. A party of chickadees draw nigh, flitting close about and pecking the lichened trunks and branches almost within arm's length, satisfying curiosity and hunger together.

At last, above the voices of these garrulous visitors, your ear discerns the baying of the hounds, faint and far away, swelling, dying, swelling, but surely drawing nearer. Louder rings the "musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction," as the dogs break over the hill-top. Now, eyes and ears, look and listen your sharpest. Bring the butt of your gun to your shoulder and be motionless and noiseless as death, for if at two gun-shots off Reynard sees even the movement of a hand or a turn of the head, he will put a tree-trunk between you and him, and vanish altogether and "leave you there lamenting."

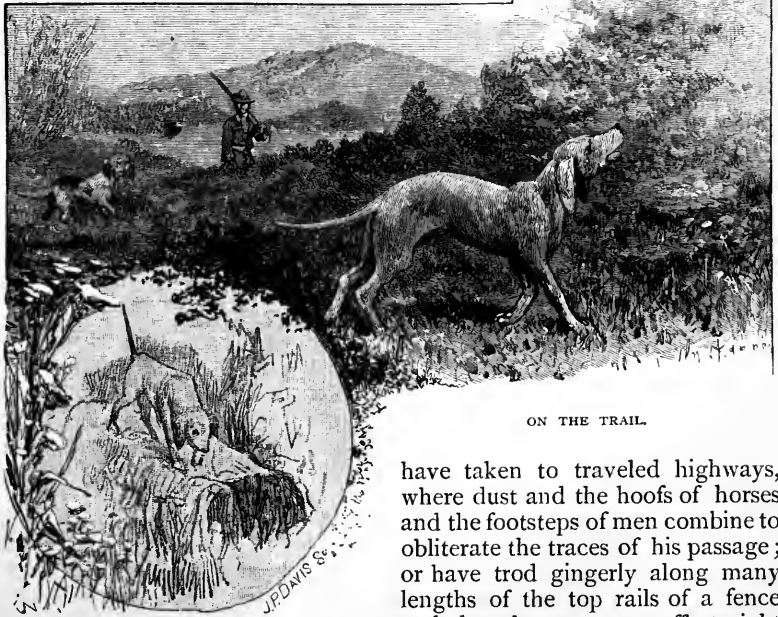
Is that the patter of feet in the dry leaves or did the sleeping air awake enough to stir them? Is that the fox? Pshaw! no—only a red squirrel scurrying along a fallen tree. Is that quick, muffled thud the drum of a partridge? No, it never reaches the final roll of his performance. It is only the beating of your own heart. But now you hear the unmistakable nervous rustle of Reynard's footsteps in the leaves; now

bounding with long leaps, now picking his way; now unheard for an instant as he halts to listen. A yellow-red spot grows out of the russet leaves, and that is he, coming straight toward you. A gun-shot and a half away, he stops on a knoll and turns half-way round to listen for the dogs. In awful suspense you wonder if he will come right on or sheer off and baffle you. But a louder sounding of the charge by his pursuers sends him onward right toward you. His face is a study as he gallops leisurely along listening and plotting. He picks his way for a few yards along the outcropping stones in the bed of the brook, and then begins to climb the slope diagonally toward you. He is only fifty yards off when you raise the muzzle of your gun, drop your cheek to the stock, and aim a little forward of his nose; your finger presses the trigger and while the loud report is rebounding from wood to hill, you peer anxiously through the hanging smoke to learn whether you have cause for joy or mortification. Ah! there he lies, done to death, despite his speed and cunning. The old dog follows his every footstep to the spot where he lies, stops for a breath in a half surprise as he comes upon him, then seizes him by the back, shaking him savagely, and biting him from shoulders to hips. Let him mouth his fallen foe to his heart's content, no matter how he rumpled the sleek fur, it is his only recompense for the faithful service he has so well performed. And now the young dog comes up and claims his reward, and be sure this morning's work will go far toward making him as stanch and true as his chase-worn leader.

The shade of sadness for a moment indulged over the vigorous life so suddenly ended by your shot, is but a passing cloud

on the serene happiness you feel at having acquitted yourself so well. If you had missed him, it would have been but small consolation to think the fox was safe. The hounds having had their just dues in mousing and shaking, you strip off Reynard's furry coat,—for if English lords may, without disgrace, sell the game they kill in their battues, surely a humble Yankee fox-hunter may save and sell the pelt of his fox without incurring the stigma of "pot-hunter." At least he may bear home the brush with skin attached, as a trophy.

But think not thus early nor with such successful issue is every chase to close. This was ended before the fox had used any other trick for baffling the hounds, but his simplest one of running in circles. An hour or two later, an old fox finding the dogs still holding persistently to all the windings of his trail, would have sped away to another hill or wood a mile or so off, and would have crossed newly plowed fields, the fresh earth leaving no tell-tale scent; would



ON THE TRAIL.

have taken to traveled highways, where dust and the hoofs of horses and the footsteps of men combine to obliterate the traces of his passage; or have trod gingerly along many lengths of the top rails of a fence and then have sprung off at right angles with it to the ground, ten feet away; and then, perhaps, have run through a flock of sheep, the strong odor of whose feet blots out the scent of his. These artifices quite bewilder and baffle the young dog, but only

delay the elder who knows of old the tricks of foxes. Nothing can be more admirable than the manner of his working, as he comes to the edge of the plowed field. He wastes no time in useless pottering among the fresh-turned furrows, but with rapid lopes skirts their swarded border, till, at a far corner, his speed slackens as his keen nose catches the scent again in the



ON THE RUN-WAY.

damp grass; he snuffs at it an instant to assure himself, then sounds a loud, melodious note, and goes on baying at every lope till the road is reached. Along this he zigzags till he finds where the fox has left it. And now comes the puzzling bit of fence. The old dog thinks the fox has gone through it; he goes through it himself, but finds no scent there; puzzles about rapidly, now trying this side, now that; at last he bethinks himself of the top, to which he clambers and there finds the missing trail. But his big feet cannot tread the "giddy footing" of the rail as could Reynard's dainty pads, so down he goes and tries on either side for the point where the fox left the fence. Ranging up and down, too near it, to hit the spot where Reynard struck the ground he fails to recover the scent, stops—raises his nose and utters a long, mournful howl, half vexation, half despair. Now he climbs to the top rail further on and snuffs it there. "No taint of a fox's foot is here," so he reasons, "and he must have jumped from the fence between here and the place where I found it," and acting on this logical conclusion, he circles widely till he has picked up the trail once more, and goes merrily on to the sheep-pasture. Here, satisfying himself of the character of this trick, he adopts the same plan employed at the plowed field, and after

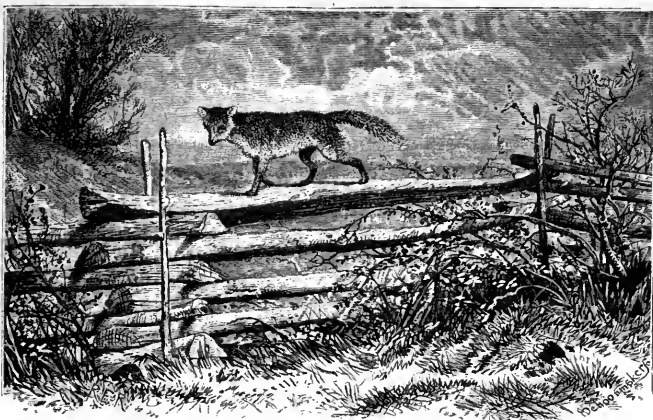
a little, finds the trail on the other side and follows it to the hill, but more slowly now, for the fox has been gone some time; the frost has melted, the moisture is exhaling and the scent growing cold. The fox has long since reached the hill and half encircled it, and now hearing the voices of the hounds so far away and so slowly nearing, has bestowed himself on the mossy cushion of a knoll for rest and cogitation. Here he lies for a half hour or more, but



always alert and listening while the dogs draw slowly on, now almost losing the trail on a dry ledge, now catching it in a moist, propitious hollow, till at last a nearer burst warns poor sly-boots that he must again up and away. He may circle about or "play," as we term it, on this hill, till you have reached a run-way on it where you may get a shot; or, when you have toiled painfully up the steep western pitch and have just reached the top, blown, leg-weary, but expectant, he will, probably, utterly disappoint and exasperate you by leaving this hill and returning to the one he and you have so lately quitted,—yea, he will even intensify the bitterness of your heart by taking in his way, one or two or three points where you were standing half an hour ago! What is to be done? He may run for hours, now, on the hill where he was started, or he may be back here again before the hunter can have regained that. To hesitate may be to lose, may be to gain, the coveted shot. One must choose as soon as may be and take his chances. If two persons

are hunting in company, one should keep to this hill, the other to that, or while on the same hill, or in the same wood, each to his chosen run-way, thus doubling the chances of a shot.

At last the hounds may be heard baying continuously in one place, and by this and their peculiar intonation, one may know that the fox, finding his tricks unavailing, has run to earth, or, as we have it, "has holed." Guided to his retreat by the voices of the hounds, you find them there, by turns, baying angrily and impatiently and tearing away, tooth and nail, the obstructing roots and earth. If in a sandy or loamy bank, the fox may, with pick and spade, be dug ignominiously forth, but this savors strongly of pot-hunting. If he has taken sanctuary in a rocky den, where pick and spade avail not, there is nothing for it but to call the dogs off and try for



STRATAGEM NUMBER ONE.

another fox, to-day, or for this one to-morrow, when he shall have come forth again. This is the manlier part, in either case, for Reynard has fairly baffled you, has run his course and reached his goal in safety.

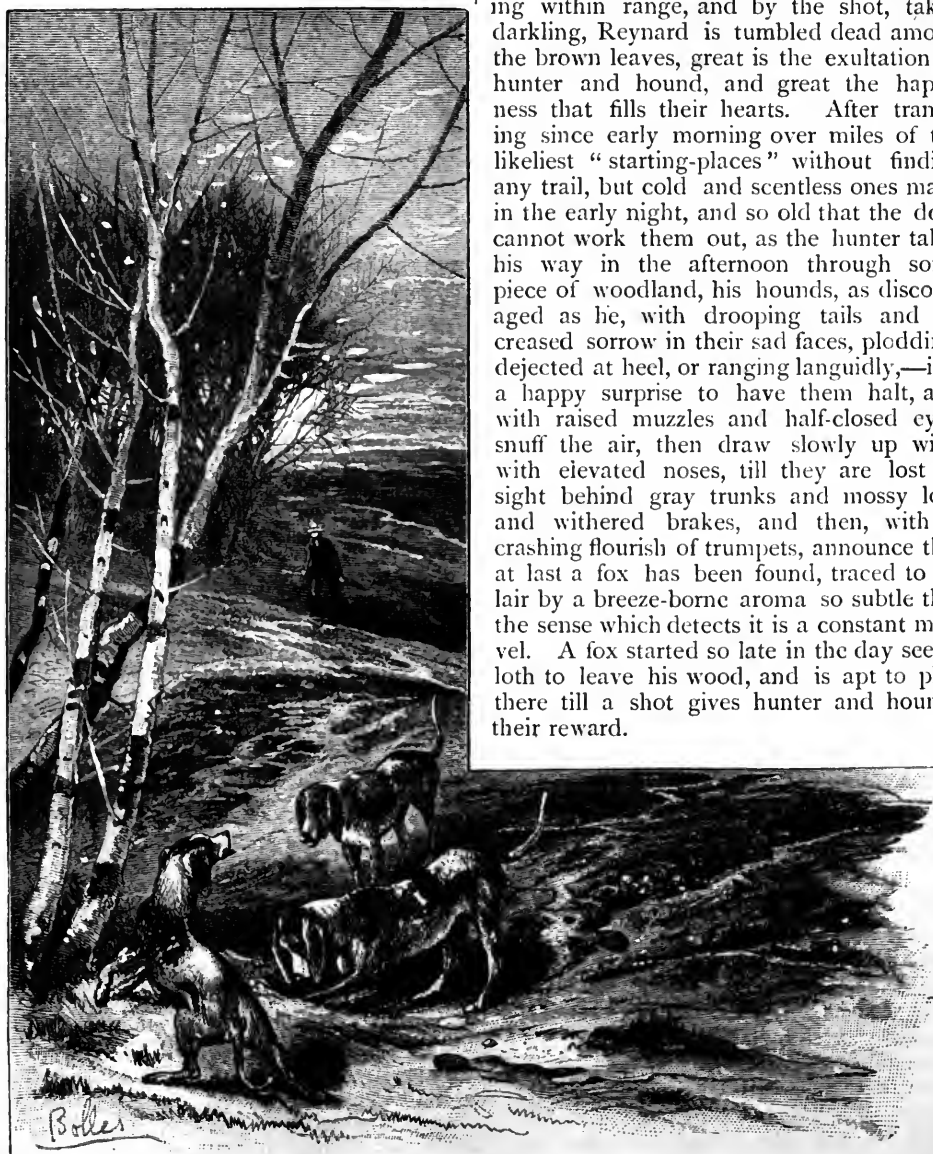
Sometimes an old fox, when he hears the first note of the hounds on the trail he made when he was mousing under the paling stars, will arise from his bed, and



STRATAGEM NUMBER TWO.

make off at once over dry ledges, plowed fields and sheep-pastures, leaving for the dogs nothing but a cold, puzzling scent, which, growing fainter as the day advances and the moisture exhales, they are obliged, unwillingly, to abandon at last, after hours of slow and painstaking work. A wise old hound will often, in such cases, give over trying to work up the uncertain trail, and guessing at the direction the fox has taken, push on, running mute, at the top of his

speed, to the likeliest piece of woodland, a mile away perhaps, and there with loud rejoicings pick up the trail. When after a whole day's chase, during which hope and disappointment have often and rapidly succeeded each other in the hunter's breast, having followed the fox with untiring zeal through all the crooks and turns of his devious course, and unraveled with faultless nose and the sagacity born of thought and experience his every trick,—the good dogs bring him at the last moment of the gloaming within range, and by the shot, taken darkling, Reynard is tumbled dead among the brown leaves, great is the exultation of hunter and hound, and great the happiness that fills their hearts. After tramping since early morning over miles of the likeliest "starting-places" without finding any trail, but cold and scentless ones made in the early night, and so old that the dogs cannot work them out, as the hunter takes his way in the afternoon through some piece of woodland, his hounds, as discouraged as he, with drooping tails and increased sorrow in their sad faces, plodding, dejected at heel, or ranging languidly,—it is a happy surprise to have them halt, and with raised muzzles and half-closed eyes, snuff the air, then draw slowly up wind with elevated noses, till they are lost to sight behind gray trunks and mossy logs and withered brakes, and then, with a crashing flourish of trumpets, announce that at last a fox has been found, traced to his lair by a breeze-borne aroma so subtle that the sense which detects it is a constant marvel. A fox started so late in the day seems loth to leave his wood, and is apt to play there till a shot gives hunter and hounds their reward.





BEARING HOME THE BRUSH.

When one sees in the snow the intricate windings and crossings and recrossings of the trail of a mousing fox, he can but wonder how any dog by his nose alone can untangle such a knotted thread till it shall lead him to the place where the fox has laid up for the day; yet this a good hound will unerringly do, if the scent has not become too cold. To see him do this and to follow all his careful, sagacious work, are in no wise the least of the pleasures of this sport.

It is a favorite season for fox-hunting when the first snows have fallen, for though the walking is not so good, and hounds are often much inclined to follow the track by sight as well as by smell, the tell-tale footprints show pretty plainly which way the fox has gone, how long he has been gone, and whether it is worth your while to allow the dogs to follow his trail; and you are enabled to help the hounds in puzzling places, though a dog of wisdom and experience seldom needs help, except for the

saving of time. A calm day is always best, and if warm enough for the snow to pack without being at all "sposhy," so much the better. Though it is difficult to "start" a fox during a heavy snow-fall, if you do start him, he is pretty certain to "play" beautifully, seeming to reckon much on the obliteration of his track by the falling snow. At such times he will often circle an hour in the compass of two or three acres. Glare ice holds scent scarcely more than water. This, no one knows better than the fox, and you may be sure he will now profit by this knowledge if naked ice can be found. He will also run in the paths of the hare, pick his way carefully along rocky ridges, swept bare of snow by the wind, leaving no visible trace of his passage, and, at times, take to traveled highways. If the snow is deep and light so that he sinks into it, he will soon, through fatigue or fear of being caught, take refuge in den or burrow. If the snow has a crust which bears him, but through which the heavier hounds break



DOGS BREAKING THROUGH THE CRUST.

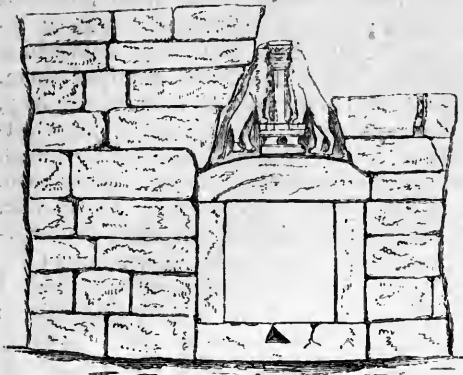
at every step, he laughs them to scorn as he trips leisurely along at a tantalizingly short distance before them. Hunting in such seasons is weary work, and more desirable, then, is the solace of book and pipe by the cozy fireside, where the hounds lie sleeping and dreaming of glorious days of sport, already past or soon to come.

In winter as in autumn, the sport is invigorating and exciting, and Nature has, now as ever, her endless beauties and secrets for him who hath eyes to behold them. To such, they are manifold in all seasons and he is feasted full, whether from the bald hill-top he looks forth over a wide expanse of gorgeous woods and fields, still green under October skies, or sees them brown and sere through the dim November haze, or spread white and far with December snows. The truest sportsman is not a mere skillful butcher, who is quite unsatisfied if he returns from the chase without blood upon his garments, but he who bears home from field and forest

something better than game and peltry and the triumph of a slayer, and who counts the day not lost nor ill spent though he can show no trophy of his skill. The beautiful things seen, the ways of beasts and birds noted, are what he treasures far longer than the number of successful shots.

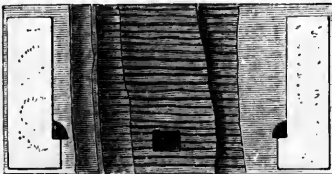


DR. SCHLIEMANN AT MYCENÆ.



NO. 21. GATE OF THE LIONS.*

IN his latest work, † Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of Hissarlik and the author of the well-known book, "Troy and its Remains," gives us an account of further excavations made by him, with a large force of laborers, at Tiryns and Mycenæ in Argolis, from August, 1876, to March of the next year. The text is in the form of letters or a diary, written from time to time on the spot, and mingling descriptions of his work and his discoveries as made with the inferences and theories which they suggested or confirmed in his own mind. These, however, have been revised for publication

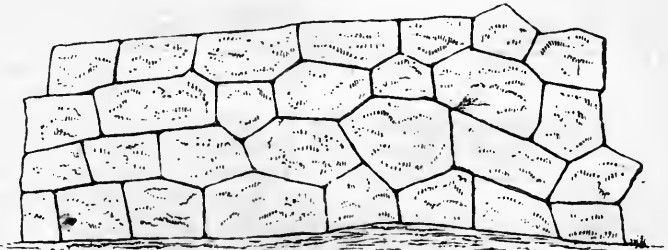


NO. 210. THRESHOLD OF THE GATE OF LIONS.

after the searches were finished, and some effort has been made, though imperfectly, to

* For convenience, the plates are here numbered as in Dr. Schliemann's volume.

bring the running comments on the objects found into harmony with his later views. The result is at times more amusing than instructive; and as a whole, the book is as destitute of scientific method as it is of literary form. Indeed, Dr. Schliemann is himself, though unconsciously, one of the most curious relics of the mythical world which he exhibits. He lives in a critical age, but is not of it. Though master of many languages, he has never learned the word doubt. Having been possessed from childhood by an unquestioning faith in Homer, as an historical authority, he went to the Troad in 1871, and dug into the hill of Hissarlik, with an enthusiastic hope of finding there traces of a civilization which was destroyed when gods and men united to punish a prince (who had been the arbiter of the prize of beauty among three great goddesses of heaven), for stealing the daughter of Olympian Zeus. Scholars in vain pointed out to him that, if



NO. 18. WALLS OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

there ever was a Troy outside of the fancy of the bards, it must be sought where the bards placed it; and not where the local pride and superstition of the people of New Ilium, in defiance of them, had claimed its site. But Dr. Schliemann, with Homer for his events and heroes, and with "tradition" for his geography, went resolutely to work; and his earnestness found a rich reward. He discovered more than he had dared to dream of. Destitute of the critical faculty; intolerant of doubt, more even in himself than in others; not enduring to hold his judgment in suspense,—for every new discovery his mind finds a place in some pre-

† "Mycenæ: a Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns." By Dr. Henry Schliemann, citizen of the United States of America, author of "Troy and its Remains," etc. With a preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. With plans, views and cuts, representing more than 700 types of the objects found, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

conceived theory, or at once frames a new and more marvelous one to fit and hold it. His report of facts is shaped and colored throughout by his imaginative convictions; and his readers find themselves taken out of the world of history and chronology into a realm of wonders, hardly nearer to experience than the fairy-land of Spenser, the spiritual battle-plain of Milton's angels, or the misty field of Tennyson's Lyonesse. He found the walls which Apollo and Poseidon built; he found the streets through which the pious son of Aphrodite bore his old father from their burning home; he found the Scæan gate, at which the sons of the gods sat wondering at the beauty of

light. The doubt which some strove to throw on his good faith was speedily dispelled; the objects which he described are certainly in existence, and were found at Hissarlik; and his descriptions, when stripped of the inferences and beliefs with which his fancy had mingled and wrapped them, proved to be in substance correct. Nay, more, even those who quarreled most bitterly with his explanations failed to furnish an equally interesting theory of their own, or even to agree upon any. Meanwhile, Dr. Schliemann himself, regarding the resurrection of Troy as a demonstration of his cherished views, his enthusiasm rekindled for Homeric research, sought other fields



NO. 25. TERRA COTTA VASE. (3M.) SIZE, 3:4, ABOUT.*

Helen, as a theme worthy of a world in arms; he found the royal treasure of King Priam, the diadems and jewels which had been the ornaments of beauty and the pride of power, in the days when the sons of God and the daughters of men were in daily and intimate association.

The critical world, while it could not accept Dr. Schliemann's interpretation of these discoveries, was startled and puzzled by the wonderful facts which he had brought to

for similar exploits. "For my part," he says, "I have always firmly believed in the Trojan war; my full faith in Homer and in the tradition has never been shaken by modern criticism, and to this faith of mine I am indebted for the discovery of Troy and its treasure" (page 334). He has spent seven months of severe personal labor, and has made an immense outlay of money, in excavating the ancient city of Mycenæ, the royal seat of the Homeric Agamemnon; and has met here with a success far greater even than at Hissarlik. Under these circumstances, the most skeptical reader may reasonably be asked to sympathize with the enthusiasm of the writer, to admire the courage and perseverance with which he has carried out his plans, and to thank him for the great contributions which he has made to our means of knowing the past. Perhaps, indeed, the best way to enjoy his book, at least on a first reading, is to lay aside all critical weapons, accept

the guidance of the author, enter into his credulous spirit, and live awhile with him in the heroic age.

The book has charms enough of its own in spite of the defects we have noted. It contains hundreds of illustrations, which are not only complete and seemingly accurate representations of the objects found, but are so interesting in themselves and so admirably executed as to place it far above nearly all others of its class in beauty and attractiveness. As the discoveries are among the most curious ever reached by archæological research and are sure to be for many years the

* The numbers within the parentheses refer to the depth in meters at which the object was found.

center of a discussion involving some important questions in the history of civilization, the work will be eagerly read, not only by the general reader, to whom it is addressed, but especially by the classical scholar, the historical critic, and the antiquarian expert, each of whom will find matter for prolonged study in the well-attested facts here presented, however little he may value the interpretations of the explorer. The business of this article is merely to call attention to some of the most remarkable of these facts, apart from all attempts to explain them.

The architectural remains at Mycenæ, the Cyclopean walls, the gate of lions, and the subterranean treasuries, have been objects of wonder to at least seventy generations of men. The Greeks of history knew no more of their origin than we. Mycenæ has no history. That eighty of its men were found in the Greek army at Thermopylæ, B. C. 480, and retreated when Leonidas and his Spartans chose to remain and die; that four hundred men of Mycenæ and Tiryns followed Pausanias the next year to Plataea; and that eleven years afterward, both cities were utterly destroyed by the Argives,—these are the only facts concerning Mycenæ for which there is any historical evidence. But in classic legend and poetry it occupies an important place. The Homeric songs represent it as a rich, well-built city, "with broad



NO. 83. A GOBLET OF TERRA COTTA. (3 M.) SIZE 5:8, ABOUT.

streets;" the seat of a powerful dynasty of heroes; and the popular mythology made them the actors and sufferers in a series of tragic events, which have been impressed on the world's imagination and memory forever by the genius of Æschylus and Euripides. How far were these myths the growth of a germ of fact preserved by a national tradition? How far were they the product of credulous and imaginative minds, striving to account for the great walls and works of earlier days? These are questions the discussion of which is closely linked with whole systems of thought, and will be fully set at rest only with the settlement of far more momentous controversies.

The scene of the principal excavations is the acropolis of Mycenæ. This has often been described by travelers; and students who wish to examine and judge Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in detail must be referred to the admirable plans of his engineers, appended to this book; and to the minute accounts of the topography given by Gell and Curtius in their well-known works. The massive "Cyclopean" walls which surround this acropolis, the great "gate of the lions" which forms its main entrance, and the huge subterranean chambers or treasuries, have hitherto been the chief wonders of the place. To what was already known of these, however, our author adds little; except that he has cleared out the gate of the lions to its base, removing a mass of *débris* which has obstructed it for many centuries, and has "brought to light its



NO. 80. PAINTED VASE. GROUND YELLOW, LINES BLACK, SHIELDS REDDISH. (2 M.) ACTUAL SIZE.

enormous threshold," a hard block of *breccia* fifteen feet long and eight feet broad. It has commonly been believed, on the testimony of travelers, that this threshold has been before cleared and examined in modern times.

Macedonian period, and that Diodorus is therefore wrong in asserting that Mycenæ remained uninhabited from its destruction by the Argives to his own time, he dismisses this "comparatively modern Hellenic city,"



No. 114. (6 M.)



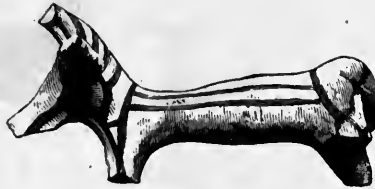
No. 115. (3 M.)



No. 116. (4 M.)



No. 117. (7 M.)



No. 118. (5½ M.)



No. 119. (6 M.)

NO. 114—119. TERRA COTTA FIGURES OF ANIMALS.

So high an authority as C. O. Müller says: "The gate-way of Mycenæ, cleared away in 1842, is five paces in breadth, and proportionately long; there are wheel-tracks within the smooth slabs of the floor" ("Ancient Art," page 21). But Dr. Schliemann found it covered by vast accumulations of *débris*; and having removed them by a month's labor with a large force of men, declares that "the ruts caused by the chariot-wheels, of which all guide-books speak, exist only in the imagination of enthusiastic travelers, but not in reality" (page 122). He may then be justified in adding: "The threshold having been deeply buried in the *débris* for ages, and at all events since the capture of the acropolis by the Argives (468 B. C.), no mortal eye can have seen it for more than 2,300 years."

Let us then enter the acropolis with our guide. For seven months he has labored with more than one hundred men to disclose its secrets. The surface is covered, to an average depth of three feet, with "a layer of *débris* of the Hellenic time," of which he gives us but scanty information. It contains "numerous terra cotta figures and fluted vases," and an indefinite number of "bronze medals," all of which he refers to the third and fourth centuries before Christ; and, pausing only to insist that these must be relics of a community which flourished here during the

and goes deeper in search of the Homeric age. His contempt for anything so new that it has been buried only twenty centuries is too great to award these things a page of description or a single cut. We may still hope, though not with assurance, that these precious remains will yet come into the hands of some less ambitious, but more careful, investigator, and will be found to have been preserved, with such a complete



NO. 210 a. BENCH OF THE AGORA.

record of their situs and condition, as will lead to fuller explanations of their origin.

But the next ten feet, on the average, of this mass of ruin is a stratum which awakens

Dr. Schliemann's attention; for it is rich in wrecks which appear to date from the classical Greek period, before the Argive conquest. The best preserved of these are the painted vases of terra cotta, much like those which have been found in the tombs of Rhodes and Cyprus. Nos. 25 and 80 are specimens of them, and No. 83 is a terra cotta goblet—all found in the acropolis, at a depth of nearly ten feet below the surface.

Among the objects found here, however, those which seem to have impressed the discoverer most deeply are certain images. On August 19, 1876, he writes: "Since the 7th inst. I have been able to gather here more than 200 terra cotta idols of Hera, more or less broken, in the form of a woman or in that of a cow. Most of the former have ornaments painted in bright red on a dead ground of light red, two breasts in relief, below which protrudes on each side a long horn, so that both horns together form a half-circle; and, as I have said regarding the idols in Tiryns, they must be either intended to represent cow-horns, or the symbolic horns of the crescent moon, or both at once" (page 72). Elsewhere he speaks particularly of No. 118 as an instance of "very archaic cow-idols with painted red and black ornamentations" (page 105).

The reader will doubtless be much puzzled to understand how the liveliest fancy could find anything like a cow in any of these images. The uninitiated observer, who should find upon a mutilated female figure, stumps, opposite the breasts, would think of arms, as more likely to be found there than horns, even in an idol; and in studying the series of small figures, he might imagine to himself a leopard, a cat, a deer, a sheep, a dog and a pig, as the several originals before the rude artist's mind; but who would think of a cow? The problem is solved, however, by a study, not of the objects, but of the mind of the observer. The word *boōpis*, ox-eyed, is the constant epithet in Homer of the goddess Hera; just as *glaukōpis*, she of the dazzling eyes, is the epithet of Athene. Misled by a fanciful suggestion of Mr. Gladstone, as to the origin of the word *boōpis*, Dr. Schliemann some years ago built up a whole theory of mythology upon it. Finding that *glaukōpis* might

be explained as made up of the words *glaux* an owl, and *ōps*, the eye, look or face, he compared the two words, and finding a bird in one and an animal in the other, he concluded that all readers of Homer for thou-



NO. 239. PLATE OF GOLD. SEPULCHER III.

sands of years had mistaken his meaning; the former word must mean *cow-headed*, the latter *owl-headed*. Accordingly, every object found at Hissarlik, which appears to have eyes and mouth, assumed, to his mind, the form of an owl's head; and became an idol of the owl-headed Athene, the patron goddess of Ilium. Other observers, failing to discover the semblance of the bird, can see in these objects only rude representations of the human face. But the doubts of other men only confirm Dr. Schliemann's convictions; and as Hera *Boōpis* was the guardian deity of Mycenæ and Tiryns, all readers of his book on Troy confidently expected that, whatever else he might find or fail to find in these cities, cow-headed idols would prove to be abundant. He found many hundreds of them; nearly all as exactly like cows as those pictured above. In short, both his cow-headed Hera and his owl-headed Athene seem to belong to the class described by Bacon as idols of the den.

Under the strata already mentioned were made the great discoveries which crown Dr. Schliemann's work. The extreme western part of the acropolis, south of the lions' gate, forms an inclosure, of about two-thirds of an acre, with a massive Cyclopean

wall around it. It is an irregular quadrangle; the northern part, behind the great gate, contains mighty substructures, supporting water-conduits, and a house which seems to share the fabulous antiquity of the

long and nearly forty wide, and massive in structure, but without windows. The interior was filled mainly with yellow wood-ashes, leaving little doubt that these walls were the foundations on which formerly stood



NO. 140. THE SECOND TOMB-STONE, FOUND ABOVE THE SEPULCHERS IN THE ACROPOLIS. (4 M.) ABOUT ONE-TWELFTH OF THE ACTUAL SIZE.

outer walls themselves. The south corner contains the walls of a much larger house, which seems to have been full sixty feet

the wooden palace of the rulers of Mycenæ. The middle of the inclosure was occupied by a curious double circle of large stone



NO. 243. PLATE OF GOLD: A BUTTERFLY. SEPULCHER III.

slabs, leaning inward; the two rows joined by cross slabs at the top, forming a bench (No. 210 a.) This seems, in all probability, to have been the agora of the Mycenæans. Professor Paley, a high authority on such a question, is cited by Dr. Schliemann as unhesitatingly identifying it with the agora referred to by Euripides in his *Electra*. "The assembled people sat in a circle, and the orator stood in the center, as we see in Homer and in Sophocles; * and just in the center of this inclosure at Mycenæ I found a rock forming a slight elevation, which might well have served as the platform (*bēma*) from which the speakers addressed those sitting on the circular bench" (pages 125, 126). The general purpose of this remarkable structure, at least, cannot be mistaken. It is the best concrete illustration ever yet discovered of the numerous passages in the early Greek poets which refer to the organization of society in the prehistoric days. That the Greeks of these times bestowed such vast labor in preparing a beautiful and permanent place for their public assembly, on the most conspicuous and honorable site in their city, and making it so

solid that it has endured through the decay and ruin of uncounted centuries, confirms all that Homer teaches us concerning these assemblies as the center of public life, the place and the means for the exercise of their sway by the rulers of men. Out of the agora and its customs grew by natural development the fierce democracy of Athens.

Within this venerable circle were found covered three sculptured slabs, each marking the exact site of a large tomb, excavated in the solid rock, to a depth of from twenty to thirty feet below it. Dr. Schliemann remarks upon these slabs: "On carefully examining the sculpture of the tomb-stones, I find such a marvelous accuracy and symmetry in all the spiral ornamentation, that I feel almost tempted to think such work can only have been produced by a school of sculptors which had worked for ages in a similar style. On the other hand, the men and the animals are made as rudely and in as puerile a manner as if they were the



NO. 246. A PLATE OF GOLD. SEPULCHER III.

primitive artists' first essay to represent living beings. But still there is a great resemblance between the bodies of the animals and those of the two lions on the gate; there is the same style of art, and

* Oed. Tyr. v. 161. "Artemis who sits on the agora's glorious circular seat."

much of the coarseness in the animals on the tomb-stones may be due to the inferiority of the calcareous stone: probably the prim-

ally, with a vast treasure of the most precious objects around it or upon the funeral pyre. Most of these objects are of pure gold;



NOS. 253, 254, 255. PERFORATED ORNAMENTS OF GOLD, WITH ENGRAVINGS IN INTAGLIO. SEPULCHER III. ACTUAL SIZE.

itive sculptor who chiseled them would have produced something better if he had had to work on the beautiful hard *breccia* of which the sculpture above the lions' gate consists. I have therefore not the slightest objection to admit that the sculptured sepulchral slabs may be of nearly the same epoch as the lions over the gate" (page 85). Many fragments of tomb-stones, carved in a similar style, were also found; every one of which will be studied with intense interest as illustrating an early stage in the history of art, hitherto unexplored. Another tomb,

others of silver; many are elaborate and beautiful works of primitive art; and they form a collection which Dr. Schliemann, in tendering them to the king of Greece, as a gift to the nation, was justified in declaring unparalleled in the world. They have yet to be examined by the men who are competent to assign to each its true place in the history of art; and they are likely to afford a long and important chapter in that history, if, as we may reasonably suspect, these tombs were the burial-places of successive generations of some rich and powerful dynasty, during an age prior to all our records. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, assuming the historical character of the *Odyssey* and of *Æschylus*, believes that these are the sepulchres of Agamemnon and his companions, who were murdered by *Ægisthus* and *Clytemnestra* on his return from Troy; and assuming that they are all, therefore, of the same date, makes no inquiry into the comparative de-



NO. 272. A FLYING GRIFFIN OF GOLD. SEPULCHER III. ACTUAL SIZE.

similar in its elaborate construction to the others, but marked by no stone above it, was found within the agora; and yet another, just south of the agora, between it and the walls of the palace. Each of the first three tombs had contained three human bodies; the fourth had five, and the fifth one. The bodies had been laid each upon a funeral pyre, built on a bed of gravel, and then burned; but none were entirely consumed, and one of those in the first tomb was so well preserved that its shriveled form, hardened by the skillful application of alcohol and gum, will be exhibited in the Archæological Museum of Athens. Naturally enough, "the news that the tolerably well preserved body of a man of the mythical heroic age had been found, covered with golden ornaments, spread like wild-fire through the Argolis, and people came by thousands from Argos, Nauplia and the villages to see the wonder" (page 297).

Each of the bodies had been buried roy-

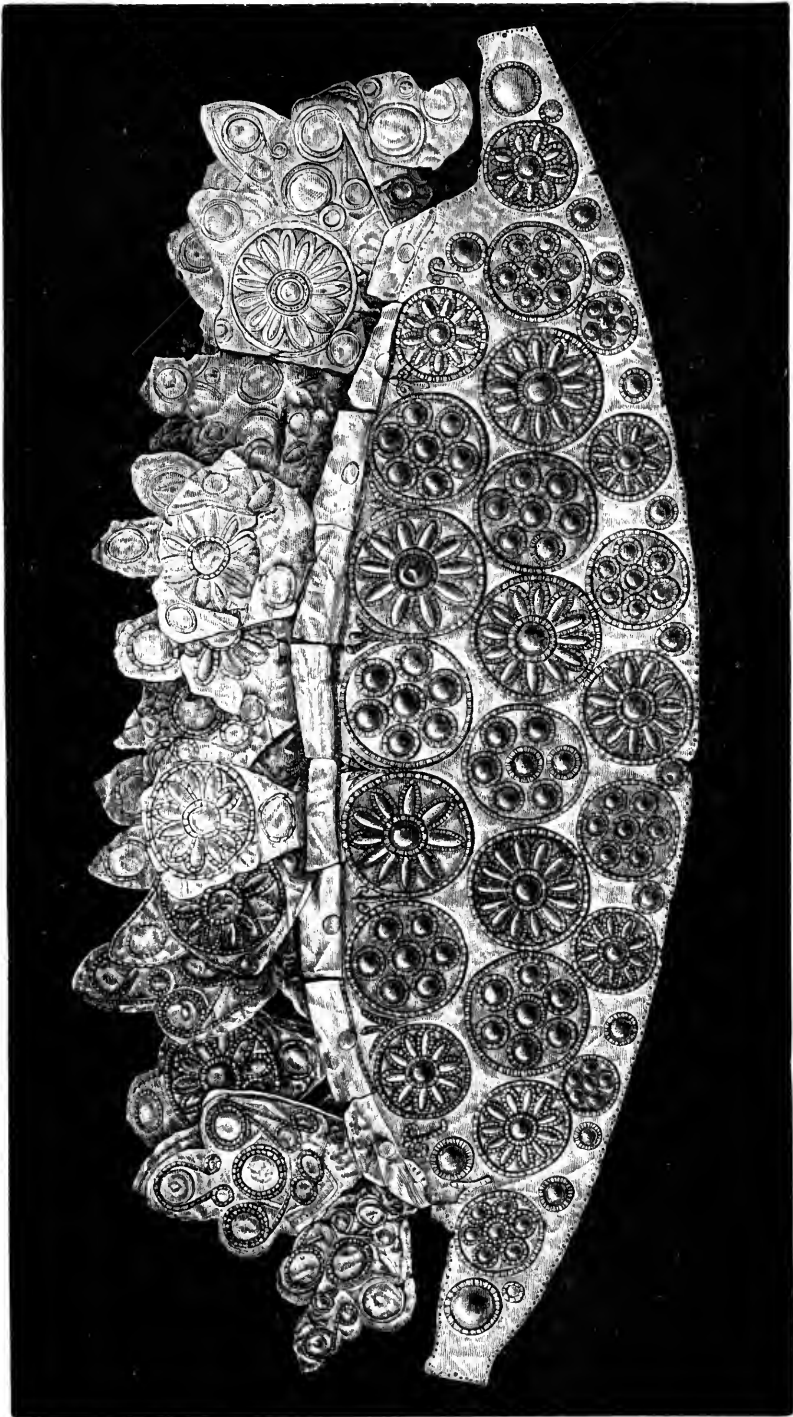
velopment of the arts, as indicated by the works found in each several tomb. Yet even a casual glance at the engravings of these works suggests a marked difference in the character of the deposits, and a suspicion that the treasures in the second, fifth, third, first, and fourth tombs may prove to represent a progressive and rapid development of the arts, nearly in the order named. But

for the purposes of this paper we can only select a few of the most characteristic of these objects, as shown by Dr. Schliemann's cuts, to illustrate the importance of his discoveries.

In the third sepulcher were found scattered below, above and around the bodies, a great number of "large, thick, round plates of gold, with a very



NO. 273. GOLDEN ORNAMENT. SEPULCHER III. ACTUAL SIZE.



NO. 281. THE SPLENDID CROWN OF GOLD FOUND ON THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE THREE PERSONS INTERRED IN THE THIRD SEPULCHER. SIZE, RATHER MORE THAN 1:4.

pretty decoration of *repoussé* work, of which I collected 701. * * * It is difficult to say how the Mycenæan goldsmiths executed

the *repoussé* work. Professor Landerer thinks they laid the gold plate on a block of lead, and hammered and pressed the orna-

mentation into it. No. 239 contains broad round waving bands, much resembling those in the fourth sculptured tomb-stone. * * * No. 246 has a most curious pattern, which shows within a broad circular

suggestion in these figures; nor, indeed, in any of the treasures of Mycenæ. The bodies in this tomb wore diadems of gold, in *repoussé* work, the splendor and delicacy of which would do credit to a modern goldsmith. The largest

of them is represented in No. 281. The crown was bound round the head so that its broadest part was just in the middle of the forehead, and of course, the leaves were standing upright around the upper part of the head.

The fourth sepulcher was especially rich in personal ornaments, not less than

670 ornamented pieces of gold plate being enumerated which were found there, from button-like disks as small as shirt-studs, to the size of a double eagle. But its richest prize in this class seems to have been "the very heavy, massive, golden bracelet," as Dr. Schliemann calls it, which is figured above. The artist asserts that the bracelet is of the same size with his engraving; but our author, who in this, as in several other instances, seems to have been dazzled into

border six spirals, all very cleverly finished off, each of them surrounding seven consecutive circles, and all united around an ornament likewise of seven consecutive circles, which the artist seems to have vainly tried to unite at the upper part" (page 165, etc). Some of these plates, in the form of leaves, are supposed by Dr. Schliemann to be miniature copies of shields, and he supports this view ingeniously by references to several passages of Homer (page 173).

In the same tomb were a great variety of smaller personal ornaments, among which the intaglio engravings on gold are perhaps the most curious (Nos. 253-5). In the first of these rude but spirited works, Dr. Schliemann finds Hercules killing the Nemean lion; in the second, Achilles giving Hector his death-blow. Of the third, he says: "Mr. Achilles Pestolaccas calls my attention to the fact that this lion in style perfectly resembles the fore-part of the lion which we see in the gold staters of Sardis in Lydia, which Borrel attributes to Croesus (560 B. C.)." The beginnings of plastic art are represented by a number of small golden images, rude figures of real or fabulous animals, and sometimes of the human form (Nos. 272 and 273). All these works forcibly suggest to the reader the influence of Asia in early Greek art. They connect themselves in the mind much more readily with Assyria or even with Egypt, than with the historic art of Athens. Of the note of Greek sculpture,—a keen, accurate sense of all that is inspiring and beautiful in the ideal human form,—there is not a



NO. 336. A BRACELET OF GOLD. SEPULCHER IV. ACTUAL SIZE.



NO. 341. A GOLDEN WINE-FLAGON (οἰνοχόη). SEPULCHER IV. SIZE 7:10.

inaccuracy by the splendid results of his enterprise, declares that "it is so enormously large that it would fit on the loins of an ordinary man" (page 227).

It is characteristic of the fourth sepulcher that it is richer in vessels of precious material and workmanship than any other. Nine of these are of gold, each wholly unlike the others in form and in ornaments. We select from the engravings of these the "golden wine-flagon" here presented, "a beautiful *anochoë*, with a large handle, and decorated in *repoussé* work, with three parallel horizontal rows of spirals, united with each other and forming an interwoven ornamentation which fills the whole body of the flagon with a net-work" (page 232).

"But the most remarkable of the vessels deposited in this sepulcher is an enormous

edges, are ornamented. Here also may be seen the heads of the golden pins with which the handles are attached to the rim and body" (page 235). This tomb also contained several large copper vessels of very varied shapes, less splendid, but of no less scientific interest than those of gold. Among them is the entire upper part of a tripod, somewhat like that often represented in later times as an attribute of Apollo. "It deserves particular attention," as Dr. Schliemann justly says, "that there is *no soldering* in any one of the large copper vessels found in this or any other of the Mycenæan tombs; these large vessels consist merely of copper plates, solidly joined together with innumerable small pins. All the handles are likewise attached with broad-headed nails" (page 215).



NO. 344. A LARGE MASSIVE GOLD GOBLET WITH TWO HANDLES (*δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον*) WEIGHING 4 LBS., TROY. SEPULCHER IV. HALF SIZE.

massive golden goblet with two handles, weighing four pounds Troy. It is one of the most splendid jewels of the Mycenæan treasures; but, unfortunately, it has been crumpled up by the ponderous weight of the stones and *débris*, and its body has been compressed upon the foot, so that the spectator cannot fully realize from the engraving the magnificence of this royal cup. * * * The body of this costly goblet is encircled by a row of fourteen splendid rosettes, between an upper band of three lines and a lower one of two; the foot by a band of large protruding globular points. Not only the flat sides of the handles, but even their

Of no less interest is a "cow's head" of silver, with long horns of gold. "It has a splendidly ornamented golden sun, of two and one-fifth inches in diameter, on its forehead; in the middle of the head is a round hole which may have served for flowers. I here remind the reader that the Egyptian Apis is represented with a sun between its horns. * * * There can be no doubt that this cow-head was intended to represent the goddess Hera, the patron deity of Mycenæ" (page 218).

This remarkable object is certainly a figure of the head of a horned animal of the ox kind, and seems to be by far the



NO. 327. THE COW'S HEAD OF SILVER, WITH HORNS OF GOLD. SEPULCHER IV. SIZE 7:20, ABOUT.

most successful attempt to represent a living thing yet discovered at Mycenæ. But when Dr. Schliemann introduces an inference with the words, "There can be no doubt," we may commonly expect something extremely difficult to believe; and hardly any assertion concerning this head could be less free from doubt in other minds

than that it has any connection with the worship of Hera. His suggestion of Apis, the sacred bull of the Egyptians, which he makes only to forget before writing the next paragraph, is far more probable.

The horn, as a symbol of strength and dignity, was familiar throughout the ancient world; and the horns are made the chief



NO. 474. MASSIVE GOLDEN MASK OF THE BODY AT THE SOUTH END OF THE FIRST SEPULCHER. SIZE 1:3, ABOUT.

and characteristic feature of this head, not less by their form and size than by the more precious substance of which they are made. It will be remembered that when Telemachus promised to sacrifice a yearling to Athene, he vowed first to surround the horns with gold;* that when Nestor made his sacrifice to her, he sent for a goldsmith to gild its horns, "that the goddess might see the ornament, and be glad;"† and that a bullock or heifer with gilded horns was regarded by the Romans as well as the Greeks, from remote antiquity, as an offering most honorable and acceptable to any one of gods or men.‡ There is nothing, then, which suggests a probable connection of this figure with any local or special form of worship, much less with that of Hera.

Perhaps the most surprising discovery of all is that of the golden masks found upon

the faces of six or seven of the bodies. Each of them is made of a single plate of uniform thickness; but Dr. Schliemann, as usual, omits to mention either the thickness or the weight of any of them, though he refers to one as much more massive than another. Others who have seen them assert that the plate is about one-twelfth of an inch thick. If this estimate is correct, the largest of them will perhaps weigh at least seven pounds Troy, and consist of about fourteen hundred dollars' worth of gold.

"In a perfect state of preservation * * * is the massive golden mask of the body at the south end of the tomb (No. 474). Its features are altogether Hellenic, and I call particular attention to the long, thin nose, running in a direct line with the forehead, which is but small. The eyes, which are shut, are large, and well represented by the eyelids; very characteristic is also the large mouth with its well-proportioned lips. The beard also is well represented, and particularly the moustache, whose extremities are turned upward to a point in the form of crescents. This circumstance seems to leave no doubt that the ancient Mycenæans used oil as a sort of pomatum in dressing their hair. Both masks are of *repoussé* work, and certainly nobody will for a moment doubt

* Odyssey, iii, 384.

† Odyssey, iii, 437, 438.

‡ See Livy, vii, 37, 1; xxv, 12, 13; Tibullus, iv, 1, 15; Virgil, *Æneid*, v, 366; ix, 627; Ovid, *Metamor.* vii, 161; cf. Pliny, xxxiii, 3, 12. "Nothing has been devised, in honoring the gods with rites, beyond the *gilding of the horns* of the victims offered to them." In the fourth century of Rome, L. Mincius, whose wisdom and energy had saved Rome from famine, "was presented with a *gilded bull*, outside of the Trigemina gate," as a testimonial. Liv. iv, 16, 2.

that they were intended to represent the portraits of the deceased, whose faces they have covered for ages" (page 312).

We have been able, within the limits of this paper, to refer to a very small proportion of the whole number of curious and valuable objects, which the energy and enthusiasm of Dr. Schliemann have, within a year, added to the stores of archæological science. Indeed, his excavations at Tiryns and Mycenæ have proved so rich in results that his large volume on the subject is itself

overcrowded with material; hundreds of objects are engraved, each of which would demand a chapter for full description and discussion, while it receives only a few words; and yet the student will often wish for exact representations of other objects which are merely mentioned here. Dr. Schliemann has generously handed over the entire collection to Greece; and in the great museum of Athens, it will doubtless be studied by competent minds until a satisfactory explanation of its character and origin is reached.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



TWONNET AND ROXY TELLING FORTUNES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVIVAL.

THERE was a revival in the town. Do you know what that means? In a country village, where most of the time there is a stagnation even in gossip, where a wedding of any sort is a capital event, where a fune-

ral is of universal interest, and where even a birth is matter of common talk, it is—all moral aspects of the case aside—a great thing to have a hurricane of excitement sweep over the still waters of the little pool. Every one of the fifteen hundred people in the little town knew that there was a revival “going on.” Every one of them carried in

his head each day a list of those who had "been to the mourner's bench" the night before, and of those who were converted; and everybody knew who had shouted or "taken on" in any way at the meetings. Forlorn groups of young men who looked as though the day of judgment were surely come, stood upon the street corners and discussed the fact that Bill Works had "gone forward" the evening before. Some thought he wouldn't "hold out long." But the morning after old Tom Walters "got religion," the town was convulsed with excitement. He was a notorious drunkard, and when he was converted there did seem something supernaturally awful about it. To see Tom sober was like seeing a dead man alive. Few were living now who could remember when Walters had been entirely sober before. There was many a man ready to assure you that he'd "seen a good many of these roaring excitements in his time," and that they "all died down afore hay-harvest," and "old Tom Walters would be drunker'n ever, time the corn crop was laid by." And yet, and yet, all this spoken in a voice a little tremulous did have an air of grave-yard whistling.

There were the scoffers, however, who laughed, and who banded together to laugh. The best man among them was Ben Thomas, who laughed in the preacher's face, when he was going through the congregation exhorting. The preacher, a slender Boanerges, had rebuked him from the pulpit, and this had given Ben a still greater prominence among his fellows. But when two of Ben's cronies, after a fiery and prophet-like denunciation from the preacher, became frightened, and came cowed and bellowing to the "mourner's bench," even Ben's voice grew a little tremulous as he saw himself the forlorn hope of the opposition. But all the thunders of the preacher could not bring him down. He was too much flattered by his unique position. It was better to be the devil than to be nobody in particular, and Ben would have faced perdition itself for the sake of gratifying his love of bravado.

All this storm was raised by the new Methodist preacher, a man who had been a mechanic until religion seized upon his enthusiastic spirit. Since that time he had been a blazing torch of religious excitement sweeping like a prairie fire over every region to which the conference had assigned him. In the autumn, after the August election, he had been sent to Luzerne. In November, Gen-

eral Harrison and his log-cabin were elected to the presidency. Now, the ebb tide of political or financial excitement often ends in becoming a flood tide of religious excitement. It is a resolution of force, not easily accounted for, but very easily seen. So that Mr. Dale's revival took on proportions surprising even to his faith and enterprise.

Mr. Whittaker was a New Englander, and to him this revival was something appalling. Not that he did not believe in revivals; but he believed in revivals like Dr. Payson's and Jonathan Edwards's—of the quiet, awful, and pervasive kind, which would not have been possible among the inflammable people on the Ohio in the last generation. Mr. Whittaker, believing that some good must be done in spite of the "wild-fire" thought it no more than right that he should attend the Methodist meetings. He could not do this in any spirit of patronage as he might have done in New England, for here the Methodists were more than half the town. Still he could not but feel that it would be a condescension for a college-bred man like himself to lend his countenance to these people whose minister had laid down his hatter's bow to become a preacher on an education consisting chiefly of a reading of Wesley's Sermons and Clarke's Commentary. He went one evening and did his best to get into sympathy with the meeting, but the loud praying, the constant interruptions of responsive "Amens" and other ejaculatory cries, the kneeling mourners weeping and sobbing, fifty at a time, in the space around the pulpit, the public prayer offered by women, the pathetic melodies and choruses, the occasional shouting,—these and a hundred other things offended his prejudices and grated on his sense of propriety. He wondered how Roxy could seem oblivious to the din about her as she moved among the penitents on the women's side of the house, to comfort whom was her special vocation. He saw how everybody loved her, how the gladness of her face seemed to mollify the terribleness of Dale's fiery preaching. It happened to be the very night of old Tom Walters's "start," and Whittaker saw that after the old man had wept and cried, lying prone upon the floor during the whole evening, he seemed not a little cheered by the words which sister Roxy spoke to him at the close of the meeting; not by the words perhaps, but by the radiant face and hopeful tone.

But Whittaker did not go again. How

could he? To him this religious intoxication was profanation, and he wrote a strong letter to the Home Missionary Society setting forth the "wild and semi-barbarous character" of many of the religious services at the West, and urging the importance of sending men to plant "an intelligent and thoughtful Christianity" in its place. This was because he was an exotic. The religion which he despised was indigenous. A better and more thoughtful Christianity has grown as the people have grown thoughtful. But it has developed on the ground. It is not chiefly New England thoughtfulness, but the home growth of Western intelligence that has done it.

But though Whittaker washed his hands of this ranting revivalism he wished that he were free to dislike it wholly. Tom Walters, he reflected, would no doubt slip back into the mire as soon as the excitement was over, but in all this ingathering there must be some good grain. And so he found himself in that state which is least comfortable of all—his sympathy dividing the ground with his antipathy. And such is the solidarity of people in a village that an excitement of this sort is sure to affect everybody sooner or later. Whittaker soon saw in his own congregation an unusual solemnity. He was unwilling to admit that the Methodist revival had influenced him, but he found himself appealing more earnestly than ever to his few hearers to become religious. He found himself expecting something. What to do he did not know. At last he appointed an "Inquiry Meeting" at the close of his Sunday evening service. Just one person remained as an "inquirer." To Mr. Whittaker's amazement this was Twonnet. There were many others a week later, but that the first should be the volatile Twonnet, whose gay banter and chaffer had made him afraid to speak to her seriously, quite upset him. After the inquiry meeting was over and he had seated himself alone in the little parlor at Mr. Lefauere's, where a melancholy ticking was kept up by an old Swiss clock screwed to the wall with its weights and pendulum hanging exposed below, he looked into the blazing fire on the hearth and wondered how it was that Twonnet, who, at supper that very evening, had been as gay as ever, should have suddenly remained to an inquiry meeting. He tried to think what there was unusual in his sermon that might have impressed her.

Just then the brass knob of the door was

turned hesitantly, the old-fashioned latch, big at one end and little at the other, was raised with a snap, and the door was opened a little way by Twonnet, who immediately began to close it irresolutely.

"Come in, Twonnet," said the minister, gravely.

Thus re-assured, Twonnet entered, took up the broom mechanically and swept the ashes on the hearth into the fire-place, set the broom down and stood haltingly by the fire.

"Sit down, Twonnet," said Whittaker gently, as though he were addressing a little child. "How long have you been thinking seriously about becoming a Christian?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"Yes, yes, but lately."

"All the time." Then after a pause, "I would like to be as good as Roxy but I can't. I can't be serious long at a time, I'll be laughing and teasing somebody to-morrow, I suppose. That's the reason I haven't tried before. I can't be much of a Christian anyhow."

"But divine grace can help you," said Whittaker, using the form of words to which he had always been accustomed.

"But divine grace wont make me somebody else, will it? It wont make me like to look inside as Roxy does, and to keep diaries and all that. It wont make me want to be a martyr as she does, I'm sure. I'll never be good all over. It doesn't seem to make other people all alike, and I suppose I'll be the same giddy-headed Twonnet, as long as I live, and father will have to keep shaking his head and saying, '*Tais-toi, Toinette,*' in that awful way, forever. If I ever get to heaven, I'll laugh one minute and get mad the next," and at this she laughed in her sudden mercurial fashion.

The minister was silent. He was afraid to say anything that might discourage her. There was not a trace of cant or mimicry in her piety. But, on the other hand, it seemed to him that there was a strange lack of the seriousness which he had always been taught was the first step of a Christian life. The cool Saxon New Englander was trying to apply Puritan rules to one of a different race.

"But I thought," continued Twonnet, gravely, "that, if I couldn't be as good as I wanted to, I would just try to be as good as I could." And here she began to shed tears. "I thought that was the common-sense way. I've got a temper—all of us

Swiss have. But then we don't stay mad, and that's a good thing." Here she laughed again. "Any way, I'm going to do my best."

Mr. Whittaker thought it safe to approve of this last resolution, though the girl was a puzzle to him. This certainly was not an experience according to the common standard. He could not dissect it and label its parts with the approved scientific names.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEMBER FROM LUZERNE.

DURING this revival regret was often expressed, that Mark Bonamy was absent. If he were at home he might be converted, and his conversion would tell upon the other young men of the town. And then he might come to be a preacher. What a preacher he would make! He would doubtless become a famous presiding elder like John Strange or Allen Wiley. He might some day get to be a great bishop like Elijah Hedding. But he was away attending the session of the legislature. None regretted this more than his mother, a devout Methodist who prayed day and night that the son who "had wandered into paths of worldly pleasure and ambition" might be "led to ground the arms of his rebellion and enlist under the banner of the cross."

As for Mark, his ambition seemed in a fair way to be gratified. For the first time the state government was in the control of the Whigs. He had happened to change just in time to come in on the rising wave, and all Luzerne recognized him now as destined to become a distinguished citizen. Some days before the time for the legislature to meet, Mark buckled on his leggings, packed his saddlebags, and mounted his horse. He rode for four days through thick yellow clay, soft enough to let his horse sink down one or two feet at nearly every step, arriving late in the evening of the fourth day at Indianapolis, a straggling muddy village in a heavily wooded morass. The newly projected capital had been laid off with true Hoosier magnificence and hopefulness. The governor's house—remarkable for a homely bigness and a dirty color—stood in the middle, surrounded by a circular street which left his excellency's family no back yard—all sides were front. Around this focus most of the new wooden churches were built, so that the people going to meeting might inspect the governor's wood-pile and count the inmates of his chicken-coop, whose

death-warrants had not yet been signed. Outside of the "circle" the city was laid off with nice rectangularity, except that four great diagonal avenues running from the center gave the town, on the map, the appearance of a blazing sun in a cheap picture. Nowadays when more than a hundred thousand people have filled up this radiant outline with many costly buildings, and when the unsightly "governor's mansion" having ceased to exist, no longer presents its back door to the Episcopal church, the beautiful Hoosier metropolis has justified the hopes of its projectors. But in Bonamy's time the stumps stood in the streets; the mud was only navigable to a man on a tall horse; the buildings were ugly and unpainted; the people were raw immigrants dressed in butternut jeans, and for the most part afflicted either with the "agur" or the "yaller janders"; the taverns were new wooden buildings with swinging signs that creaked in the wind, their floors being well coated with a yellow adobe from the boots of the guests. The alkaline biscuits on the table were yellow like the floors; the fried "middling" looked much the same, the general yellowness had extended to the walls and the bed-clothing, and combined with the butternut jeans and copperas-dyed linsey-woolsey of the clothes, it gave the universe an air of having the jaundice.

It is quite depressing to a man who has been the great man of his town, and who has been duly commissioned to some deliberative body to find that all his fellow-members consider themselves the central objects of interest. Mark was neglected at first by all except those members who wanted to get state roads or other projects of local interest carried through the house. He was only "the young fellow from Luzerne." Nevertheless, after he had made his maiden speech on the necessity for internal improvements by the general government, he was more highly esteemed. A young man with so telling a style of declamation was not to be slighted. A shrewd old member nodded to his neighbor as Mark sat down at the close of his effort, and said, "Congress some day." For that was the day before the reign of newspapers. Declamation was the key to promotion.

One day when the session was drawing to its close, a messenger came for Bonamy. The man had ridden hard over frozen ground for two days, and now with horse worn out, he came to tell Mark that his mother was

dying of one of those bilious fevers which made the West a grave-yard in those days. Mark was a man of strong feeling. He had often disregarded the advice of his mother, but she was the good influence of his life, so that it was with a mixed emotion of grief and remorse that he mounted his horse and turned his back upon the legislature, then in its last week, to make a forced ride of eighty miles in two days over frozen roads of horrible roughness, with only the faintest hope of seeing his mother alive.

But Death does not wait for us. When Mark rode his tired horse up to his father's gate, the serious faces of those who met him at the door told that he was too late. It only remained to receive her blessing at second-hand from the old women who had been with her to the last, and who gave her messages to Mark in a tone that seemed to say: "Now, you reprobate, you! don't you feel mean that you did not repent as your mother wanted you to? Now you see in a time like this how superior to you we pious people are; aha!" It is the persuasive way of some people—this crowing over a sinner. Mark wouldn't have taken a short step in the direction of Paradise, on any account just then.

His two sisters were full of sorrow, though Amanda, the elder, showed it in a severe and dignified way quite becoming in a Bonamy. Even Colonel Bonamy looked softened—just a little.

Mrs. Bonamy was buried after the village custom. The funeral tickets were distributed on the day of her death. The little printing-office conducted by the editor, publisher, proprietor, and printer of the "Weekly Palladium," and one small boy, kept a black ornamental border all set up for funeral tickets. The type of the set phrases, such as "Yourself and family are respectfully invited," were never distributed; the name, and date, and hour only were changed as occasion required. As soon as the tickets for Mrs. Bonamy's funeral were ordered, the printer set the form of the funeral ticket on the imposing-stone and proceeded to make the alterations needful to render it appropriate to the present occasion. He pulled it apart, placed the lines needing change in his composing-stick, took out the name of Job Raymond, the last deceased, and replaced it with Mrs. Bonamy's, changed the dates and other particulars, "justified" the lines, and then replaced them in the form, and proceeded to "lock it up." In a short time the small inky boy was rolling and the editor was

working off with an old hand-press, little tickets much like this:



Yourself and family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of OLIVIA W. BONAMY, from the residence of her husband, DANIEL K. BONAMY, on Wednesday, February 19th, 1841, at one o'clock, P. M.

You will find many of these tickets laid away between the leaves of old books in Luzerne. When the proper number were printed, the inky, impish-looking lad made a feint of washing his hands, put on his roundabout, and started out to distribute them, with the greater part of his face in appropriate mourning. He did not go to certain select families set down on a pre-arranged list. A small town is democratic; the tickets were left at every house, and you might have seen the village folks discussing the matter over their division fences. For people must discuss something—it is the great preventive of insanity. So now every symptom of Mrs. Bonamy's disease was gone over, and what Mrs. So-and-so said about it three days ago, and what the doctor thought, and when "the change" took place, and who were "sitting up the night she died," and whether she "died happy" or not, and what she said, and whether the corpse looked "natural," and how old she was, and "what time Mark got home," and how he "took it," and how "the old colonel took it," and whether he would stay an infidel or not, and how Amanda "took it," and whether the girl had much heart or not, and whether the old man would marry again, and what he would do about his family, and whether Mark would get "under conviction" or not, and whether he would make a preacher if he was converted. But everybody was agreed that, coming just at this time it was a "mighty solemn call" to Mark, and Jemima Dumbleton expressed herself very positively on this point. She said he needed a solemn call, "Fer that ere Mark Bonamy," she went on, "haint got no other god but Mark Bonamy. And worshipin' his self is mighty

like bowin' down to a god of brass, or to Aaron's calf, so it seems to me."

The funeral took place like all the other village funerals of that day. First the minister preached a sermon of warning and consolation to the living, reviewing and eulogizing the life of the deceased. Then there was a procession, which included, beside the wagon on which the coffin rested, some old family carriages or carry-alls, several buggies, one gig, fifteen people from the country on horseback, and a long line afoot, with the usual number of stragglers and small boys, who ran alongside because it was a procession. These small boys reached the grave-yard in advance of the rest and perched themselves high on the fences, where they could see all that might take place. They were not noisy, though they showed much excitement—this was a spectacle, and any spectacle is a godsend to a village lad. Whether it is a muster, or a funeral, a circus, or a "baptizing," matters not to him,—so that something goes on and he sees it.

The coffin was lowered, the Methodist service was read, the grave was quickly filled and rounded up with the spades of kindly neighbors,—after which the minister said that he "was requested on behalf of the family of the deceased to thank the friends who had shown so much kindness during her illness." Then he pronounced the benediction, and the small boys leaped from the fences and hurried away pell-mell for the town, while the friends slowly dispersed, the wintry winds playing a pathetic requiem in the frozen and vibrant boughs of the clump of weeping willows which keep, even unto this day, a perpetual vigil over the graves of the village dead, while generation follows generation to the lonely sleeping-place.

It was sometime during the next day that Mark Bonamy went to see Roxy Adams, to thank her for her faithful kindness to his mother, and receive some messages that the mother had left in the keeping of Roxy. In his present state of mind Mark was a little afraid of Roxy. But he was ill at ease in his conscience, and he gave himself much credit for submitting to Roxy's exhortations. It showed that he was not so very bad, after all.

Roxy did not take the lofty and patronizing stand he expected. There was something so strange and persuasive in the earnestness with which the eager girl spoke of his mother, something so touching in

her enthusiastic appeals to his conscience through his natural affection, that Bonamy, who was full of sensibility, found himself strangely affected by it. He was always susceptible to female influence, but he found that Roxy called out what was best in him. He readily promised her that he would go to meeting that night, and he kept his word.

He expected to be touched by the absence of his mother, who had always been a prominent figure in the meetings. But there was so much change, that he did not feel his mother's absence as he thought to feel it. The old, unpainted and unfenced, brick meeting-house with its round-top front windows and its fan-light over the door, was the same. Within there were the same stiff benches with awkward backs consisting of two narrow boards far apart, the same unpainted pulpit with posts on either side supporting candles in brass candlesticks, the same rusty box-stove sitting in the middle of the aisle, and the same hanging tin chandeliers with candles in every state of consumption. The same tall, kindly sexton, a man with one eye, went round as before, taking careful sight on a candle and then, when sure of his aim, suddenly snuffing it, gently parting the wick afterward to increase the light, then opening the stove door with a clatter and pushing in a piece of wood. It was all as of old, but all so different. The young men with whom Mark had had many a wild spree, sat no longer back near the door in the seat of the scornful but in the "amen corner;" the giddiest girls he had ever waltzed with were at this moment joining with Roxy and the rest in singing that plaintive melody:

"Our bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by."

When one follows in the track of a storm one measures the force by the uprooted trees and the shattered branches. So Mark, seeing all at once the effects of the revival, felt that the town had been subjected to a fearful power, and the sense of this invisible power almost overwhelmed him. Then, too, he was as one who beholds all his friends sitting guests at a feast while he shivers without in cold and darkness. The preacher's words were evidently leveled at him. Dale knew, as all revivalists do, the value of natural sensibility as a sort of priming for religious feeling; he touched with strong emphasis on "praying mothers," and

"friends gone before," and on probable separations in the world to come, and Mark felt the full force of the whole tide of magnetic feeling in the audience turned on himself.

He sought diversion in looking about. But this was vain. Those who had not yet, "made a start" looked full of grave apprehension. One or two stood like trees unscathed by the blast. Ben Thomas was as full of mockery as ever. He looked at Mark and nodded, saying:

"He means you, Mark. He loves a shining Mark! Aint you under conviction yet?"

But his horrible scoffing at everything, which to anybody else seemed sacred, only reacted on Mark, and made him ready to put any gap between himself and Ben. Near Ben sat Major Tom Lathers, tall and stringy and solemn. He kept himself forever "in an interesting state of mind" in order that religious people might encourage him by furthering his political aims. Lathers made every church in the village believe that he "leaned toward" it, in preference to the others. He talked to the Methodists about his Methodist wife, "now dead and in heaven;" he told the Baptists about his "good Baptist bringing up," and spoke feelingly to the Presbyterians about his "good old Presbyterian grandmother," who taught him to say his prayers. Thus did this exemplary man contrive to keep in a perpetual bond of sympathy with his fellow-men, regardless of sect or creed. Had there been any Catholics and Jews in the town he would doubtless have discovered a Catholic ancestor somewhere, and a strong leaning toward Judaism on account of his lineal descent from Noah. Provided always that the said Catholics and Jews had at the least filed a declaration of their intention to become citizens of this great republic.

Mark knew Lathers's hypocrisy and hated it. But what was his disgust when, catching the major's solemn eye and following its direction, he saw on the women's side of the church, decked out in cheap finery, Nancy Kirtley. She sat next the aisle and her splendid and self-conscious face was posed on purpose to attract his attention. She had come to town to spend a week at the house of her brother, the drayman, and had prolonged her stay when she heard that Mark had been sent for. She had not felt the revival excitement. Roxy had besought her, the minister had preached at her, the sisters had visited her. All this flattered and

pleased her. She liked to be the center of attention, and she had managed on occasion to squeeze out a tear or two by way of encouraging the good people to keep up their visits. But for her—healthy, full-blooded, well-developed, beautiful animal—there was no world but this. Such people are enough to make one doubt whether immortality be a gift so generally distributed as we sometimes think. On this evening the radiant Nancy sat smiling among the solemn and even tearful people about her. Her shallow nature had no thought now for anything but her appearance and its probable effect on Mark.

Little did Nancy think what a goblin her face was to the young man. In his present state of mind she was the ghost of his former sins and weakness. The very attraction he found in her face startled him. So at last when he went forward to be prayed for, it was not altogether repentance, nor altogether a fear of perdition, even, but partly a desire to get out of the company in which he found himself. Mark was hardly a free agent. He was a man of impulsive temperament. His glossy, black, curly hair and well-rounded, mobile face expressed this. In this matter he floated in on the tide, just as he would have floated out on an evil tide had the current set in the other direction.

That night Twonnet went home with Roxy. For how can girls be friends without sleeping together? Is it that a girl's imagination is most impressed by secrets told in the dark? I am not a girl; the secret of this appetency for nocturnal friendship is beyond me, but I know that when two girls become friends their favorite trysting place is sure to be the land of Nod. So Twonnet, having attended the Methodist meeting, went home with Roxy. And they discussed the "start" which Mark had made.

"I don't just like it," said the Swiss girl. "You see Mark is grieved by his mother's death; he is sorry in a general sort of a way that he didn't do as she wanted him to. But is he sorry for any particular sins? Now, when a body repents I don't believe in their saying, 'I'm sorry I'm a sinner.' When I can say, 'I am sorry that I get mad so quick and that I trouble other people,' then I repent. Now, if Mark could say, 'I'm sorry I was drunk on such a night, and that I gambled at such a time,' it would all be well enough."

"How do you know he can't?" asked

Roxy, somewhat warmly. For Mark was a friend of hers, and now that his conversion was partly the result of her endeavor, she felt a sort of proprietary interest in his Christian life.

"I tell you what, Twonnet," she added with enthusiasm, "it's a grand thing to see a young man who has the glittering prizes of this world in his reach, bring all his splendid gifts and lay them as a sacrifice on the altar of the Lord, as Mark did to-night."

"You give Mark more credit than he deserves," persisted the uncharitable Twonnet, with a toss of her curls. "He didn't do anything very deliberately to-night. He felt bad at his mother's death and sorry that he had treated her badly. Wait till he actually gives up something before you praise him."

CHAPTER X.

THE EXHORTER.

BUT if friends overestimated the change in Mark it is quite certain that the critics were equally mistaken. For Mark converted was quite a different Mark. Even the scoffers had to admit so much. A man who finds his excitement in prayer-meetings and love-feasts is not the same with a man who finds his diversion in cards and whisky and all-night dancing. He was not the same Mark; and yet, and yet, religion is only the co-efficient, and the co-efficient derives its value from that of the quantity, known or unknown, into which it is multiplied. Mark was different but quite the same.

Wicked or pious, he must lead. In politics he had shown himself self-confident, ambitious and fond of publicity. In religious affairs he was—let us use the other names for similar traits when they are modified by a noble sentiment—bold, zealous and eager for success.

He began to speak in meeting at once, for the Methodists of that day were not slow in giving a new convert opportunity to "testify." Indeed, every man and woman who became a Methodist was exhorted, persuaded, coaxed, admonished, if need be, until he felt himself all but compelled to "witness for Christ." If there was any hesitancy or natural diffidence in the way of a new beginner's "taking up the cross," brethren did not fail to exhort him in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs according to

the scripture. They would sing at him such words as these:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend his cause," etc.

Or,

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?"

It was a sharp discipline to which the convert was thus subjected. No very clear distinction was made between moral courage and mere effrontery, between natural diffidence and real cowardice. But this discipline made every one bear his share of responsibility. Methodism captured the West by mobilizing its whole force. In time of revival at least there were no reserves,—the whole *landwehr* was in action. Everybody must speak in meeting, or pray, or exhort, or "talk to mourners," or solicit the hesitating in the congregation personally. And so it came about that the clear, flexible voice of Mark Bonamy was heard in the meetings almost immediately. His addresses, if not eloquent, were at least striking and effective. The visible tokens of the influence of his addresses were pleasant to him,—there are few men to whom this sort of power would not be gratifying. Mark was active, he enjoyed the excitement, he liked to feel himself at last on the side of the right; he threw himself more and more into the work of exhorting, he went out of town frequently to address meetings in the country, and as he did not hesitate to brave storm or flood in these expeditions, he soon acquired a reputation for zeal which was quite agreeable to him, for it could not be expected that his natural vanity should have all disappeared under the influence of his piety. For that matter our motives are never quite so good as we think, and never quite so bad as our enemies suppose. Our best is inwoven with evil, and our worst, let us hope, has some strands of good. Only God can unravel the complexity. Mark, for his part, did not attempt it. He was of too complacent a temper to go behind the popular verdict when that was so favorable as in the present case. He often confessed his depravity, his sinfulness, his unworthiness; but this old heresy that a man is all bad is the devil's own cloak under which one is always prone to hide specific sins.

Of course Mark's religiousness occasioned much gossip in the small political circles of the county. The sheriff, claiming to be in-

timate with Bonamy, was often inquired of, about it.

"Well, you see," Lathers replied when the solution was demanded by a crony, "I don't think it's a sharp move. It makes friends and the like for Mark, and gives him the preachers and class-leaders and exhausters and what-ye-may-call-'ems. But you see he can't ride both horses with their heads turned different ways, and the like. And it's the fellers that don't go to class-meetin' and the like that carry elections. How's Mark goin' it with them? Can't drink, can't dance—pshaw! it aint the best card Mark had, and I don't see for my life what made him throw it. He aint too smart at 'lectioneerin' and the like nowadays. Ef 't hadn' been for me that dancin' so much with Nance Kirtley would 'a' tripped him last run; I laid myself out to save him from that scrape and lost votes and the like a-doin' it. And he don't appreciate it. But he don't come a-foolin' 'round me with his religion and goin's-on, and the like, I tell you, now."

Here the astute man took a good bite from a plug of tobacco. Then he expectorated awhile with a deadly, melancholy, meditative aim at the rusty grate.

"Liker'n not, now, I may do Mark injustice," he went on with a suspicious twinkle. "It may be one of them Methodist girls and the like he's after. But then he don't show no signs. That aint like him. He's a plumb fool when they's anything of that kind a-goin'. I can't make it out. I don't believe he kin nother! It's like the feller't had measles, and mumps, and janders, and cholery infantu-um all in one heap. 'I can't make it out,' says the doctor, 'but I'll give you a little of everything I've got in the pill-bags, and something 'll hit the disease, may be.' I heard that the Kirtley girl had went forrerd and the like in one of the meetin's out on the crick. I know what tree she's a-barkin' up. It's like the man said about his dog. 'He's treed a bear,' says he; 'he barks too big fer a 'coon.' Nothing but big game would make Nancy Kirtley put on the pious and the like."

If the sherifferred in his estimate of Mark, he was more nearly right when it came to Nancy. To marry Mark Bonamy was more to her than heaven itself; for the bliss of heaven or any other joy long deferred made no impression on her shallow nature. When Mark became religious she followed him. And her large-eyed beauty became yet more dazzling when she tried to appear religious. It made one hope that, after all, there might

be a soul within. •So long, indeed, as she said nothing she was a picture of meditative wisdom, a very Minerva. But when she spoke, it was, after all, only Minerva's bird. Such was the enchantment of the great still eyes in her passively beautiful face, that after many shocking disillusion brought about by the folly of her tongue, one was sure to relapse again into a belief in her inspiration as soon as she became silent. I doubt if good John Kaspar Lavater himself could expound to us this likeness of absolute vacuity to deep thoughtfulness. Why do owls and asses seem so wise?

Nancy's apparent conversion was considered a great triumph. Wherever Mark went he was successful, and nearly everybody praised him. Mrs. Hanks, Roxy's well-to-do aunt, held forth to Jemima upon the admirable ability of the young man, and his great goodness and self-sacrifice in "laying all his advantages of talent, and wealth, and prospects at the foot of the cross."

"I tell what I think, Henriette," replied Jemima, with her customary freedom; "I think that's all fol-de-rol and twaddle-de-dee." Here she set her iron down with emphasis and raised her reddened face from her work, wiping the perspiration away with her apron. "I think it's all nonsense fer the brethren and sisters to talk that way, jest like as ef Mark had conferred a awful favor on his Creater in lendin' him his encouragement. Do you think it's sech a great thing to be Colonel Bonamy's son and a member of the Injeanny legislater, that God must feel mightily obleeged to Mark Bonamy fer bein' so kind as to let him save his immortal soul? Now, I don't," and here she began to shove her iron again. "You all 'll spile Mark by settin' him up on a spinnacle of the temple," she added, as she paused a moment to stretch out a shirt-sleeve, preparatory to ironing it.

"Jemima," said Mrs. Hanks, "it's wicked to talk that way. You are always making fun of the gospel. I'm sure Mark's very humble. He calls himself the chief of sinners."

"I s'pose he does. That's nice to set himself up alongside of Paul and say: 'See, Paul and me was both great sinners.' That makes you think he's a-goin' to be like Paul in preachin'. But s'pose one of the brethren—brother Dale, now—was to say: 'Brother Bonamy, you're the biggest sinner in town. You're wuss'n ole Gatlin that went to penitenshry, an' you're wuss'n Bob Gramps that was hung.' D'you think he'd say, 'Amen, that's a fact?' But ef bein' the chief

of sinners means anything, that's what it means."

"Jemima, I tell you, you're wicked. It's right to kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigal."

"Oh yes, I know," and Jemima wiped her face again. "But I wouldn't kill all the calves on the place and then begin on the ye'rlin's so as to make him think it was a nice thing to be a prodigal. I'd be afraid the scamp would go back and try it over again."

And here Jemima broke out with her favorite verse:

"Oh hender me not, fer I will serve the Lord,
And I'll praise him when I die."

Mark did find the attention which his piety brought him very pleasant, and indeed his new peace with himself made him happy. His cup would have been full of sweetness if it had not been for the one bitter drop. Nancy would follow him. Wherever he held meetings she availed herself of the abounding hospitality of the brethren to pursue him. She boasted a little, too, of her acquaintance with Brother Bonamy before his conversion. She received much attention on account of her friendship for him. But Mark's worst trouble was that he could not emancipate himself from her. She attracted him. Struggle as he might with the temptation, her exceeding fairness was a continual snare to his thoughts. It humbled him, or at least annoyed him, to remember that while all the world thought him a saint, he could not but feel a forbidden pleasure in looking on one, to attach himself to whom would be certain overthrow to all plans for goodness or usefulness. Did there also dawn upon the mind of Mark, unaccustomed as it was to self-analysis, the thought that this passion for Nancy had nothing to do with what was best in him? Did he ever reflect that it had no tinge of sentiment about it? Certain it is that he struggled with it, after a fashion; but his attempts to extinguish it, as is often the case, served to fan it into something like a flame; for such passions are not to be fought,—when one fights one thinks, and thought is oil to the flame. They are to be extinguished by the withdrawal of fuel; to be eliminated by substitution of serious purposes. Mark prayed against his passion; reflected wisely on the folly of it; did everything but what he ought to have done. He perpetually hid from himself that his conversations with Nancy on the subject of religion were

sources of nothing but evil to himself and to her. Was she not a convert of his own labors? Should he not do what he could to strengthen her purpose to do right?

About this time Dr. Ruter's missionaries in Texas had attracted much attention, and Mark thought of joining them. He would thus undertake a hard thing, and Mark was in the humor of doing something Herculean. He spurned the idea that he was to settle himself to the ordinary and unpoetic duties of life, or that, if he should become a preacher he could be content with doing only what commonplace circuit-riders did. In a general sort of way, without wishing for specific martyrdom, he would have liked to brave wild beasts or persecutions. Most of us would be willing to accept martyrdom in the abstract,—to have the glory and self-complacency of having imitated Paul, without having our heads specifically beaten with specific stones in the hands of specific heathen, or our backs lacerated with Philippian whips on any definitely specified day.

Bonamy had caught the genuine Methodist spirit, however, and being full of enterprise and daring he was ready for some brave endeavor. Perhaps, too, he found a certain relief in the thought that a mission of some kind would carry him away from the besetment of Nancy, who had lately persuaded him to give her his pocket-testament as an assistance to her religious life.

At any rate, it was soon noised that Bonamy was going to do something. The rumor was very vague; nobody knew just what the enterprise of the young Methodist was to be. Texas, and even Mexico, was mentioned; Choctaw Indians, the Dakota mission and what not, were presently woven into the village gossip.

Colonel Bonamy debated in himself, how he should defeat this scheme. As a lawyer he was accustomed to manage men. He had but two ways: the one to play what he called "bluff,"—to sail down on his opponent and appall him by a sudden display of his whole armament; the other was a sort of intellectual ambushade. With Mark, who had always been under authority, he chose the first. It is not pleasing to parental vanity to have to take roundabout courses.

"Mark," said the old colonel, as the young man entered his office, "sit down there," and he pointed to a chair.

This was a sign of coming reproof. Mark had been so much flattered by the Whigs on the one hand and his religious associates

on the other, that he did not quite like this school-boy position. He seated himself in the chair indicated. The old gentleman did not begin speech at once. He knew that when "bluff" was to be played a preliminary pause and a great show of calmness on his part would tend to demoralize the enemy. So he completed the sentence he was writing, gathered up his papers and laid them away. Then he turned his chair square around toward his son, took off his glasses, stroked the rough, grizzled beard of three days' growth on his chin, and fastened his eyes on Mark.

"What is the use of being an infernal fool?" said the old man. "I let you take your own course in politics. I didn't say anything against your being a little unsteady; I was a young man myself once and sowed some wild oats. I knew you would settle after a while. But I never was such a confounded fool as you! To let a set of shouting old women and snooping preachers set you off your head till you throw away all your chances in life, is to be the plagueddest fool alive. Now, I tell you, by godamity, Mark Bonamy, that if you go to Texas you may go to the devil, too, for all of me. I'll cut you out of every red cent. I don't waste my money on a jack-ass, sir. That's all."

The old man had by this time wrought himself into a real passion. But he had mistaken Mark's temper. He was no more a man to yield to threats than his father. Many a man with less heart for martyrdom than Mark can burn at the stake when his obstinacy is aroused.

"Keep your money, I don't want it," he said contemptuously, as he strode out of his father's office, mentally comparing himself to Simon Peter rejecting the offer of Simon Magus.

He was of a temper quite earnest enough to have made more real sacrifices than the giving up of a reversionary interest in an estate between him and the possession of which there stood the vigorous life of his father. But the apparent sacrifice was considerable, and it was much extolled. Roxy in particular was lost in admiration of what seemed to her unchecked imagination a sublime self-sacrifice. She rejoiced humbly in the part she had taken in bringing Mark to a religious life, while she estimated the simplicity and loftiness of his motives by the nobleness of her own. And, indeed, Mark's missionary purpose was in the main a noble one.

CHAPTER XI.

DIVINING CUPS.

INTENSE excitements cannot endure. It is a "merciful provision." Human nature strained too long in any direction must find repose in relaxation or change in reaction. As the white heat of the political excitement of "the campaign of '40" had cooled off, so now the revival excitement slowly but surely subsided. There were brethren unversed in the philosophy of human nature who did not know that after the summer heat of religious excitement a hibernation is needful and healthy, and who set themselves to prevent the cooling, or the "backsliding" as they termed it. But the ebb tide was too strong for them, they were caught in it themselves, tired nature overstrained in one direction sank into torpor, in them as well as in others. Doubtless this period of reaction was worth quite as much to the church as the period of revival. The winnowing went on rapidly now; the good folks were greatly alarmed to see how much of what they had raked together was mere chaff; but ever as the wind drove away the chaff, the solid grain became visible.

Among those who proved steadfast was the young lawyer. He did not go out to exhort so much in meetings as before, but then it was corn-planting time and meetings were no longer common in the country. He gave attention to his business, but it was still understood that he meditated some dreadful mission to some outlandish place, Oregon or Texas or Guinea—gossips were divided about the exact locality—it was away off in that direction somewhere. Mark talked less about it now, and was not quite so sure of his own mind in the matter as he had been, except while talking to Roxy. He grew more and more fond of talking to Roxy. In conversation with her it was the better Mark who spoke. The lower, the passionate, the vacillating Mark was quite put out of sight. Roxy called out his best, and quite put him in conceit with himself. All that was highest in her transferred itself somehow to him, and he was inclined to give himself credit for originating the impulses with which she inspired him. He liked to look at himself shining in the light of her reflected enthusiasm. She had set up an ideal Mark Bonamy, and the real Mark was so pleased to look at this flattering picture in the mind of the pure-hearted girl, that he came to be-

lieve the image of himself which he saw there to be an accurate likeness.

Of course interviews so frequent and so pleasant must grow to something more. It doesn't matter what a young man and a young woman talk about, even sympathetic conversations about missionary labors in Texas or in Greenland are apt to become tender. One enthusiasm translates itself so easily into another! This worship of his real and imaginary goodness, and this stimulus of what was best in him was so agreeable to Bonamy that he began to doubt whether after all it was best to undertake a mission to the Texans single-handed and alone. Good old sisters whose match-making proclivities had not died but had only been sanctified, took occasion to throw out hints on the subject, which greatly encouraged Mark to believe that Roxy was divinely intended and molded to be his helpmate in that great, vast, vague enterprise which should be worthy of the large abilities he had consecrated.

Roxy on her part was a highly imaginative girl. Here was a large-shouldered, magnificent, Apollo-like fellow, who thought himself something wonderful, and whom his friends thought wonderful. It was easy to take him at the popular estimate, and then to think she had discovered even more than others saw in him. For was it not to her that he revealed his great unsettled plans for suffering and dying for the cross of Christ? And as he came more and more, the pure-spirited girl began to long that she might somehow share his toils and sufferings. The ambition to do some heroic thing had always burned in her heart, and in her it was a pure flame with no taint of selfishness or egotism.

Mark went into Adams's shop one day to have his boots mended.

"So you are going to Texas, are you?" broke out the shoe-maker, with half-suppressed vehemence.

"Yes."

"Fool's errand,—fool's errand," muttered the old man as he turned the boots over to look at the soles. Then he looked furtively at Bonamy and was disappointed to find in his face no sign of perturbation. "Fool's errand, I say," sharper than before.

Mark tossed back his black hair, and said with a twinkle:

"So you think, no doubt."

"Think? *think?*" Here the shoe-maker choked for utterance. "I tell you if you were my son I'd——" then he went on

turning the boots over and left the sentence unfinished. Perhaps because he could not think what he would do to such a strapping son as Mark; perhaps because the sentence seemed more frightful in this mysterious state of suspended animation than it could have done with any conceivable penalty at the end.

"You'd spank me and not give me any supper, may be," said Mark, who was determined to be good-natured with Roxy's father.

The old man's face did not relax.

"That shoe needs half-soling," he said, ferociously. "What makes you run your boot down at the heel?"

"To make business lively for the shoe-makers."

"And what'll you do when you get to Texas where there are no shoe-makers? I wish I could patch cracked heads as easy as cracked shoes."

Adams was not averse to Mark's flattering attentions to Roxy, to which he had attached a significance greater than Mark had intended or Roxy suspected. Missionary fever would soon blow over perhaps, and then Mark was sure to "be somebody."

Besides, the shoe-maker was himself meditating a marriage with Miss Moore. Her sign hung next to his own on Main street, and read "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantua-maker." Adams may have guessed from the verbal misconstruction of the sign, that the mantua-maker was as much in the market as the millinery; but at least he had taken pity on her loneliness and Miss Moore had "felt great sympathy for" his loneliness, and so they were both ready to decrease their loneliness by making a joint stock of it. Mr. Adams, thinking of marriage himself, could not feel unkind toward a similar weakness in younger people.

There was, however, one person who did not like this growing attachment between Mark Bonamy and Roxy Adams. Twonnet had built other castles for her friend. She was not sentimental, but shrewd, practical, matter-of-fact—in short she was Swiss. She did not believe in Mark's steadfastness. Besides, her hero was Whittaker, whose serious excellence of character was a source of perpetual admiration in her. She was fully conscious of her own general unfitness to aspire to be the wife of such a man; she had an apprehension that she abode most of the time under the weight of the minister's displeasure, and she plainly saw that in his most kindly moods he

treated her as one of those who were doomed to a sort of perpetual and amiable childhood. It was by no great stretch of magnanimity, therefore, that Twonnet set herself to find a way to promote an attachment between Whittaker and Roxy. Next to her own love affair a girl is interested in somebody else's love affair.

But Twonnet saw no way of pushing her design, for Whittaker carefully abstained from going to Adams's house. Twonnet beguiled Roxy into spending evenings at her father's. Whittaker, on such occasions, took the dispensations of Providence kindly, basking in the sunlight of Roxy's inspiring presence for a few hours, and lying awake in troubled indecision the entire night thereafter. It was with an increase of hope that Twonnet saw the mutual delight of the two in each other's society, and she was more than ever convinced that she was the humble instrumentality set apart by Providence to bring about a fore-ordained marriage. She managed on one pretext or another to leave them alone at times in the old-fashioned parlor, with no witness but the Swiss clock on the wall, the tic-tac of whose long, slow pendulum made the precious moments of communion with Roxy seem longer and more precious to the soul of the preacher. But nothing came of these long-drawn seconds of conversation on indifferent topics—nothing ever came but sleepless nights and new conflicts for Whittaker. For how should he marry on his slender salary and with his education yet unpaid for? After each of these interviews contrived by Twonnet, the good-hearted maneuverer looked in vain to see him resume his calls at the house of Mr. Adams. But he did not. She could not guess why.

One night Twonnet spent with Roxy. Mark dropped in, in his incidental way, during the evening, but he did not get on well. The shrewd Twonnet got him to tell of his electioneering experiences, and contrived to make him show the wrong side of his nature all the evening. Roxy was unhappy at this, and so was Mark, but Twonnet felt a mischievous delight in thus turning Mark aside from talking about Roxy's pet enthusiasms, and in showing them the discords which incipient lovers do not care to see.

The girls sat at the breakfast-table a little late the next morning,—late in relation to village habits, for it was nearly seven o'clock. Twonnet proposed to tell fortunes with coffee-grounds, after the manner of

girls. Roxy hesitated a little; she was scrupulous about trifles, but at Twonnet's entreaty she reversed her cup to try the fortune of her friend.

"I don't see anything, Twonnet, in these grounds," she said, inspecting the inside of her cup, "except—except—yes—I see an animal. I can't tell whether it's a dog or a mule. It has a dog's tail and mule's ears. What does that mean?"

"Pshaw! you aren't worth a cent, Roxy, to tell fortunes," and with that Twonnet looked over her shoulder. "Dog's tail! why that's a sword, don't you see. I am to have a gentleman come to see me who is a military man."

"But will he carry his sword up in the air that way as if he were going to cut your head off if you should refuse him?" asked Roxy, "and what about these ears?"

"Ears! that is beastly, Roxy. Those are side-whiskers. Now, see me tell your fortune."

With this, Twonnet capsized her cup in the saucer and let it remain inverted for some seconds, then righting it again she beheld the sediment of her coffee streaked up and down the side of the cup in a most unintelligible way. But Twonnet's rendering was fore-determined.

"I see," she began, and then she paused a long time, for in truth it was hard to see anything. "I see —"

"Well, what?" said Roxy, "a dog's tail or side-whiskers?"

"I see a young man, rather tall, with flowing hair and—and broad shoulders." Twonnet now looked steadily in the cup, and spoke with the rapt air of a Pythoness. Had she looked up she would have seen the color increasing in Roxy's cheeks. "But his back is turned, and so I see that you will reject him. There are crooked lines crossing his figure by which I perceive it would have been a great source of trouble to you had you accepted him. There would have been discord and evil."

Here Roxy grew pale, but Twonnet still looked eagerly in the cup.

"I see," she continued, "a tall, serious man. There is a book in front of him. He is a minister. The lines about him are smooth and indicate happiness. His face is toward me and I perceive—that —"

But here Roxy impatiently wrested the cup from her hand and said, "Shut up, you gabbling story-teller!" Then looking in the cup curiously, she said, "There's nothing of all that there. Just a few streaks of coffee-grounds."

"May be you spoiled it," said the gypsy Twonnet. "You cannot read your own destiny. I read it for you."

"And I read yours," said Roxy; "an animal with a dog's tail and cow's horns. But don't let's talk any more nonsense, Twonnet, it's a sin."

"More harm comes of religious talk

sometimes than of fooling," retorted Twonnet.

"What do you mean?" demanded Roxy, with anger and alarm.

But Twonnet did not answer except by a significant look from her black eyes. The girls had changed places for a time. It was Twonnet who had taken the lead.

(To be continued.)

JOE HALE'S RED STOCKINGS.

It was a hot day in August, and it was hotter in the linen room of the Menthaven Hospital than it was anywhere else on the New England shore. At least so thought Netty Larned, as she sank back in her chair,—if one can sink back in a wooden chair,—and exclaimed:

"Thank heaven, the last of those stockings is darned."

Sarah Lincoln and her cousin, Netty Larned, in a fit of mingled patriotism and romance, had undertaken the charge of the linen room in the Menthaven Hospital for the summer. Their cousin, Clara Winthrop, was superintending the diet kitchen, and Rebecca Jones and Mrs. Kate Seeley, and several more of Menthaven's "first ladies," were nursing in the wards. It was in the second year of our war; just at the time when the fever of enthusiastic work for the soldiers and the cause was at its greatest and most unreasonable height among the women of the North. Not to be sacrificing one's self in some way on the shrine of the country's need, seemed to prove one to be next door to a traitor—in fact worse. It seems ungracious, even at this distance of time, to call in question either the motives or the results of this great outburst on the part of the women; but no one who was familiar, in even a small degree, with the practical results in many of our hospitals of the average headlong enthusiasm of the average woman, will deny that in very many instances it could have been advantageously dispensed with.

The meek and satirical gratitude of the soldier who, being inquired of by one of these restless benevolences, if she should comb his hair for him, replied: "Thank you, ma'am, you can if you want to; there's nineteen ladies has done it already to-day," pointed a moral which was too generally overlooked.

Some dim suspicions as to the common

sense of their work had more than once crossed the minds of both Sarah Lincoln and Netty Larned. They were clear-headed, energetic women, without a trace of sentimentalism about them. It had appeared to them in the outset that there was a grand field of work in the Menthaven Hospital, and that it was clearly the duty of the Menthaven women to take hold of it. Being as I say clear-headed, they had too distinct a consciousness of their incapacity as nurses, to undertake ward work; in fact, when they came to discuss seriously what they could do, the charge of the linen room was the only thing they were not afraid to undertake.

"I can keep things in order, and mend, and make out lists, and give out clothes," said Netty; "and that's about all I can do, and be sure of doing it well."

"I think so too," said Sarah, "and we'll take it together, and then we can change with each other and have a day's rest now and then; we shall not be very busy, and one or the other of us can go about in the wards and write letters for the men, or help the nurses. But I wouldn't take any responsibility about them for anything."

"Nor I either," said Netty.

But when they saw Clara Winthrop, who had never in her life cooked anything more nutritious than sponge-cake, and who was used, in her father's house, to having four servants at her command, gravely assuming the entire control of the diet kitchen; and flighty Mrs. Kate Seeley, who could not even be trusted with her own baby when it had croup, installed as head nurse in one of the largest wards, Sarah and Netty looked at each other, and said in the expressive New England vernacular,

"Did you ever!"

And when they saw, day by day, the sentry opposite their linen room door,

simply overborne and disregarded by numbers of most respectable women of their own acquaintance filing in, with baskets of all sorts of edibles, proper and improper, which they proposed to distribute indiscriminately among the patients, they looked at each other again and again, and said:

"Would you have believed women were such geese?"

"Did you tell those women that Doctor Hale's strict orders were that no one should be admitted to the wards without a pass from him?" exclaimed Sarah one day indignantly, to the sentry.

"Indeed ma'am, and I did," he replied, "but it didn't stop her. She said she knew Doctor Hale very well, and he would let her go in."

"But they must not go in," persisted Sarah. "It is against orders."

"What am I to do ma'am?" said the sentry.

"Put your bayonet straight across the door, and hold it there, John," said Sarah.

"Ah, ma'am, an' I couldn't to a woman. If it was a man I could; but I couldn't to a woman. Besides, she'd jump over."

The next time, however, John tried it. Sarah heard a parley and flew to her door, to re-enforce John by the moral support of her countenance.

What to her horror did she see? Her own aunt, Mrs. Winthrop, red with rage, and Clara behind her, both abusing the poor sentry in no measured terms, and threatening to report him for insolence.

"I am in charge of the diet kitchen," said Clara, "and my mother can go where she pleases in this hospital."

John lowered his bayonet, and the two angry women walked past him, darting withering glances at his discomfited face.

"It's no use, Netty," said Sarah after this. "It's no use. I do believe that ninety-nine women out of a hundred are absolutely destitute of logic. If you were to talk to Clara till the millennium, you could never make her see that her being in charge of the diet kitchen gives her no right to break Doctor Hale's rules."

As week after week went by, and Sarah and Netty sat in the two hard wooden chairs in the linen room, mending, mending, mending, eight hours a day, there began, as I said, to cross their minds a dim distrust of the common sense of their proceedings.

"How much do you suppose I have saved the United States Government by mending that stocking?" said Netty one day, hold-

ing up on her little round fist a stocking whose foot was one solid mass of darns.

Sarah laughed. "Oh, Netty," she said, "what did you mend that for? It wasn't worth it."

"I know that as well as you do," retorted Netty. "But we have barely enough to go round, and to-morrow's Saturday. I did hope that box from Provincetown would have had some stockings in it, but there was only one pair. Look at them!" and Netty held up a pair of socks knit of fine scarlet worsted on very fine needles. They were really beautiful socks, barring the color, which was a fiery yellow scarlet, but one remove from an orange.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Sarah. "What lunatic ever knit those stockings? I don't believe a man in this hospital would put them on; do you?"

"No," said Netty. "It wouldn't be any use to offer them to them. I'll put them at the bottom of the pile." As she slipped them under, she felt something in the toe of one. "Why, there is something in the toe," she said, and turned the stocking wrong side out. A small bit of pink paper, folded many times, fell to the floor. Netty picked it up and unfolded it. It was a half sheet of pink note paper, with a little stamped Cupid at top. In the middle of the sheet was written in a cramped but neat hand—

"Miss Matilda Bennet,
Provincetown,
Mass."

Netty exclaimed as she read this: "Why, how queer! Some girl's put her name in here. What do you suppose she did that for?" and she read it aloud—

"Miss Matilda Bennet,
Provincetown,
Mass."

"What could she have done it for? I wonder if she knit the stockings?"

"Perhaps she has a brother or lover in the war, and doesn't know where he may be, and thought the stockings might happen to hit him," said Sarah, reaching out her hand for the paper, and looking at it curiously. "Isn't it odd? Who knows, now, but the man she meant that for may be in this very hospital!"

"I guess not," said Netty. "There isn't a single Massachusetts man here. They're mostly from New York, and Maine and Connecticut, so far as I have found out. I suppose I'd better put it back," she said,

folding the paper up, and holding the stocking open.

"Yes, indeed," said Sarah. "Put it back, by all means. Who knows what'll come of it. It's something like a letter in a bottle at sea!"

"What!" exclaimed Netty, in unutterable amazement; "like a bottle at sea! What's the matter with you? What do you mean?"

Sarah colored: hidden very deep in her heart she had a vein of romance which did not show on the surface of her shrewd, active nature, and which never took form in words.

"Why, I mean," she replied, "that it is trusting a thing to just as blind chance to stick it in a stocking and send it to the Sanitary Commission to be allotted to any hospital between Maine and Mississippi, as it is to cork it in a bottle and toss it out in the Atlantic Ocean. Of course that girl put that name in that stocking to reach somebody, and I just hope it will reach him. I don't suppose it ever will, though, and yet I imagine stranger things have happened."

"Perhaps she put it in just for fun," said Netty, as she pushed the little roll of paper tight down again into the stocking from which she had taken it. "I think that's quite as likely."

"Why, I don't see any fun in it," said Sarah.

"Nor I either," replied Netty; "but then things may seem funny in Provincetown which wouldn't anywhere else. It's a real New England name, 'Matilda Bennet.' I wonder how she looks. An old maid, I guess. I don't know why I think so."

"Well, if she did it for fun, as you say, it's more likely to be a young girl," said Sarah. "A girl too young to think whether it were proper or not."

Early every Saturday morning clean clothes were given out in the hospital. All the convalescent men who were able came for their own; and the ward nurses came for what they needed for the men who were in bed. It was always an interesting day to Netty and Sarah. They liked to survey the faces of the men, and to watch their behavior as they received the clothes. It was pathetic to see the importance which the little incident assumed in the lives of some of them, the child-like pleasure they would show in an especially nice garment, the difficulty they would find in selecting a pocket handkerchief. The stockings were Netty's especial department; and she had endless amusement on the subject of sizes.

"Never yet did I hand a man a pair of stockings," she said, "that he didn't look at them, turn them over, and hand them back to me, and say he'd like a pair either a little longer or a little shorter. It's too dull."

On this particular Saturday morning, Netty was much afraid the stockings would not hold out to go round. One or two pairs had come out of the wash so hopelessly ragged that even her patience had not been equal to the trials of mending them; and the washerwomen were still in arrears with part of the wash, so that the piles on the stocking shelf looked ominously low. By noon there were not a dozen pairs left.

"I'm going to begin to offer the scarlet ones, now," said Netty. "It's a shame not to use them, they're so nice. Perhaps I can put them off on somebody who is color-blind."

No man so color-blind as not to be startled at that flaming red! Man after man refused them. Netty held them out, saying with her most winning smile, "Here is a very nice pair of stockings; perhaps you like red," but man after man replied, some timidly, some brusquely, that they'd rather have any other color. At last came a man who wanted two pairs,—one for himself, one for the man who slept in the next bed to him, and was asleep now; and the nurse thought he'd most likely not wake up before night, for he'd been taking laudanum for the toothache.

"Here's my chance," thought Netty, and laid the red stockings on the pile of clean clothes to be carried to the unconscious victim of the toothache.

"I suppose he'll like these red stockings as well as any," said she quietly. "They are very nice."

The man looked askance at them.

"Powerful bright, aint they. I shouldn't like 'em myself; but perhaps he wont mind;" and he walked away with them.

"What 'll you wager they don't come back?" said Sarah.

"Nothing," said Netty, "I expect them."

The afternoon wore on, and the red stockings did not come back. The last man from the last ward had come, taken his Sunday ration of clean clothes, and gone, and not a single pair of stockings was left on the shelf.

"Wasn't it lucky I put those red stockings off on that poor toothache fellow in his sleep?" laughed Netty. "I should have come one pair short if I hadn't." The words had not more than left her lips when

a shadow darkened the linen room. She looked up; there in the door-way stood the man who had taken the red stockings; he held them in his hand, and fidgeted with them uneasily as he said,

"Sorry to trouble ye marm, but Wilson's waked up, and he wont have these stockings no how; and I had to bring 'em back, if it wouldn't trouble ye too much to change 'em for something else; anything 'll do, he says, that aint red."

Netty pointed to the empty shelf: "I'm very sorry," she said; "but you can see, that is my stocking shelf; I haven't a pair left."

With a crestfallen face the man laid the stockings down and turned to go.

"Don't you think he would rather have those than none?" asked Netty.

"No, marm," replied the man. "He said he'd rather go barefoot than wear 'em. He can make the ones he's got do."

"I will give him a clean pair as soon as some more come in from the wash," said Netty. "You tell him he wont have to wait till next Saturday; by Tuesday we shall have more," and she put the rejected stockings back on the empty shelf. Sarah was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Poor Miss Matilda Bennet" said she, as soon as the man had gone away. "Her red stockings will never reach their destination, I fear. Who knows? Perhaps the very man they were for has already refused them. You'd better mention the card in the toe to the next man you offer them to. You might hit the right person."

"No," said Netty, "I shall not offer them any more. I'll give them to a poor man I know in town, who will not be so particular. They are really beautiful socks. Any gentleman might wear them."

The linen room was darkened again; another tall figure stood in the door-way. It was Joe Hale, the tallest, handsomest, best-natured man in the hospital,—favorite alike with surgeons, nurses and men; so brave while he lay ill with a terrible wound in his shoulder; so brave when the arm had to come off; so jolly—which was the best bravery of all—now that it had been off and buried for many a week, and he was only waiting for his discharge papers to come from Washington before starting for home.

He stood in the door-way, twirling his cap nervously in his right hand; luckily for Joe, it was the left arm which had gone.

Netty looked up.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hale?" she said.

"Have you got a pair of red stockings here?" he said, and a gleam of respectfully restrained mirth twinkled in his bright blue eyes.

Netty laughed outright.

"To be sure I have," she said, and took them from the shelf. "Here they are. I can't find anybody who will wear them."

"I'll take them," said Joe, holding out his right hand, cap and all. "I gave mine to Wilson; he is sort o' sick and fussy, and he was so mad with Craig for bringing them to him, it seemed to quite upset him—that and the laudanum together; so I gave him mine. I hadn't put them on; and if you haven't any use for the red ones, I'll take them, and obliged to ye. Craig said they were the last you'd got left."

"So they are," replied Netty, laying them on the cap in Joe's hand. "I'm very glad you don't dislike red. It's a beautiful pair of stockings."

"Would you be so very good, ma'am, as to just put them in my pocket here?" said Joe, awkwardly. "I can't manage it very well."

Netty put them in the pocket, and with a military salute, Joe lifted his cap to his head and walked away.

"How thoughtless of me," said Netty, "to have laid them on the poor fellow's cap in his hand! He couldn't put his cap on without their falling on the ground. Wasn't it nice of him to give his to Wilson? I don't believe he likes the red any better than the other men did."

"It's just like Joe Hale," said Sarah. "The ward-master in his ward told me the other day, he hadn't the least idea what he'd do when Joe went away. He said he was equal to any two nurses in the ward. I've a notion, though, that he has a great fancy for the color red, for I've seen him a dozen times with a bit of red geranium or red salvia in his cap; he always picks out the red ones when Mrs. Winthrop brings her flowers."

Joe Hale was a methodical fellow. When he was preparing to go to bed, he laid all his clean clothes on the chair at the head of his bed to be ready in the morning. On the top of the pile he laid the red stockings.

"Hullo! Fire away, Joe!" called out one man.

And another:

"Warm yer toes, Joe, wont they?"

And another :

"What possessed a woman to knit stockings o' such a color 's that, do you suppose ? Why, the turkey-cocks 'll chase ye, Joe, when ye get them things on."

Joe only laughed good-naturedly.

"Go it, boys," he said. "I can stand it 's long 's you can. I think the stockings are a real handsome color."

"So they be," said the first speaker. It was the very Wilson who had rejected them with such scorn. "So they be, a splendid color for a rooster's wattles ; that's the only thing I ever see sech a color."

Joe took one of the stockings up and began mechanically to turn the heel out ; he felt the paper in the toe, drew it out in surprise, looked at it, read the name, and slipped the paper quickly into his pocket. The whole thing had not taken a minute, and nobody had chanced to notice it.

"What in thunder did any girl go and do that for ?" thought Joe.

Presently he rose and walked out of the ward.

"Say, Joe, don't leave them red stockings o' yourn out that way ; they might be stole," called one of the men.

"All right, boys," he said, "laugh away. It's good for you ; cure you quicker'n medicine," and Joe walked away. He wanted to look again at the queer little pink paper. Underneath the big lantern swung at the door of the surgeon's room, he stood still and read again the words :

"Miss Matilda Bennet,
"Provincetown,
"Mass."

He looked attentively at the little stamped Cupid on the top of the sheet. Joe had no experience in mythological art, and did not know a Cupid when he saw one. A naked baby with a bow and arrow was as much of a puzzle to him as an unprecedented fossil to a naturalist. The word "Provincetown" also set Joe to thinking. He recollected dimly how on the map he studied at school the word Provincetown stretched away from the tip of Massachusetts out into the blue space of the Atlantic Ocean beyond. It seemed to fly like a signal at a prow, and the little dot which represented the town had been half on, half off, the coast, he remembered. "Poor thing!" he thought, "she lives away down there. I wonder what sort of a girl she is, and what she ever stuck her name into these stockings for. I might write and thank her for them."

This last idea Joe dismissed with a scornful laugh at himself as a "silly booby ;" but he folded up the little pink paper, and put it away carefully in his big leather wallet.

Three days later Joe Hale lay flat on his back delirious with fever. He had been devoted in his attentions to a poor fellow who was dying in one of the outside tents from a gangrened wound, and in some way that subtlest and most dangerous of poisons had penetrated his veins. For several days he lay at the point of death ; a general gloom pervaded the hospital ; the surgeon-in-charge himself spent hours at Joe's bedside ; everybody grieved at the thought of the brave, cheery fellow's dying. But Joe's time to die was a long way off yet ; good blood, and a constitution made strong by an early out-door life on a farm triumphed,—to everybody's surprise and joy. Joe began to get well. He was as weak as a newborn infant at first, and sat propped up in his bed among pillows, fed by spoonfuls at a time, looking a strange mixture of giant and baby. There was great danger of Joe's being spoiled now, it became such a fashion to pet him. All the visitors wanted to see him ; everybody brought him something, generally something to eat ; as for quince marmalade and tamarinds, for years afterward the very name of them made Joe ill, he had such a surfeit of them now. Every day, as soon as his too generous friends had left the ward, he would summon the boys around his bed and distribute his supplies ; and very sumptuously that ward fared for a good many weeks. Foremost and most devoted among Joe's admirers was Clara Winthrop. There were petty-minded and gossiping people about who even declared that Miss Winthrop really neglected the diet kitchen, she spent so much time over "that Hale." One day, early in Joe's convalescence, Clara went to the linen room and called Sarah.

"Come here," she said. "I want to tell you something. You know that splendid fellow, Joe Hale, that's been so ill. Well, he isn't going to die. He's had his senses perfectly clear for two days now, and Dr. Wilkes says he'll pull through."

"Yes, I know," said Sarah. "I saw him this morning and he knew me perfectly."

"Oh, you saw him, did you ?" said Clara, with a little dignified surprise in her manner.

"Oh yes," said Sarah. "Netty and I have seen him every day."

"Ah!" said Clara, "I didn't know you had been seeing him all along."

Not least among the semi-comic things inwoven with all the tragedy of hospital life, was the queer, sexless sort of jealousy which women unconsciously and perpetually manifested among themselves, in regard to one and another of their pet patients.

Clara continued:

"Well, I'm perfectly sure that he is engaged to some girl, or in love with her; and I think she ought to be sent for. Thomas, the ward-master, has been telling me about it. Thomas says that all the time Joe was out of his head, he was talking about a Matilda Somebody. He never made out the other name; but Thomas says he'd talk about her all night, and about red stockings; wasn't that queer? Thomas said he had on a pair and the men laughed at him about them. Now, don't you think we ought to ask him about this Matilda, and write to her?"

Sarah opened her lips to say hastily, "Oh, I know all about that," but suddenly recollecting Clara Winthrop's constitutional inability to keep a secret, she merely said:

"I don't think he would like to know he had been talking about his affairs that way. Joe isn't like the common soldiers here; he is a very different sort of man. I should just ask him if there was any friend or relative he'd like to have written to, and if he wants to have her sent for."

"Oh yes," said Clara. "That would be a great deal better. I'll do that," and she hurried off, to lose no time in following Sarah's advice.

"Why didn't you tell her?" said Netty.

"Tell Clara Winthrop!" ejaculated Sarah. "I should think you'd known the Winthrops as long as I have. Why, I wouldn't tell her anything which I should have the slightest objection to seeing up in posters on Main street."

Netty laughed.

"Oh, that's too bad," she said. "Clara wouldn't tell anything that she thought would do any harm."

"I dare say not," retorted Sarah; "but she never thinks beforehand whether a thing will do harm or not. She is not a bit malicious; but she does twice as much harm as if she were; a malicious person plots and plans, and has intervals and occasions of reticence; but Clara,—why, Clara's conversation is like nothing in earth but a waste-pipe from a cistern,—as soon as it is full it overflows no matter where, when or on whom. Give me a good, malignant, intentional gossip any day, rather than one

of these perpetual leaky people. What do you suppose she'll say to Joe now?"

"Oh, just what you told her to," said Netty. "She is a well-meaning soul, and always ready to take advice."

"After all," said Sarah, "we don't know that Joe never heard of Matilda Bennet, except in that stocking."

"And as for that matter," continued the sensible Netty, "we don't know that it is not some other Matilda he was talking about."

"No," said Sarah, "of course we don't; I never once thought of that."

"Here are the red stockings again," said Netty, taking them out of the basket at her feet. "They don't want mending; that's one comfort. I'll lay them up till Joe gets well; I shouldn't wonder a bit if he fancied them. It will be a long time, though, poor fellow, before he'll do much walking."

That evening as Sarah and Netty and Clara were walking home from the hospital together, Sarah said:

"Did you write a letter for Joe Hale to-day?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Clara. "That's just what I was going to tell you. It's the queerest thing about that Matilda; I don't believe there's any such girl at all. I guess it was nothing but crazy fancies. I asked him this morning if there were not some one he would like to have me write to,—somebody who could come on and stay here with him till he got well; and do you think, the poor fellow said, 'Miss Winthrop, I haven't a near relative in the world,—nothing nearer than a cousin; and I don't know any of my cousins; they all live in Iowa, and I've never seen one of them.' Then I said, 'Well, haven't you some friend that could come? or at any rate that you'd like to have me write to?' And he said, 'No, I haven't any friend that could come, unless it were a neighbor of mine, Ethan Lovejoy, he might come, but I guess I don't want him. I'm getting on first rate.' 'Isn't there any woman?' I said. I just was determined to see if there wasn't something in it. And he got as red in the face as if I'd asked him something improper, and said he, 'Any woman! Why I told you I hadn't a near relative in the world. I had one sister, but she died when I was little. I don't remember her; and the only aunt I have lives in Iowa, I told you.' So I gave up then. Isn't it too bad; the poor lonely fellow! I'm really disappointed; I thought it would be so interesting if

that Matilda should come on, and we could see them together. Perhaps there has been something in it, sometime or other; but it's all broken off now. If it was only craziness it's very queer he should stick to that one name all the time."

Sarah and Netty exchanged glances, but said nothing; and the voluble Clara ran on and on, with her loose-jointed talk, till they reached the gate of her father's house. After she had gone in, Netty said to Sarah:

"I'm going into that ward to-morrow to write letters for Wilson and Craig. I think I'll offer to write a letter for Joe, and see what he says to me. I think it's just possible he didn't want Clara to write. She always thinks that she knows the men better than anybody else; but the truth is she doesn't know them half so well as either you or I. She isn't quiet enough with them."

"Yes, I would if I were you," replied Sarah; "but you mustn't tell Clara if he does let you write. She would be vexed about it."

"No, indeed," said Netty, "I won't tell her."

While Netty was writing the letters for Wilson and Craig, she saw Joe Hale watching her wistfully. When she had finished, she went to his bed and said:

"Isn't there anybody you'd like to send a letter to, Mr. Hale? I have plenty of time to write another."

Joe glanced to the right and the left: the beds near him were empty; no one was within hearing distance of a low tone. Speaking almost in a whisper, he said:

"Well, it does feel real lonesome to see all the boys sending off their letters home; but the fact is, Miss Larned, I haven't got a relation to write to—not one."

"Oh, I am perfectly sure your neighbors would be very glad to hear from you," Netty said cheerily.

Joe glanced around again, and then speaking still lower, said:

"No, there aint one of them that I'd bother with a letter. But there is a letter I'd like to send, if you think it's proper," and with his feeble right hand he managed to take from under his pillow the big leather wallet, and laying it near the edge of the bed, he tried to open it.

"Let me open it for you," said Netty. "Is the letter you want to answer in here?"

"Taint exactly a letter," said Joe. "That's it," he said, pointing to the little bit of pink paper in one of the compartments, as Netty held them open.

"It aint a letter," he continued. "It's only a name. It was in one of those red stockings I took to please Wilson. Do you remember?"

"Oh yes, I remember all about it."

"I didn't dislike the color," said Joe, "though the boys did make most too much fun of them. Well, this paper was in the toe of one of those stockings, and I suppose it's the name of the girl that knit them. Shouldn't you think so?"

"Yes, I think it must be," said Netty.

"I've been thinking," said Joe, "that it wouldn't be any more than civil, seeing she put her name in them, just to write and thank her for them. May be she'd like to know the name of the man that wore them. I thought may be it was some little girl that would be pleased to get a letter from a soldier."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Hale," replied Netty. "I think it would be a very nice thing to write and thank her for them. I dare say it was some little girl who would be proud enough to have a letter from a soldier. What did you say the name was?"

"It's on the paper," said Joe, languidly. He was growing tired. "Matilda's the first name. I've forgotten the last, but she lives in Provincetown."

"Miss Matilda Bennet," said Netty, reading it from the paper.

"Oh yes," said Joe, "that's it."

Netty wrote the address on an envelope, and then, taking a sheet of note paper, looked at Joe, inquiringly, and said:

"Well, what shall I say?"

"Oh, anything you like," was the embarrassing reply, and Joe closed his eyes with an expression of perfect content and assurance that all would be right.

"Why, Mr. Hale," she said, "I'm afraid I don't know what to say. What do you want said?"

"Oh, just thank her—that's all," murmured Joe, sleepily. "I guess it's a little girl. I suppose a grown-up woman wouldn't have sent her name that way, would she? You might ask her to write to me. Then I'd have somebody to write to me. It's the only thing makes me feel lonesome, when the boys all get letters."

"I'd better write in my own name, I think," she said, "and tell her about you. Shall I do it that way?"

"There isn't any use in telling her anything about me," said Joe, more energetically than he had spoken for some time; "only just to thank her—that's all."

This is what Netty wrote:

"DEAR MISS BENNET: You will be surprised to receive this letter from an entire stranger. Perhaps you remember putting your name on a piece of paper in a pair of red stockings you sent to the soldiers. Those stockings came to this hospital, and were given to a soldier by the name of Hale—Mr. Joseph Hale of New York. He is very ill now,—not able to sit up; and he asked me to write and thank you for the stockings. If you would like to write him a letter, he would be very glad to hear from you. There is no greater pleasure to soldiers in hospital than to get letters from friends.—Yours truly,
"HENRIETTA LARNED."

The coming in of the stage, and the distribution of the mail it carried were the great events of each day in Provincetown. When the stage was on time it got in at six o'clock; but its being on time depended on so many incalculable chances all the way along that sandy promontory, that nobody in Provincetown thought of placing any dependence on getting his letters the same night they came. Least of all did the Bennets, who lived over on Light-House Spit; they had kept the light-house for twenty-five years,—ever since Matilda, or "Tilly," as she was universally called, could remember. It was a strange life that she had led on that lonely rock,—child, girl, woman, she had known nothing else. Her father had been a sea captain. He had had a leg broken by the falling of a mast one night in a terrible storm; had been brought into Provincetown harbor with the leg rudely spliced and lashed to a spar, and had never walked without a crutch again. The light-house was the next best thing to a ship, and Captain Bennet was glad to get it. The worse the storm, the more the old tower—none too safe at best—rocked, the happier he grew. His wife used to say:

"I believe, 'Lisha, you'll never be contented till we break loose here some night, and go head foremost out to sea;" and the old man would reply:

"Well, Lyddy, I'd as soon go that way's any. I never had any kind o' fancy for rottin' in a grave-yard. The sea's always seemed to me wholesomer; and if ye could manage it anyhow, I'd like to be buried in it; but I s'pose ye couldn't fix it so very well."

Mrs. Bennet did not in the least share her husband's love of the water. It frightened her, and it bored her, and she hated the isolation with which it surrounded her. She paced the narrow sand-spit which linked the light-house rock to the mainland

like a prisoner. When Tilly was a baby she carried her in her arms; as soon as the little thing could toddle, she led her by the hand back and forth, back and forth, on the narrow belt, always gazing across at the town with a hungry yearning for its streets and people, and with a restless watching for some boat to put out toward the light-house. The child soon shared her mother's feeling, and the earliest emotion which Tilly could recollect was an intense consciousness of being imprisoned. In the summer there were visitors at the light-house almost every day. All travelers who visited Provincetown came over to see the beautiful Fresnel light, and the townspeople themselves frequently sailed across and anchored for fishing just beyond the spit. These visitors were Mrs. Bennet's one consolation; by means of them she seemed to keep some tangible hold on life and dry land; and, moreover, they were the only foundation of her one air-castle. Poor, lonely, circumscribed, discontented woman! she had but one, yet that one seemed at first as far removed from the possibility of her attaining it as could the wildest dream of the most visionary worldly ambition. Mrs. Bennet wanted a melodeon for Tilly when she went on Sundays to church in Provincetown and heard the first line of the psalm-tune played over and over on the wheezy melodeon. She thought that if she could only sometimes hear such sounds as that in the light-house, instead of the endless boom and thud and swash of the water, life might become endurable to her. She had a marvelous knack at crocheting mats, tidies, and the like; and as soon as Tilly's little fingers were strong enough to hold a needle, they were instructed in the same art. In the long winter months a great stock of these crocheted articles was accumulated to be sold to the summer visitors. Braided rugs also, Mrs. Bennet made to sell, and bed-quilts of scarlet and white cottons sewed in intricate patterns. The small sums thus saved she hoarded as religiously as if they were a trust and not her own. She did not reveal her purpose to Tilly for years,—not until the child herself grew impatient of the mystery, and of being told that it was "for something nice" the quarters and half-dollars were being put away. When Tilly knew what they were for she worked harder than ever; and at last, one June, when she was sixteen years old, there came a day—a proud day for Mrs. Bennet and a joyful one for Tilly—when a small sloop pushed out

from the Provincetown wharves and made straight for the light-house, bearing the melodeon, spick-span new, smelling horribly of varnish, and not much more musical than a jew's-harp; it was yet beautiful beyond words to the two lonely women who had worked so many years to buy it. In Mrs. Bennet's early youth she had made some pretense of being a piano-player, and she thought that she could now recall enough of her old knowledge to give Tilly the elementary instructions; but she was sadly disappointed; the working of the pedals was a hopeless mystery to her, and the action of the keys, so unlike that of piano keys, threw her all "out," as she said. "I never mistrusted 'twas so different from a piano," she cried. "It's worse'n a sewing-machine."

There was nothing to be done now but to let the child go to Provincetown to be taught. Luckily the purchase of the melodeon had not exhausted the treasury of the crochet money. There was enough left to give Tilly a winter's schooling in Provincetown; and if she spent more time over her melodeon than over her arithmetic, and tried all her teachers by her indifference to books, it was only a filial carrying out of the instructions of her mother, whose last words to her had been: "Now, learn all you can, Tilly. It's the only chance you'll get; but don't let anything hinder your learning to play the melodeon."

How long the lonely winter seemed to Mrs. Bennet, nobody, not even her husband, knew. For days at a time all communication between the light-house and the town was cut off, and the poor mother lay awake by night, and walked the floor by day, praying that all might be well with Tilly. But when, early in May, Tilly came home one afternoon, looking as fresh and blooming as a rose, and sat down at the melodeon and played "The Soldier's Joy, with Variations," Mrs. Bennet was more than repaid for all she had borne. The six months had told on Tilly in many ways. She had smartened up in the matter of clothes; wore bows like other girls, and liked a bit of color in her hair; had learned to talk in a freer way, and could even toss her head a little, when a young man spoke to her. All the little awkward arts of the Provincetown belles Tilly had observed, and in a manner caught. Yet she was not spoiled. She was glad to come home, her mother was still more to her than all the rest of the world; and when Mrs. Bennet saw this she was con-

tent. Captain 'Lisha took little notice one way or another of either of them. His heart had always been, and always would be, on the sea. He tended and scrubbed and loved the light-house as he used to tend and love his ship. He always called the light "she," and if a point of its machinery seemed clogged, worried and fussed over "her" as another man might over a woman who was ill. But of the two women whose days were spent on this rock because of him, and whose whole lives revolved around him as husband and father, he thought comparatively little. They were housed, fed, clothed and busy; what more did they want? They seemed good-humored and contented; and so was Captain 'Lisha.

The melodeon made a change. Captain 'Lisha had a better ear for tunes than either his wife or his daughter. His whistling was worth hearing; and in his youth he had sung a good tenor. When he first heard Tilly's little feeble tunes mingling with the roar of the wind and water, he laughed, and thought it would do very well to amuse the women; but as time went on, and Tilly, who practiced with an untiring faithfulness worthy of a better instrument and a better talent, began to play something finer than "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "Soldier's Joy," the old man came to take pleasure in it. And this drew the three nearer together, so that after the melodeon had been in the house a couple of years the family were really much happier and had more animation in their life.

"Practice psalm-tunes, Tilly; practice psalm-tunes," her mother continually said. "There's no knowing what may happen"—by which Mrs. Bennet meant that out of her first air-castle had sprung up a second, in this wise: who could tell but that some day Tilly might be asked to play the melodeon in church. The Bennets were good Methodists and never missed a Sunday when the weather was fair enough for their sail-boat to get across to town. The melodeon in church was played by the minister's wife; but he would be going away pretty soon,—his two years were nearly up, and why should not Tilly be asked then to take Mrs. Sharp's place?

Into the placid, monotonous and innocent dreams of these lives in the Provincetown light-house, the first news of the first days of our great war broke like a thunder-bolt; nobody in all these United States felt the shock, felt the strain, felt the power of the war, as did lonely and inex-

perienced women in remote places. Every word of news from battles was pondered by them and wept over; long intervals of no news, harder still to bear, were endured in the meek silence which is born in women who live in solitude. Tilly and her mother were not exceptions to this. They were transformed by the excitement of the time. The melodeon was shut, and for a few weeks Tilly did nothing but implore her father to go to town for news; and on days when he could not go, she watched on the rocks for the sight of somebody who might tell her the latest tidings. At last, one Sunday, when the minister called from the pulpit for all the women of the church to meet in the meeting-house the next day, to sew, to scrape lint, and to roll bandages, Mrs. Bennet could stand inaction no longer.

"I tell you what it is, Tilly," said she. "We'll go home and cook up a lot of things for your father, and then we'll come over here, and just stay an' work till this box is sent off. He can get along without us for a few days. It's the least he can do."

Captain 'Lisha made no objection, and on Tuesday morning he took Mrs. Bennet and Tilly over to the town, and left them there.

Tilly's cheeks were crimson with excitement. She was the swiftest-handed maiden in the meeting-house that week; and her mother was not behind her. When on Saturday they went home they took with them an enormous bundle of shirts to be made.

"We can't be idle, either of us," said Mrs. Bennet. "Can we, Tilly?"

"No, indeed," said Tilly. "I wish I had a hundred hands."

All day long they sewed, saving every minute of time possible from their household toils.

At twilight one evening Tilly said,

"Oh dear, I wish we'd brought over some yarn too. There's just this time between daylight and dark when we can't do anything, and I might be knitting."

"So we might," said Mrs. Bennet. "We haven't got any yarn, have we?"

"There's that scarlet worsted," said Tilly. "I don't see why that wouldn't do. There's enough for two pairs I guess; and we sha'n't ever use it up in the world."

This scarlet worsted was one of good Captain 'Lisha's blunders. He had been commissioned on a certain day, to buy in Provincetown, a few ounces of scarlet worsted. Mrs. Bennet wanted it for making narrow scarlet edges around some of her tidies and

mats. Captain 'Lisha had made the mistake of buying pounds instead of ounces, and the shop-keeper had refused to take it back except in exchange for other goods; whereupon Mrs. Bennet, not wanting any other goods, and wanting the money very much, had lost her temper, and carried the unlucky worsted home with her.

"It's pretty bright," said Mrs. Bennet, "but I don't suppose the soldiers 'll be very particular about colors; and we've got it, that's a good deal; 'twont cost anything. I guess you'd better set up a pair."

So Tilly set up the red stockings; and after her hard day's sewing was done, she used to take the bright knitting-work and go out and sit on the rocks and knit, till her mother lighted the lamp in the kitchen, and her father lighted the lamp in the tower. Then she would go in and sew again till nine o'clock. While the women sewed, Captain 'Lisha read them the newspaper. Since the war began, Captain 'Lisha sailed to town every day; rain or shine, blow high or blow low, his newspaper he must have. In the old times he had not cared if he did not get it for a week; and sometimes when they had accumulated, did not even take the trouble to bring the whole pile home, which was a sore trial to his wife and daughter.

And this was the way the red stockings were knitted,—at short intervals of twilight on the rocks; sunset hues, and quivering lights on the far ocean, and an honest-souled girl's reveries and sorrows about the war,—all went into them stitch by stitch, by stitch. What put it into Tilly's head to send her name in the stockings, there is no knowing. She said:

"I do wonder what poor fellow 'll get these. I'd just like to stick my name in; it would seem sort of friendly, wouldn't it, mother?"

"Why, yes, Tilly, I'd put it in. Some poor fellow might be real glad to know who was a-thinking of him."

And Tilly put it in. And the big box from Provincetown was sent up to Boston; and from the rooms of the Sanitary Commission there it was sent on to the Ment-haven Hospital.

One darkish night at Provincetown, Captain 'Lisha was just on the point of going home without his mail, the stage was so late. Not being very firm on his legs in a boat, he did not like sailing across after dark.

"Hold on, Cap'n!" sang out Tommy

Swift, the postmaster. "Hold on, I'll give ye your mail in a jiffy; here she comes."

The great, creaking, swinging coach rolled up to the door in a cloud of dust, the mail-bag was thrown from the top of the coach on to the post-office counter by a dexterous fling, and without even stopping, the coach rolled away again.

The Bennets very seldom had letters. They had a daily paper from Boston; and they had a good many miscellaneous newspapers sent them by a minister uncle of Mrs. Bennet's, who was well to do, and had more newspapers than he knew what to do with. But any letter was an event; and a letter to Tilly was still more of one.

Captain 'Lisha turned Netty's neat little letter over and over again, and puzzled his brains vainly trying to make out the post-mark of which only the "*** haven" could be read.

"There's lots of 'havens' all over the country," thought Captain 'Lisha; "but we don't know anybody in any of 'em. It's a woman's writing; it might be some one of the last summer's folks writing for tidies."

"Here's a letter for you, Tilly," said Captain 'Lisha, as he entered the kitchen. "A letter for me!" cried Tilly. "Why, who can it be from?"

"I was a-wondering myself," said her father. "I didn't know you wrote to anybody."

"I don't," said Tilly, slowly cutting the envelope with a case-knife.

Mrs. Bennet dropped the skimmer, with which she was taking doughnuts out of the boiling fat, and came and looked over Tilly's shoulder.

"Oh, mother, mother! The doughnuts will burn," exclaimed Tilly. "I'll read it out loud to you," and she followed her mother back to the cooking stove and standing close by her side while she held the dripping doughnuts over the kettle, and shook them up and down on the skimmer, read aloud Netty's letter.

"Well, I must say that's a very proper kind of a letter," said Captain 'Lisha in a gratified tone. "That fellow's got the right feeling, whoever he is."

"What a pretty name Henrietta Larned is!" she said. "How pretty it looks written! She must be real nice, I'm sure."

"Well, the man's got a nice name, too," said Mrs. Bennet. "I like the sound of his name,—Joseph Hale. That's a good name. A New York man, she says?"

"Yes," said Tilly, slowly. "Perhaps

he's dead before this time. She says he was too sick to sit up."

"Ye'll answer it, wont ye, Tilly?" said her father. "'Twouldn't be any more than civil, just to let him know ye got his message."

"I don't know," said Tilly, very slowly. "I hate to write letters. I haven't got anything to say to him. I might write to her."

"But she says write to him," said honest Mrs. Bennet; "she says they're so glad to get letters in the hospital. Poor fellows, I should think they would be. I expect hospitals are horrid places. I'd write to him if I was you, Tilly."

"You write, mother," said Tilly, laughing. "I don't know anything to say."

"Me, child?" said her mother. "I haven't written a letter for ten years; I couldn't write; but I think you ought to. He might be a-waitin' to hear; sick folks think a heap of little things like that."

"Well, I might just write and say I'd got the letter," said Tilly. "'Twas real pleasant in him to send me the message."

"Yes," said Captain 'Lisha. "That fellow's got right feelings. I tell you that."

Tilly carried the letter into her little bedroom and stuck it into the looking-glass frame, as she had seen cards placed.

The next morning her mother said:

"Now, Tilly, I'd answer that letter if I was you. It isn't often we get a chance to hear anything from the rest o' the world. I wish you'd write. Besides," she added, "after sending him your name so, it don't seem friendly not to."

"That's true, mother," said Tilly. "I never thought of that, and I'd just as lieves write as not, if I could think of anything to say."

That evening after all the work was done, the little kitchen in order, the lamps lighted,—the big one for the great, wandering ships at sea, and the little one for the quiet, humble family at home,—Tilly took out a small papeterie of dark-blue embossed leather, and, opening it with a sigh, said:

"I'll try to write that letter now, mother."

"That's right," said her mother. "I'd write if I was you."

This papeterie had been Tilly's one Christmas present the winter that she had been at school in town. It was given to her by a young man, who in a languid and shame-faced way had, in the Provincetown vernacular "courted" her a little. But he had never found courage to take any more decided steps than to give her this papeterie

filled with pink paper and envelopes all stamped with cupids, which so far as their mythological significance was concerned were as much thrown away on Tilly as on Joe Hale. She merely thought them babies with bows and arrows—quite ridiculous, and not very pretty. But there was no other letter-paper in the house, except the big sheets of ruled paper on which her father sent his official reports to Washington, and Tilly would as soon have thought of writing a book as of writing on paper of such size.

It was very hard work writing that letter. Tilly could not think of anything to say. She spoiled several sheets of paper, and at last the poor little letter stood as follows:

"MR. HALE:
Respected sir,"

This last phrase was suggested by Captain 'Lisha, on being consulted by Tilly and her mother as to what was the proper form of beginning such a letter. Captain 'Lisha could not think of anything more appropriate and dignified than the form he himself used when he wrote to an officer of the Light-house Board.

"Respected sir," therefore, the letter began, and continued as follows:

"I am much obliged to you for your message. Please thank the lady that wrote it. I hope you are better now. We had the red worsted in the house; that was the reason the stockings were that color. I knit them on the rocks. We live in the light-house. My father keeps it. We hope you are well——"

"You said that once before, Tilly," interrupted her mother as Tilly read the letter aloud.

Tilly looked distressed.

"Oh, so I did," she said, turning back. "No, not exactly. I said I hoped he was better. Wont it do?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Bennet, impatiently. She was quite vexed that Tilly's letter did not sound more like the elegant and flowing epistles which people always wrote to each other in the novels and magazine stories with which she was familiar. "I suppose it will do. It don't seem to me much of a letter, though."

"I can't think of anything to say," reiterated Tilly, hopelessly; but thus adjured and coerced, she added one more sentence.

"It is very pleasant here now; in the winter it is very cold."

Then there came another interval of perplexity and consultation as to the signature. Captain 'Lisha had nothing better to offer than the "obedient servant" which represented his own relation to the officials at Washington. But to this Tilly stoutly objected.

"I aint going to say I'm his obedient servant!" she exclaimed, defiantly. "I'll just sign my name, and nothing more."

"You might say 'your friend,' I should think," said her mother, hesitatingly. "I don't think anybody ends off letters with just the name. I never saw one."

"Well, all the letters we ever have are from real friends or relations," said Tilly, firmly. "This is very different. I don't suppose it's often anybody does write to a person they don't know."

Mrs. Bennet persisted in her argument for a more friendly ending, but on this point Tilly was firm, and the queer, stiff little letter went off, with its incongruous pink Cupids hovering, like false colors at a mast-head, above the curt, cool sentences, and the brusque signature, "Matilda Bennet."

After the letter had gone, Mrs. Bennet frequently referred to it. The incident had really stirred her imagination more than it had Tilly's.

"I shouldn't wonder if that soldier wrote to you himself some day when he's a-gettin' better," she said.

"Perhaps he died," said Tilly; "that's just as likely."

"I suppose 'tis," replied her mother. "But somehow I don't feel 's if he did. I wish you'd written him more of a letter, and asked him to write to us. It would be real nice to get letters regular from somebody in the war."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Tilly, "perhaps we shouldn't like him a bit if we knew him; we don't know anything about him."

"Well," said Mrs. Bennet, "I don't believe that lady would have written for him if he hadn't been a real good fellow. And anyhow, it was real good his thinking to thank you for the stockings."

"Yes. That was real thoughtful of him," said Tilly, candidly.

How would both Mrs. Bennet and Tilly have laughed and wondered could they have seen Joe when he read his Provincetown letter! He had looked forward to its coming with considerable interest. More than once he had said to Netty:

"Do you think she'll answer that letter—

that little girl, or whoever 'tis, in Provincetown?" and Netty always replied:

"Yes, I rather think she will, before long; I think she will want to hear from you again."

When the letter came at last, Joe was really astonished at himself, for the eagerness with which he tore it open. He read it twice, then folded it up, laughing heartily as he did so, and put it in his wallet in the same compartment with the first bit of pink paper.

"Now, I guess Miss Larned will say I was right," he thought. "If that aint a little girl's letter, I never read one," and Joe watched impatiently for a chance to show the letter to Netty. It did not come for many days. Netty was busy, and did not go to the wards as usual. At last Joe could not wait any longer, and made bold to carry the letter to the linen room. He was so far recovered now that he walked about, and in a very few days would be well enough to go home. He found Netty alone in the linen room.

"Miss Larned," he said, "I hope you will excuse me if I interrupt you. I've had a letter in answer to the one you wrote, and I thought, perhaps, you'd like to see it, so I brought it."

"Indeed I should very much," said Netty. "I was wondering the other day whether you had heard."

Joe watched Netty's face while she read the letter. The amused expression which stole over her features as she read did not escape him. His own eyes twinkled as he held out his hand to take the letter, and said:

"You see it's a little girl, Miss Larned. I'll set all the more by them stockings for that; couldn't I take them home with me if I give you the price of another pair? I'd just like to keep them always, to think of the little thing, sitting out on the rocks, knitting away on stockings for the soldiers."

Netty was still studying the letter. She was somewhat familiar with the constrained and reticent forms of rural New England's letter-writing.

"I'm not sure yet about its being a little girl, Mr. Hale," she said. "It may be; but I incline now to think that it is a grown-up woman, who hardly ever writes a letter."

"Do you think so?" said Joe, earnestly. "Well, if it's a woman, I'd like first-rate to see her. I've come to have a real feeling, as if I ought to know her, somehow."

Netty laughed.

"Nothing easier, Mr. Hale. It is not a very long journey to Provincetown," she said.

"That's so," said Joe; "but it's the last place a man's likely ever to go to, especially from New York State."

"Sarah! I do believe there's a kind of romance growing out of these red stockings, after all," said Netty, when Sarah came in. "Joe Hale's been here, and showed me the drollest letter you ever saw, from that Matilda Bennet. It begins: 'Respected sir,' and has just such droll, stiff, short sentences as country people always write. He thinks it is a little girl; but I don't believe it. I didn't want to tell him so; but I've a notion it's an old maid—a pretty old one, too. Still, some of the phrases did sound simple enough for a child. Joe wants to buy the stockings and carry them home with him. He says he sets a store by them, because this little thing knit them."

"Give them to him," said Sarah. "They aren't any use here; nobody else will wear them."

"I don't know that I've any right to give them away, without putting another pair in their place," replied Netty. "I think I'll let him give me a gray pair for them. He seems to have money of his own; I think I'll let him buy them."

So a few days later, Joe set out for home with the red stockings tucked snugly in a corner of his valise, and a good new pair of gray ones in their place on Netty's stocking shelf.

"Dear old fellow," said Netty to Sarah, after he had bade them good-bye, "we have never had his like in this hospital, and I don't believe we ever shall."

"His like isn't very often found," replied Sarah, quietly. "I consider Joe Hale a remarkable man. If he had had education, he would have been a real force in the world, somewhere; he is, as it is, by the sheer weight of his superb physique and overflowing good-heartedness; but I'd have liked to see what breeding and education could have done for him."

"Hurt the physique, very likely, and cooled the good-heartedness," replied Netty. "That's the way, too often; but I don't call Joe Hale exactly an uneducated man, Sarah."

"No, not as uneducated as he might be," replied Sarah. "He is just the sort of man, so far as education goes, which America is filling up with fast; a creature too much informed to be called ignorant, but too

ignorant to be called educated in any sense of the word. I am not at all sure that masses of this sort of well-informed ignorance are desirable material for a nation."

"Oh, you traitor to the republic!" cried Netty.

"Yes," replied Sarah, severely; "my countrymen prevent my thinking so well of my country as I would like to."

"Walpole said that better," retorted Netty. "Of all things to plagiarize a treason!"

Joe Hale's home was in Western New York, in the beautiful Genesee valley. His father had been one of the pioneer settlers in that region, and the log-cabin in which Joe's oldest brothers and sisters had been born was still standing, and did good duty as a wheat barn. The farm was a large and productive one; and the Hales had always taken their position among the well-to-do and influential people of the county. But a strange fatality of death seemed to pursue the family. Joe's father was killed by falling from a beam in his own barn; and Joe's eldest brother was crushed to death by a favorite bull of his. It was never known whether the animal did it in play or in rage. Joe's eldest sister had married young and gone to Iowa to live; the other had died when Joe was a little boy, and Joe and his mother lived alone on the farm for many years. Mrs. Hale was a singularly strong, vigorous woman, but she was cut down in a single week by a sharp attack of pneumonia the very spring before the war broke out. This left Joe all alone in the world, and when he found the men in his town holding back from enlisting, and buying substitutes, he said, half sadly, half cheerily, "I'm one of the men to go, that's certain. There's nobody needs me."

And now after one short year's fighting, he had come home a crippled man, to take up the old life alone. It was not a cheering outlook; and as he drew near the homestead, and saw again the grand stretches of old woods in which he had so often made his ax ring on the hickory-trees, Joe thought to himself:

"I don't know what a one-armed man is good for, anyhow."

The cordiality with which his neighbors welcomed him back, the eager interest with which they all listened to his accounts of the battles he had been in, lessened this sense of loneliness for a short time. But the town was a small, thinly settled one; in a few weeks everybody had heard all Joe

had to tell; nobody said any longer, "Have you seen poor Joe Hale with his one arm?" The novelty had all worn off, the town went its way as before, and Joe found himself more solitary than ever.

When he went to the war he left the farm in charge of a faithful laborer who had worked on it for years; this man had married, and he and his wife and children now occupied the house in which Joe had lived so long with his mother. The house was large, and there was room enough and to spare for Joe; but it seemed sadly unlike home; yet any other place seemed still more unlike home. Poor Joe did not know what to do.

"You'll have to get married, Joe, now, and settle down," the neighbors said to him continually.

"Married!" Joe would answer, and point to his empty coat-sleeve. "That looks like it, doesn't it!" And an almost bitter sense of deprivation took root in his heart.

One night, when he felt especially lonely, he went upstairs to his room early. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked about the room. It had been his mother's room. All the furniture stood as she had left it; and yet an indefinable air of neglect and disorder had crept into the room.

"I can't live this way," thought Joe; "that's certain. But I don't suppose any woman would marry a fellow with only one arm. I'll have to get a housekeeper;" and Joe ran over in his mind the names of all the possible candidates he could think of for that office; not one seemed endurable to him, and, with a sigh, he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind. As he undressed, his big wallet fell to the floor, and out of it fell Tilly's little pink letter. He picked it up carelessly, not seeing, at first, what it was. As he recognized it, he felt a thrill of pleasure. There seemed one link at least between himself and some human being.

"I declare I'll write to that child to-morrow," he thought. "I wonder if she wouldn't like to come up here and stay a spell this fall,—she and her mother,—and get away from those rocks. It would be a real change for them," thought kind-hearted Joe. "I guess I'll ask them. I reckon they're plain people that wouldn't be put out by the way things go here."

And somewhat cheered by this thought, Joe fell asleep. In the morning he wrote his letter and sent it off. It was not quite

so stiffly phrased as Tilly's, but it was by no means a fair exponent of Joe's off-hand, merry, and affectionate nature. It answered the main point, however. It continued the correspondence, and it carried Joe's goodwill.

"Well, really!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, after Tilly had read it aloud to her, "well, really, I call that the handsomest kind of a letter; don't you, 'Lisha? Of course we shouldn't think of going, but I think it was uncommon good of him to ask us; don't you, 'Lisha?"

Tilly said nothing.

"Ye-es," replied Captain 'Lisha, slowly, as if he were not sure whether he intended to say yes or no. "Ye-es, it's a very handsome invitation, certain; nobody can dispute that; but it seems queer he should want to invite folks he don't know anything about. It's bounden queer, I think. Let me see the letter." Captain 'Lisha straightened his spectacles on his nose, and read the letter through very slowly. Then he folded it and laid it on the table, and brought down his hand hard on it, and said again: "It's bounden queer."

Tilly said nothing.

"What's the matter with you?" said her mother, a little sharply. "What's your notion about it."

Tilly laughed an odd little laugh.

"He's got the idea I'm a little girl," she said. "I see it just as plain as anything. That's what makes him write 's he does."

"No such a thing, Tilly," said Mrs. Bennet, in an excited tone. "What makes you think so? I'm sure I don't see it."

It was an instinct rather than a specific interpretation of any one sentence which had made Tilly so sure; she could hardly justify it to her mother, though it was clear enough to herself; so she replied, meekly:

"I don't know."

Mrs. Bennet snatched the letter, and exclaimed: "I'll read it again! It's the silliest notion I ever heard of. I don't see what put it into your head, Matilda Bennet!"

Tilly said nothing. On a second reading of the letter, Mrs. Bennet was more vehement than ever.

"It's no such thing!" she exclaimed. "Do you think so, 'Lisha? Do you see anything in it?"

"I don't know," answered Captain 'Lisha, slowly as before. "It's bounden queer; it's a handsome invitation, but it's bounden queer;" and that was all that could be got out of Captain 'Lisha.

"Well, I'm goin' to answer this letter myself," said Mrs. Bennet resolutely. "I aint no hand to letter-write; but I'm goin' to write this time myself."

"Oh, mother, will you?" exclaimed Tilly, with great animation. "That's good. I was dreading it so."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Bennet. "When I was your age, I'd ha' jumped at the chance of getting letters from most anybody, ef I'd ha' been cooped up 's you are on a narrow strip o' what's neither land nor water. But you needn't answer Mr. Hale's letter if you don't want to. I can make out to write something that 'll pass muster for a letter, I reckon; and I think the man's real friendly."

"All right, mother," said Tilly. "I'm real glad you're going to write the letter. You might tell him that I was twenty-six years old last August, and see what he says to that when he writes. You'll find I was right. I know he thinks I'm a little girl," and Tilly laughed out a merry and mischievous laugh.

What Mrs. Bennet wrote they never knew; to neither Captain 'Lisha nor Tilly would she read her letter.

"Seems to me this is a mighty thick letter, wife," said Captain 'Lisha when he took it from her hands to carry it to the office. "What you been sayin'?"

"Oh, not much," replied Mrs. Bennet. "It's on that thick paper o' yours; I just thanked him for his invitation and told him how much we'd like to come; but we couldn't think on't—and a few more things."

The "few more things" were the gist of the letter. After the opening generalities of courtesy, which Mrs. Bennet managed much better than Tilly had in her little note, came the following extraordinary paragraph:

"Tilly,—we always call her Tilly for short, but her name is Matilda, same as she signed your letter,—she's got it into her head that you thought she was a little girl, from her letter. Now, we've had some words about this; I don't see anything in your letter to make it out of, and if you wouldn't think it too much trouble, I'd take it very kindly of you if you'd write and say what's the truth about it. 'Taint often I care which end of a quarrel I come out of, so long 's I know I'm right; but there aint any knowing who is right in this one, unless by what you say; and Tilly and me we've had a good many words about it, first and last. Tilly's twenty-six, going on twenty-seven; birthday was last August; so she and me are more like sisters than anything else. She's a good girl, if I am her mother; and I'd have liked first-rate to bring her

out to your place if we could have fetched it about; but we couldn't nohow. It's a lonesome place here for a girl.

"Yours with respect,
"MARTHA BENNET.

"P. S. If you should ever be traveling in these parts, which I don't suppose is any ways likely, we should be glad to see you in our house; and a room ready for you, and welcome, if you could get along with the water."

When Joe first read Mrs. Bennet's letter, he said "Whew!" then he read the letter over, and said again louder than before,

"Whew! Didn't I put my foot in it that time. I don't wonder the girl got her mother to write for her!—She must have thought me monstrous impudent to write her to come out here visiting,—a woman—as old as I am, pretty nearly. By jingoes, I don't know what to do now.—I'd like to see what sort of a girl she is, anyhow. I don't care!—that letter of hers did sound just like a child's letter! I expect she's a real innocent kind of a woman, and that's the kind I like."

At last out of the honesty of his nature came the solution of the dilemma; he told the exact truth, and it had a gracious and civil sound even in Joe's unvarnished speech.

"I did wonder if it wasn't a little girl," he wrote, "because she spoke so honest about the red yarn and about the light-house, and most of the grown up women I know aint quite so honest spoken. But the lady at the hospital who wrote for me first—Miss Larned—said she didn't think it was a little girl; and of course she could tell better than I could, being a woman herself."

Then Joe said that he should like to come to Provincetown, but his business never took him that way, and then he re-iterated his invitation to them to come to see him.

"Since I made so bold as to ask you the first time, you'll forgive my asking you over again. I do really wish you could see your way to come," he said. "It's very pretty here in the fall, our apples are just beginning to be ripe, and there aint any such apples anywhere ever I've been as in the Genesee valley."

Then Joe added his "best respects" to Mrs. Bennet's daughter, and closed his letter.

"I vow, I believe I'd rather be there than here," he thought to himself again and again.

If there had been in the circle of Joe's acquaintance now one even moderately attractive marriageable woman, Joe would have drifted into falling in love with her, as inevitably as an apple falls off its stem when its days of ripening are numbered; but there

was not. Joe's own set of boys and girls were heads of households now, and for the next younger set, Joe was too old. Young girls did not please him; partly, perhaps, because he saw, or fancied, that they shrank a little from his armless sleeve. By imperceptible degrees, vague thoughts began to form and float in Joe's mind, akin to thoughts which floated in Mrs. Bennet's before she wrote her letter; not tangible enough to be stated, or to be matter of distinct consciousness, never going farther in words than "who knows;" but all the while drawing Joe slowly, surely toward Provincetown. He had thought that he would take a journey to Iowa before the winter set in, and see his aunt and his cousins and his married sister there; but gradually he fell into the way of thinking about a journey to the east first. Now, to suppose from all this that Joe had a romantic sentiment toward the unknown Matilda Bennet would be quite wrong. He had nothing of the kind. He had merely a vague but growing impulse to go and see, as he phrased it, "what she was like." As week after week passed and he received no reply to his letter, this impulse increased. He had thought Mrs. Bennet would write again; she seemed to Joe to wield rather a glib pen; he had promised he should have an active correspondence "with the old lady," as he always called her in his own mind; but no letter came. Mrs. Bennet builded better than she knew, when she left Joe to himself so many weeks. His letter had given her great satisfaction. She read it aloud to Tilly and to her husband, and consoled herself by her partial defeat in her argument with Tilly by saying: "Well, he only says he wondered; and the lady told him it wasn't a child, and he knew she knew best; that aint really making up his mind; I don't call it so by a long shot;" and there the quarrel rested. Tilly was content, and if the whole truth were known, a little more than content, that "the soldier," as she always called their unknown correspondent, knew now that she was "grown up." Tilly had built no air-castles. She often thought she wished she could see "the soldier," but she had no more expectation of seeing him than of seeing General McClellan. Tilly was, as her mother had said, a good girl. She loved her melodeon; and she still spent two hours a day at her practicing. She had for several weeks now played in church, and that gave her a new stimulus to practice. For the rest, she helped her mother, she sewed for the soldiers, and still knitted at

twilight on the rocks, stockings—of gray yarn, now—to be sent to hospitals.

One night, late in October, when the stage drove up to the Provincetown Hotel, the loungers on the piazza were surprised to see alighting from it, a one-armed man, in a heavy army overcoat. His speech was not that of a military man, and his reticence as to his plans and purposes was baffling.

"Been in the war, eh?" said one, nodding toward the empty sleeve.

"Yes," said Joe, curtly.

"Discharged, I suppose."

"Yes," said Joe. "They don't have much use for men in my fix."

"Got leisure to look round ye, a little, now, then," said the first speaker.

"Yes," said Joe.

They could not make anything out of him, and the street speculated no little before it went to sleep that night, as to what that "army feller" was after. If anybody had said that the "army feller" had come all the way to Provincetown solely to see what "Tilly Bennet was like," the town would have given utterance to one ejaculation of astonishment, and wondered what on earth there was in Tilly Bennet, to bring a man all that distance.

But Joe did not think so the next morning, when, having hired a man to take him over to the light-house, he landed on the rocks at noon, just as Tilly was hanging out clothes. The clothes-line was fastened to iron stanchions in the light-house itself, and in high cliffs to the back of it; a gale was blowing; in fact, it had been so high, that the boatman had demurred at first about taking Joe across, as he was not used to the sea.

"Go ahead," said Joe. "If you can stand it, I can."

But, if the truth were told, Joe was pretty white about the lips, and not very steady on the legs when he stepped ashore.

"A half hour longer 'd have made you sicker 'n death," said the man, eying him.

"That's so," said Joe, with a desperate quail. "Dry land for me, thank you."

"How long do ye want to stay?" said the boatman.

Joe looked up at the light-house—then at the tossing white-capped waves.

"Always," he said, laughing, "if it's going to heave like that—not more than an hour, or may be half an hour," he added, seriously; "it isn't going to blow any worse, is it?"

"Oh no," said the man, "it'll quiet down before long," and he prepared to make his boat fast.

Tilly was hard at work trying to fasten her clothes on the line. They never waited for quiet weather before hanging out their clothes at the light-house. It was of no use. Tilly's back was toward the wharf where Joe had landed. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and her arms shone white in the sun. She had twisted a red silk handkerchief of her father's tight round her head; a few straggling curls of dark hair blew out from under this; her cheeks were scarlet, and her brown eyes flashed in her contest with the wind. Nobody ever called Tilly pretty; but she had a healthy, honest face, and at this moment she was pretty; no—not pretty; picturesque, which is far better than pretty, though Joe did not know that, and in his simplicity only wondered how a woman could look so handsome, blowing about in such a gale.

Tilly saw a stranger walking up to the light-house door; but she did not pause in her work. Strangers came every day. Joe's left side was farthest away from Tilly. She did not see the loose, hanging sleeve; and the blue of the army coat did not attract her notice, so she went on with her clothes without giving a second thought to the man who had disappeared in the big door of the light-house. Somebody to see her father, no doubt, or to see the light!

When Tilly went into the kitchen and saw the stranger sitting by the table talking familiarly with her mother, she was somewhat surprised, but was passing through the room with her big clothes-basket, when her mother, with an air of unconcealable triumph, said:

"Tilly, you couldn't guess who this is."

Tilly halted, basket in hand, and turned her scarlet cheeks and bright brown eyes full toward Joe.

"No,—I haven't the least idea," she said, and as she said it she looked so pretty, that Joe, absurd as it might seem, fell in love with her on the spot.

The words, "I haven't the least idea," had hardly left her lips, when her eyes fell on the empty sleeve; and, although in no letter had it ever been said that Joe had lost an arm, this sight suggested him to her mind.

"Why, it isn't Mr. Hale, is it?" she said, turning still redder.

"It is, though," said Joe, rising and coming toward her, offering her his one hand. "You and your mother wouldn't come to see me, and so I came to see you."

Tilly's hand having been all the morning in hot soap-suds, was red and swollen and

puckered, but it looked beautiful to Joe; so did Tilly's awkward little laugh, as she said, half drawing back her hand:

"I've been washing; that's what makes my hands look so."

There was something in the infantile and superfluous honesty of this remark which reminded Joe instantly of the sentence in Tilly's letter: "We had the red worsted in the house. That is the reason the stockings were that color," and he smiled at the memory. His smile was such a cordial one that Tilly did not misinterpret it, and his spontaneous reply, as he took her hand in his, was worthy of a courtier.

"I often saw my mother's hands look like this, Miss Bennet. She always did a great part of the washing."

Tilly stood still looking ill at ease; and Joe stood still, also looking ill at ease. There seemed to be nothing now to say. Mrs. Bennet cut the Gordian knot, as she had cut one or two already.

"Go along, Tilly," she said. "Get off your washing duds; it's near dinner time."

Tilly was glad to escape to her own room. Once safe in refuge she sank into a chair with a most bewildered face and tried to collect her thoughts. She seemed like one in a dream. "The soldier" had come. How her heart ached over the thought of that armless sleeve!

"He never said anything about his arm being gone," thought Tilly. "It's too bad. How blue his eyes are! I never saw such blue eyes!" in a laugh of innocent wonder and excitement. Her thoughts so ran away with her that when her mother called her through the door, "Dinner's ready, Tilly," poor Tilly was not half dressed, and kept them waiting ten minutes or more, which drew down upon her from her father a rebuke that it hurt her sorely to have "the soldier" hear. But "the soldier" was too happy to be disturbed by small things. Since his mother's death Joe had not seen anything so homelike, so familiar, as this dinner in Mrs. Bennet's little kitchen. He made friends with Captain 'Lisha at once; the old man could not ask questions enough about the war, and Joe answered them all with a patience which was perhaps more commendable than his accuracy. Tilly sat by, listening in eager silence; not a word escaped her; when her eyes met Joe's she colored and looked away.

"I don't care if she is twenty-six," thought Joe, "she is just like a child."

Mrs. Bennet, with hospitable fervor, had insisted that Joe should not go back to the town, but should stay with them; "that is," she added, "if you think you can sleep with the water swash, swash, swashing in your ears. 'Twas years before I ever could learn to sleep here; and there's times now when I don't sleep for whole nights together."

Joe thought he could sleep in spite of the water, and with the greatest alacrity sent his boatman back to town for his valise.

"After all," said the citizens, on hearing this, "after all he was only some relation of the Bennets."

But when day after day passed, and he did not return, the town began again to speculate as to his purposes. Some fishermen going or coming, had seen him walking on the rocks with Tilly; and very soon a rumor took to itself wings and went up and down the town, that the one-armed soldier was "courting Tilly Bennet."

The seclusion of the light-house had its advantages now,—very little could the Provincetown gossips know of what went on among those distant rocks. Very safe were Joe and Tilly in the nooks which they explored in the long bright afternoons. How strangely changed seemed the lonely spot to Tilly! Each rod of the wave-washed beach was transformed as she paced it with Joe by her side. No word of love-making did Joe say—not because it was not warm and ready in his heart, but he was afraid.

"Of course she can't care anything about me, all of a sudden so," said sensible Joe. "She haint been a-longing and a-longing for somebody's I have."

So at the end of a week he went away,—merely saying to Tilly and Mrs. Bennet as he bade them good-bye, that he would write very soon. But Tilly's heart had not been so idle as Joe thought, and she was not surprised one day, a few weeks later, when she read in a letter of Joe's that he didn't know whether she knew it or not but he had come to the conclusion that she was just about the nicest girl in all the country, and if she thought she could take up with a fellow that hadn't but one arm, he was hers to command for the rest of her life.

Tilly had a happy little cry over the letter before she showed it to her mother.

"Do you think you can like him, Tilly?" asked Mrs. Bennet, anxiously.

"Yes," said Tilly, "I do like him; and he's real good."

And when they told Captain 'Lisha he said, vehemently, that nothing short of go-

ing to sea again could have pleased him so much.

So it was settled that at Christmas Joe should come back for Tilly.

When the engagement became known in town, there was great wonderment about it. How did the acquaintance begin? What brought the New Yorker to Provincetown?

But Tilly and her mother kept their secret to themselves, and not a soul in Provincetown ever heard a word of the red stockings, which was much better for all parties concerned.

The wedding was to be on Christmas-day. But two weeks before that day, there swept over Provincetown harbor a storm the like of which had not been seen for half a century. The steeple of the old church fell; the sea cut new paths for itself here and there among the low sand-dunes, and washed away landmarks older than men could remember; great ships parted anchor, and were driven helplessly on the rocks, and the light-house swayed and rocked like a mast in the tempest. In the middle of the night the storm burst with a sudden fury. At its first roar Captain 'Lisha sprang up, and said,

"Martha, this is going to be the devil's own night, I must go up into the light, I can't leave her alone such a storm's this."

From the dwelling-house to the light-house tower was only a short distance; the rocks were shelving, but a stout iron railing protected the path on one side. Whether Captain 'Lisha failed to grasp this rail and slipped on the icy rocks, or whether he was swept off by the violence of the gale, could only be conjectured, but in the morning he did not come back. As soon as the storm had lulled a little, Mrs. Bennet crept cautiously across the slippery path-way, and climbed the winding stair to the light. In a short time she returned, with a white horror-stricken face, and in reply to Tilly's cry of alarm, gasped:

"Your father's gone!"

After the first shock of the death was over,

Mrs. Bennet saw much to be grateful for in its manner; in her own inimitable way, she dilated on the satisfaction it must have been to Captain 'Lisha.

"It's just what he was forever a-sayin' he'd like, to be buried in the sea, and especially to be washed overboard; if I've heard him say so once, I've heard him a hundred times, and the Lord's took him at his word, and I don't believe there's a happier spirit anywhere than 'Lisha's is, wherever 'tis he's gone to."

In the Provincetown way of thinking, Captain 'Lisha's death was no reason why Tilly's marriage should be deferred, but rather why it should be hastened. It took place, as had been planned, on Christmas-day.

The next day when Tilly and her mother bade everybody good-bye, and went away with Tilly's manly, tall, kindly-eyed husband, everybody said, "What a Providence!" and I make no manner of doubt that Joe and Tilly got on quite as well together, and were quite as happy as if they had known each other better and taken more time to consider the question of marrying.

It may not be foreign to our story to add that after Joe had been married a week he recollected to send to Miss Henrietta Larned, at the Menthaven Hospital, a newspaper containing the announcement of his marriage. When Netty read it, she exclaimed in a low voice:

"Good! Good!"

"What is it?" said Sarah. "Who's married now?"

"What put it into your head it was a marriage?" said Netty.

"I don't know," said Sarah, "your tone, I suppose."

Netty read the notice aloud.

"The very girl!" cried Sarah. "What a queer thing!"

"It's perfectly splendid!" said Netty.

"What a nice husband Joe Hale will make! And now we'll tell Clara Winthrop!"

A GLIMPSE OF YOUTH.

MAIDEN, I thank thee for thy face,
Thy sweet, shy glance of conscious eyes;
For, from thy beauty and thy grace,
My life has won a glad surprise.

I met thee on the crowded street—
A load of care on heart and brain—
And, for a moment, bright and fleet,
The vision made me young again.

And then I thought, as on I went,
And struggled through the thronging ways,
How every age's complement
The age that follows overlays.

The youth upon the child shuts down;
Young manhood closes over youth;
And ripe old age is but the crown
That keeps them both in changeless truth!

So, every little child I see,
With brow and spirit undefiled,
And simple faith and frolic glee,
Finds still in me another child.

Toward every brave and careless boy
Whose lusty shout or call I hear,
The boy within me springs with joy
And rings an echo to his cheer!

What was it, when thy face I saw,
That moved my spirit like a breeze,
Responsive to the primal law
Of youth's entrancing harmonies?

Ah! little maid—so sweet and shy—
Building each day thy fair romance—
Thou didst not dream a youth passed by,
When I returned thee glance for glance!

For all my youth is still my own,—
Bound in the volume of my age,—
And breath from thee hath only blown
The leaves back to the golden page!

THE LAST TOKEN.

ROME, A. D. 107.



HELP me to bear it, Christ!—I know,
This hour, what their fury made Thee bear!
Now, now, I feel what a cruel throe
Was thine, when they mocked thee dying there,
And the merciless slayers howled below.

Could they have given such a roar
 As shakes the walls of this fearful place?
 Ay, even the wild beasts crouch before
 The sound, and tear me not, for a space—
 'Tis but for a moment's space, no more.

Hadst thou not, Jesus, in the throng,
 Some one to pity thee? Drew not nigh
 One, one, who yearned for thee, and was strong
 To look on thy face and help thee die?
 Not *one*, to lessen that speechless wrong?

Thanks! thanks! dear Lord, who hast heard my call,
 Who hast remembered me! Thanks for one
 Whose true, brave hand at my feet lets fall
 A rose!—Could I look long years on the sun,
 This precious rose would be worth them all!

O fierce ones, cease to gnash your fangs,
 An instant, while I meet his look!
 Though the beaten cymbal louder clangs,
 Let me see the face of one that can brook,
 For love, the sight of my body's pangs.

Oh, might I win, come life or death,
 His soul to seek me in Paradise!
 Ye dreadful creatures, I feel your breath,
 I see the roll of your angry eyes;—
 “Yea, though I walk,”—the Scripture saith,—

Ye shall not stir, till I clutch yon rose
 And hold it against my dying heart!
 Its one last prayer he sees—he knows.
 Now, lions, hasten! fulfill your part!—
 Before my closed eyes Heaven glows!

BIRDS AND BIRDS.

WHAT is that legend of Mrs. Piatt's poem about the bird in the brain? Birds are perhaps the most human of creatures, and I should not be surprised if told we all carry more or less of them in our hearts and brains. I have seen the hawk looking out of the human face many a time, and I think I have seen the eagle; I credit those who say they have seen the owl. Are not the buzzards and unclean birds terribly suggestive? The song-birds were surely all brooded and hatched in the human heart. They are typical of its highest aspirations, and nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in

their varied songs. Among our own birds, there is the song of the hermit-thrush for devoutness and religious serenity, that of the wood-thrush for the musing, melodious thoughts of twilight, the song-sparrow's for simple faith and trust, the bobolink's for hilarity and glee, the mourning-dove's for hopeless sorrow, the vireo's for all-day and every-day contentment, and the nocturn of the mocking-bird for love. Then there are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the confident singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced, inarticulate singers. The note of the pewee is a human sigh, the piping of the chickadee unspeakable tenderness and fidelity. There

is pride in the song of the tanager, and vanity in that of the cat-bird. There is something distinctly human about the robin; his is the note of boyhood. I have thoughts that follow the migrating fowls northward and southward, and that go with the sea-birds into the desert of the ocean, lonely and tireless as they. I sympathize with the watchful crow perched yonder on that tree, or walking about the fields. I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call.

II.

HERE comes the cuckoo, the solitary, the joyless, enamored of the privacy of his own thoughts; when did he fly away out of this brain? The cuckoo is one of the famous birds, and is known the world over. He is mentioned in the Bible, and is discussed by Pliny and Aristotle. Jupiter himself once assumed the form of the cuckoo in order to take advantage of Juno's compassion for the bird.

We have only a reduced and modified cuckoo in this country. Our bird is smaller, and is much more solitary and unsocial. Its color is totally different from the Old World bird, the latter being speckled, or a kind of dominick, while ours is of the finest cinnamon-brown or drab above, and bluish-white beneath, with a gloss and richness of texture in the plumage that suggests silk. The bird has also mended its manners in this country, and no longer foists its eggs and young upon other birds, but builds a nest of its own and rears its own brood like other well-disposed birds.

The European cuckoo is evidently much more of a spring bird than ours is, much more a harbinger of the early season. He comes in April, while ours seldom appears before June, and hardly then appears. He is printed, as they say, but not published. Only the alert ones know he is here. This old English rhyme on the cuckoo does not apply this side the Atlantic:

"In April
Come he will,
In flow'ry May
He sings all day,
In leafy June
He changes his tune,
In bright July
He's ready to fly,
In August
Go he must."

Our bird must go in August too, but at no time does he sing all day. Indeed his pecu-

liar guttural call has none of the character of a song. It is a solitary, hermit-like sound, as if the bird was alone in the world, and called upon the fates to witness his desolation. I have never seen two cuckoos together, and I have never heard their call answered; it goes forth into the solitudes unreclaimed. Like a true American, the bird lacks animal spirits and a genius for social intercourse. One August night I heard one calling, calling, a long time not far from my house. It was a true night-sound, more fitting then than by day.

The European cuckoo, on the other hand, seems to be a joyous, vivacious bird. Wordsworth applies to it the adjective "blithe," and says:

"I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers."

English writers all agree that its song is animated and pleasing, and the outcome of a light heart. Thomas Hardy, whose touches always seem true to nature, describes an early summer scene in one of his books from a cluster of trees in which "the loud notes of three cuckoos were resounding through the still air." This is totally unlike our bird, which does not sing in concert, but affects remote woods, and is most frequently heard in cloudy weather. Hence the name of rain-crow that is applied to him in some parts of the country. I am more than half inclined to believe that his call does indicate rain, as it is certain that of the tree-toad does.

The cuckoo has a slender, long-drawn-out appearance on account of the great length of tail. It is seldom seen about farms or near human habitations until the June canker-worm appears, when it makes frequent visits to the orchard. It loves hairy worms, and has eaten so many of them that its gizzard is lined with hair.

The European cuckoo builds no nest, but puts its eggs out to be hatched, as does our cow blackbird, and our cuckoo is master of only the mere rudiments of nest-building. No bird in the woods builds so shabby a nest; it is the merest make-shift,—a loose scaffolding of twigs through which the eggs can be seen. The past season, I knew of a pair that built within a few feet of a country house that stood in the midst of a grove, but a heavy storm of rain and wind broke up the nest.

If the Old World cuckoo had been as silent and retiring a bird as ours is, it could never have figured so conspicuously in litera-

ture as it does,—having a prominence that we would give only to the bobolink or to the wood-thrush,—as witness his frequent mention by Shakspeare, or the following early English ballad (in modern guise):

“Summer is come in,
Loud sings the cuckoo;
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springs the wood now.
Sing, cuckoo;
The ewe bleateth for her lamb,
The cow loweth for her calf,

The bullock starteth,
The buck verteth,
Merrily sings the cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo;
Well sings the cuckoo,
Mayest thou never cease.”

III.

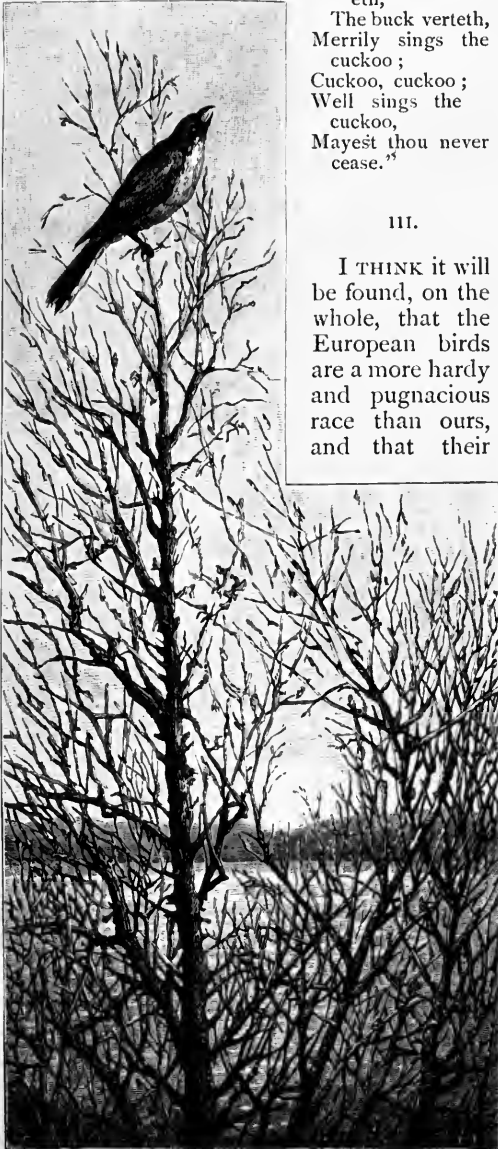
I THINK it will be found, on the whole, that the European birds are a more hardy and pugnacious race than ours, and that their

song-birds have more vivacity and power, and ours more melody and plaintiveness. In the song of the sky-lark, for instance, there is little or no melody, but wonderful strength and copiousness. It is a harsh strain near at hand, but very taking when showered down from a height of several hundred feet.

The Honorable Daines Barrington, the eminent naturalist of the last century, to whom White of Selborne addressed so many of his letters, gives a table of the comparative merit of seventeen leading song-birds of Europe, marking them under the heads of mellowness, sprightliness, plaintiveness, compass and execution. In the aggregate, the songsters stand highest in sprightliness; next in compass and execution, and lowest in the other two qualities. A similar arrangement and comparison of our songsters, I think, would show an opposite result,—that is, a predominance of melody and plaintiveness. The British wren, for instance, stands in Barrington's table as destitute of both these qualities; the reed-sparrow also. Our wren-songs, on the contrary, are gushing and lyrical, and more or less melodious,—that of the winter-wren being pre-eminently so. Our sparrows, too, all have sweet, plaintive ditties, with but little sprightliness or compass. The English house-sparrow has no song at all, but a harsh chatter that is unmatched among our birds. But what a hardy, prolific, pugnacious little wretch it is! They will maintain themselves where our birds will not live at all, and a pair of them will lie down in the gutter and fight like dogs. Compared with this miniature John Bull, the voice and manners of our common sparrow are gentle and retiring. The English sparrow is a street gamin, our bird a timid rustic.

The English robin-redbreast is tallied in this country by the bluebird, which was called by the early settlers of New England the blue-robin. The song of the British bird is bright and animated; that of our bird soft and plaintive.

The nightingale stands at the head in Barrington's table, and is but little short of perfect in all the qualities. We have no one bird that combines such strength or vivacity with such melody. The mocking-bird doubtless surpasses it in variety and profusion of notes; but falls short, I imagine, in sweetness and effectiveness. The nightingale will sometimes warble twenty seconds without pausing to breathe, and when the condition of the air is favorable its song fills



SHRIKE SALUTING THE SUNRISE.



ENGLISH SPARROWS.

a space a mile in diameter. There are perhaps songs in our woods as mellow and brilliant as is that of the closely allied species, the water-thrush; but our bird's song has but a mere fraction of the nightingale's volume and power.

Strength and volume of voice, then, seem to be characteristic of the English birds, and mildness and delicacy of ours. How much the thousands of years of contact with man, and familiarity with artificial sounds, over there, has affected the bird voices is a question. Certain it is that their birds are much more domestic than ours, and certain it is that all purely wild sounds are plaintive and elusive. Even of the bark of the fox, the cry of the panther, the voice of the 'coon, or the call and clang of wild geese and ducks, or the war-cry of savage tribes, is this true; but not true in the same sense of domesticated or semi-domesticated animals and fowls. How different the voice of the common duck or goose from that of the wild species, or of the tame dove from that of the turtle of the fields and groves. Where could the English house-sparrow have acquired that unmusical voice but amid the sounds of hoofs and wheels, and the discords of the street. And the ordinary notes and calls of so many of the British birds, according to their biographers, are harsh and disagreeable; even the nightingale has a guttural, ugly "chuck." The missel-thrush has a harsh scream; the jay a note like "wrack,"

"wrack"; the field-fare a rasping chatter; the blackbird, which is our robin cut in ebony, will sometimes crow like a cock and cackle like a hen; the flocks of starlings make a noise like a steam saw-mill; the white-throat has a disagreeable note; the swift a discordant scream, and the bunting a harsh song. Among our song-birds, on the contrary, it is rare to hear a harsh or displeasing voice. Even their notes of anger and alarm are more or less soft.

I would not imply that our birds are the better songsters; but that their songs, if briefer and feebler, are also more wild and plaintive,—in fact, that they are softer-voiced. The British birds, as I have stated, are more domestic than ours; a much larger number build about houses and towers and out-buildings. The titmouse with us is exclusively a wood bird; but in Britain three or four species of them resort more or less to buildings in winter. Their red-start also builds under the eaves of houses; their starling in church steeples and in holes in walls; several thrushes resort to sheds to nest, and jackdaws breed in the crannies of the old architecture, and this in a much milder climate than our own.

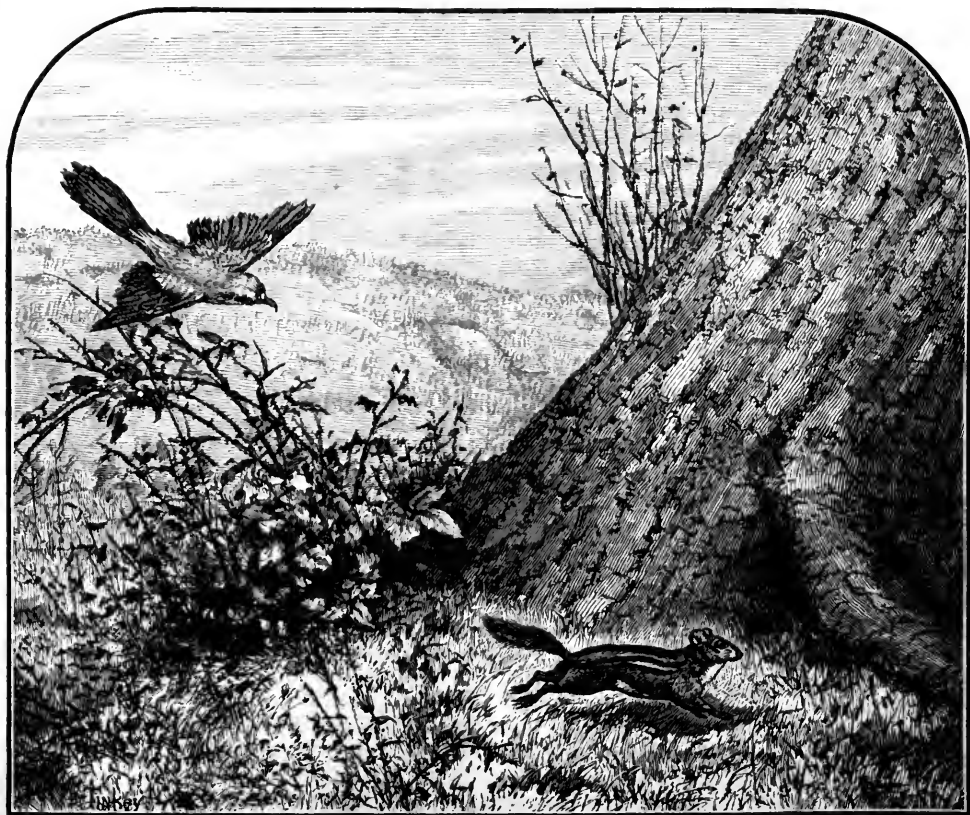
They have in that country no birds that

answer to our tiny lisping wood-warblers—genus *Dendroica*, nor to our vireos, *Vireonidae*. On the other hand, they have a larger number of field-birds and semi-game birds. They have several species like our robin; thrushes like him and some of them larger, as the ring-ouzel, the missel-thrush, the field-fare, the throstle, the red-wing, White's thrush, the rock-thrush, the blackbird,—these, besides several species in size and habits more like our wood-thrush.

Several species of European birds sing at night besides the true nightingale—not fitfully and as if in their dreams, as do a few of our birds, but continuously. They make a business of it. The sedge-bird ceases at times as if from very weariness; but wake the bird up, says White, by throwing a stick or stone into the bushes, and away it goes again in full song. We have but one real nocturnal songster, and that is the mocking-bird. One can see how this habit might increase among the birds of a long-settled country like England. With sounds and

voices about them, why should they be silent too? The danger of betraying themselves to their natural enemies would be less than in our woods.

That their birds are more quarrelsome and pugnacious than ours I think evident. Our thrushes are especially mild-mannered, but the missel-thrush is very bold and saucy, and has been known to fly in the face of man when he has disturbed the sitting bird. No jay, nor magpie nor crow can stand before him. The Welch call him master of the coppice, and he welcomes a storm with such a vigorous and hearty song, that in some countries he is known as storm-cock. He sometimes kills the young of other birds and eats eggs,—a very unthrushlike trait. The white-throat sings with crest erect, and attitudes of warning and defiance. The hooper is a great bully; so is the greenfinch. The wood-grouse—now extinct I believe—has been known to attack people in the woods. And behold the grit and hardihood of that little emigrant or exile to our



A NARROW ESCAPE.

shores, the English sparrow. Our birds have their tilts and spats also; but the only really quarrelsome members in our family are confined to the fly-catchers,—as the king-bird, and great-crested fly-catcher. None of our song-birds are bullies.

Many of our more vigorous species, as the butcher-bird, the cross-bills, the pine grosbeak, the red-pole, the Bohemian chattering, the shore-lark, the long-spur, the snow-bunting, etc., are common to both continents.

Have the Old World creatures throughout more pluck and hardihood than those that are indigenous to this continent? Behold the common mouse, how he has followed man to this country and established himself here against all opposition while the native species is becoming more and more scarce! And when has anybody seen the American rat, while his congener from across the water has overrun the continent! Both our rat and mouse or mice are timid, harmless, delicate creatures, compared with the cunning, filthy and prolific specimens that have fought their way to us from the Old World. There is little doubt also that the red fox has been transplanted to this country from Europe. He is certainly on the increase, and is fast running out the native gray species.

Indeed, I have thought that all forms of life in the Old World were marked by greater prominence of type, or stronger characteristic and fundamental qualities, than with us,—coarser and more hairy and virile, and therefore more powerful and lasting. This opinion is still subject to revision, but I find it easier to confirm it than to undermine it.

IV.

BUT let me change the strain and contemplate for a few moments this feathered bandit,—this bird with the mark of Cain upon him—(*Collyris borealis*), the great shrike or butcher-bird. Usually, the character of a bird of prey is well defined; there is no mistaking him. His claws, his beak, his head, his wings, in fact his whole build point to the fact that he subsists upon live creatures; he is armed to catch them and to slay them. Every bird knows a hawk and knows him from the start, and is on the lookout for him. The hawk takes life, but he does it to maintain his own, and it is a public and universally known fact. Nature has sent him abroad in that character and has advised all creatures of it. Not so with the shrike; here she has concealed the

character of a murderer under a form as innocent as that of the robin. Feet, wings, tail, color, head and general form and size are all those of a song-bird—very much, indeed, like that master songster, the mocking-bird—yet this bird is a regular Blue-beard among its kind. Its only characteristic feature is its beak, the upper mandible having two sharp processes and a sharp, hooked point. It cannot fly away to any distance with the bird it kills nor hold it in its claws to feed upon it. It usually impales its victim upon a thorn or thrusts it in the fork of a limb. For the most part, however, its food seems to consist of insects—spiders, grasshoppers, beetles, etc. It is the assassin of the small birds, whom it often destroys in pure wantonness, or merely to sup on their brains, as the Gaucho slaughters a wild cow or bull for its tongue. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Apparently its victims are unacquainted with its true character and allow it to approach them, when the fatal blow is given. I saw an illustration of this the other day. A large number of goldfinches in their full plumage together with snow-birds and sparrows, were feeding and chattering in some low bushes back of the barn. I had paused by the fence and was peeping through at them, hoping to get a glimpse of that rare sparrow, the white-crowned. Presently I heard a rustling among the dry leaves as if some larger bird was also among them. Then I heard one of the goldfinches cry out as if in distress, when the whole flock of them started up in alarm and, circling around, settled in the tops of the larger trees. I continued my scrutiny of the bushes, when I saw a large bird, with some object in its beak, hopping along on a low branch near the ground. It disappeared from my sight for a few moments, then came up through the undergrowth into the top of a young maple where some of the finches had alighted, and I beheld the shrike. The little birds avoided him and flew about the tree, their pursuer following them with the motions of his head and body as if he would fain arrest them by his murderous gaze. The birds did not utter the cry or make the demonstration of alarm they usually do on the appearance of a hawk, but chirruped and called and flew about in a half-wondering, half-bewildered manner. As they flew farther along the line of trees the shrike followed them as if bent on further captures. I then made my way around to see what the shrike had caught and what he had

done with his prey. As I approached the bushes I saw the shrike hastening back. I read his intentions at once. Seeing my movements, he had returned for his game. But I was too quick for him, and he got up out of the brush and flew away from the locality. On some twigs in the thickest part of the bushes I found his victim—a goldfinch. It was not impaled upon a thorn, but was carefully disposed upon some horizontal twigs—laid upon the shelf, so to speak. It was as warm as in life and its plumage was unruffled. On examining it I found a large bruise or break in the skin on the back of the neck at the base of the skull. Here the bandit

adjoining the corn; then back again with his booty. One morning I paused to watch him more at my leisure. He came up out of his retreat and cocked himself up to see what my motions meant. His fore paws were clasped to his breast precisely as if they had been hands, and the tips of the fingers thrust into his vest pockets. Having satisfied himself with reference to me, he sped on toward the tree. He had nearly reached it, when he turned tail and rushed for his hole with the greatest precipitation. As he neared it, I saw some bluish object in the air closing in upon him with the speed of an arrow, and, as he vanished within, a shrike brought up in front of the spot, and with spread wings and tail stood hovering a moment, and, looking in, then turned and went away. Apparently it was a narrow escape for the chipmunk, and, I venture to say, he stole no more corn that morning. The

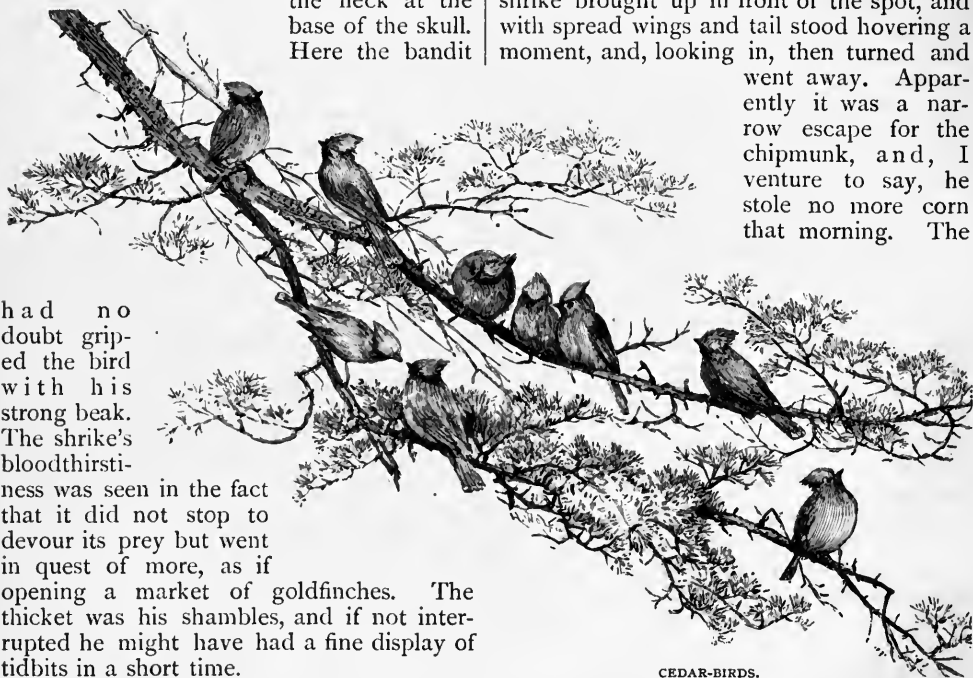
had no doubt gripped the bird with his strong beak. The shrike's bloodthirstiness was seen in the fact that it did not stop to devour its prey but went in quest of more, as if opening a market of goldfinches. The thicket was his shambles, and if not interrupted he might have had a fine display of tidbits in a short time.

He is called a butcher from his habit of sticking his meat upon hooks and points; further than that, because he devours but a trifle of what he slays.

A few days before, I had witnessed another little scene in which the shrike was the chief actor. A chipmunk had his den in the side of the terrace above the garden, and spent the mornings laying in a store of corn which he stole from Manning's field, ten or twelve rods away. In traversing about half this distance, the little poacher was exposed; the first cover going from his den was a large maple, where he always brought up and took a survey of the scene. I would see him spinning along toward the maple, then from it by an easy stage to the fence

shrike is said to catch mice, but it is not known to attack squirrels. He certainly could not have strangled the chipmunk, and I am curious to know what would have been the result had he overtaken him. Probably it was only a kind of brag on the part of the bird,—a bold dash where no risk was run. He simulated the hawk, the squirrel's real enemy, and no doubt enjoyed the joke.

On another occasion, as I was riding along a mountain road early in April, a bird started from the fence where I was passing, and flew heavily to the branch of a near apple-tree. It proved to be a shrike with a small bird in his beak. He thrust his victim into a fork of a branch, then wiped his



CEDAR-BIRDS.

bloody beak upon the bark. A youth who was with me, to whom I pointed out the fact, had never heard of such a thing, and was much incensed at the shrike. "Let me fire a stone at him," said he, and jumping out of the wagon he pulled off his mittens, and fumbled about for a stone. Having found one to his liking, with great earnestness and deliberation he let drive. The bird was in more danger than I had imagined, for he escaped only by a hair's breadth; a guiltless bird like the robin or sparrow would have been slain; the missile grazed the spot where the shrike sat, and cut the ends of his wings as he darted behind the branch. We could see that the murdered bird had been brained, as its head hung down toward us.

The shrike is not a summer bird with us in the northern states, but mainly a fall and winter one. In summer he goes farther north. I see him most frequently in November and December. A few days since we had one of those clear, motionless November mornings; the air was like a great drum. Apparently every sound within the compass of the horizon was distinctly heard. The explosions back in the cement quarries ten miles away smote the hollow and reverberating air like giant fists. Just as the sun first showed his fiery brow above the horizon, a gun was discharged over the river. On the instant, a shrike, perched on the topmost spray of a maple above the house, set up a loud, harsh call or whistle, suggestive of certain notes of the blue-jay. The note presently became a crude, broken warble. Even this scalper of the innocents had music in his soul on such a morning. He saluted the sun as a robin might have done. After he had finished, he flew away toward the east.

The shrike is a citizen of the world, being found in both hemispheres. It does not appear that the European species differs essentially from our own. In Germany he is called the nine-killer, from the belief that he kills and sticks upon thorns nine grasshoppers a day.

Thoreau speaks of the shrike "with heedless and unfrozen melody bringing back summer again." But his voice is that of a savage—strident and disagreeable.

"His steady sails he never furls
At any time o' year,
And perching now on winter's curls,
He whistles in his ear,"

sings Thoreau.

I have often wondered how this bird was kept in check; in the struggle for existence, it would appear to have greatly the advantage of other birds. It cannot, for instance, be beset with one-tenth of the dangers that threaten the robin, and yet apparently there are a thousand robins to every shrike. It builds a warm, compact nest in the mountains and dense woods, and lays six eggs, which would indicate a rapid increase. The pigeon lays but two eggs, and is preyed upon by both man and beast, millions of them meeting a murderous death every year; yet always some part of the country is swarming with untold numbers of them. But the shrike is one of our rarest birds. I myself seldom see more than two each year, and before I became an observer of birds, I never saw any.

In size, the shrike is a little inferior to the blue-jay, with much the same form. If you see an unknown bird about your orchard or fields in November or December of a bluish, grayish complexion, with dusky wings and tail that show markings of white, flying rather heavily from point to point, or alighting down in the stubble occasionally, it is pretty sure to be the shrike.

V.

NATURE never tires of repeating and multiplying the same species. She makes a million bees, a million birds, a million mice, or rats, or other animals so nearly alike that no eye can tell one from another; but it is rarely that she issues a small and a large edition, as it were, of the same species. Yet she has done it in a few cases among the birds with hardly more difference than a foot-note added or omitted. The cedar-bird, for instance, is the Bohemian wax-wing or chatterer in smaller type, copied even to the minute, wax-like appendages that bedeck the ends of the wing-quills. It is about one-third smaller, and a little lighter in color, owing perhaps to the fact that it is confined to a warmer latitude, its northward range seeming to end about where that of its larger brother begins. Its flight, its note, its manners, its general character and habits are almost identical with those of its prototype. It is confined exclusively to this continent, while the chatterer is an Old World bird as well, and ranges the northern parts of both continents. The latter comes to us from the hyperborean regions, brought down occasionally by the great cold waves that originate in those high latitudes. It is a

bird of Siberian and Alaskan evergreens, and passes its life for the most part far beyond the haunts of man. I have never seen the bird, but small bands of them make excursions every winter down into our territory from British America. Audubon, I believe, saw them in Maine; other observers have seen them in Minnesota. It has the crest of the cedar-bird, the same yellow border to its tail, but is marked with white on its wings, as if a snow-flake or two had adhered to it from the northern cedars and pines. If you see about the evergreens in the coldest, snowiest weather what appear to be a number of very large cherry-birds, observe them well, for the chances are that visitants from the circumpolar regions are before your door. It is a sign also that the frost legions of the north are out in great force and carrying all before them.

Our cedar or cherry bird is the most silent bird we have. Our neutral-tinted birds, like him, as a rule, are our finest songsters; but he has no song or call, uttering only a fine bead-like note on taking flight. It is the cedar-berry rendered back in sound. When the ox-heart cherries, which he has only recently become acquainted with, have had time to enlarge his pipe and warm his heart, I shall expect more music from him. But in lieu of music, what a pretty compensation are those minute, almost artificial-like, plumes of orange and vermilion that tip the ends of his primaries. Nature could not give him these and a song too. She has given the humming-bird a jewel upon his throat, but no song, save the hum of his wings.

Another bird that is occasionally borne to us on the crest of the cold waves from the frozen zone, and that is repeated on a smaller scale in a permanent resident is the pine grosbeak; his *alter ego* reduced in size, is the purple finch, which abounds in the higher latitudes of the temperate zone. The color and form of the two birds are again essentially the same. The females and young males of both species are of a grayish-brown like the sparrow, while in the old males this tint is imperfectly hidden beneath a coat of carmine, as if the color had been poured upon their heads, where it is strongest, and so oozed down and through the rest of the plumage. Their tails are considerably forked, their beaks cone-shaped and heavy, and their flight undulating. Those who have heard the grosbeak, describe its song as similar to that of the finch, though no doubt it is louder and stronger. The finch's instru-

ment is a fife tuned to love and not to war. He blows a clear, round note, rapid and intricate, but full of sweetness and melody. His hardier relative with that larger beak and deeper chest must fill the woods with sounds. Audubon describes its song as exceedingly rich and full.

As in the case of the Bohemian wax-wing, this bird is also common to both worlds, being found through Northern Europe and Asia and the northern parts of this continent. It is the pet of the pine-tree and one of its brightest denizens. Its visits to the states are irregular and somewhat mysterious. A great flight of them occurred in the winter of '74-5. They attracted attention all over the country. Several other flights of them have occurred during the century. When this bird comes, it is so unacquainted with man, that its tameness is delightful to behold. It thrives remarkably well in captivity, and in a couple of weeks will become so tame that it will hop down and feed out of its master's or mistress's hand. It comes from far beyond the region of the apple, yet it takes at once to this fruit, or rather to the seeds, which it is quick to divine, at its core.

Close akin to these two birds and standing in the same relation to each other are two other birds that come to us from the opposite zone,—the torrid,—namely, the blue grosbeak and his petit duplicate, the indigo-bird. The latter is a common summer resident with us,—a bird of the groves and bushy fields, where his bright song may be heard all through the long summer day. I hear it in the dry and parched August when most birds are silent, sometimes delivered on the wing and sometimes from the perch. Indeed, with me, its song is as much a mid-summer sound as is the brassy crescendo of the cicada. The memory of its note calls to mind the flame-like quiver of the heated atmosphere, and the bright glare of the meridian sun. Its color is much more intense than that of the common blue-bird, as summer skies are deeper than those of April, but its note is less mellow and tender. Its original, the blue grosbeak, is an uncertain wanderer from the south, as the pine grosbeak is from the north. I have never seen it north of the District of Columbia. It has a loud vivacious song, of which it is not stingy, and which is a large and free rendering of the indigo's, and belongs to summer more than to spring. The bird is colored the same as its lesser brother, the males being a deep blue and the females a modest drab. Its nest is usually placed low

down, as is the indigo's, and the male carols from the tops of the trees in its vicinity in the same manner. Indeed, the two birds are strikingly alike in every respect except in size and habitat, and, as in each of the other cases, the lesser bird is, as it were, the point, the continuation, of the larger,

carrying its form and voice forward as the reverberation carries the sound.

I know the ornithologists, with their hair-splittings, or rather feather-splittings, point out many differences, but they are unimportant. The fractions may not agree, but the whole numbers are the same.



HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESCUE.

CAPTAIN ELYOT had felt little interest in the ball. He was low-spirited over the departure of the boy, whom he had taken under his care since their ride over the plains together. In his heart he was sore and almost angry that he was not to go in Orme's place. If one were to fall how much better that he should be that one rather than the lieutenant. Life held few charms for him just now, and there is a sweetness in self-sacrifice—in that kind of Enoch Arden self-sacrifice which ends in the object at last knowing all about it and being made comfortably wretched. And so, years hence, when his bones were bleaching and crumbling on the spot where he had fallen, in place of the lieutenant, he would like the lieutenant to know the cause of it. Some such fancy as this passed through his head as he sat alone smoking a solitary pipe on the night of the ball. The pipe went out. He threw it down in disgust. There was something like contempt of himself in his mind. For at this moment, though he was jealous and sore and wretched as he believed, he was by no means sure that he wanted to marry this girl. She was very fair to look at and

had crept unknown to himself very close to his heart. But the captain was both cautious and proud, and by no means so far gone in his infatuation as not to be able to speculate upon the future of the man who should win the sutler's daughter. He must leave the army: of that there was no question. The social ostracism which would follow such a step would be unbearable to a man of spirit. And then in one of those sudden visions, vivid as reality, only more intensified,—like the concentration of a dozen realities,—Blossom's baby face with its meek, entreating eyes rose before him, and he forgot his prejudices,—forgot his pride. He could have taken her in his arms before all the world! He threw off the delusion that made her seem present for the moment. Such fancies were not in accordance with the spirit of the promise he had made to his friend. It was not well for him to sit here and brood alone over his unquiet thoughts. He would go out and seek society.

As he rose up from his chair a paper at his elbow fluttered down to the floor. He had forgotten this letter which the chaplain had put into his hand as he came from the mess-room. It was only another of Uncle Jeremy's missives, which after long wandering and delay had found him out.

"I have heard nothing from you since your return to your regiment," the old man wrote. "Nor have you written to Mary" (which was the name of the cousin down on the Jersey shore). "There are those who would do more than this to please me, and you will find it greatly to your disadvantage if you will not do as much."

So the old man threatened him at last! He only laughed scornfully as he threw the letter aside. This affair with Uncle Jeremy which had so annoyed him a few weeks since had not the weight of a feather upon him now. He tossed the letter into his desk, but before it had left his hand he had forgotten its contents. His thoughts had sped to the ball, and he was trying to make up his mind to follow them. He had half engaged Miss Laud for the first waltz, but she would not lack partners where her sex was so sparsely represented. A strong desire to stroll down to the Stubbs's for a half hour came over him—to look in upon this little girl and see if she would still hold her own in his imagination. It would not be treachery toward his friend. Weeks had passed since he had been there alone. Besides, he could talk of the boy. Might he not in this way do him a service? Then he remembered the lieutenant to have said that Mrs. Stubbs had partly promised to take Blossom to the ball. He had hardly given it a thought at the time in his eagerness to hear what more there might be to tell of the boy's visit. Would the woman do so? Would she expose the girl to the slights and sneers which he knew the well-bred ladies at the post were capable of bestowing? How they might hurt the child! Almost before he knew it he was in the ball-room.

He had fancied Blossom scorned and doomed to sit in a corner. On the contrary, she came down the room at the moment of his entrance looking as fresh as the rose in her hair. He had come prepared to dare the sneers of the entire feminine portion of the garrison, if need be, in her behalf, but it seemed there was no occasion for his services, and after a slight greeting to the girl and her mother, whom she had joined, he passed on to the upper end of the room. Poor Blossom bit her lip and could hardly keep back her tears. He had not noticed the half-extended hand nor did he dream that the glow on her face had been called up by the sight of his figure in the door-way.

"Curse his pride!" muttered the woman,

drawing back into her corner. He was like the rest of them.

The captain passed on slowly up the room to the group at the head, the center of which was the major's daughter.

"Where have you been?" chirruped Miss Laud, who had a young lieutenant at each elbow and was making eyes at a third just behind her shoulder. "You don't deserve to know that I saved a waltz for you till the evening was half over."

"And am I too late to claim it? I have been detained," the captain said, making a bold plunge and telling a lie in sheer desperation.

"Entirely too late. You should have come before, sir." The girl could afford to play the tyrant to-night, with half a dozen young men hanging about her. "We are just going."

"Perhaps Miss Bryce will be more indulgent," he said, advancing to Claudia, who strove to appear unconscious and at ease as the gentlemen about her fell back at this address.

Poor Claudia would have stepped down and out upon the floor with a happy heart but for this unfortunate assertion of her friend which would make compliance appear eager. Why need Kitty have said that they were about to go home? A half hour longer would make no difference, even though it were well on toward daylight. Mrs. Bryce had already risen. Claudia rose now and drew her lace shawl about her neck.

"Yes, we are just going," she said. If he would only persist, she would give way. Dear me! how gladly she would have given way!—but no, he stepped back with a bow and some half intelligible words of regret, and Mrs. Bryce and her party swept down the room, and out. Their fine dresses touched Mrs. Stubbs's gown as they passed, but no one of them bestowed a glance upon her or upon the little figure with frightened eyes by her side. The woman's face grew dark as she turned to look after them.

"I'll be even with you yet," she muttered behind her closed teeth; but still she made no movement to go.

And now that the great lights had departed Blossom had no lack of satellites. Admiration and attention were turned to her in a way that embarrassed and almost alarmed the child. The dancing still went on though but feebly supported, and in time to music that lagged and had lost its spirit. One after another, the ladies

were taking their departure. The men straggling in from the supper-room sought out and sued for a presentation to the sutler's pretty daughter. Leaning over her they breathed bold compliments in her ears—too strongly perfumed with wine to be acceptable. Mrs. Stubbs sat like a sphinx, mute and unseeing. Or was the woman flattered by this late notice of the girl who smiled though her lips trembled and tears came into her eyes? Lieutenant Orme, at a little distance, looked on, angry and tempted to interfere.

"Why doesn't she take her daughter home?" the boy said to himself, growing hot and cold by turns as the play went on. "Good Heavens! What is the old woman thinking of?" he thought, as Captain Luttrell swaggered toward them.

The music still rose and fell in voluptuous cadence, but one after another the dancers fell off and slipped away.

All at once the woman roused herself.

"Eh! Blossom," she said, starting from her stupor as though she had been dreaming and gazing with suddenly awakened eyes upon the group of men gathered about them. "What's this? It's time we were going, child."

Some of the gay young fellows took it up with a hardly suppressed laugh, repeating the girl's fanciful pet name. One boldly begged the privilege of bringing her shawl. Another offered to see her safely home.

"Stand out of the way, will you?" hiccupped Captain Luttrell, elbowing himself to the front. "She'd a d—— sight rather an old friend 'd serve her. Hadn't you, my dear?" leaning down toward Blossom.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head or it'll be the worse for ye," retorted the widow, angrily rising up. There was something almost menacing in the movement and the little group fell back.

"—— but she's a Tartar!" exclaimed one of the visitors in a low voice.

"She's Tar-trus itself," said Captain Luttrell with a drunken laugh.

At this instant Captain Elyot came out from the supper-room with one of the officers.

"What's this?" said his companion; but Captain Elyot did not wait to respond. He pushed straight through the little crowd—for everybody in the room had started forward at Mrs. Stubbs's upraised voice.

"So you are going? Allow me," and he stepped directly before Captain Luttrell.

He only partially comprehended what

had occurred, but he had caught a glimpse of Blossom, white and tearful, behind her mother's defiant form.

"I will take you to the dressing-room."

"By——, Elyot," said Captain Luttrell, "what d'ye mean by your—— interference? I was just about to see these ladies home myself."

"Stand out of the way, sir." And thrusting him aside with his elbow, the young man sent the drunken captain of cavalry reeling to the floor, while he conducted Mrs. Stubbs and her daughter to the dressing-room.

CHAPTER XVI.

SKIRMISHES.

CAPTAIN LUTTRELL had forgotten his wrath by the next morning. He had forgotten, indeed, much of what had occurred toward the close of the evening before, and was somewhat ashamed of the part he had played as it was set before him by his friends, who perhaps exaggerated his misdemeanors in order to hide their own. He blustered and swore, however, which was a very harmless way of venting his anger, vowing that nothing but the fact that he was to leave at midday with the troops ordered south, prevented his demanding an apology from Captain Elyot. As it was he should be obliged to put aside personal affairs for the time. He asserted, with a great show of indignation, that he had only intended to be civil to the widow and her daughter, and if the former chose to resent his well-meant offer of service it was no fault of his, "and no reason, by——, why Elyot should interfere." It was at this point in discussing the affair that he allowed himself to be soothed and suffered his anger to cool, after a list of oaths more curious than intelligible.

The story of the little encounter spread through the fort and even entered the major's house before breakfast the next morning.

"Dear me! Have you heard the news?" cried Miss Laud, bursting into the parlor where that meal was being set out, with her hair in a most unbecoming twist and with a wrapper thrown hastily about her form. Jinny had brought the story, with a jug of hot water, that very moment to her bedroom, having but just received it from Sergeant McDougal, who had dropped into the kitchen for a moment's gossip.

The major took his seat at the table entirely unmoved by this female bomb; but Mrs. Bryce and Claudia exclaimed together: Of course they had heard nothing at all.

"There was a brawl in the ball-room last night after we left," Miss Laud went on. "And all about Mrs. Stubbs's daughter. I don't know the particulars, except that Captain Elyot took up her defense, fought a dozen men single-handed and bore her off in triumph at last. I declare I wish we had staid; it must have been as good as a play."

"Do you hear that, Major Bryce?" gasped his wife. Claudia's emotions rendered her incapable of speech.

But the major burst into a loud laugh.

"Not so fast,—not so fast, my dear," he said to their guest, who had poured out this startling story. "There was but one man floored, I believe, and he could hardly have kept his feet under any circumstances. There was no quarrel at all. Some of the gentlemen had taken too much wine and one of them offered some impertinence to Mrs. Stubbs's daughter, which Elyot resented, as any man of honor would,—I'd have done as much myself," added the stout major.

Upon which Claudia found strength to speak.

"Papa is always roused when any slight is offered to the Stubbses," she said sharply. Even her own father had gone over to the enemy. It was more than she could bear.

"Of course he is," retorted the major gallantly. "Room for the ladies, bless their hearts!"

"Ladies!" cried Mrs. Bryce, coming to Claudia's assistance. "What did the woman mean by thrusting herself and her daughter among us last night?"

"Why not?" retorted the major. "Perhaps she enjoys a bit of fun as well as the rest of you, and the little girl,—why shouldn't she go and dance with the best of 'em? What were all the young men thinking about last night? I'd a mind to take her out myself."

"That would have been a fine sight and a pretty example for a man of your years and in your position, Major Bryce," said his wife indignantly. "For my part I cannot see what there is about the girl to so bewitch you all. To think of Captain Elyot!—spending evening after evening there,"—which was by no means true,—"*to the entire neglect of his old friends. Captain Elyot! led about by that dreadful*

woman! And actually taking it upon himself to act the part of protector to the daughter! Mrs. Stubbs is a shrewd woman. Oh, it isn't for nothing that she invites him to her house," she added, wagging her head and looking as wise as an owl.

"Of course it isn't 'for nothing!'" repeated the major, with something very like a wink to little Miss Laud, who, having thus aroused a domestic storm, had quietly seated herself at the breakfast table. "It 'isn't for nothing' that any of you are so kind to us poor fellows. Why shouldn't she make up to him? Hasn't she a daughter to provide for as well as the rest of us? And if some fine young fellow with a gold plum just ready to drop into his mouth should come knocking at our door, do you think we should turn him away? No, indeed! We would put on our best bibs and tuckers and meet him with the sweetest smile we could muster, and set before him the best there was in the house, and urge him to come again and again. Shouldn't we, Claudia?"

"If I cannot eat my breakfast without being insulted, I had better go away," said Claudia in a choking voice.

"You don't know what it is to have daughters to look out for," cried the major's wife, forgetting their visitor, who indeed was no stranger to these little domestic scenes, and kept her eyes meekly dropped upon her plate.

"By — I know what it is to support 'em," replied the major, beating a retreat and leaving the ladies to spend the remainder of their wrath in tears.

Even Jinny in the kitchen knew that there had been a quarrel, and lingered over taking away the breakfast things to gather what she could before returning to her friend the sergeant, who had dropped in, ostensibly to light his pipe at her fire. She and the sergeant had already discussed the affair of the ball-room, and were perfectly well aware of the interest Miss Claudia would feel in Captain Elyot's interference. But Jinny, whatever her natural preferences might be, was bound to uphold the honor of her young mistress and the house to which she belonged.

"Miss Claudia beant a-goin' to set herself agen the like o' the sutler's daughter," she said with a toss of her head. "Not but that the lass is a gude lass enow in her way."

"Her needn't try," retorted the sergeant, who stood in the open door ready to leave at the first signs of the appearance of any

of the family ; " the little un's worth two o' the like o' she."

" Eh ! Whatever d' ye mean, mon ? Miss Claudia's a fine young leddy as ye'll see in a lang day. Sic a shape as she has ! an' she'll speak ye French like a Frenchifier !"

" Shape !"—and the sergeant drew a long breath through his pipe, emitting the smoke slowly from his nose—" so's a skillaton ! It's flesh an' bluid, Jinny, 's wholesome t' look at. An' for yer Frinch, a man 'll be hard t' please who is na conteent to be railed at in his ain tongue."

This was a proposition which Jinny could not refute, and as Mrs. Bryce's step was heard approaching, the sergeant took himself off without more words.

As for Mrs. Bryce, she directed the ways of her house this morning with a pre-occupied mind and an absent air which Jinny did not fail to notice. The major's wife was revolving a scheme which had occurred to her more than once before this day. It was quite time, she argued with herself, that some one took Mrs. Stubbs in hand. If her house was the resort of the officers, as Mrs. Bryce believed it to be (had not Jinny reported more than once the sound of music and a blaze of light from the window of Blossom's parlor, and at midnight too !), it was time that some one put down what would soon become an open scandal. And who could so appropriately undertake the work as the wife of the commanding officer ? Was Mrs. Stubbs so ignorant of the world and its ways as not to know that she would soon bring her house, and her daughter as well, into ill-repute, if indeed she had not done so already ? The major's house had not been thronged with visitors ! Mrs. Bryce's parlor was not filled night after night with the idlers about the post, as she fancied Mrs. Stubbs's to be. Claudia might be a fine girl, as her maid had declared, and could boast even more accomplishments than that faithful servant had vaunted ; but there was no strife over her among the young men. The mother uttered a sigh over this reflection, forgetting that this very circumstance was what she had decried in the sutler's daughter. Poor Mrs. Bryce ! she knew even better than her husband what expensive luxuries were daughters, for upon her came the task of stretching every penny to its utmost, and making the most of the income from a very small private fortune which eked out the major's pay. This pinching and devising, and turning every way had worn her out. She would have

scorned the idea of having schemed or laid snares in her daughter's behalf, but she had put Claudia forward to the best of her ability. She had striven to make her house a pleasant place to such of the young men as chose to nibble at the innocent bait she offered. One after another the fresh arrivals at the post had frequented her house for a time and then dropped off. The free, rollicking gossip and companionship by Stubbs's fireside came gradually to be preferred by each one to the more refined atmosphere of the major's parlor. It was mortifying, at the best, when the woman came to realize it, as she did after a time ; but now that the last, and by far the most desirable, of these young men had been drawn away, not by Stubbs's punch, but by the superior attractions of his daughter over her own, the mother's heart rebelled.

Captain Elyot would never marry the sutler's daughter. Of that Mrs. Bryce felt assured in her own mind. To receive the frequent visits, then, which she believed he still paid to her could be only a disadvantage, if not worse, to the girl. Was it not her duty to set this in its true light before Mrs. Stubbs ? Some duties have all the sweetness of revenge, and this was one of them. She said nothing of her purpose to her husband, or to the two young ladies who had settled themselves for a long morning in the parlor, the roses of which appeared somewhat faded by daylight. They had brought out their worsted-work, and a calm having succeeded the storm at the breakfast-table, were discussing their partners of the night before, with an occasional yawn between,—Miss Laud, with an eye in the meanwhile upon the window, and an ear for any stray tap at the door. There was a possibility of a hurried call from some of these new acquaintances who were to set off for the south at noon. But Claudia drew her little blue shawl close about her thin shoulders, and bent herself steadily to her work. " Two blues, three whites and a green." She counted her stitches carefully, and made no mistakes. The only caller she cared to see would not come. She had looked for him too many days already ; why should she waste her time any longer ?—as though time were given us to be marked out in black and purple, and shaded in carefully with scarlet, and blue, and pink !

When Mrs. Bryce saw the girls thus busily engaged for an hour or two at least, so that her absence would not be questioned, she wrapped herself up carefully, as though

to wrap her courage in lest it should escape her, and slipped out of the house upon her self-appointed mission. The day was clear and cold, and the snow creaked under her feet as she followed the path leading down to the sutler's house. More than one friend tapped on the window and beckoned her to come in as she hastened by; but she shook her head. She would not be diverted from her purpose. About the barracks there were unusual signs of life this morning; the members of the company which was to leave were making themselves ready, knapsacks were being strapped on, and blankets rolled up; rat-tat-tat-tat sounded the drum as the men wheeled and marched before her. There was much in this bustle of preparation to harmonize with the mood of the major's wife. She, too, was buckling on her sword, knowing that the sutler's wife would not be the mildest of adversaries. For though she was going ostensibly to offer advice, she knew in her heart that she should not get off without the clash of arms. Nor was she entirely assured in her own mind as to the result. And it was because of this doubt that she had concealed her proposed visit from Claudia and the major. She could not forget that in their last encounter she had been worsted by the sutler's wife.

She found Mrs. Stubbs alone in the store. Perhaps the excitement aroused by the departure of the troops had made trade more dull than usual this morning, or it might be that it had exhausted itself in the preparations for the ball the night before. Whatever the cause, Mrs. Stubbs was quite at liberty to attend to her visitor. She came slowly down behind the rude counter with none of the suave eagerness which an ordinary shop-keeper displays at sight of a customer.

"How can I serve ye, ma'am?" she asked with the defiant meekness which she had assumed of late toward the ladies of the army.

And then Mrs. Bryce girded herself and prepared for the battle, adjusted her sling, as it were; for she felt herself to be no more than a David—stout woman though she was, and the major's wife too—before this Goliath in a dusty bombazine gown, and with beruffled hair.

"I only came in for a little chat," said the major's wife, advancing to the counter and crossing her hands upon it.

There was dignity in the attitude; but there was nothing friendly in it nor in the tones of her voice. She spoke boldly, but her heart had begun to fail her already.

"I believe I do not wish for anything, thank you. Or you may give me a paper of assorted needles, if you please. I think that is all," she said.

But Mrs. Stubbs made no movement toward complying with this modest request, if request it was.

"You can say your say, ma'am," she replied, neither offering her visitor a chair nor unlocking the gaunt arms folded across the bosom of her rusty gown.

"I—I was sorry to hear of the trouble in the ball-room last night," began Mrs. Bryce, plunging into the middle of the subject, since she must begin somewhere.

"There was no trouble at all, ma'am," said the sutler's widow. "Cap'n Luttrell forgot his manners, which was nothing new for him, as you may know, an' Cap'n Elyot knocked him down."

She added the last quietly, as though it were a natural sequence, and was moving away when Mrs. Bryce took up the words. The major's wife was accustomed to deference from the people about her, and the dignity of Mrs. Stubbs's manner was nothing less than premeditated insult in her eyes. It provoked her to wrath. Before she knew it, she had let slip the rope that held her temper, and cast it to the winds.

"Yes, Captain Elyot," she repeated, seizing upon his name. "It is always Captain Elyot; he comes here constantly, I understand."

"An' what if he does?" asked the woman with a sudden intensity of heat in eye and voice.

It was not true, that was the sting. But why should Mrs. Bryce sit in judgment upon her visitors?

"You need not resent my words, Mrs. Stubbs. I have a daughter of my own, or I should not have presumed to interfere" (which was more true than she intended). "It is all very well for the young men to be spending their evenings here,—very natural, I would say, since they have always done so, and very agreeable, I don't doubt; but since your daughter has no natural protector,—no father,—did it never occur to you that all this freedom of living might occasion remark?"

"Is it Cap'n Elyot you're speaking of, ma'am?"

Mrs. Stubbs's breath came hard and fast, but she held in her wrath. A less pre-occupied woman than the major's wife would have dreaded the explosion that must follow. But Mrs. Bryce took heart at the apparently

innocent question. Evidently the sutler's wife was about to listen to reason.

"I did not intend to call names," she said mysteriously. "I only dropped in to put you on your guard, as it were, against the speech of people; I have heard so much of late."

"Speak it out, ma'am; I aint afraid to hear it. Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me just what it was you heard."

"It does not matter," Mrs. Bryce stumbled on, finding herself thus driven to a corner. "I only desired to put you in mind of what any woman must know—that young men have a way of hanging about a girl, if she is pretty and amiable, without any thought of marriage; and I fear our young men are no exception to this rule. There is this young man," Mrs. Bryce went on, emboldened by Mrs. Stubbs's silence, "I need not call his name, circumstances have thrown him into familiar acquaintance with your family. But do not build too strongly upon this. I would not say anything against him, but—it is not the first time he has fancied a face, and forgotten it."

Unconsciously she showed her wound. But Mrs. Stubbs was too absorbed in her own thoughts to take advantage of it; though the truth of Mrs. Bryce's words struck to her heart. Every one knew that Captain Elyot had once spent his idle hours at the major's, and that now he went there no more. And would this same play go on in her own house? And would Blossom be scorned in turn? Had he not already begun to weary of her? In the hurried retrospect of the moment, Mrs. Stubbs grew cold at heart, remembering how infrequent his visits had been of late. Her anxiety rose to a passion.

"What do you mean by your soft words with a sting in 'em!" she burst out at her visitor, who, entirely taken by surprise at this unexpected attack, made a hasty retreat toward the door. "What is it to you who comes or goes? Have a care over your own daughter, though it's little enough you'll be troubled with the young men hanging about her."

By this time Mrs. Bryce had found the latch of the door. In that tolerably secure position, she made an attempt to rally her forces.

"You will repent this, Mrs. Stubbs. I am sure you will repent this. I—I shall speak to the major —"

"Get along with you," cried the angry woman. "The major 'd never insult an

honest woman in her own house. An' as for the child, you're set against her with yer lies—you an' your white-faced daughter. But she's as good as the best of ye, an' equal to the best of ye she shall be yet, if I die for't. Will ye never go!"

She made a movement toward the major's wife, which sent that zealous reformer to the path outside, and home indeed. She almost believed that personal violence had been threatened her, and was hardly conscious of her utter defeat, so thankful was she to escape with her life.

But as she hastened home, looking neither to the right nor to the left, one other cause of self-gratulation occurred to her, and that was that her husband would never know of this visit.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ARE THESE TEARS FOR ME?"

WHEN the door had closed upon the major's wife her words burned in Mrs. Stubbs's ears. Did they talk about the child? The woman laughed a bitter, scornful laugh. She had been too proud to defend herself when accused of keeping an open house to whoever might come. The major or any one of the officers could tell a different story. She believed that Mrs. Bryce knew to the contrary herself. It was not for that she had come to her. It was to utter the hateful insinuation in regard to Captain Elyot, and envy and spite had moved her to it. And yet, might not the words prompted by jealousy be true? Oh, how they accorded with Mrs. Stubbs's own fears! She had marked the change in the young man long before this time. He had become silent and constrained in Blossom's presence, nor did he frequent the house as he had done at first. Days and even weeks went by and he paid them no visit. In the idle life at the fort, to will was to act. Negligence was indifference. She remembered how rumor had coupled his name with Miss Claudia the winter before. She had seen them together day after day, or watched him coming away from the major's door. And now it was all over. Without any apparent cause, the intimacy had come to an end. And was it to be so with Blossom, who already watched for his coming and grew red and pale at a tap on the door? The mother had marked it all, furious and distressed by turns. Must she stand by, helpless, and see the child grow thin and pale and broken-hearted,

as women did who were left forlorn?—not women of Mrs. Stubbs's mold; but Blossom was of a different type, as the mother had discovered long ago, and might she not droop and even die under it? Oh, if they were but away from this hateful place! Anywhere in the wide world, only away from these people whom she hated, and who, banded together as she believed, had set themselves against her and the child.

She moved about her work with heavy feet and dragging, listless hands. It was a dull day within-doors and there was less than usual to take her thoughts from this subject upon which they dwelt continually now. Sometimes scraps of song stole through the closed door from the room where Blossom sat alone. Mrs. Stubbs paused to listen. They were not the merry songs full of "tirra-la-la," over which she and the lieutenant had spent so many happy hours, but songs of sentiment, a feeble sentiment, perhaps (that in the girl's heart, it may be, was hardly deeper), but the sad refrain stirred the mother anew. It broke off in something like a sob, she fancied. And did the child cry for him—for this man who held her in such light esteem? Or were her tears for the boy who was to ride away to-day? Not for him. The woman put that thought away at once. She had seen enough the evening before to convince her that young Orme held no precious corner in Blossom's affections. Suddenly a burst of martial music shook the little log-house. Mrs. Stubbs threw up the window and leaned out. The winter sun shone far and near over snow-white monotonous landscape and upon the company of men marching out and away to an unknown fate. A sensation of stifling oppressed the woman. Some old memory awoke in her at this sudden burst of bugle and drum. Oh, to be shut up here, despised and hating, when all the world lay stretched out just beyond these ugly walls! Other windows were thrown open; forms went hurrying by. The band played "Garry Owen" amid cheers and shouts and waving hands. Only this one figure in its pall-like dress stared fixed and unmoved by all the commotion, neither laughing with those who were gay at heart nor weeping with the women left behind.

"She's nae like t' mortal flesh!" exclaimed Sergeant McDougal to Jinny, who had run out with the skirt of her gown thrown over her head to see the men march away. "They do say she's awfu' strange

these days since Stubbs died. I'd no like to get the cast o' her 'ee," and the sergeant stepped back out of the range of that awful member.

"The deil's in her; that's a'," replied Jinny, sententiously.

"An' what's that but an evil ee," returned the man. "Mind she don't turn it on ye, lass," and he pulled her away from before the house. A white handkerchief fluttered a moment at the parlor window as young Orme rode by. Blossom stood at the window with tears in her eyes, which she made no effort to conceal. Another figure, taller and with a more martial air, rode by the lieutenant's side. Captain Elyot bowed low and removed his hat as the lieutenant doffed his own and smiled a pitiful smile, that nearly broke his heart, in reply to Blossom's salutation. The boy had not trusted himself to say adieu.

"I should only make a fool of myself, and it is better to—she will never know," he said.

There were no colors flying at the sutler's, but Blossom's cheeks hung out a flag for a moment as Captain Elyot took off his hat; but her thoughts followed the boy, who was riding away, with a tender regret it is sweet to have inspired. She little dreamed that he had laid his heart at her feet. She never knew to the day of her death of the boyish love she had aroused; but he stood first in her thoughts always among the friends who in life go riding out into the sunshine with flying colors and beating drums, leaving our hearts sorrowful and heavy.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" he said to one and another as he rode slowly out and away, but he had no word for Blossom. We give words to those we care least for—tears and heart-aches, and smiles sadder than tears, are for those we love.

"Do you repent?" asked the captain. "I'm afraid it's too late to do anything for you, boy, but I wish I were going in your place."

"Repent? No." But the landscape blurred before the young lieutenant's eyes. "If I stayed I should make a fool of myself very likely." Then it came out almost with a sob, "I tried—last night."

The captain turned his face, but not his eyes toward him. He felt the hot blood fly to his cheeks.

"Well."

"She didn't understand,—she hardly heard,—I was talking about my going away, and, Elyot,"—it was mortifying, but

this was one of those last moments when men speak the truth without sparing themselves,—“she was not listening to me at all. And then I knew it was all over.”

“Perhaps you were mistaken. Why, man, what did you expect? Her silence——”

“It wasn’t that she was silent. But what’s the use? A man knows when he’s beaten, and there’s an end of it. Don’t, Elyot. I can’t bear to talk of it; but do you remember what I said long ago, the first time we spoke of this? Well, that’s the truth of it. I knew it then,—I’m sure of it now. There, God bless you, old fellow! You needn’t stay away any longer on my account; only, don’t say a word to me now; I can’t bear it;” and touching his horse with his spurs the boy rode on alone.

Mrs. Stubbs, leaning out from her window, silent and specter-like, had been more observant than the by-standers knew. She had seen the two heads uncovered before the window from which Blossom was doubtless making her adieus to her friends. The woman followed the two figures, riding side by side, with her baleful eyes.

“Ay, ride away,” she said between her shut teeth, letting her gaze rest upon Captain Elyot, “ride away without a thought of them that’s looking after ye, and some day ye’ll be riding away for good and all, and then what’ll become o’ the child?”

Captain Elyot came back after an hour or two, alone, his horse covered with foam, as though it had been hard-ridden, and, throwing the bridle to a servant, he strolled into the store. It was the lounging-place of the officers who were debarred the privilege of entering the parlor in these days of Mrs. Stubbs’s undivided sway, and usually a group of men were gathered about the little round table in one corner, or formed an effectual screen for the red-hot stove; but this morning Mrs. Stubbs was left to her own society. Outside events had conspired to draw away the usual frequenters of the place. She gave but a cool nod of welcome to her visitor now, but Mrs. Stubbs’s moods were altogether too varied and inexplicable to allow of their being the subject of inquiry, and the young man, engrossed with his own thoughts, hardly noticed the change in her manner.

“So they’re off,” he said, half to himself. “I rode the first mile or two with them, and wished I were going the whole distance.”

“Danger and death come quick enough without wanting to go to meet ’em,” replied the woman.

“I suppose so, and I’ve no especial desire for either; but—I believe I hated to have the boy go,” and the captain turned away abruptly and stared out at the window.

The woman watched him with eyes sharp as a lancet. He had a kind heart toward that smooth-faced boy. She had probed that far without difficulty, but was it not as the major’s wife had said? Already he was wishing himself away. Better that he should go and make an end of it all. Better that there should be an end to his visits, to his familiar intercourse with Blossom here and now. There was a kind of bitter pleasure in taking matters into her own hands, and sending him from her house before he entirely took himself away. As she watched him these half-formed thoughts passed through her mind and hardened into a resolution. Then she spoke:

“I’ve got something t’ say t’ ye, Cap’n Elyot.”

He turned from the window with his own reverie still dimming his eyes and clouding his perceptions. She had come to him before now for advice in regard to her affairs,—more to tempt him with a show of her means than because she valued his opinion. It was that, or perhaps a bit of garrison gossip which in genial moods Mrs. Stubbs was not above retailing. He even fancied with a glow at his heart that it might be of Blossom she was about to speak. He was ashamed to remember how hard and fast he had ridden back here, to Blossom’s very door, after leaving his friend—how eager he had been to put himself at once in the way of temptation, now that he was absolved from his promise to the lieutenant. For a temptation he felt it to be to venture into Blossom’s presence, since he was by no means sure that he wanted to marry her. It was partly this dissatisfaction with himself that had made him wish he might have accompanied his friend.

“Yes, I’ve got something to say to ye,” repeated Mrs. Stubbs, bracing herself to utter what was not easy to utter without anger or provocation. “I’ve been thinkin’, Cap’n Elyot, that it’s all very well for you to be payin’ your visits to Blossom an’ bringin’ her books an’ trinkets I’ve no name for. I aint the one to be unthankful for kindness t’ the child; the Lord knows it’s little enough of it she’s had here; but it’s set folks’ tongues a-waggin’, an’ so there may as well be an end t’ it.”

She had worked herself into a state of excitement, almost as effective as wrath, by

her little speech, which had had a still more startling effect upon her listener. He was dumb with astonishment.

"But, Mrs. Stubbs —," he began after a moment, groping about blankly and trying to stagger up after this thunderbolt.

His visits to Blossom! Why, he had scarcely seen the girl for weeks! And they talked about it!

"Who has talked about it? Who has been putting such nonsense into your head?" he asked angrily. "Why, Mrs. Stubbs, I had not seen your daughter for a month until last night."

"It may be nonsense to you, Cap'n Elyot," returned the woman in a hard voice, "an' so I think ye'd best be going your way without regard to me and mine. There's girls enough as would be glad to see your handsome face. Yes, it's nonsense to you, I don't doubt," she repeated, growing angry. Did not these very words of his show how lightly he esteemed the girl. "It's always nonsense to such as you, but it might be life and death to the child."

The hot blood burned in the man's face. Was it true? Did even the mother believe that the child was not indifferent to him?

"And did you think that I could harm a hair of her head? Why, woman —"

The truth almost flew from his lips.

"Men like you never mean any harm."

A fire, long smothered, which no deed or word of his had kindled, burst from the woman's heart.

"I've seen the like of you before now," she said, "You've a kind word, and a soft word, an' a way with ye that ud wile a woman's soul out of her eyes; an' then ye're up an' away without a thought o' the breakin' hearts ye leave behind ye. D'ye think, man, I haven't had tears o' my own to cry when no-

body cared for 'em? Though, God forgive me, I'd forgotten it all years ago. An' she's not like one who could laugh, and swear, may be, at the worst. She's a soft little thing, with a heart as would break if ye laid yer finger heavy on it."

"Who has put such folly into your head?" burst out Captain Elyot in his wrath. "As God is my judge, I have felt only respect and affection for her, and I will hear from her own lips who has lied so to you both."

And before Mrs. Stubbs could realize what he was about to do, he had struck with a heavy hand upon the door opening into Blossom's parlor. He hardly waited for the startled response which followed, but pushed open the door, and stepped into the room.

"What does it mean?" he asked, taking Blossom's hands, from which her work had fallen as she started from her seat at his abrupt entrance. "Who has been talking to your mother about me?"

But Blossom's face showed only perplexity and confusion at this sudden attack.

"She says that I am not to come here any more; that I am never to see you again," the captain went on in a loud voice. "Is that true, Blossom? And do *you* send me away?"

"I?" and Blossom threw a bewildered glance toward her mother, who appeared like a black specter in the door-way.

Blossom's face grew white as death.

"What is it? I cannot bear it," she said in a faint voice.

"I told you so," cried the woman, springing forward. But Captain Elyot put her back and took the girl in his arms.

"Does it hurt you that I am to go away? Are these tears for me? Please God they are the last you shall shed for me, dear little heart, for nobody shall send me away."

(To be continued.)

PIDGIN ENGLISH.

"Chin chin, Master! You jussee now come Hong Kong side? Mi chin chin you number one good chancee. Some man talkee you wantchee one good boy makee take care you pidgin. Mi hab findee one *number one* good piecee. He hab got down side. He b'long alla same mi young brother. You likee look see he? He sabe Englishhee talkee welly well, *alla same mi*."

English talk, indeed! If this be English, it comes in such a questionable shape that you must challenge it; and there could not be a better opportunity than the present for going into the subject. You have just, we will say, arrived in the "City of Peking," or the "Oceanic," from San Francisco, and are sitting, this bright November afternoon, on a veranda on one of those pleasant terraces

that you saw from the deck of the steamer as you came in. In front one looks over house-tops and gardens, and shady roads, out to the beautiful harbor, and the rose-tinted Kowloong Hills beyond; and behind the shadows are chasing each other across the sides of the Victoria Peak. The American side-wheel boat, just coming up to her dock, is only eight hours from Old Canton, the earliest, and for many long years the only, foot-hold of the representatives of the great "China trade;"—from whence came the rich uncles, and the fire-crackers, and the preserved ginger, and the "willow-pattern" China; and where dwelt the How-quas, Puntinquas, and other old Chinese merchants with whom our fathers and grandfathers conducted business so easily and agreeably. They have passed away, as have the ancient glories of their city, the unique and pleasant life on the "old factory site," and, alas! much of the pleasure and profit of the business; but the wandering visitor loses little, as the pretty settlement of Shameen, with its church and bungalows, and concrete walks, and banyan trees, situated on an artificial island, just where our grandfathers were rowed in their house-boats to enjoy the cool evening breeze, is not a bad substitute for the old garden; and here, and in modern Hong Kong, can be found descendants and representatives of the old Hong merchants, whose acquaintance is well worth making. If your experience of Chinamen be confined to the wretched cigar-makers and washermen of the eastern cities, or the hoodlum-fearing inhabitants of the Chinese quarter at San Francisco, the people that you are now to meet will be a revelation. It is not given to the ordinary layman (but only to some of the diplomates who do mostly congregate at Pekin)—the "twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men," as they are irreverently called, to know and appreciate the statesmen of the Chinese Foreign Office, whom the late Sir Frederick Bruce pronounced "unequaled in character and ability;" nor to obtain the knowledge of the inner thought of the native, which is possessed by the faithful and persistent missionary; but one comes in daily contact with a great body of merchants, tradesmen, and domestic servants, who inspire him, in almost all cases, with a liking, perhaps not largely tinged with sentiment, but genuine, and often lasting. "I think," said a clever and witty clerical friend to the writer, "that the most charming gentleman of my acquaintance is my native barber. I

am sure that I respect him infinitely more than Confucius." And very much of a gentleman, let me tell you, is the dignified butler, standing by your chair in his long white robe and felt shoes, and waiting for your answer to the salutation and questions which he has addressed to you. He comes of good old Canton stock, and is well fitted to give you your first lesson in the much-abused and misunderstood dialect of which he has made use. As the medium for almost all the intercourse between foreigners and Chinese, and the transaction of an enormous export and import trade, it may claim some attention, and a meed of justice. I speak, of course, of its original and pure form, not of the adulteration for which, as for many other sins, the poor California Chinaman is held responsible; and I assert that it is a great mistake to suppose this dialect to be simply bad or childish English. It is really a language, and a good knowledge of it is of much assistance in the difficult task of learning Chinese. The structure of the sentences is in exact accordance with Chinese idiom, and many of the seemingly useless expressions are literal translations. "Pidgin" is the nearest approach that the first native learners could make to "business." An exact rendering of the butler's address at the head of this paper is: "How do you do, sir? You have just arrived in Hong Kong? I wish you the best of success. They say that you want a good boy to wait upon you. I have found an excellent one. He is downstairs. He is a kind of young relation of mine. Would you like to see him? He can speak English very well, just as I do."

"Chin chin" is a general salutation, and also means wish, ask, or thank. "Hong-kong side," "down side," "look see," and "makee take care," are exact Chinese expressions. "Some man talkee," is just the French *on dit*. The vocabulary consists of words from the English, Chinese, Portuguese, Hindostanee, and other languages, and most of them are altered to suit native disabilities. "B'long" (is or are) is exactly the Spanish *ser*, expressing quality or characteristic; while "hab got" is precisely *estar*, denoting position or circumstances. For instance: they say, "You *b'long* welly good man;" "That *b'long* number one good tea;" "He *b'long* Englisheeman", *mi b'long* Chinaman:"—but "Master *hab got* officee side," or "That shippo *hab got* Hong Kong side." A visitor calling on a lady asks, "That mississee *hab got*?" and the reply is "*Hab got*," or "*No hab got*." "What thing?" and "Who

man?" are said for what and who. Thus "What is that?" becomes "That b'long what thing?" and "Who is that?" is "That b'long who man?" "Largée chancee (chance)" meaning great success or good fortune, is very common. In calling on his foreign friends on China New-year's-day, the native merchant always wishes him this for the year to come. The personal pronoun is always "he," not "she" or "it." "Maskee" (probably from the Spanish *por mas que*) meaning "never mind," "no matter about," or "in spite of" is very much used. "Maskee sendee that money today," "Mi go walkee, maskee that colo (cold)." "Man-man" is "stop." "Chit" (from Hindostanee) is "letter." "Fo-lang-say" is "French," and "Jambola," "German." "Sabe" of course is "know" or "understand." The Chinaman who was asked why he had eyes on the bows of his boat, said: "S'pose got eye, can see. S'pose can see, can sabe. S'pose no can see, how can sabe?" This language certainly admits of extremely epigrammatic expression. The beginning of Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be," was deliciously translated into "Can? No can?" The well-known version of "My name is Norval," is altogether excellent. That of "Excelsior," though very funny, is not quite so correct, except in the rendering of the title word as "Topside Galah!"—"Galah" being an untranslatable expletive, perhaps "I say," or "Mind you." "Pidgin" itself is most useful, and has various shades of meaning. Religion is "joss pidgin." "That *feesic* (physic)," said a boy to whom his master had given quinine, "largée sabe that *sick pidgin* (thoroughly understands illness)." A gentleman saw his boy trying to mount a pony, and several times thrown. Seeing his master looking at him the boy said: "Mi wantchee go topside he; he wantchee go topside mi!" "This what thing, Englishee talkee? (what is the English name of this?)" asked a coolie, holding up a shrub. "Egg-plant," was the reply. "Egga plan', egga plan'," said he, shaking his head, "*to-day sabe, to-morrow no sabe*." "R" is always "L" with the Chinaman, and "V" "W." A servant of the writer said that a New England autumn landscape was "welly pleesant."

"Chop chop" is "fast," "quickly." The comprador of a slow steamer, the "Manchu," always maintained that she could beat the "Nanxing," a fast one. One day, when the latter was easily and

visibly passing the former, the captain sent for him, and said, "How is this, Eting? What for 'Manchu' no beat 'Nanxing'?" "Ho!" said Eting, with expressive gestures, and much disdain, "Munchow ('Manchu') b'long alla same mandalin, *ploppa* (proper) walkee. 'Num chun' ('Nanxing') alla same coolie, must go *chop-chop! chop-chop!*"

A gentleman who had had large transactions with an old tea-man, and really liked him, attempted once to convey to his mind the value and beauty of telling the truth. The old man listened respectfully, shaking his head approvingly from time to time; but at last gravely said: "Misse O., tluly must wantchee *lie littee* (one must tell a *few* lies)!"

An old Canton resident declared that one of the most severe rebukes of his life was received from a Hong merchant. One of his ships was nearly loaded, and to sail the next day, when a chop of tea was discovered to be false packed. He was quite in despair, and fairly raged and stormed at the Chinaman. "Man-man, man-man!" was the latter's only reply. He hired large warehouses, had them lighted with torches, contracted with scores of laborers, provided them with food and drink, took the tea out, repacked the whole and reshipped it; so that the vessel sailed at the hour originally named. When all was satisfactorily accomplished, the Chinaman walked into the office, and said, with admirable gentleness and politeness, "Good morning, Mr. P., Lasse day *you inside littee hot!*" "Pay" is "give" or "let," as "pay he walkee," "let him go." A person missing a bird from his cage, asked his boy what had become of it. "Mi askee that coolie," said the boy. He went away; and returning in a few minutes, and standing straight before his master, went on, without the least inflexion, "Mi talkee coolie coolie talkee he no sabe who man pay he walkee." "Shame-facee" is "ashamed."

An old Cantonese had dined with some foreign gentlemen, and, after drinking much wine, had shown some signs of its affecting him. Meeting his entertainer next morning, he said, "Hi yah, Misse C., mi too muchee shame-facee! mi lassee nightee come you house; mi 'long plenty piecee gentleman makee dlinkee! mi fear mi hab got *little tips* (tipsy)." "O, maskee," was the reply. "But mi *mussee* (must) talkee you how fashion. You see mi got one piecee boy chilo (child) jussee now stop that school. Lasse day mi got one piecee chit come that teacher man,

talkee he b'long number one boy inside that school. Any (every) piecee flen (friend) he wantchee come chin chin (congratulate) mi, and 'long mi dlinkee samshoo (native spirit). Mi alla day dlinkee, dlinkee, dlinkee samshoo! nightee come mi go you house dlinkee shelly (sherry) mi mussee hab got *littee tips!* 'Tluly (truly) mi *welly* shame-face." "Bobbery" is trouble or disturbance. "Melica side (in America) hab got largee bobbery, plenty fightee pidgin" described our great war. And "Jambola man 'long Folangsay man jussee now begin fightee," announced the battle of Wörth. It is also an expressive verb. "Why did you leave your last master?" "He too muchee bobbery mi!" is the reply.

"Catchee" is get, reach, receive or obtain. "Mi catchee one chit." "That steamer catchee Hong-Kong side to-day." "Catchee killum," is "get killed." A Cantonese was asked if he had heard that six hundred of his countrymen had fallen in a battle with the English; and with an utter absence of patriotism that was refreshing, he said, "Hi yah! what for he wantchee catchee killum? He b'long number one foolo!" To die is to "finishee," or "makee finishee." An old and well-known tea-man in Shanghae, who was extremely stout, died one summer, very suddenly, of cholera. This fact was announced as follows (a picul, by the way, is 133½ pounds): "You hab hear that Kintai? He jussee now hab makee die. *He alla same two picul heavy, he half hour makee finishee!*"

A boy is most singularly "bull chilo;" girl, "cow chilo;" "man" means person; "piecee" is a sort of numeral adjective prefixed to nouns. Thus, a coolie in Shanghae once complained that his wages were insufficient for the support of himself and "seven piecee man," said "seven piecee man" consisting of "one piecee wifo, four piecee bull chilo, two piecee cow chilo."

"Chow-chow" (noun) is food; "chow-chow" (verb) is not only to eat but to consume in other ways. A servant, accused of wasting fuel, complained that his master "largee chow-chow that coalo." In an eclipse a monster "makee chow-chow that sun;" and the rain beating down a high sea is said to "chow-chow" it. The idiomatic use of "that" instead of "the" will be noticed. For wine or spirits, "samshoo" is used in a generic way. A boy who made the coast trip with a convalescent gentleman of convivial habits, said: "Number one

day he can chow-chow some tiffin (lunch); number two day he can chow-chow some dinner; number three day *plenty samshoo, largee laugho* (much merriment)!

The masts of a ship are happily called "bamboos:" thus, a full-rigged ship is "three bamboo," and a barque "two bamboo hap (half)." "Secure" is guarantee. The mate of a vessel threatened to strike a powerful and good-natured coolie on the wharf. "Master," said the coolie, in the mildest of tones, "more better you no stlikee (strike) mi; mi stop Englishee three bamboo ship two year; s'pose mi one teem (time) stlikee you, mi can secure you chop-chop *hab got spilum* (spoiled, used up)." "No 'casion (occasion)" is like "maskee." A Canton boy had a dispute with the Irish servant-maid of a lady resident, and on being confronted with her, gave his version, which she vehemently contradicted. "You talkee *you* talkee tlee pidgin, *mi* talkee lie pidgin?" demanded he. "Yes, I do!" The boy, standing near the door, said indignantly, "S'pose you talkee *you* talkee tlee pidgin, *mi* talkee lie pidgin,—no 'casion talkee," and out he went.

It sometimes happens that residents, impressed with a sense of duty, try to convey some idea to their dependents of the great truths of Christianity, and here one must confess that this dialect breaks down. A good lady told her groom about the creation. "How can makee that world?" said he. "What thing hab got for makee he? How can begin?" "Nothing," said the good lady. To which replied the boy, laconically and conclusively, "*No can!*"

An old Hong merchant was asked by an American gentleman what his countrymen would do if the English fleet came up the Canton River. "He no come!" was the reply. "But you no sabe tlee (you don't certainly know) some man talkee he wantchee come." "Mi can secure he no come." "But *suppose* he come." "*No 'casion s'pose. He NO CAN!*" said the imperturbable native; —the same, very likely, who, when taken to see the first steamer at Whampoa (the port of Canton), exclaimed with great contempt "Hab got alla same, long teem (time) before, Pekin side; *no likee!*" A well-known Cantonese was seen walking up and down in front of the Hong, apparently much disturbed, and on being asked what was the matter, said, "That wifo hab makee die!" "Wifo hab makee die?" "Hab makee die. Number one tlub! (trouble)." "No

hab got 'nother wifo?" "Hab got 'leben (eleven) piecee. Mussee wantchee (I must have) twellub (twelve) piecee. Jussee now one piecee hab makee die. Findee one new piecee (to find another), b'long number one lub!"

A good Cantonese servant will say, "Mi sabe mi master custom (I understand my master's ways)," and this is a high recommendation. He may also possess such an acquaintance with the ways of foreigners in general, as did the servant of a gentleman who, starting on one occasion from Pekin for Shanghai, asked to be supplied with a boy, and for whom one was found, who, as this gentleman narrated, "had been in the Customs service, and thoroughly understood foreign ways." On the journey from Pekin to Tungchow, where one takes boat, he asked how much he would have to pay for the hire of such a conveyance to Tientsin, and was told that "six dollar can do." Arrived at Tungchow, the boy, after an excited colloquy, came up and said: "Hi yah, master, that boatman talkee twellub (twelve) dollar!" "Oh no, boy; you are acquainted with all these things, and you said six." Boy went off again, and, after further colloquy, came back and said: "Maskee (never mind) pay he eight dollar." "Very well, I wont mind two dollars; eight be it." "On the way down in the boat," said our friend, "I asked how he had induced the boatman to abate his claim. To which the superior boy, who had been in the Customs service, and understood foreign ways, replied: 'Master, mussee wantchee do alla same that 'Melican fashion (I must do as the Americans do). Mi *talkee* twel-lub dollar (I have promised him twelve dollars). Catchee Tientsin, mi *pay* he eight dollar, *talkee go debble!* (But when we reach Tientsin, I shall give him eight, and tell him to go to the devil!)"

There once came a summer night in Shanghai, when the oldest residents abandoned the attempt to sleep in their rooms, and the grass was covered with natives seeking a breath of fresh air. In the morning, the servant of a well-known resident came into his room and said: "Master, you lassee nightee can sleepo (could you sleep last night)?" "Yes," replied the gentleman, who had the reputation of a salamander. "That Chinaman no can sleepo,"

was the rejoinder. "That nightee b'long alla same *stewpan!*"

Nor should we forget the gentleman at Macao who imported a cow at great expense but had no milk for some months, his butler averring that the cow gave none. Dining with his next-door neighbor one night and having excellent cream, he expressed his envy and his disappointment about his own cow, and asked his friend what his source of supply was. "I don't know," was the reply, "my boy procures it. Boy, where did you get this milk?" The boy pretended not to hear the question, and only rattled the silver on the side-board when it was repeated; and when it was put a third time, and could not be evaded, he came up to his master, and said to him, in an audible tone, and with a funny gesture toward the owner of the cow: "*More better you no makee enquire!*"

And last and best of all these replies is that of the Shanghai butler who furnished his master with no eggs, at a time when the rebels were investing the place. As the poultry-yard was close to the house he could not understand this, and asked for an explanation.

"Hi yah!" was the quick reply, "that lebbel (rebel) come, *that hen too muchee fear*, no can gib egg!"

But while you have been taking your first lesson, your new boy has been patiently waiting for the key of your trunk, and it is nearly time to dress for dinner. Twilight here is very short, and the old coolie is lighting the gas. Further investigation of this curious language must be deferred, unless you call upon some of the "old China hands" whom you are to meet around your host's table. It will be an agreeable and cosmopolitan party, quite willing to aid in this or any other reasonable research, and anxious to make your visit pleasant as well as instructive. It is altogether safe to predict that, as you step out to finish your last cheroot on the moonlit veranda, and try to reckon up the dinners and breakfasts, the weeks at Canton and days at Macao, and even the trips to coast ports and Shanghai, to which you are committed, you will conclude that in coming to the Land of Sinim, you have, as the butler hoped, "*catchee one number one good chancee.*"

UNFULFILLED.



HE had a name throughout the land;
Men argued on his lightest word;
Kings watched the writing of his hand,
And when he spoke, an army heard.

He had a palace-home in town,
With pillared hall and marble stair:
He had a castle-home, far down
Where pine-trees whispered on the air.

He had a wife with royal blood,
And noble children round his knee,
And many servants, stanch and good,
And friends who loved his face to see.

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But why so often on that face
Fell there a shadow wan and sad,
As if his soul in secret place
Had quite forgotten to be glad?

Ah me!—he knows beside the sea,
On the far hills toward the north,
A woman keeps his life's dropped key,
And knows what all his fame is worth.

He knows when others praise, she weeps:
(He wishes he might weep with her!)
He knows the vigil that she keeps
When the wild winds the waters stir,—

Those solemn nights when voices call,
And Life stands near its mystic home,
When spirit lifts the purple pall
Of what is past, and what to come!

She knew the promise of his youth,
She wrote it for his age to see,
And oh, he knows she wrote the truth,
God's secret—but he lost the key!

"God made you to be great," she said;
(Her dark eyes flashed their life on him),
"Walk you on mountains: not afraid,
Though lofty pathways still be dim.

"The men who march before their kind
Into the dark must bear their light:
Its glory glows for those behind:
These ever chase the flying night.

"God's crosses stand on hills," she said:
(There came a glory on her face),
"God's dead in secret graves are laid;
God's princes rule from secret place."

So lives he in his palace-home,
So lives she by the northern shore;
In all the years that are to come,
Those two can meet again no more!

But now he knows that woman weeps,
Weeps, looking o'er her northern sea,
For the sad secret that she keeps,
For the poor life that lost its key!

And through the nation's lauding cries,
And through the splendor of his home,
He sees that woman's mournful eyes,
Look on the barren years to come.

He knows she sits beside the sea,
(God's sea, that ever rolleth on!)
And voices whisper to her: "He
Hath failed us. Let the man begone!"

"Who rules to-day, must pass away,
His scepter broken in his hand;
Who dies to-day shall hold his sway,
As princes rule a distant land.

"Conquered, but not yet meet for them
Who govern better from afar:
When time gives man a blood-red gem,
That man gives time a guiding star!"

SNOWDROPS.

"In the presence of your woe,"
Writes my friend to me to-day,
"I am dumb; for well I know
Words are worse than empty: so
I have not a word to say.

"But in proof of sympathy,
Take these snowdrops that I send:
Let their tender beauty be
Mutely eloquent for me,
Dear and sorrow-stricken friend."

Sometimes, just to have one's mood
Comprehended, is relief;
Simply to be understood
In one's sorrow is a good
That avails to soften grief.

And of all the words well-meant
To console my aching heart,
Though so many have been sent
With no lack of kind intent,—
These alone have soothed the smart,—

These whose meaning is expressed
In a handful of white flowers.
—Oh, for one that used to rest
On a happy mother's breast,
In the happy, vanished hours!

Under skies of wintry gray
Was my little snowdrop blown;
But a lovely April day,
Or an apple-bough in May,
Or the rose that June would own

For her very fairest child
Are but symbols incomplete;
For since Christ, the Undeified,
On His virgin mother smiled,
Never was a babe so sweet.

Yet she died, and God knows why;
Babes are rarely nursed so well;
Heart and hand, and ear and eye,
Waited on her smile or sigh—
Watched to see no harm befall.

Not a care was left untried;
 But I—whom the world had shown
 Through her eyes its sunny side—
 Looked on helpless while she died,
 Sit in darkness now alone;—

Sit and seek the reason why
 That I may not, must not know;
 That no shining in the sky,
 And no wind that passes by,
 To my yearning heart will show.

Can I find it here, my friend,
 In your snowdrops purely white?
 Does the tender gift you send
 Tenderer meanings comprehend
 For the soul that reads aright?

Who shall teach me, then, to read
 All the hidden meaning clear?
 God, you answer? Well, indeed,
 God has seemed to lend my need
 But an inattentive ear.

I have wearied Him with cries
 Of beseeching and of pain;
 I have lifted up mine eyes
 Blind with weeping to the skies,
 I have wrung my hands in vain,

And the smiling Heaven was brass
 To my pleading agony:
 When I saw my baby pass
 Through the gate of Death, alas!
 Heaven's gate was shut on me.

Yet these delicate white things
 Seem to breathe an influence
 That uplifts me, as with wings,
 Past my hopeless questionings
 To a vague intelligence.

I am blind and slow to learn,
 But within me something stirs,
 Till the creeds I used to spurn
 To my soul as truths return,
 Through these silent messengers.

Thou, who givest uncontrolled
 Unto each his destiny—
 Me, my sorrows manifold,—
 These the tender grace they hold,—
 Let them lead me, God, to Thee!



UNDER THE CEDARCROFT CHESTNUT.*



FIRM-SET in ancient sward, his manful bole
 Upbore his frontage largely toward the sky.
 We could not dream but that he had a soul:
 What virtue breathed from out his bravery!

We gazed o'erhead: far down our deepening eyes
 Rained glammers from his green midsummer mass.
 The worth and sum of all his centuries
 Suffused his mighty shadow on the grass—

A Presence large, a grave and steadfast Form
 Amid the leaves' light play and fantasy,
 A Calmness conquered out of many a storm,
 A Manhood mastered by a chestnut-tree!

Then, while his monarch fingers downward held
 The rugged burrs wherewith his state was rife,
 A voice of large authoritative Eld
 Seemed uttering prickly parables of life:

* This chestnut-tree (at Cedarcroft, the estate of Mr. Bayard Taylor, in Pennsylvania) is estimated to be more than eight hundred years old.

*How Life in truth was sharply set with ills ;
 A kernel cased in quarrels ; yea, a sphere
 Of stings, and hedgehog-round of mortal quills :
 How most men itched to eat too soon i' the year,*

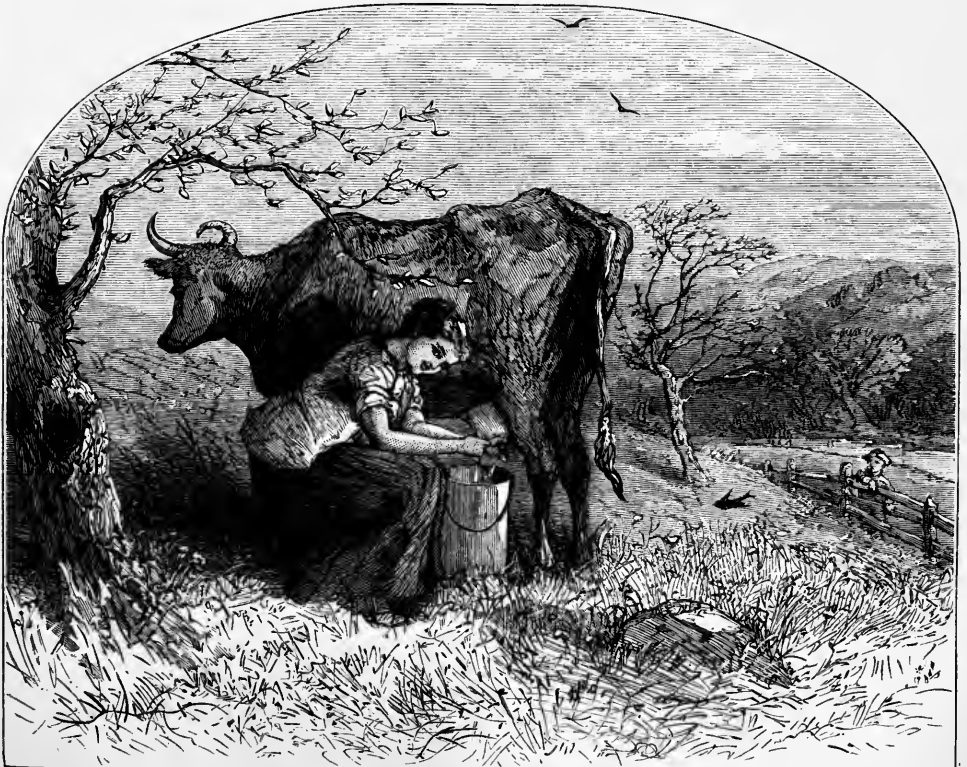
*And took but wounds and worries for their pains,
 Whereas the wise withheld their patient hands,
 Nor plucked green pleasures till the suns and rains
 And seasonable ripenings burst all bands*

And opened wide the liberal burrs of life.

There, O my Friend, beneath the chestnut-bough
 Gazing on thee immersed in modern strife,
 I framed a prayer of fervency—that thou,

In soul and stature larger than thy kind,
 Still more to this strong Form might'st liken thee,
 Till thy whole Self in every fiber find
 The tranquil lordship of thy chestnut-tree.

THE SONG OF THE MILKMAID.



TURN! turn! for my cheeks they burn,
 Turn by the vale, my Harry!
 Fill, pail! Fill, pail!
 He's turned by the vale

And there by the stile waits Harry.

Fill, fill!—fill, pail—fill!

For there by the stile waits Harry.

The world may go round—the world may stand still,
But I—can milk and marry.

Oh, if we two 'neath yonder yew
Stood down there now by the water,
I know who'd carry me over the ford
As brave as a soldier—proud as a lord,
Though I *don't* live over the water!
“Whew! Whew!”—he's whistling through
The song of “The Farmer's Daughter!”
Give down! Give down—my crumpled brown!
He shall not take the road to town,
For I'll meet him beyond the water.
So give down!—give down—my crumpled brown,
And send me to my Harry!
The folk o' towns may have silk gowns,
But I—can milk and marry!

“Whew! Whew!”—he's whistled through,
My Harry, my lad, my lover!
Set the suns and fall the dew—
Heigho! merry world—what's to do
That you're smiling over and over,—
Upon the hill and down in the dale,—
Over the tree-tops,—along the vale,—
Smiling over and over?
O world, have you ever a lover?
You were so dull and cold just now,
O world, have you ever a lover?

I couldn't see a leaf on the tree,
And now I count them—one, two, three,
Count them over and over,—
Leaf from leaf like lips apart—
Like lips apart for a lover,—
And the hill-side beats with my beating heart,
And the apple-tree blushed all over,
And the May-bough touched me and made me start,
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull! and the pail is full,
And milking's done and over;
Who wouldn't sit here under the tree?
What a fair, fair thing a green field to see!
With cattle, and sky, and clover!
Brim, brim to the rim. Ah me!
I've set my pail on the daisies!
It seems so light! Can the sun be set?
The dew must be heavy,—my cheeks are wet!
I could cry to have hurt the daisies!

Harry is near! Harry is near!
My heart beats quick as if he were here,
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
But the air is astir with his praises,
My Harry!—the air is astir with your praises.

UNVEILED.

I CANNOT tell when first I saw her face;—
 Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
 When the huge billows heaved tumultuously,
 Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
 Wrapped by the shadowy boon
 Of breezeless verdures from the summer noon?
 Or likelier still, in a rock-girdled dell
 Between vast mountains, while the midnight Hour
 Blossomed above me like a shining Flower,
 Whose star-wrought petals turned the fields of space
 To one great garden of mysterious light?

Vain! vain! I cannot tell
 When first the beauty and majestic might
 Of her calm presence, bore my soul apart
 From all low issues of the groveling world;—
 About me their own peace and grandeur furled,—
 Filling the conscious heart
 With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from earth or sky,—
 Secrets that glance toward Eternity,—
 Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!

But ever since that immemorial day,
 A steadfast flame hath burned in brain and blood,
 Urging me onward in the perilous search
 For sacred haunts our queenly mother loves;—
 By field and flood,
 Thro' neighboring realms, and regions far away,
 Have I not followed, followed where She led,
 Tracking wild rivers to their fountain head,
 And wilder desert spaces, mournful, vast,
 Where Nature fronting her inscrutable past,
 Holds bleak communion only with the dead;
 Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like a dove's,
 To waft me further still,
 Beyond the compass of the unwinged will;
 Yea; waft me northward, southward, east, or west,
 By fabled isles, and undiscovered lands,
 To where enthroned upon his mountain-perch,
 The sovereign Eagle stands,
 Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their nest,
 Above the thunders of the sea and storm?

Oh! sometimes by the fire
 Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
 And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
 Tender and warm,—
 She, from her goddess height,
 In gracious answer to my soul's desire,
 Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
 To bend on me the untranslated light
 Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely pale:—

She lays on mine her firm, immortal hand;
 And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
 Feel that her lips have kissed
 Mine eyes and forehead;—how the influence fine
 Of her deep life runs like Arcadian wine
 Through all my being! How a moment pressed
 To the large fountains of her opulent breast,
 A rapture smites me, half akin to pain;—
 A sun-flash quivering through white chords of rain!



Thenceforth, I walked
 The earth all-seeing;—not her stateliest forms
 Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of power;
 Mountains and oceans, and the rage of storms;
 Fierce cataracts hurled from awful steep to steep—
 Or, the gray water-spouts, that whirling tower
 Along the darkened bosom of the deep;
 But all fair, fairy forms; all vital things,
 That breathe or blossom 'midst our bounteous springs;

In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
 The wild rose and the violet;—
 On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly talked
 With the coy wind-flower, and the grasses brown,—
 That in a subtle language of their own
 (Caught from the spirits of the wandering breeze),—
 Quaintly responded;—while the heavens looked down
 As graciously on these
 Titania growths, as on sublimer shapes
 Of century-molded continents, that bemock
 Alike the earthquake's, and the billows' shock
 By Orient inlands and cold ocean capes!

The giant constellations rose and set:—
 I knew them all, and worshiped all I knew;—
 Yet, from their empire in the pregnant Blue,—
 Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint bars
 Of nebulous cloud, beyond the range of stars,—
 I turned to worship with a heart as true,
 Long mosses drooping from the cypress-tree;
 The virginal vines that stretched remotely dim,
 From forest limb to limb;
 Net-work of golden ferns, whose tracery weaves
 In lingering twilights of warm August eves,
 Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
 Drawn on the flickering and fair-foliaged wall
 Of the dense forest, ere the night shades fall:
 Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed colors live
 In the pure moisture by a fountain's brim;
 The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that to and fro
 Move ever to the waters' rhythmical flow,
 Blent with the humming of the wild-wood bee,
 And the winds' under thrills of mystery;
 The twinkling "ground-stars," full of modest cheer,
 Each her cerulean cup
 In humble supplication lifting up,
 To catch whate'er the kindly heavens may give
 Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;—
 And even—when self-poised in airy grace,
 Their phantom lightness stirs
 Through glistening shadows of a secret place—
 The silvery-tinted gossamers;—
 For thus hath Nature taught amid her ALL,—
 The complex miracles of land and sea,
 And infinite marvels of the infinite air,—
 No life is trivial, no creation small!

Ever, I walk the earth,
 As one whose spiritual ear
 Is strangely purged and purified to hear
 Its multitudinous voice;—from the shore
 Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
 And the stupendous bass of choral waves
 Thunders o'er "wandering graves,"
 From warrior-winds whose viewless cohorts charge
 The banded mists through Cloudland's vaporous dearth,—
 Pealing their battle-bugles round the marge
 Of dreary fen and desolated moor;

Down to the ripple of shy woodland rills
 Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the hills,
 And ancient hollows of the enchanted ground,—
 I pass with reverent thought,
 Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,
 Whether by brook or bird
 The perfumed air be stirred.
 But most, because the unwearied strains are fraught
 With Nature's freedom in her happiest moods,—
 I love the mock-bird's, and brown thrush's lay,—
 The melted soul of May.
 Beneath those matchless notes,
 From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid throats,
 In gushes of clear harmony,—
 I seem, oftimes I seem
 To find remoter meanings; the far tone
 Of ante-natal music faintly blown
 From out the misted realms of memory;—
 The pathos, and the passion of a dream;—
 Or, broken fugues of a diviner tongue
 That e'er hath chanted, since our earth was young,
 And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
 The stars of morning sung!

A NEW ANVIL CHORUS.

EVER since men began to dig for silver and gold in Colorado, one of the many hard things they have had to do, has been the journeying into the rich silver regions of the San Juan country. The great Sangre di Cristo range, with its uncounted peaks, all from twelve to fifteen thousand feet high, is a barrier which only seekers after gold or after liberty would have courage to cross. One of the most picturesque sights which the traveler in southern Colorado, during the past two or three years, has seen has been the groups of white-topped wagons creeping westward toward the passes of this range; sometimes thirty or forty together, each wagon drawn by ten, fifteen or even twenty mules; the slow-moving processions look like caravan lines in a desert; two, three, four weeks on the road, carrying in people by households; carrying in food, and bringing out silver by the ton; back and forth, back and forth, patient men and patient beasts have been toiling every summer from June to October.

This sort of thing does not go on for many years before a railroad comes to the rescue. Engineering triumphs where brute force merely evades; the steam-engine has stronger lungs than mules or men; and the

journey which was counted by weeks is made in hours. Such a feat as this, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (narrow gauge) is now performing in Colorado. A little more than a year ago I saw the plow-share cut the first furrow for its track through the cuchuras meadows at the foot of the Spanish Peaks. One day last week I looked out from car windows as we whirled past the same spot; a little town stood where then was wilderness, and on either side of our road were acres of sunflowers whose brown-centered disks of yellow looked like trembling faces still astonished at the noise. Past the Spanish Peaks; past the new town of Veta; into the Veta Pass; up, up, nine thousand feet up, across a neck of the Sangre di Cristo range itself; down the other side, and out among the foot-hills to the vast San Luis valley, the plucky little railroad has already pushed. It is a notable feat of engineering. As the road winds among the mountains its curves are so sharp that the inexperienced and timid hold their breath. From one track, running along the edge of a precipice, you look up to another which you are presently to reach; it lies high on the mountain-side, four hundred feet above your head, yet it looks

hardly more than a stone's throw across the ravine between. The curve by which you are to climb up this hill is a thirty-degree curve. To the non-professional mind it will perhaps give a clearer idea of the curve to say that it is shaped like a mule-shoe—a much narrower shoe than a horse-shoe. The famous horse-shoe curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad is broad and easy in comparison with this. There are three of these thirty-degree curves within a short distance of each other; the road doubles on itself, like the path of a ship tacking in adverse winds. The grade is very steep—two hundred and eleven feet to the mile; the engines pant and strain, and the wheels make a strange sound, at once sibilant and ringing on the steel rails. You go but six miles an hour; it seems like not more than four, the leisurely pace is so unwonted a one for steam engines. With each mile of ascent the view backward and downward becomes finer: the Spanish Peaks and the plains in the distance, the dark ravines full of pine-trees in the foreground, and Veta Mountain on the left hand—a giant bulwark furrowed and bare. There are so many seams on the sides of this mountain that they have given rise to its name, Veta, which in the Spanish tongue means “vein.”

From the mouth of the pass to the summit, is, measured by miles, fourteen miles; measured by hours, three hours; measured by sensations, the length of a dream,—that means a length with which figures and numbers have nothing in common. One dreams sometimes of flying in the air, sometimes of going swiftly down or up endless stair-ways without resting his feet on the steps; my recollection of being lifted up and through the Veta Pass, by steam, are like the recollections of such dreams.

The summit is over nine thousand feet above the sea-level,—the highest point reached by a railroad on this continent. Two miles beyond, and a hundred or two feet lower down, is the “Summit House,” at which we passed the night. It is a little four-roomed house built of mud and set down in a flower-bed of larkspur, hare-bells, peristerions, gilies, white, yellow and purple asters and wild strawberries; just above the house a spring of pure water gushes out. The ceaseless running of this water and the wind in the pines are the only sounds which break the solitude of the spot. Once at night and once in the morning, the sudden whistle of the steam engine and the swift rush of the train go-

ing by fall on the silence startlingly, and are gone in a second. The next day we drove eighteen miles westward, following the line of the railroad down the cañon for six or eight miles, then bearing off to the right and climbing the high hills which make the eastern wall of the San Luis Park. On our right rose the majestic Sierra Blanca,—the highest mountain in Colorado,—bare and colorless in the early morning light; but transformed into beauty later in the day when mists veiled it and threw it, solid gray, against a sunny blue sky, while transparent fringes of rain fell between us and it, making a shifting kaleidoscope of bits of rainbow here and there. The meadow intervals skirting the San Luis Park at this point are very beautiful: fields high with many-colored grasses and gay with flowers, with lines of cotton-wood trees zig-zagging through wherever they choose to go, and the three grand peaks of the Sierra Blanca towering above all; to the west and south a vast outlook, bounded and broken only by mountain-tops so far away that they are mistily outlined on the horizon. Leaving these meadow intervals you come out on great opens where nothing but sage-brush grows.

“Good to make fires of; makes desperate hot fires,” said our driver.

It looked as if it had been burned at the stake already, every bush of it, and been raised by some miracle, with all its stems left still twisted in agony. There cannot be on earth another so sad-visaged a thing as a sage-bush, unless it be the olive-tree, of which it is a miniature reproduction: the same pallid gray tint to its leaf; the same full and tender curves in its marred outlines; the same indescribable contortions and writhings of stem; those which are short seem to be struck low by pain, to be clasping and clutching at the ground in despair; those which grow two or three feet high seem to be stretching up deformed and in every direction seeking help. It would be easy to fancy that journeying day after day across the sage-brush plains might make a man mad; that he might come at last to feel himself a part of some frightful metempsychosis, in which centuries of sin were being expiated.

Surrounded by stretches of this dreary sage-brush stands Fort Garland, looking southward down the valley. It is not a fort which could resist a siege, not even an attack from a few mounted Indians; it must have been intended simply for barracks; a few

rows of low mud-walled buildings placed in a sort of hollow square with openings on three sides; a little plat of green grass and a few cotton-wood trees in the center; two brass field-pieces pointing vaguely to the south; a score or so of soldiers' houses outside; some clothes-lines on which red shirts, and here and there a blue coat, were blowing; a United States flag fluttering on the flag-staff, one soldier and one sergeant; that was all we saw in the way of defenses of the San Luis valley. There are two companies stationed at the post,—one a company of colored cavalry,—but a quieter, more peaceful, less military-looking spot than was Fort Garland during the time we spent there it would be hard to find. Over the door-way, in one of the mud houses, was the sign "Hotel." This hotel consisted apparently of three bedrooms and a kitchen. In the left hand bedroom a traveling dentist was holding professional receptions for the garrison. The shining tools of his trade were spread on the center table and on the bed; in this room we waited while dinner was being served for us in the opposite bedroom. It was an odd thing at a dinner served in a small bedroom, to have a man waiter stand behind your chair, politely and incessantly waving a big feather brush to keep the flies away.

Garland City, the present terminus of the San Juan branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, is six miles from Fort Garland. The road to it from the fort lies for the last three miles on the top of a sage-grown plateau. It is straight as an arrow, looks in the distance like a brown furrow on the pale gray plain, and seems to pierce the mountains beyond. Up to within an eighth of a mile of Garland City, there is no trace of human habitation. Knowing that the city must be near, you look in all directions for a glimpse of it; the hills ahead of you rise sharply across your way. Where is the city? At your very feet, but you do not suspect it.

The sunset light was fading when we reached the edge of the ravine in which the city lies. It was like looking unawares over the edge of a precipice; the gulch opened beneath us as suddenly as if the earth had that moment parted and made it. With brakes set firm we drove cautiously down the steep road; the ravine twinkled with lights, and almost seemed to flutter with white tent and wagon-tops. At the farther end it widened, opening out on an inlet of the San Luis Park, and in its center, near

this widening mouth, lay the twelve-days-old city. A strange din arose from it.

"What is going on?" we exclaimed.

"The building of the city," was the reply. "Twelve days ago there was not a house here. To-day there are one hundred and five, and in a week more there will be two hundred; each man is building his own home, and working night and day to get it done ahead of his neighbor. There are four saw-mills going constantly, but they can't turn out lumber half fast enough. Everybody has to be content with a board at a time. If it were not for that there'd have been twice as many houses done as there are."

We drove on down the ravine. The hills on either side were sparsely grown with grass, and thinly covered with piñon and cedar trees; a little creek on our right was half hid in willow thickets. Hundreds of white tents gleamed out among them: tents with poles; tents made by spreading sail-cloth over the tops of bushes; round tents; square tents; big tents; little tents; and for every tent a camp fire; hundreds of white-topped wagons also, at rest for the night, their great poles propped up by sticks, and their mules and drivers lying and standing in picturesque groups around them. It was a scene not to be forgotten. Louder and louder sounded the chorus of the hammers as we drew near the center of the "city"; more and more the bustle thickened; great ox-teams, swaying unwieldily about, drawing logs and planks; backing up steep places; all sorts of vehicles driving at reckless speed up and down; men carrying doors; men walking along inside of window sashes,—the easiest way to carry them; men shoveling; men wheeling wheelbarrows; not a man standing still; not a man with empty hands; every man picking up something, and running to put it down somewhere else, as in a play, and all the while, "clink! clink! clink!" ringing above the other sounds, the strokes of hundreds of hammers, like the anvil chorus.

"Where is Perry's hotel?" we asked.

One of the least busy of the throng spared time to point to it with his thumb as he passed us. In some bewilderment we drew up in front of a large unfinished house, through the many uncased apertures of which we could see only scaffoldings, rough boards, carpenter's benches, and heaps of shavings. Streams of men were passing in and out through these openings, which might be either doors or windows; no steps led to any of them.

"Oh yes! Oh yes! can accommodate you all!" was the landlord's reply to our hesitating inquiries. He stood in the door-way of his dining-room; the streams of men we had seen going in and out were the fed and the unfed guests of the house. It was supper-time: we also were hungry. We peered into the dining-room: three tables full of men; a huge pile of beds on the floor, covered with hats and coats; a singular wall, made entirely of doors propped upright; a triangular space walled off by sail-cloth,—this is what we saw. We stood outside waiting among the scaffolding and benches. A black man was lighting the candles in a candelabra, made of two narrow bars of wood nailed across each other at right angles, and perforated with holes. The candles sputtered, and the hot fat fell on the shavings below.

"Dangerous way of lighting a room full of shavings," some one said.

The landlord looked up at the swinging candelabra and laughed.

"Tried it pretty often," he said. "Never burned a house down yet."

I observed one peculiarity in the speech at Garland City. Personal pronouns, as a rule, were omitted; there was no time for a superfluous word.

"Took down this house at Wagon Creek," he continued, "just one week ago; took it down one morning while the people were eating breakfast; took it down over their heads; putting it up again over their heads now."

This was literally true. The last part of it we ourselves were seeing while he spoke, and a friend at our elbow had seen the Wagon Creek crisis.

"'M waiting for that round table for you," said the landlord; "'ll bring the chairs out here 's fast 's they quit 'em. That's the only way to get the table."

So, watching his chances, as fast as a seat was vacated, he sprang into the room, seized the chair and brought it out to us, and we sat there in our "reserved seats" biding the time when there should be room enough vacant at the table for us to take our places.

What an indescribable scene it was. The strange-looking wall of propped doors which we had seen was the impromptu wall separating the bedrooms from the dining-room. Bedrooms? Yes, five of them; that is, five bedsteads in a row, with just space enough between them to hang up a sheet, and with just room enough between them and the

propped doors for a moderate-sized person to stand upright if he faced either the doors or the bed. Chairs? Oh no. What do you want of a chair in a bedroom which has a bed in it? Wash-stands? One tin basin out in the unfinished room. Towels? Uncertain.

The little triangular space walled off by the sail-cloth was a sixth bedroom, quite private and exclusive, and the big pile of beds on the dining-room floor was to be made up into seven bedrooms more between the tables after everybody had finished supper.

Luckily for us we found a friend here—a man who has been from the beginning one of Colorado's chief pioneers, and who is never, even in the wildest wilderness, without resources of comfort.

"You can't sleep here," he said. "I can do better for you than this."

"Better!"

He offered us luxury. How movable a thing is one's standard of comfort! A two-roomed pine shanty, board walls, board floors, board ceilings, board partitions not reaching to the roof, looked to us that night like a palace. To have been entertained at Windros Castle would not have made us half so grateful.

It was late before the "city" grew quiet, and long after most of the lights were out, and most of the sounds had ceased, I heard one solitary hammer in the distance, clink, clink, clink. I fell asleep listening to it. At daylight the chorus began again, dining, deafening on all sides; the stir, the bustle, every motion of it began just where it had left off at bed-time. I sat on a doorstep and watched the street. It was like a scene in an opera. Every man became dramatic from the unconscious absorption in his every action. Even the animals seemed playing parts in a spectacle. There were three old sows out with their broods in search of early breakfast, and they wore an expression of alertness and dispatch such as I never before saw in their kind. There were twenty-three, in all, of the little pigs, and very pretty they were too,—just big enough to run alone,—white and black and mottled; no two alike, and all with fine pink curly tails; how they fought over orange-peels, and sniffed at cigar-stumps, and every other minute ran squealing from under some hurrying foot! After a while two of the mothers disappeared incontinently, leaving their broods behind them. The remaining sow looked after them with as

reproachful an expression as a human mother could have worn, thus compelled to an involuntary baby-farming. She proved very faithful to the unwelcome trust, however, and did her best to keep all the twenty-three youngsters out of harm, and the last I saw of her she was trying to persuade them all to go to bed in a willow thicket.

Then came a dash of mules and horses down the street, thirty or forty of them, driven at full gallop by a man riding a calico horse, and flourishing a big braided leather whip with gay tassels on it. They, too, were going out to meals. They were being driven down to a corral to be fed.

Then came a Mexican wagon drawn by two gray and white oxen of almost as fine a tint as the Italian oxen, which are so like in color to a Maltese kittie. They could not, would not hurry, nor if they could help it, turn to the right or left for anybody. Smiling brown faces of Mexican men shone from the front seat, and laughing brown faces of Mexican babies peeped out behind from under the limp and wrinkled old wagon-cover, which looked like a huge broken-down sun-bonnet. There are squashes and string-beans and potatoes in the back of the wagon to sell, and while they were measuring them out the Mexicans chattered and laughed and showed white teeth, like men of the Campagna. They took me for a householder as I sat on my door-step, and turned the gray oxen my way, laughing and calling out:

"Madame, potatoes, beans, buy?" and when I shook my head they still laughed. Everything seemed a joke to them that morning.

Next came a great water-wagon, with a spigot in its side. Good water is very scarce in Garland City, as it is, alas, in so many places in Colorado, and an enterprising Irishman is fast lining his pockets by bringing down water from a spring in the hill, north of the town, and selling it for twenty-five cents a barrel. After he had filled the barrel which stood by my friend's door, he brought a large lump of ice, washed it and put it into a tin water-pail of water on the table.

"Where did that ice come from?" I exclaimed, wondering if there were any other place in the world except America, where ice would be delivered to families, in a town twelve days old.

"Oh, just back here from Veta. The people there, they laid in a big stock last winter, and when the town moved on, they

hadn't any use for the ice 'n' so they packs it down here on the cars every day."

"The town moved on! What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Why, most all these people that's puttin' up houses here lived in Veta three months ago. They're jest followin' the railroad."

"Oh," said I, "I thought most of them had come from Wagon Creek" (the station between Veta and Garland City).

"Well, they did stop at Wagon Creek for a spell; nothin' more than to check up, though; not enough to count; some of these houses was set up to Wagon Creek a few days.

"Where iver did ye git that dog?" he exclaimed suddenly, catching sight of Douglas, a superb, pure-blooded stag-hound, who had come with us from the Summit House. "Mebbe ye're English?"

"No, we are not. Are you?"

"No. I'm Irish born; but I know an ould country dog when I see him. Ah, but he's a foine craythur."

"Do you like this country better than the old country?" I asked.

"Yes. I can make more money here; that's the main thing," said the thoroughly naturalized Pat, and he sprang up to the top of his water-cart and drove off whistling.

Next came a big, black, leather-topped wagon, with a black bear chained on a rack behind. The wagon rattled along very fast, and the bear raced back and forth on his shelf and shook his chain. Nobody seemed to take any notice of the strange sight; not a man turned his head. One would not have thought wagons with black bears dancing on platforms behind them could have been common sights even in Garland City.

These are only a few of the shifting street scenes I watched that morning. After a time I left my door-step and strolled about in the suburbs of this baby "city." The suburbs were as suburbs always are, more interesting than the thoroughfares; pathetic too, with their make-shifts of shelter; here were huts, mere huts, literally made of loose boards thrown together; women and children looked out from shapeless doorways, and their ragged beds and bedding and clothes were piled in heaps outside or flung on the bushes. Here were fenced corrals in open spaces among the willows, with ill-spelt signs saying that horses and mules would be fed there cheaply. Here were rows of new Kansas

wagons, with green-and-white bodies and scarlet wheels; here were top-buggies, and carts, and a huge, black ambulance bound for Fort Garland. Here were stacks of every conceivable merchandise, which had been hastily huddled out of the freight cars, and were waiting their turn to be loaded on the San Juan wagons. Here stood the San Juan coach—the great, swinging, red-bodied, covered coach we know so well in New England. A day and a night and half a day without stopping, he must ride who will go from Garland City to Lake City in this stage. The next morning I saw it set off at six o'clock. A brisk, black-eyed little Frenchwoman, trig and natty with her basket on her arm, was settling herself in the back seat. She had lived in Lake City a year, and she liked it better than Denver.

"Mooch nicer: mooch nicer: so cool as it is in summer: nevare hot."

"But is it not very cold in winter?"

A true French shrug of her shoulders was her first reply, followed by:

"But no; with snug house, and big fire, it is nevare cold; and in winter we have so many of meetings, what you call soshables; it is a good time." Then she called out sharply in French to her husband, who was disposing of their parcels in a way which did not please her; and then, seeing me wave a good-bye to one on top of the coach, she leaned out of her window, and called with the light-hearted laugh of her race:

"Ah, then, why does not Madame come too? My husband is better; he takes me along," at which the collective stage-coach laughed loud, the driver swung his long whip around the leaders' ears, and the coach plunged off at a rattling pace.

In the edge of a willow copse on the northern outskirts of the city, I found a small shanty, the smallest I had seen. It was so low one could not enter without stooping, nor stand quite upright inside. The boards of which it was built were full of knot-holes; those making the roof were laid loosely across the top, and could not have been much protection against rain. The boards of a wagon-top were set up close by the door-way, and on these were hanging beds, bedding, and a variety of nondescript garments. A fire was burning on the ground a few steps off; on this was a big iron kettle full of clothes boiling; there were two or three old pans and iron utensils standing near the fire; an old flag-

bottomed chair, its wood worn smooth and shining by long use, and a wooden bench, on which was a wash-tub full of clothes soaking in water. I paused to look at the picture, and a woman passing said:

"That's Grandma's house."

"Your grandmother?" I said.

"Oh no," she replied. "She aint nobody's grandmother; but we all call her Grandma. She's here with her son; he was weakly, an' she brought him out here. There aint many like her. I wonder where she's gone, leavin' her washin' this way."

Then we fell into talk about the new city, and what the woman's husband was doing, and how hard it was for them to get along, and presently we heard footsteps.

"Oh, there's Grandma now," she said.

I looked up and saw a tall thin woman in a short, scant calico gown, with an old woolen shawl crossed at her neck and pinned tight at the belt after the fashion of the Quaker women. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her arms were brown and muscular as an Indian's. Her thin gray hair blew about her temples under an old limp brown sun-bonnet, which hid the outline of her face, but did not hide the brightness of her keen light gray eyes. Her face was actually seamed with wrinkles; her mouth had fallen in from want of teeth, and yet she did not look wholly like an old woman.

"Grandma, this lady's from Colorado Springs," said my companion, by way of introduction.

Grandma was carrying an armful of cedar-boughs. She threw them on the ground and turning to me said, with a smile which lighted up her whole face:

"How d'ye do, marm? That's a place I've always wanted to see. I've always thought I should like to live to the Springs ever since I've been in this country."

"Yes," I said. "It is a pleasant town; but do you not like it here?"

She glanced at her shanty and its surroundings, and I felt guilty at having asked my question, but she replied:

"Oh yes, I like it very well here. When we get our house built we'll be comfortable. It's only for Tommy I'm here. If it wa'n't for him I shouldn't stay in this country. He's all I've got. We're all alone here—that is so far as connections goes; but we've got plenty o' friends and God's here, jest the same's everywhere."

She spoke this last sentence in as natural

and easy a tone as all the rest; there was no more trace of cant or affectation in her mention of the name of God than in her mention of Tommy's. They seemed equally familiar and equally dear. Then she went to the fire and turned the clothes over in the water with a long stick, and prepared to resume her work.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Only about a week," she said. "Tommy, he's working 's hard 's ever he can to get me a house built. It worries him to see me living this way; he's got it three logs high, already," proudly pointing to it only a few rods farther up the hill, "but Tommy's only a boy yet; he aint sixteen; but he's learning; he's learning to do for hisself; he's a real good boy, an' he's getting strong every day; he's getting his health real firm, 'n' that's all I want. 'Taint any matter what becomes of me, if I can only get Tommy started all right."

"Was he ill when you brought him here?" I asked.

"Oh dear, yes. He was jest low; he had to lie on the bottom of the wagon all the way. I traded off my house for a wagon and two horses, an' one on 'em was a colt, hadn't been in harness but a few times; jest that wagon and horses was all we had when I started to bring him to Colorado. I'd heard how the air here 'd cure consumption, 'n' I jest took him 'n' started; 'n' it's saved his life; 'n' that's all I care for. He's all I've got."

"Where was your home?" I said. "Was it a long journey?"

"Way down in Missouri; down in Sullivan County," she replied. "That's where I was raised. 'Taint healthy there. There wa'n't none o' my children healthy. Tommy's ail I've got left—at least I expect so. I oughter have a daughter living; but the last letter I had from her, she said she didn't suppose she'd live many weeks; she's had the consumption, too; she's married. I don't know whether she's 'live or dead now. Tommy's all I've got."

"Were these two your only children?" I ventured to say.

"Oh no. I've had six; two o' my sons was grown men. They was both killed in the war; then there was one died when he was nine months old, and another when he was jest growd—jest fourteen; and then there's the daughter I told ye on, an' Tommy. He's the youngest. He's all I've got. He's a good boy, Tommy is; real

steady. He's always been raised to go to Sunday-school. He's all I've got."

The abject poverty of this woman's surroundings, the constant refrain of "he's all I've got," and the calm cheerfulness of her face, began to bring tears into my eyes.

"Grandma," said I, "you have had a great deal of trouble in your life; yet you look happier than most people do."

"Oh no, I aint never suffered," she said. "I've always had plenty. I've always been took care of. God's always taken care of me."

"That must be a great comfort to you to think that," I said.

"Think it!" exclaimed the grand old woman, with fire in her eye. "Think it! I don't think anything about it, I jest know it. Why, Tommy 'n' me, we was snowed up last April in a cañon here, us and old man Molan, 'n' Miss Molan, 'n' Miss Smith, 'n' Miss Smith's two children; snowed up in the cañon two weeks lacking two days, 'n' I'd like to know ef anything but God 'd ha' kep' us alive then! No, I haint never suffered. I've always had plenty. God's always took care of me," and a serene smile spread over her face.

"Oh, will you not tell me about that time?" I exclaimed. "If it will not hinder you too much, I would be very glad to hear all about it."

"Well, you jest set right down in that chair," she said, pointing to the flag-bottomed chair, "'n' I'll tell you. 'Twas in that very chair Miss Molan she sat all the first night. Them two chairs (pointing to another in the shanty) I brought all the way from Missouri with me. We had them 'n the wagon. Miss Molan she sat in one, 'n' held the baby, 'n' Miss Smith she sat in the other, and held the little boy, 'n' Tommy 'n' me we turned over the two water-buckets, 'n' sat on them, 'n' there we sat all night long, jest 's close to each other 's we could get, 'n' old man Molan, he tended the fire, 'n' it snowed, snowed, all night, 's tight as it could snow, 'n' towards morning the old man says, says he, 'Well, I don't know's I can hold out till morning, but I'll try, 'n'—when morning come, there we was with snow-drifts piled up all round us higher 'n our heads, 'n' them children never so much 's cried. It seems 's if the snow kep' us warm, 'twa'n't real winter, ye see, if it had been we'd ha' died there all in a heap, froze to death sure. Well, there we had to stay down in that cañon two weeks, a lacking two days, before we could get out. It wa'n't deep with snow

all the time, but when the snow went, there was such mud-holes, there couldn't nobody travel, but the first week it snowed pretty much all the time. The wagons was up on the top o' the cañon, 'n' we kep' a path trod so we could go back 'n' forth to them, 'n' there was a kind o' shelving place o' rock in the cañon, 'n' we got the horses down in there and kep' them there, 'n' we had plenty for them to eat. Old man Molan, he had four sacks o' corn, 'n' we had three, 'n' we had tea, 'n' coffee, 'n' flour, 'n' sugar, 'n' beans, 'n' dried apples. The dried apples was a heap o' help. We didn't suffer. I haint never suffered; I've always had plenty. There was one night, though, we did like to got lost. We got ketched in an awful storm a-goin' up to the wagons; 'twas jest near night time; it hed been real clear, 'n' we all of us went up to the wagons to get things, all but Miss Molan; she staid in the cañon with the children; 'n' there came up the awfulest snow-squall I ever see. It took your breath out o' your body, and you couldn't see no more'n you could in the dead o' night. First I got into one wagon 'n' Tommy with me; 'n' the rest they came on, 'n' we was all calling out to each other, 'Be you there? Be you there?' 'n' at last we was all in the wagons, 'n' there we jest sat till morning; an' if you'll believe it, along in the night, if we didn't hear Miss Molan a-calling to us; she'd felt her way out o' the cañon, a-carrying that baby 'n' dragging the boy after her. She was afraid to stay in the cañon all alone; but 'twas a meracle her getting to the wagons 's she did. It was dreadful foolish in her, 'n' I told her so. That morning the snow was up to our middles an' we had a time on't getting back into the cañon."

I wish I could tell the whole of Grandma's story in her own words; but it would be impossible. My own words will be much less graphic, but they will serve to convey the main features of her narrative.

Finding me so sympathetic a listener, she told me bit by bit the whole history of her emigration from Missouri to Colorado. Her husband had been a farmer, and I inferred, an unsuccessful one, in Missouri. He had died thirteen years ago. Her two eldest sons, grown men, had been in the Confederate army, and were both killed in battle. Shortly after this the jayhawkers burnt her house. She escaped with only Tommy and his brother, and the clothes they were wearing.

"They jest left me my two little children," she said, "and that was all. But it wa'n't two days before the neighbors they got together 'n' they gave me 's much 's two wagon loads o' things, all I needed to set up again 'n' go on. I haint never suffered; I've always been took care of, ye see."

By hook and by crook she managed finally to get another house, with a little land, where she and Tommy were living alone together, when his health began to fail. He had chills, and then he raised blood; then she made up her mind, cost what it would, to carry him to Colorado. Her house must have been a small and poor one, because all she got in exchange for it was a little covered wagon and two horses; one, the colt which had been in harness only a few times, "was," she said, "not much more n' skin an' bone, but 'twas the best I could do."

So she packed her household goods and her sick boy into the wagon, and set out to drive to Colorado. When they reached Fort Scott in Kansas, the people at the fort persuaded her to lighten her load by shipping most of her things by rail to Pueblo.

"I got a big box," she said, "an' I jest put everything into it, an' a man who was shipping a lot o' things o' his own, said he'd ship mine with his, 'n' I come on with Tommy 'n' left 'em all; but I kind o' mistrusted I shouldn't ever see 'em again; but the horses 'd never held out to draw 'em through; so 'twas best to let 'em go, even if I did lose 'em."

When they reached Pueblo nothing could be heard of the box; she made up her mind that it was lost, and pushed on with Tommy to Los Animas, where she went to work in a hotel for twenty dollars a month, and Tommy found a place as sheep-herder for fifteen dollars a month. Putting their wages together they soon got a little money ahead, enough to enable them to journey into the San Juan country to Lake City. The higher into the mountains they went, the stronger Tommy grew. He would climb the hills like a goat, and delighted in the wild out-door life; but the altitude at Lake City was too great for Grandma's lungs, and they were obliged to turn back.

"It seemed as if I jest couldn't git a mite o' breath up there," she said, "'n' we'd got to be where I could work for Tommy, an' I wa'n't of any account up there to do anything."

While they were living in Lake City, the lost box was recovered. A lady for whom Grandma had done some work, interested herself in the matter sufficiently to speak of it to an express agent, and finding that there seemed still to be some possibility of tracing the box, sent for Grandma to come and tell her own story. "I told her I didn't want to bother no Mr. Jones about it," said Grandma; "the box was gone, I knew it was gone, 'n' I'd made up my mind to 't. But there wouldn't nothing do, but I must go up to her house an' see this Mr. Jones, an' tell him all about it, jest who I shipped it with an' all. I had the man's name on a piece o' paper. I always kep' that. Well, Mr. Jones he asked me a heap o' questions, an' wrote it all down in a little book; and if you'll believe me, it wa'n't two weeks before a letter come a-saying that my box was all safe. They had been going to sell it in Pueblo, but that man that shipped it, he wouldn't let 'em. He had it shipped back to him to Kansas City; he said he thought I'd turn up some day. Ye see when I was in Pueblo looking for it, it hadn't got there. There was nine dollars 'n' fifty-five cents to pay on the box before we could get it. Tommy and I together hadn't got so much 's that; but they took off the fifty-five cents, and some folks helped me to make it up; and when that box come, there was everything in it exactly 's I'd put em in most a year before, only one o' the flat-irons had slipped on to the looking-glass an' broke it; but the old clock it went right along jest 's good 's ever; an' all my bed-quilts was dry 's could be. It was a comfort to me, getting that box. It seemed 's if we had something then. I've sold most o' my bed-quilts now,—I had some real handsome ones; but they was dreadful heavy to lug round; and we've wanted money pretty bad sometimes. I've sold some o' my best clothes too. I haint ever suffered; we've always been took care of."

From Lake City Grandma and Tommy went back to Los Animas, where they made a comfortable living,—Tommy by "hauling" with his wagon and horses, and Grandma by taking in washing.

"We was doing first rate," she said with an expression of something as near regret as her face was capable of, "an' I wish we'd never come away; but Tommy he got in with old man Molan; old man Molan's an old miner; he's a first rate miner they say, too, ef he wa'n't so old—he's going on seventy now; he's mined all over

California 'n' made a heap of money in his turn; but he's always fooled it away. He was full o' coming up into the mines, an' Tommy he got so full on't too, I didn't try to keep him. He's all I've got; so we come on. But it seemed like home down in Los Animas, the farmers' wagons coming into town every Saturday with vegetables and all sorts of green stuff; I'd like to go back there, but I hear they're moving away from there terrible."

"Oh yes, Grandma," I said, "there isn't much of a town left there now. That was one of the towns built up for a few months by the railroad. I dare say there will not be a house to be seen there a year from now."

She sighed and shook her head, saying, "Well it does beat all; I liked Los Animas. I wish we'd stayed there."

It was on the journey from Los Animas to Veta that they had had the terrible experience of being snowed up in the cañon. In Veta they had stayed for a month or two; then they had followed the advancing railroad to Wagon Creek, and now to its present terminus, Garland City.

"They do say there wont be any town here, for more 'n a year or so," she said, looking anxiously at me; "that they're going on way down to the Rio Grande River. But some seems to think there'll always be enough to keep a town going here. I suppose we shall go wherever old man Molan goes, though. Tommy's so took up with him; an' I don't know 's I care; he's a good old man, if he wa'n't so crazy about mining; he's to work building now; he's a good hand to work, old's he is. If we only had a church here, I wouldn't mind about any thing; they say there isn't any Sunday in Colorado, but I tell them God's here the same 's everywhere; and folks that wants to keep Sunday 'll keep Sunday wherever they be; but churches is a help. Hev ye got good churches to the Springs?"

"Oh yes, Grandma," I said, "more than we know what to do with. There are nine different churches there; each man can go to the kind he likes best."

A look of yearning came over her face. "That's the place I'd like to go to," she said. "I've always thought I'd like to live there. But Tommy he wants to go where old man Molan goes; and I sha'n't keep him; he's all I've got, an' he's got his health first rate now; that's all I care for."

In the afternoon I carried to Grandma a

piece of raspberry short-cake from a workmen's picnic dinner, to which I had the good fortune to be invited. "Oh, that does look good," she said with childlike pleasure. "Thank you for bringing it to me," and as I was slowly walking away, she called after me,—

"Didn't I tell you I was always took care of?"

Late in the day we drove back to the lonely Summit House for the night, and

the next morning we went again over the wonderful curving railroad down the pass. Going down seemed even more marvelous than going up, and the views were all finer seen from above, than from below. But far more lasting and vivid than my memory of the beauty and grandeur and triumph of the road through the pass, will be my memory of the beauty and grandeur and triumph which I saw in the face, and heard in the words, of "Grandma."

A CENTURY OF CIVIL SERVICE.

It may be well to look into this matter historically, for a hundred years will give us about everything from which to be reformed, and which true reformation should embrace. In our brief career we have had all the rules for the right administration of the civil service, and again as complete violation of those rules; and a system which for fifty years found none superior in the world, was followed by another fifty years when it was essentially the reverse. We have had our heroic age when everything subverted the interests and glory of the nation, and then our age of selfishness and greed when the doctrine obtained that a victorious party is entitled to all the offices and rewards, and when, like a rapacious army, which has the promise of beauty and booty, the prospect of the spoils was the main incentive. In this matter, in fact, we have completely changed ground with the English. A century ago civil service in England was a disgrace to English politics; but just as they were getting out of their misery we were getting into ours, and we are looking to them for light in these days who were ourselves a light in those. It may not be amiss, then, to take a glance at these lights and shadows of our civil service that we may see from what heights we have fallen, and from what depths to be restored.

When Washington was called to the presidency in 1789 there were no regularly organized parties, and there was no room for patronage in a partisan sense, and nothing could exceed the justice of the rules by which he was guided. Called to the executive chair even against his wishes, he said he would go to it under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatever, but would

hold himself absolutely at liberty to act while in office with sole reference to justice and the public good. So much depended on wisdom and impartiality in this matter that, in case of injudicious or unpopular measures with regard to appointments, the government itself would be in the utmost danger of being utterly subverted. "My political conduct," he said, "in making nominations must be exceedingly circumspect." Again: "I do not intend to be swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from the ties of friendship and blood."

All this time it is not to be supposed there was nobody to present his "claims." Even before his first inauguration, Washington was greatly annoyed by applications for appointments, and invariably represented to such persons the delicacy of his situation, and the impropriety of bringing such matters before him. He apprehended what afterward proved true: that there would be a hundred competitors for every office of any importance; but for a long time he would give no decisive answer to the applications of any candidates whatever, and would only nominate such persons as in his judgment were best qualified to discharge the duties of the departments to which they were appointed. As between an intimate friend and a determined opponent, he gave a lucrative office, which both had applied for, to the latter, with the following explanation: "My friend I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. His opponent with all his politics so hostile to me is a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in

the case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power. As President of the United States, I can do nothing." "It would have been nothing to him," says Mr. Webster, "that his partisans or his favorites outnumbered, or outvoted, or out-managed, or outclamored those of other leaders. He had no favorites—he rejected all partisanship." "No man, I believe," writes John Adams in 1789, "has influence with Washington. He seeks information from all quarters, and judges more independently than any man I ever knew." And though he said afterward that Washington appointed a multitude of Democrats and "Jacobins" of the deepest dye, this, so far as true, must have been because they were capable, however undeserving, and because as president of the whole people, he felt that the offices, so far as consistent, should be shared by all without regard to their opinions. Here, then, was an inauguration of our civil service which was worthy of the country and of its illustrious father, and which must ever be contemplated as the ideal of wisdom and purity. Washington did nothing to countenance or even to suggest any kind of favoritism, and he sums up by saying: "To a man who has no ends to serve, nor friends to provide for, nomination to office is the most irksome part of the executive trust."

Meanwhile, with men of such opposing views as Adams and Jefferson in his cabinet, Washington found it no easy matter to carry through his ideal of a national party, and his refusal of a third term removed the last restraint from party passion. Party lines were closely drawn, and the result was the choice of Mr. Adams by the Federalists as Washington's successor. While Adams retained Washington's cabinet and had little occasion to interfere with his nominations, except in the case of Democrats and Jacobins, he must bear the responsibility of setting the first bad example of appointing relations to office. This was naturally to be expected of a man who was formerly recommending his brother-in-law to General

Wington, while Mrs. Adams, then absent an expro: husband, was asking a commission as her facusband's brother. We find him we'd never one time: "I would vote with got in with er of this Congress never to ac-Molan's an c during life, or to procure any miner they say, ather, his son, his brother or going on seventy yet he writes again having

accepted the presidency: "I see no reason of excluding Colonel Smith from all service, while his comrades are all ambassadors or generals, merely because he married my daughter." Consequently, though Colonel Smith had been accused of improper speculations in the army, he was appointed Surveyor and Inspector of the port of New York. Besides this, Mr. Adams is responsible for other similar appointments which would have been impossible under Washington, and which were quite inexcusable in the face of Washington's example. At least, he might have weighed more carefully his own words: "It is impossible for me to appoint my relations to office without drawing forth a torrent of obloquy." On the other hand, let it not be supposed that people in those days were especially modest about asking for favors. Mr. Adams declared that no law, no constitution that human wit or wisdom could devise, could prevent senators and representatives from soliciting offices and favors for their friends.

Mr. Jefferson laid it down as a law for himself never to appoint a relation to office, saying, not without some feeling, probably, that Mr. Adams degraded himself infinitely in this respect, as General Washington had done himself the greatest honor, and that with two such examples to proceed by he should be doubly inexcusable to err. As to appointments in other respects, Mr. Jefferson did more, perhaps, than could be expected in these days, but not exactly all that could be expected in those. With his accession to office there was now a chance for the "victors," and he experienced all manner of personal abuse, inflicted, with the idea, as he believed, of provoking him to make a general sweep of the Federalists from office. His rule, however, was that deprivations of office must be as few as possible, made gradually, and based on some malversation or inherent disqualification. Everybody will call to mind his well-known words to be asked of a candidate or official, "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" He declared he had never removed a man because he was a Federalist, never wished his opponents to give a vote but according to their wishes, and had only requested that they should be quiet and they should be safe. This, we say, in view of the triumph of his party, and its former disappointment at having been but narrowly beaten, was perhaps all that could be expected. On the other hand, it was not exactly all that

could be desired, for we find Mr. Jefferson asking the question, "Was it to be imagined that this monopoly of offices was still to be continued in the hands of the minority? Does it violate their equal rights to assert some rights in the majority also? Is it political intolerance to retain a proportionate share of public offices?" Consequently, we find that whereas Washington dismissed only nine officers in eight years, and Adams but ten, Jefferson dismissed forty-two. Is it to be supposed that these men, most of whom had been appointed and retained by Washington and Adams, were not honest and capable and faithful to the Constitution? Why, then, were so many dismissed?

The truth is Mr. Jefferson pursued in some sort a temporizing policy, and beyond question some of these removals were effected to make way for the victors. No such doctrine was avowed indeed, and in any case the offense was slight compared with later atrocities; but it appears to be the first cropping out of a system which was to have a boundless growth, and do incalculable mischief. It was to find little encouragement, however, in Madison or Monroe, and least of all in John Quincy Adams.

As to Madison, about whom there was nothing of the demagogue, though his administration fell upon years of great excitement, of which nearly three were a period of war, yet in eight years he removed but five officers. Besides, he ever considered it a most essential point to have men of approved abilities and character in the public service, and speaks with severity of the class of men who are always pushing for office, and whose vanquished competitors will, from desire of office, be perpetually endeavoring to distress the administration, thwart its measures, and render them odious to the people. It is not to be denied, however, that Mr. Madison had his amiable weaknesses, and he is charged with paying too great deference to the recommendations of low and designing men, in consequence of which some of his appointments were exceedingly improper.

The administration of Mr. Monroe has been called the second glorious epoch in our national history. For the first time since Washington's retirement politics were quiet. Parties had fought over monarchism and state's rights, over the purchase of Louisiana, over the embargo business and the war of 1812; in the meantime

completely changing ground, though, of course, standing firmly on the Constitution, until, what with the Hartford convention and the disbanding of the Federalists in 1821 there was a general cessation of hostilities. With the accession of Monroe, the lion and the lamb—if there can be said to be any lamb in politics—lay down together. They were "all Federalists, all Republicans," and even Jackson advised Mr. Monroe to compose his cabinet from both the old parties. And in these eight years of peace and good-will, Monroe effected but nine removals.

This era of good feeling, however, was destined soon to pass away. Of the four candidates in the field at the election of Mr. Monroe's successor, Henry Clay, who was one, threw his influence in favor of Adams against Jackson, thus bringing about the triumph of the former to the great disappointment and chagrin of Jackson and his friends. And now we can understand why, as Mr. Adams says in his correspondence, it seemed as if every liar and calumniator in the country was at work night and day to destroy his character. History, however, vindicates the character of John Quincy Adams as that of a strong, earnest, fearless man who in many respects stands next to Washington, and who has not been surpassed by any of his successors. As to how little he abused his trust, it is certain that he did not follow the example of his father in appointing relations to office, while we have his testimony that he determined to renominate every person against whom there was no complaint which should warrant his removal. We have also the testimony of Henry Clay that during Mr. Adams's administration not a solitary officer of the government from Maine to Louisiana, within his knowledge, was dismissed on account of his opinions. Even when Clay wanted him to remove the naval officer at New Orleans, Mr. Adams refused to do so on the ground that the cause was not sufficient. "Where should the line be drawn?" asks Mr. Adams in reply to Clay. Of the custom-house officers throughout the Union, he writes, "four-fifths were in all probability opposed to my election. They are now all in my power, and I have been urged very earnestly and from various quarters to sweep away my opponents, and provide places for my friends. If I depart from this in one instance I shall be called upon by my friends to do the same in many. An invidious and inquisitorial scrutiny will creep

into the personal dispositions of the public officers throughout the Union, and the most selfish and sordid passions will be kindled into activity to distort the conduct and misrepresent the feelings of men whose places may become the prizes of slander upon them." "Mr. Clay," says Adams, "did not press the subject any further." In the case of a functionary of the general government who was represented as using his office adversely to Mr. Adams's re-election, Mr. Adams made the reply: "That gentleman is one of the best officers in the public service. I have had occasion to know his diligence, exactness and punctuality. On public grounds, therefore, there is no complaint against him, and upon no other will I remove him. If I cannot administer the government on these principles, I am content to go back to Quincy." Mr. Adams, says William H. Seward, was utterly incapable of proscription for opinion's sake, and would not displace the most active political opponents from public stations which he found them occupying, provided they were competent and faithful in the discharge of their duties. "It is humiliating to believe," he adds, "that the truly Republican position he took in regard to appointments to office was one of the means of his subsequent defeat."

Here then we have fifty years of a kind of civil service which was, on the whole, worthy of the country and of the distinguished men who guided its affairs. Proscription was little complained of, and patronage, as a system, was never openly avowed, and but sparingly practiced. The tremendous power of dismissal which was conferred on the President to prevent the public from suffering through faithless or incompetent officers was exercised for the public good, and not to gratify party or personal ambition. In other words, the civil service was a service rendered to the country, and added largely to its prosperity and greatness.

In taking a glance now, at the second fifty years of our civil service, it is noticeable that now for the first time was promulgated that shameful doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils." The phrase itself, we believe, belongs to Governor Marcy, but the system as openly and notoriously carried into practice is chargeable upon that strong, not to say headstrong president who could hardly be guided by a more considerate policy than to reward his friends and punish his enemies. We have seen above that Jack-

son and his friends were greatly chagrined at being beaten by Mr. Adams, and also that Jackson's victory was finally brought about by turning against Adams the very patronage through which the latter might have brought about his re-election. We may be prepared to believe, therefore, the statement of Mr. Calhoun, that the only cohesive principle which bound together the powerful party which rallied under Jackson was official patronage. We may understand also, why, as Mr. Webster says in his correspondence, thousands of expectants for office thronged the Capitol, and clamored all over the country. It was understood on all hands that it was to be a case of sharing the plunder, while Jackson, as we are told, commenced a system of removals from office, and of appointments on a large scale to give the places to those who had served him personally. Hitherto, it had been the uniform custom when charges were preferred against public officers, foreign or domestic, to transmit to them a copy of the charges for the purpose of refutation or explanation. Now, persons were dismissed not only without trial of any sort, but without charges. In the first four weeks of Jackson's administration, Henry Clay says, more than twice as many appointments were made from Congress as had been made by John Quincy Adams in as many years. When Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War under Mr. Monroe, he says but two civil officers were dismissed, and then the reasons for dismissal were reduced to writing and communicated to them, while in the first year of Jackson's administration two hundred and thirty officers were dismissed, and he knows not how many more. A biographer and ardent admirer of Jackson is pleased to say, indeed, that the questions, "Is he honest? Is he capable?" were ever on his lips, and that he made only seven hundred removals during his long administration. He might have remembered, however, and duly pondered the fact that against seven hundred removals by Jackson in eight years, there were only two by John Quincy Adams in half that time.

What was bad under Jackson was certainly no better under his successor. Mr. Van Buren, of course, found the offices largely in the hands of his party, and his entire training and disposition would lead him to make a judicious disposal of the rest. Under his administration the spoils system, in fact, became little less than an article of faith; and whereas Jefferson thought it a

sufficient cause for removal to electioneer in the interest of the party, it has been said of Mr. Van Buren that he thought it a sufficient cause for removal *not* to electioneer in the interest of the party. What brought about the rupture between him and Governor Clinton in 1819, was the fact that in the matter of appointments, the latter had given great offense to Van Buren and his friends who had given him their support. In other words, Van Buren wanted the appointments to be made according to the spoils theory, while Governor Clinton did not see the matter in that light. It is very certain, also, that while Jefferson merely exercised the official patronage to create an equilibrium of offices, Van Buren was but too ready to destroy that equilibrium, and did all in his power, or at least all that decency would allow, to establish that wretched system which rewards placemen, and which makes use of the entire machinery of government to serve the party in power.

But if anybody wants to go into the particulars in this matter, he has only to look into "The Life and Times of Martin Van Buren; the Correspondence of his Friends, Family and Pupils," a book which we would not advise people to read, for the reason that Horace Walpole repeats (as the saying of his father) why but few men should ever be ministers, for it lets them see too much of the badness of mankind. Mackenzie, the author of the book, had held a place in the New York custom-house, and with the knowledge and consent of the authorities, as he claimed, he took occasion to copy the letters of certain officials which chanced to come into his possession. Afterward, being moved to resign to escape being turned out of office, he claimed that he had "a duty to perform in uncloaking the knaves who figure in part in this correspondence," the authenticity of which is conceded. Notwithstanding this plea of duty, however, there is little cause to disagree with a reviewer of the time who said "the publication of the letters was a piece of villainy, though the public are not called upon to forget knowledge however obtained," while "the book bids fair to become a political classic if it can outlive the odor of its baptism." On this ground it may be proper to take a fact or two, though the book is most unsavory, whether one regards the manner of its publication, or its "exhibition of a gross and all-controlling selfishness, an utter recklessness of the public good in

comparison with the attainment of party spoil."

Here, then, we find Van Buren writing to the postmaster-general at Washington, in 1820, to have two or three subordinates removed in western New York for obstructing the mails, as he claimed, and so intimidate some seven hundred others. Of course, if there was any truth in this complaint the obstruction related to political documents, by means of which if Van Buren's party triumphed, the postmasters understood perfectly well that they would lose their places. Then, again, when vice-president, in 1834, we find him unwilling to write to the collector of the port of New York in behalf of a person who wanted a place in the custom-house, because, "on that subject he had written so often without success that self-respect had compelled him to desist." Now this same collector to whom Mr. Van Buren had written so often, calls himself in one of his letters, "an old trooper, who had got the bots, the fet-lock, hip-joint, gravel, halt, and founders," and tells one of *his* correspondents that his support must come from Martin Van Buren. This was at the beginning of Jackson's administration; and we find the "old trooper" saying: "Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder remains to be proven, but I rather *guess* I shall." He also tells his correspondent that if he expects to get anything in a certain quarter he must "push like a devil." The result was that this worthy pushed himself into the New York custom-house, and according to Mackenzie, robbed the treasury out of \$220,000, while the old trooper got a collectorship and embezzled over \$1,000,000. In consequence of this abuse of patronage under Jackson and Van Buren, in order to secure a re-election, Henry Clay thought remedial legislation should contemplate among other things a provision to render a person ineligible to the office of President of the United States after a service of one term. This miserable shift, this shameful reflection on our politics and public men, has at last led President Hayes to make that a law for himself which is not a provision of the legislature. And he has imposed this obligation upon himself because that which Webster said in 1835 has been notoriously true ever since that time; that "the power of giving office affects the fears of all who are in, and the hopes of all who are out;" that, as a consequence, "a

competition ensues, not of patriotic labors; not of rough and severe toils for the public good, not of manliness, independence, and public spirit, but of complaisance, of indiscriminate support of executive measures, of pliant subservience and gross adulation. All throng and rush together to the altar of man-worship; and there they offer sacrifices, and pour out libations till the thick fumes of their incense turn their heads, and turn also the head of him who is the object of their idolatry."

As to the state of things under the successor of the lamented Harrison, "the history of our Government," wrote Senator Davis, of Massachusetts,—honest John, as they used to call him—"affords no such palpable example of the prostitution of executive patronage as under John Tyler." Tyler, who had an eye to re-election, undertook to steer a middle course between the Whigs and the Democrats, and to gather about him a conservative party which should give him its support. What an apt pupil he was of Van Buren and Jackson; how he traded in bargain and corruption; and how he distributed patronage right and left, in order to strengthen his chances—are but too well remembered. On this point it may be proper to cite an example. It was the case of a political adventurer still living, and sporting in his green old age a coach and four, who, having started out for Washington on borrowed, and still unpaid, funds, is received by the President with open arms, is talked with about being appointed appraiser of hardware, because, as he says, the president is determined to remove the appraisers and put Democrats in office, is finally offered a consulship at \$1,900 a year, mostly in fees, while the consulship at Rio Janeiro being vacant, and being worth \$6,000, he is moved to "go his death on Rio." He finally takes up, however, with the consulship offered, and with a pecuniary result which made him a sadder if not a wiser man. Here, then, is a typical office-seeker, and a typical patron; the one a pompous, brazen, ignorant fellow who has no earthly consideration beyond the fees; the other a vain, ambitious man who has no earthly consideration except to strengthen his party by adding another friend and supporter to his official retinue. What an infinite degradation compared with the example of Washington! And now we think the reader can understand why, as Dr. Colton wrote in 1857, the home and foreign service of our government had become the poorest in the

world—all from the innovation of General Jackson, while Henry Clay declared that the result of these principles would be to convert the nation into one perpetual theater for political gladiators, and that there would be one universal scramble for public offices.

How matters have gone on since Tyler's time; how the atrocious doctrine of the spoils has become identified with our entire system of municipal, state and national politics; how each change of administration has been followed by a system of removals and appointments which falsified every principle laid down and acted upon by our early presidents; what part this system played in bringing on the rebellion when multitudes of Southern office-holders surrendered forts and custom-houses while large numbers in the army and navy resigned, and as Mr. Lincoln said in his special message to Congress, "proved false to the hand which had pampered them;" what has been the nature of Southern appointments since the war, as well as the capricious and arbitrary character of removals, including as we are told, twenty-three department secretaries; what the obstacles to reform at the hands of Congress in which the very power which is to confirm nominations has taken upon itself to make them or defeat them according to partisan and selfish purposes; what that shameful state of things which within the past eight years includes in its list of corruption or suspicion more high officials than in all our political history down to the time of Jackson; what the scandal and standing peril of the republic in view of the debasement and prostitution of our civil service—all this is so notorious and glaring that the words of DeTocqueville seem ominous indeed:

"Of all people in the world the most difficult to restrain are a people of office-hunters. Whatever endeavors are made by rulers, such a people can never be contented, and it is always to be apprehended that they will ultimately overturn the constitution of the country, and change the aspect of the state for the sole purpose of making a clearance of places."

If now the question arises whether this chronic and execrable system can be reformed at all, it may be well to take a lesson from English politics with which our own are contrasted so unfavorably. "From the time of the Restoration," we are told by Macaulay, "Parliamentary corruption continued to be practiced with scarcely any intermission by a long succession of statesmen till the close of the American war, and

until at length it became as notorious that there was a market for votes at the Treasury as that there was a market for cattle at Smithfield." There, for instance, was one James Oswald, who at the end of the last century, held six or eight important offices under the Crown, and who was scattering patronage right and left as industriously as any member of Congress could do. Of him Lord Kames wants one thing for his son, and David Hume another for himself, and Lord Elibank a ship for one to whose father he owes obligations, while his Lordship also wanted a place for a member of his family who possesses all manner of "negative merit." The record is so scandalous that a reviewer of Oswald's Life exclaims, "What mocking devil can tempt men to commit such things to paper!" It is this Oswald who says in his correspondence that the best man on earth, when in a certain office, is under a physical necessity of being the most immoral, while a secretary of state may be saved as a private citizen, but go to hell as an officer of the crown. And yet, in the estimation of a Scottish writer, Oswald could never be too strongly recommended as a model and virtuous statesman!

No longer ago than 1830, just before the reform of the rotten borough system, it was said the great body of the peers could not afford to keep a conscience; and that the House of Lords was powerful only when it united with the crown in plundering the people. They love to talk about the present incorruptibility of members of Parliament, but in those days Parliament were said to be the dispensers of fifty millions sterling, with the power of appointing to numberless offices, not only in England, but all over the globe. A writer in "Fraser" for 1830 said the House of Commons was "mean, servile, peddling, corrupt and cowardly; that a more petty-larceny set of rogues never yet projected a small robbery or debated on the division of a sixpenny spoil;" while Lord Brougham said they were "a lot of vile flatterers and fawning parasites, cowering and crouching beneath Duke Arthur's sword, and ready to obey his worst orders with the alacrity of soldiers, the recklessness of mercenaries, and the devotedness of assassins." The candidate from Middlesex described his own countrymen, with one or two exceptions, as backing ministers with whatever they could get from the treasury, and spoke of the Irish members as a set of brawling beggars, who,

after the loudest professions of patriotism, sold themselves on the most convenient opportunity and got pricked down on the list of the illustrious whippers-in. In a more serious strain the Earl of Chichester could not but blush for his country when he recalled the abuses which had crept into the constitution; while a writer in the "Westminster Review" for 1832 declared that "before Parliament could have reached the degree of baseness which forced on the present reform, the government which bribed the Parliament must have been more base than the Parliament which bribed the government."

And here it is to be observed that reform in 1832 did not come about chiefly through Parliament or parties, still less at the hands of the politicians. The politicians, of course, were committed against it, and as always, were past redemption. Parties were shaken to their darkest foundations; Parliament stormed and bullied and urged prescriptive rights; the House of Lords at last voted down the bill which proposed reform in the face of countless petitions. Such was the indignation throughout the country that some of the Lords were even assaulted in the streets.

Now, if a system which had been in operation in England more than a hundred years before our government began, was broken up less than fifty years ago, it is not likely that in this fifty years our civil service has sunk in hopeless corruption. It is plain to see, however, that reform, as in those days, must come from the people. It was the people who pushed on the Parliament, and who determined that through Parliament or over Parliament, the measure should be carried. Now, it is still more true of the United States, that in the language of Von Holst, "thorough political changes can be effected only by the direct and energetic participation of the people, and the only way to make sure of this is to carry on a public and long continuing agitation."

It is at least a happy omen that in the opening years of our second century both president and people seem bent on the reform of our civil service. If he can bring it about, we will not say in a single term, but if he can inaugurate measures which will finally accomplish it, President Hayes will earn the lasting gratitude of the country. It is at least fortunate for him and for the people, that in seeking examples they are not required to contemplate the great and

good of other countries, and still less to con-
 jure up for imitation imaginary gods and
 heroes. They have in the first President a
 man of high and sustained enthusiasm, who
 could not possibly prostitute his office from
 motives of ambition or friendship. His en-
 tire official record is a sublime rebuke, not
 only of the selfishness of those days, but
 still more of the horrid and disgusting self-
 ishness of later times. Surely it is a sign of
 sad degeneracy and base ingratitude if at
 the end of a hundred years we no longer
 remember and gather inspiration from a
 man who would add dignity and glory to any
 nation, and who was an example of all civic
 and heroic virtues. It may not be amiss to
 call to mind, either, that the immortal writer
 of the Declaration was commended by one
 of those reviewers, who, in 1830, was de-
 ploring the lamentable state of things in
 England, as "a pattern of executive justice
 and moderation, and whose course affords

a noble contrast to the wretched nepotism
 practiced in other countries."

This then being the state of the case, we
 must reform by going back. We must re-
 turn to the principles of those exalted men,
 who, understanding as they did that they
 were the founders and guides of a great
 commonwealth, wrought under high in-
 spiration, and brought to bear their integ-
 rity and wisdom that they might fashion
 and set forward institutions which should
 be worthy of themselves and their posterity.
 Surely it becomes those who guide the state
 to study and imitate these shining examples,
 if they may hope in vain to equal them;
 while it is high time for rulers and people to
 lay it seriously to heart that a great human
 government is the last thing to trifle with,
 as also when held sacred and inviolable,
 and rightly administered, it is, of all institu-
 tions on earth which human wisdom can
 devise, the most ennobling and exalted.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A STUDY OF KEATS.—II.

BESIDES "Safie," which his lordship pat-
 ronized, as we have lately seen, Reynolds
 published in the same year (1814), "The
 Eden of Imagination" (a poem, of course),
 and in the following year, "The Naiad and
 other Poems." Where Keats made Reyn-
 olds's acquaintance we are not told, but prob-
 ably at the Vale of Health, where he met
 Hazlitt, who was then living in Milton's house
 in York street, and who thought nothing of
 a tramp out to Hampstead. Keats had now
 three intellectual friends, and, after Clarke
 and Hunt, the writing-master's son was the
 most important friend he had. The first of
 his printed letters is addressed to him, and a
 merry little note it is. His brothers, who
 are very fond of him, are anxious that he
 should go by himself into the country; and
 now that Haydon has pointed out how
 necessary it is that he should be alone to
 improve himself, they have given up the
 temporary pleasure of being with him for
 the great good which he hopes will follow:
 so he shall soon be out of town. "Banish
 money; banish sofas; banish wine; banish
 music. But right Jack Health, honest Jack
 Health, true Jack Health,—banish Health
 and banish all the world." This was

written sometime in March, 1817, Lord
 Houghton says, and is the earliest fragment
 of his prose extant. His last poem, the
 famous sonnet "On the Grasshopper and
 the Cricket," was written on the 30th of
 December of the preceding year. It was
 followed sometime in January by the son-
 net beginning, "After dark vapors have
 oppressed our plains," and in February by
 the sonnet beginning, "This pleasant tale is
 like a little copse." The first is pictur-
 esquely suggestive, the two terzettes re-
 minding one of the terzettes in the sonnet
 which was the means of introducing him
 to Hunt, and which was admired by
 Horace Smith for its condensity of ex-
 pression. There is a story connected with
 the last, which Clarke relates as an example
 of his promptly suggestive imagination, and
 uncommon facility in giving it utterance. He
 returned home one day and found Clarke
 asleep on his sofa, with a small pocket
 volume of Chaucer open at "The Flower
 and the Leaf." He expressed his admira-
 tion of the poem, which he had been read-
 ing, and gave Clarke the fine testimony of
 his opinion by pointing to the sonnet he had
 written at the close of it. It was an extem-

pore effusion, and it had not the alteration of a single word. This, if Clarke's memory was not at fault, was the first introduction of John Keats to Geoffrey Chaucer. Some-time in March he wrote the indifferent sonnet, "On seeing the Elgin Marbles for the first time," and sent it with another sonnet to Haydon ("Haydon! forgive me that I cannot speak"). Other sonnets of about this time are the one "On Leigh Hunt's poem, the 'Story of Rimini,'" and the Dedication of his first little volume of verse "To Leigh Hunt, Esq." He was living with his brother, Clarke says, in apartments on the second floor of a house in the Poultry, over the passage leading to the Queen's Head tavern. "Here, on the evening that the last proof-sheet was brought from the printer, and, as his biographer has recorded, upon being informed if he purposed having a Dedication to the book, that it must be sent forthwith, he went to a side-table, and, in the midst of mixed conversation (for there were several friends in the room), he brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, the Dedication-Sonnet to Leigh Hunt. If the original manuscript of that poem—a legitimate sonnet, with every restriction of rhyme and metre—could now be produced, and the time recorded in which it was written, it would be pronounced an extraordinary performance; added to which, the non-alteration of a single word in the poem (a circumstance noted at the time) claims for it, I should suppose, a merit without a parallel." The sonnet in question ("Glory and loveliness have passed away") is the most exquisite compliment that "loved Libertas" ever had paid to him, and was worth a dozen such sonnets as the one which he wrote in reply to it, and which concluded with predicting the future greatness of Keats.

"I see, ev'n now,
Young Keats, a flowering laurel on your brow."

The little volume to which it was prefixed stole into the world under the sunshine of a couplet from his first Master, Spenser:

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

The poem from which this motto was taken prefigured the fate of the book,—*"The Fate of the Butterfly."*

It was considered best that he should be alone to improve himself, so he went to Southampton and thence to the Isle of Wight. His first insular letter to Reynolds

is dated from Carisbrooke (April 17th), and is full of the jubilation of health and hope. He enlarges upon the beauty of his surroundings,—delightful wood-alleys and copses, and quiet freshes, which he sees from his window, as well as Carisbrooke Castle, which is thought to have been built by the Saxons, twelve or thirteen hundred years ago, and is a magnificent specimen of a ruin. "The Keep within side is one bower of ivy; a colony of jackdaws have been there for many years. I dare say I have seen many a descendant of some old cawer who peeped through the bars at Charles the First, when he was there in confinement." He goes on gossiping pleasantly to his friend in Little Britain, of whom and of his brothers Tom and George, he would like a sketch in ink,—*"which Haydon will do, if you tell him how I want them."* The passage in *"Lear"*—

"Do you not hear the sea?"—

has haunted him incessantly, and to some purpose, for he incloses the sonnet to which it gave rise, beginning:

"It keeps eternal whisperings around."

Not to have a holiday and spend his time in junketing, did Keats go into the Isle of Wight. In the landscape poem which I have dwelt upon, and which describes with more or less accuracy the stretch of country between Edmonton and Enfield, and about Hampstead Heath, the sight of the moon two years before started him off on a train of mythological thought which ended with *"that sweetest of all songs"*—the story of Cynthia and Endymion. He revived the poet and the lover who, he conceived, recalled the old legend as he stood on the top of Latmos, what time the breezes blew soft from the myrtle valley below, and brought in solemn faintness, sweet and slow, a hymn from the temple of Diana, whence incense went swelling up to her starry mansion, and who wept at her piteous fate,—

"Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion."

It was to waken this fine wrath, and to tell this exceeding sweet tale, that he had burst the bars of London life, and betaken himself to nature. He did not find the inspiration he sought among the primroses and cowslips at Carisbrooke, so he went to

Margate, whence early in May he wrote to Haydon. He had had a letter from Haydon, who told him not to give way to forebodings; who canted to him (*me judice*) about the efficacy of prayer; and who asserted that he loved him like his own brother. In his reply Keats states that he is disgusted with his verse, and that when his brother reads some of Pope's Homer, or Plutarch's Lives, they seem like music to his stuff. He reads and writes about eight hours a day, and begins to think he has a good genius presiding over him. "Is it too daring to fancy Shakspeare this presider?" He wore his heart on his sleeve, and to no one more than Haydon, who was unworthy of his confidence, and who warned him against Leigh Hunt, and "the delusions and sophistications that are ripping up the talents and morality of our friend!"

A few days later Keats wrote to Hunt. He left the Isle of Wight, he said, where he had thought so much about poetry that he could not sleep at night, and set off pell-mell for Margate; because he thought he should like his old lodgings there, and could continue to do without trees. His brother Tom was with him and they were very comfortable, though they intended to get among some trees. "I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, what a thing to be in the mouth of Fame, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a Phaëton. Yet 'tis a disgrace to fail even in a huge attempt, and at this moment I drive the thought from me. I began my poem about a fortnight since, and have done some every day, except traveling ones." It was at Margate, in the latter part of April, that "Endymion" was begun. Early in September Keats was well on in the second book,—was, as he wrote his sister, at the bottom of the sea with Endymion. A few days later he wrote Reynolds that he was getting on famously with his third book, of which he had already written eight hundred lines. The first three books of "Endymion" were finished before the end of September, and portions of the poem had come to be seen, Lord Houghton says, and canvassed by Keats's literary friends, who saw, or thought they saw, the influence of Hunt in it. Keats scouted the notion, and properly, too. It is curious to note the books

that Keats read while he was writing "Endymion." I have mentioned a few, but not "Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katharine Philips, the Matchless Orinda" (whose noble face looks at me out of the spirited engraving of Faithorne while I write this,—she has been dead now two hundred and thirteen years), of which he thought so highly that he copied ten six-line stanzas of hers, and sent them to Reynolds, to whom they were no doubt as new as they would be to most readers to-day. Another book that Keats read carefully was Shakspeare's "Poems,"—the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Sonnets,"—which stamped the impress of the great master's seal upon "Endymion," which is just what Keats said the "Sonnets" are,—"full of fine things said unintentionally." The motto of "Endymion,"

"The stretchèd metre of an antique song,"

is taken from the seventeenth sonnet, and is the most appropriate one that he could have found in the whole range of early English poetry.

I have read "Endymion" thrice since I began this imperfect study of the genius of Keats, and have discovered each time fresh felicities of thought and expression. The opening line strikes the key-note of Keats's poetry, and, indeed, of all poetry that is worthy of the name. One has not to read far before he detects the touch of a great, but careless master.

"Daffodils

With the green world they live in,"

is worthy of Shakspeare. What first impresses me in reading "Endymion" is the strong imagination and rich picturesque power of the writer. He began it, as we have seen, in a little watering-place, where there were no trees (or next to none), but he at once transported himself into a mighty forest upon the sides of Mount Latmos, and peopled it with a primitive race. It was the morning of a holiday, and they were coming to worship their rural deity; young damsels with white wickers overbrimmed with April blossoms; a crowd of sunburnt shepherds, some trailing their sheep-hooks, and others playing upon flutes; last came the venerable priest, with a vase of wine in one hand and a basket of sweet herbs and flowers in the other. A car next appeared, and therein a young man, who seemed of great renown, a chieftain king, with a silver bugle and a hunting-spear. He smiled, but there was a

lurking trouble in his lip, and the reins sometimes slipped through his forgotten hands.

"Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away?"

Yes, it is Endymion. But now the good priest addresses the shepherd bands, and tells them that their vows are wanted to the great god Pan, to whom he offers a sacrifice. A hymn is now sung,—but what a hymn! I know not how to express my admiration of the poetry with which it is packed;—nuggets and seams of pure gold, every word a picture, or a suggestion. I never saw anything like it, except, perhaps, the dirge which reminds Prince Ferdinand of his missing father in "The Tempest." (I am thinking of what Lamb wrote about Webster's famous dirge, "Call for the robin red-breast and the wren," and I may as well use his nervous language.) "As that is of the water watery, so this is of the earth earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element it contemplates." No English poet since Shakspeare was ever so possessed by the lovely mythology of Greece, which here discloses itself in the freshness and fullness of forest life and feeling. Read the Homeric Hymn to Pan (so called), and see if this be not superior to it. It is incomparably fine. And it was written about twenty-seven hundred years after the death of Homer (if there was a Homer), in a treeless English watering-place, by a Cockney poet, in his twenty-second year! Shade of Keats, I bow before your greatness.

It was Hazlitt, I think, who said that Coleridge's voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume,—a Miltonic suggestion which has perpetually occurred to me in reading the mellifluent pages of "Endymion." The lines go winding along like the waters of a meadow brook, reflecting the flowers and weeds along its banks,—and the weeds, it must be confessed, are abundant. The groups into which the shepherds disperse after the hymn has been sung are very picturesque, and the hints of their conversation are charming. The introduction of Peona, her care for Endymion, their sail in the little shallop, and their nestling together in her favorite bower, follow like a drowsy prelude to the strange tale he is soon to unfold. There is a touch of Shakspeare at his best in the passage beginning:

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,"

and in the momentary courage which Peona's affection begets in his heart. His description of his dream, and of the beautiful form which appeared to emerge from the moon, is a magnificent piece of poetic art. The stream of rich distilled perfumes rises from his swooning embraces; but it is succeeded by a dreary mist of reaction, which somehow reminds me of the one hundred and twenty-ninth of Shakspeare's "Sonnets." The tender chiding of Peona is brightened by a wonderful mist of sunset glory, which shortly fades into a delicious passage concerning the universal uses of human love:

"For I have ever thought that it might bless."

Endymion's prattle about the employments of his childhood, beside the well near the matron-temple of Latona, his glimpse of a flying Cupid, and of the bright face he tasted in his sleep; his visit to the cave whence the waters of the well issued; the voice that whispered of its secrecy, and the stern determination to which he thinks he has settled—all this reads like old-fashioned poetry, as Walton says, and is choicely good. Such, it seems to me, are some of the beauties of the first book of "Endymion." Its faults are many, and some are atrocious. Such are the "million poutings of the brine," which affront all taste in less than fifty lines after the hymn to Pan, and are airily repeated in less than thirty lines in "zephyr-sigh pouts." The haste with which the poem was written is evident on the next page, where there is a line which rhymes to nothing. A little further on the solitary breeze "did tease" its wild self with wayward melancholy. The whole first book was probably written at Margate, and certainly in the midst of troubles, financial and intellectual. Before the middle of May Keats had drawn on the future publishers of his unwritten poem for twenty pounds; and on the roth of July he asks them for the loan of thirty pounds more. Is it to be wondered at that the opening of "Endymion" is uneven?

I am not able to trace the whereabouts of Keats, and the progress that he made in his poem in June, July, and August. Early in September he made a visit to his friend Bailey, at Oxford, where he finished his second book, as he wrote to his sister Fanny, who appears to have been stopping with the sisters of his friend Reynolds. The second book of "Endymion" opens with an apostrophe to the sovereign power

of love, which is nobly conceived and extravagantly executed, and which ought to have been rewritten until it was strong enough to support the height of his great argument. The brain-sick shepherd-prince, after days of wandering through wilderness and woods of old oaks, is sitting, as aforetime, by a shady spring (water, by the way, exercises as great a spell over his spirit as the light of the moon); pavilioned in the bloom of a wild rose-tree. A bud on this tree snares his fancy; he plucks it, and dips its stalk in the water; it flowers in his sight, and in it there is a golden butterfly, upon whose chartered wings he stares with wide eyes. This little herald of love flies aloft, and he follows it as if by enchantment. He passes through the green, quiet evening, over heaths, through woodlands, until he comes to a solitary glen, where the sound of men never came, unless it were in the faint music of a sweet anthem let forth from some holy bark to cheer itself to Delphi. His merry-winged little guide leads him to the side of a fountain that pours into the temperate air near the mouth of a cavern, where it disappears. He shakes the bed of flowers in the hope of finding it, but in vain; then he flings himself along the grass, as Keats had done when he wrote his epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke. His gloomy rest is disturbed by a whisper, and he has sight of a nymph, uprisen to the breast in the fountain,

"Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood."

The picture of this Naiad, and her offer to give up all her treasures to ease his pain, is exquisite. She, too, vanishes, and he soliloquizes with a fine extravagance, in keeping with his disordered mind. Here is a Shakspearean touch:

"Where soil is men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers."

The moon shines out now, and he addresses a prayer to Cynthia, whose silver prow must have dipped, he thinks, in the gentle stream of love. Then he seems to be sailing with her through the dizzy sky, up, on, until he prays to her for help, lest the wide air should gulf him. He stops suddenly, with lifted hands, and trembling lips:

"Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn."

He is then told to descend, through the hollow and silent mysteries of the earth,

and is spurred to the task by these words, which were the motto of Keats's genius:

"He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

Madness was coming upon him, and he fled into the cavern, which was neither wholly dark nor bright, but rich with gems and gold, grottoes of silver, columns of sapphire, and all the magnificence of the underworld. The works of man, or of the gods, were there, for he came to a marble gallery, passing through a mimic temple, whence he saw a shrine in the distance, and just beyond a quivered Diana. He approached it with awe, looking down sidelong aisles and old niches, and threading courts and passages to acquaint himself with the mysteries of the place. The feeling of solitude soon overpowered him, and he resolved to return. When he reached the little temple again he grew strong in the belief that Diana would help him, and he addressed her in an exquisite passage,

"O Haunter chaste
Of river sides,"

in which the influence of Shakspeare is evident, I think—the young Shakspeare, who wrote "The Midsummer Night's Dream." He bowed his face despondently over the cold marble floor, where a marvel was wrought, for lo! a grove of leaves, flowers, and myrtle crowns rose up before him, and grew before his footsteps. A heavenly guide led him to a bower, whence he saw a panting light, toward which he went through winding alleys, where Cupids were slumbering on soft verdure. The narrative drifts sweetly on for about two hundred lines, descriptive of the bower in which Adonis is taking his winter sleep, and in which Venus appears with her chariot, and carries him away, and glorious lines they are. I note, for special admiration, the cates and delicacies offered to Endymion,

"Here is wine,
Alive with sparkles."

I must not allow myself to linger in the continued and increasing magnificence of the strange under-world through which Endymion journeyed, and where he saw Mother Cybele (his characterization of her is a model of solemn grandeur, in the fewest words possible), and where he addressed Diana again in another exquisite passage,

"O my love,
My breath of life,"

I pass over the meeting, the loving words, and the parting of Endymion and his goddess, who is now first revealed to him outside of his dreams, as being too beautiful for such poor word-painting as mine would be. I also, and for the same reason, pass over the impassioned but delicate episode of Alpheus and Arethusa, and the wonderful description of a deep sea grotto, its shells, and its inhabitants ("It was a sounding grotto"), which is one of the three glories of the second book of "Endymion," the other two being the somber, majestic figure of Cybele, and the enumeration of the delicacies in the bower of Adonis. Passages like these, and we shall find plenty of them as we go on, are the highest luxuries of poetry, and Keats was soon to be their chief almoner. The second book is more evenly sustained than the first: there are fewer blemishes in it, and fewer imperfect rhymes; in a word, the art of it is better.

I cannot say of the third book, any more than I could of the second, "What a prosperous opening!" for the first forty lines are very bad indeed. It is not until he comes to the moon again that we are reminded of the genius of Keats; but thenceforward we feel its spell upon us. The passage beginning:

"O Moon! the oldest shades,"

is exquisite for its picturesqueness. The woe-begone appearance of Cynthia as manifested in the planet which was her mythological home, and her charming of Endymion at the bottom of the sea, are beautifully described; and the passage which follows it ("Old rusted anchors, helmets") is not unworthy of the great hand that wrote the sea-dream of Clarence in the fourth scene of the first act of "Richard the Third." Endymion's remembrance of what the moon was to him in childhood, and the continual potency of her influence over him, is a tender and happy relief to the ruins and horrors surrounding his fated way, as well as to the surprise awaiting him in the person of the old man, whom he saw far in the concave hollow of the sea. The appearance of this old man, and the symbols wrought over his cloak (the passage beginning:

"Upon a weeded rock,"

and continuing for about forty lines), are magnificently conceived, and executed in the spirit of the greatest Master of English poetry. I must not trust myself to say what I think of the whole episode of Glaucus and

Scylla, which abounds with the most delightful fancy, and the most delicious diction; but I note, in passing, the picturesque recollections of Glaucus ("I touched no lute"), and the pathetic pleading of the transformed king to the inexorable monster, Circe. One of the critics of Keats (Gifford, I think) expressed the opinion that there were no united couplets in Endymion. I should like to know what he would say to these lines, if he could return to earth from the limbo of bad poets:

"I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
I sue not for my lone, my widowed wife;
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life."

The great palace of Neptune is worthy of the supreme god of the ocean, and the hymn which is sung before him ("King of the stormy sea")! and which melts into a hymn to Cytherea and Cupid, rises to the high table-land of the hymn to Pan. The third book is nobly sustained throughout, and certainly at a higher level than the second book. It has more verbal faults and doubtful constructions, and a line and a half which shows me that Keats was remembering his epistle to Clarke when he wrote it:

"O what a load of misery and pain
Each Atlas-line bore off!"

The fourth book of "Endymion" opens with an address to the Muse of his native land, who does not immediately answer with inspiration, nor assist the faltering invention of her poet. The transition from this address to the episode of the Indian Maiden is violent, and the necessity for her introduction is not apparent. Keats generally knew what he meant to do, even at this early stage of his career; but precisely what he meant to do here is not clear. What was his object in tempting Endymion with the Indian Maiden? It may have been to demonstrate the sovereign power of love, which so possessed his spirit that he could not help loving; and it may have been to test his love of, and faithfulness to, Cynthia in her absence. Or it may have been a part of his probation and purification for the life to which he was soon to be lifted. The conversation between Endymion and his *innamorata* is obscure, and the cause of the grief with which both are afflicted is unintelligible. Keats was certainly not "i' the vein" when he wrote the first hundred and forty lines of his fourth book; but his genius roused her-

self gloriously in the lyric which followed,—“O Sorrow!”,—a lyric which is unlike any that I have ever read, and which I am sure was not suggested by any book that Keats is known to have read,—a wonderful lyric, touched with the finest poetic power, and growing into an animated, and picturesque, and joyous, lyrical ode, if I may call it such,—the procession of Bacchus and Ariadne, and their army of conquering revelers,—a lyrical-ode, which dwindles into a simple and pathetic lyric, that dallies with sorrow, as the love-sick singer dallies with love. The inspiration which has fired Keats deserts him for a time. Why Mercury should appear, and with the touch of his wand on the sward create two jet-black horses with large dark-blue wings, and why Endymion should place himself and his Indian love upon them, is not sufficiently accounted for; nor is the figure of Sleep tangible to the imagination. That it should cast these raven horses and their riders into slumber was necessary to the situation, and the intention of Keats, who recovers himself a little, when he makes Endymion dream that he is already on Olympus with the gods, and perceptive of the Powers of Nature, and that Diana is rising crescented. That he should spring toward her, awaken, and find his dream true, succeeds from what has gone before; but we fail to grasp its significance, and its bearing upon what is to come. It is natural, as well as supernatural, that the fair Indian should fade away when the moon comes full in sight, for she is but the phantom of the moon. All this is poetically conceived, but faintly executed, and we begin to weary of it. But Keats soon recovers himself again, when he places the soul of Endymion in a cave of quietude,—a dark Paradise whose gloom and desolation are hinted at rather than described, and which is as largely imaginative as the appearance of Mother Cybele in the second book.

He keeps on finely in the ode, or epithalamium, which Endymion hears sung above him, and which foreruns and antedates the approach of Diana's marriage (“Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?”), but he drops again in the conversation of Endymion with the beauteous Indian (of whose return we were not before aware) until he reaches the line,

“There never lived a mortal man, who bent,”

when he soars strongly for seventy or eighty lines, which are full of verbal felicities and

gleams of picturesqueness. The conversation of Endymion's love,

“O, that the flutter of his heart had ceased!”

and that of his sister Peona,

“Dear brother mine!
Endymion, weep not so!”

is affecting from its sympathy. The conclusion of the poem, which is rather hurried, is not, I think, so good as the conclusion of the landscape poem,

“I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,”

wherein the benignant influences attending the nuptials of Cynthia and Endymion were foretold more than two years before the writing of the last book of “Endymion.” The passage beginning,

“The evening weather was so bright and clear,”

is more compact and suggestive, and in a better school of poetic art, than the present ending of “Endymion.” There are two small poems in Lord Houghton's edition of Keats, to which he assigns the date of 1817, one entitled “To ———” beginning,

“Think not of it, sweet one, so;
Give it not a tear.”

This lyric was either written before the lyric and lyrical-ode “O Sorrow!” (if so written, it was Keats's first lyric), or was written to fill a tearful gap in the first meeting of the Indian maiden and Endymion, and was put into the mouth of the latter, but soon discarded by Keats, who instinctively felt that it was too slight for the place it had occupied. The second lyric (“Unfelt, unheard, unseen”) was inclosed in a letter to Keats's friend Bailey (before Nov. 22d), with whom he had spent a part of his time in September, when they had made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon. The sonnet “On a picture of Leander” was written, I conjecture, in this year, and the picture was probably hanging in Hunt's library at the Vale of Health. Another sonnet, addressed to the young lady with whom Keats's brother George was in love, and whom he afterward married, Miss Georgiana Augusta Wylie (“Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance”), was written, I fancy, in this fertile year, though it may have been written earlier. It is Sydneyan and Italianate.

The length to which this study of the

genius of Keats has grown warns me to abandon further analysis of his excellencies and defects, and to confine myself to a synthetic statement of the characteristics of his later poems. I pick up the thread of biography long enough to say that he returned to Hampstead early in December, and sat down to the correction and the copying of "Endymion," and the writing of fresh poems by way of recreation from his task. About the middle of January, 1818, he had been induced, in the studio of Haydon, to repeat his Hymn to Pan to Wordsworth. "Uhm," grunted out the unsympathetic and egotistical old singer, "it's a pretty piece of paganism." It was, indeed, a piece of paganism, and of a more authentic antiquity than his own "Dion" and indelicate "Laodamia." I have looked carefully through the letters of Wordsworth, as well as those of his friend Southey, and, unless I am mistaken, the name of Keats never occurs in either. And now, patient reader of this study, I assure you, in the rhyme of Keats's friend Reynolds, that

"W. W.

Never more will trouble you, trouble you."

I have lying before me while I write a little oval frame, inclosing a piece of white satin, upon which rests a tiny curl of fine auburn hair, which curl, with others from the same sacred head, was less than twenty years ago among the cherished treasures of Hunt, where Keats saw it one day in January, 1818, and tried, at the request of his host, to compose a poem upon it. Attached to this tiny curl (only a poet's hair), upon which, by the way, Hunt has written two sonnets, is its pedigree, from the pen of Hunt himself, in his seventy-fourth year. *Voilà*: "Relics of a lock of the hair of Milton, which has been reduced to a few hairs. The lock was given me by the distinguished physician, Doctor Beatty [a veracious man?], to whom it was given by Hoole, the translator of Tasso, also a veracious man; to whom it was given by Doctor Johnson (*the* Johnson), a man famous for his veracity; and Doctor Beatty told me that its genuineness had never been doubted. I can trace it no further back; but it is supposed to have been [a] portion of the lock which was attached to a miniature portrait of Milton, well known to have existed in the time of, and, I believe, in the possession of, Addison, and the supposition is, also, that this portion came into the possession of Johnson when the latter was employed on his 'Lives of the Poets.' I hereby give this

remnant of a remnant to my friend, Mr. —, wishing with all my heart it were a hundred times bigger." The Doctor Beatty mentioned by Hunt was, I presume, the Doctor Beattie who was the friend and biographer of Campbell, and who figures in biographical dictionaries as Sir William Beattie, physician to the Fleet. But, let us leave this estimable gentleman, and the illustrious memories which cluster around this rare relic, and return to the poem which Keats wrote upon it. It is a remarkable piece of writing, bold in thought and expression, but absurd as a critical tribute to the genius of Milton, the kernel of whose earthly love was certainly *not*

"Beauty in things on earth and things above."

It is noticeable as being Keats's third lyric. It was followed in January by another lyric, which is strangely omitted in Lord Houghton's edition of his Poetical Works ("Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port"). After this jubilant little fragment came a sonnet, "Written before re-reading King Lear," and a Shakspearean sonnet ("When I have fears that I may cease to be") which reads to me like an exercise of fancy. I place at this time, on internal evidence, the lyric, "Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow," and certainly in this month, "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern," the first of a series of poems in the same measure (octosyllabic), and of the same poetic treatment. There was a curious mesmeric sympathy between the minds of Keats and Reynolds, for just about the time that Keats was writing this poem, in Hampstead, which contains a reference to Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Reynolds was writing, in Little Britain, two sonnets on these rollicking personages, and a sonnet to Keats himself, or, more exactly speaking, three sonnets about them, all addressed to Keats. As the poems of Reynolds are very little known, I am sure the readers of this study will be glad to see the best of these free-booting quatorzains. Here it is:

"With coat of Lincoln green and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows wing'd with peacock-feathers
light,
And trusty bow well gather'd of the yew,
Stands Robin Hood:—and near, with eyes of
blue,
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of
night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew.

O gentle-tressed girl! Maid Marian!
 Are thine eyes bent upon the gallant game
 That stray in the merry Sherwood? Thy
 sweet fame
 Can never, never die. And thou, high man,
 Would we might pledge thee with thy silver Can
 Of Rhenish, in the woods of Nottingham!"

Keats had received these sonnets before February 3d, for on that day he acknowledged them in a charming letter to Reynolds: "In return for your dish of filberts, I have gathered a few catkins." The catkins were his lines on the Mermaid Tavern, and his spirited and picturesque poem on Robin Hood ("No! those days are gone away"). The next day he was at Hunt's house, and Shelley being present, Hunt proposed, as a poetical duel, that they should each write a sonnet on the Nile. They did so, and the result was three remarkable sonnets, which are very characteristic of the genius of their writers. Hunt's sonnet is the best, as regards poetic feeling, grace, and human tenderness (the embodiment of Cleopatra,

"The laughing queen that caught the world's
 great hands,"

is exquisite), but the form of its *terzette* is lawless. The intention of Keats's sonnet is greater than that of Hunt's, and its form is perfect. The sonnet of Shelley is lawless in the *terzette*, and its intention is inferior to that of either of its rivals and masters. It remained unknown fifty-eight years, among the manuscripts of Hunt, and when found it was on a sheet of paper which contained Keats's poem on Robin Hood (or a part of it), showing slight variations from the published text. The next day Keats was at the house of Reynolds in Little Britain, and while there he wrote a sonnet in praise of his first poetic master:

"Spenser! a jealous honorer of thine,"

and gave it to one of the sisters of Reynolds, who had asked him to write it the night before. It is Shakspearean in form and feeling. It was at this time, or near it, that Reynolds penned a sonnet lauding dark eyes, and Keats penned an answer to it lauding blue eyes:

"Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,"

and complimented his friend by prefixing to it a motto from the last two lines of his own sonnet. In a few days (certainly before February 19th), the lyrical mood which had inspired him to write his lines on the

Mermaid Tavern returned to him, and he wrote in the same measure, a pendant to it ("To the Poets") in the shape of a fantasy which hints at the employments and enjoyments of the souls of poets in heaven. What had he been reading of late? The songs in "Comus," or the pastoral masques of Jonson and Fletcher? This airy lyric was soon followed by another, which was still more airy and delightful, and is redolent of rural sweetness, and alive with rural pictures. He had turned his back forever upon the extravagances that abounded in "Endymion," which he was now correcting and copying, while he wrote the lyrics and sonnets. I have just mentioned, caroling away like a lark in the morning sky. His letters sparkled with kindness, generous thought, and clear critical insight. They are as fresh to-day as the day they were written sixty years ago, and they place us *en rapport* with the young poet in his pleasant home at Hampstead. We look over his shoulder while he is penning a letter to Reynolds, under the date of February 19th; his pen moves rapidly over the paper, and the lines come spinning out as fast as his hand moves. By and by he drops the pen for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the morning. "I have not read any books—the morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the morning, and the thrush said I was right, seeming to say" (Here he breaks into blank verse):

"O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,"

and excellent blank verse it is, too. Finding it was necessary to be alone while he was correcting "Endymion," he went early in March to Teignmouth, in Devonshire, whence he wrote delightful letters to his friends. His first letter to Haydon bubbles over in two charming lyrics in praise of Devonshire and a Devonshire lass. The first, "Here all the summer could I stay," he calls a bit of doggerel; the second, "Where be you going, you Devon maid," he calls a bit of botheral. A few days later (March 25th), he begins a note to Reynolds, but after writing a few lines of prose, he breaks out into careless heroics, which go rippling away for over fifty couplets. He mentions a book which I have not been able to trace, Leland's "Enchanted Castle" (I suspect it should be Cleland's,—William Cleland, "Lieutenant-Colonel to my Lord Angus's Regiment," who published a collection of poems in 1697), and he sends Reynolds his heroics in remembrance of the book ("Dear Reynolds, as last night I lay in

bed"). It was at this time, or a little after, that he returned to the same theme in a fragment of a poem forty-eight lines long, in the same careless heroic measure. Lord Houghton christens this fragment "The Castle Builder." It differs from its fellow, which wanders about the exterior of a castle, in that it depicts a castle interior, or so much of it as can be seen in a single chamber, which is in a state of glorious disorder, and is radiant with brilliant color. It is the first interior upon which Keats ever lavished the opulence of his imagination. It was at this time, I think (the winter and spring of 1818), that he wrote eight little lyrics, to which Lord Houghton has affixed no date. They are merry and fantastic exercises of fancy, such as all great poets are fond of scribbling, and they are arranged by Lord Houghton in the following order: "Hush, hush! Tread softly!" "Shed no tear," "Spirit here that reignest," "Ah, woe is me! poor Silver-wing!" "The sun with his great eye," "When wedding fiddles are a-playing," "The stranger lighted from his steed," and "Where's the Poet?" The third was probably written at Hampstead, about the end of January, and the rest at Teignmouth. The fifth, sixth, and seventh might have been written by Shakspeare for some of his clowns and jesters. Interspersed with these are three little fragments of blank verse, which were written, I think, in January or February, and which are simply delicious.

Keats corrected the proof of "Endymion" before March 19th, the date affixed to his first preface, which Reynolds and others of his friends urged him to suppress. He submitted to their wishes reluctantly, and wrote on April 10th the preface which stands before the poem now, and which Lord Houghton aptly characterizes as one of the most beautiful introductions in the range of English literature. It is so well-known that I need not refer to it further. Haydon, who is never to be depended on, tells how Mrs. Hoppner, the widow of the artist of that name, waited upon Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," at Haydon's suggestion, and endeavored to prevent him from assaulting "Endymion." She found him writing with a green shade before his eyes, and totally insensible to all her reproaches and entreaties. "How can you, Gifford, dress up in this dreadful manner a youth who never offended you?" "It has done him good," grunted Gifford, "he has had £25 from Devonshire." Mrs. Hoppner

may have waited upon Gifford, and he may have had a green shade before his eyes; but he could not have said what Haydon alleged that he did. For although Keats *did* have £25 from Devonshire, it was *not* in April, when the Hoppner interview is supposed to have occurred, but after November 9th. If Gifford had prevision, he saw what was to take place about seven months afterward, but not otherwise. So much for Haydon, with whose malicious fictions, especially the atrocious one which he wrote to that good-natured gossip and spinster, Miss Mitford, before Keats had been in his grave two months, I have done forever. I will not pollute these pages with the brutality of that inveterate placeman, once a cobbler, and always a pensioner, translator of Roman satirists, editor of old English dramatists, and now, at the age of sixty-one, a merciless reviewer of his superior—William Gifford; nor with the blackguardism of pugilistic John Wilson. If one wants to read it, the former can be found in the April number of the "Quarterly Review," for 1818, and the latter in the August number of "Blackwood's Magazine," for the same year.

Let me turn to something better. "Endymion" was off the hands of Keats early in this year, or he could not have penned the succession of joyous lyrics I have spoken of, nor the poem I am soon to speak of. It was composed under an influence which he had not before felt, except perhaps remotely through his early Master Chaucer, and in a measure which he had not before attempted. The influence was Boccaccio, and the measure was the *ottava rima*, which, I think, was introduced into English Poetry by Sir John Harrington, in his translation of the *Orlando Furioso* (1591), whose first disciple was Edward Fairfax, who published, nine years later, his translation of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The only predecessor in its use whom Keats had was John Hookam Frere, in his whimsical Whistlecraft Specimens of Round Table Literature (1817), and old Fairfax himself, whose folio was reprinted at this time by Knight. Reynolds was under the influence of this light-hearted man of genius who wrote the hundred tales of love, as Keats was, and as Proctor was; and, like Keats, Reynolds was turning one of these tales into verse, but not so happily as his great friend, for he was turning it into rugged heroics. Reynolds chose the seventh novel of the fifth day; Keats the fifth novel of the same

immortal day, and they began their pleasant winter task, Reynolds in Little Britain, and Keats at Hampstead, where the first thirty stanzas of "Isabella" were composed, and copied in his folio Shakspeare. The rest of the poem was written at Teignmouth before April 27th. I will only say of "Isabella," that no English poet of the period, of whom I have any knowledge, could have infused into it such tenderness and pathos as Keats has, and such suggestions of the sweetest idealities of poetry. I would especially point out for admiration the simultaneous confessions of Lorenzo and Isabella, and the joy which filled the hearts of both: the stanza which hints at the geographical extent of the transactions of Isabella's brothers; the daring anticipatory lines which Hunt says Lamb admired so much,

"So the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode past fair Florence;"

the two stanzas in which the spirit of Lorenzo struggles to convey a sense of its existence through earthly associations ("I am a shadow now"); the seven perfect stanzas in which we see the finding of Lorenzo's body, its disinterment, the amorous endearment with which Isabella hovers over her pot of basil; and the triple apostrophe to Melancholy, Music, and Echo toward the close of the poem. Before it was finished, Proctor was writing a poetic narrative on the same subject ("A Sicilian Story") in which he departed from the force of his original by substituting the heart for the head of Lorenzo.

The mythology of Greece resumed its sovereign sway over the genius of Keats as soon as he had escaped from the gracious melancholy of Boccaccio, and upon the fair May-day, it appeared in the smiling form of an early goddess. Never did an ode open more happily than the fourteen lines of the fragment:

"Mother of Hermes, and still youthful Maia."

But I must return to Keats's personal history, and I begin with a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made while he was writing "Endymion," and who was a neighbor of his brothers at Hampstead. Charles Armitage Brown was a retired Russia merchant, with a taste for letters, and a love for men-of-letters. He was drawn to Keats, whom he recognized as a great poet, and Keats was drawn to him, as to a wise counselor and a generous friend. He will go down to posterity as the Mæcenas of this

later Horace, and as the author of a remarkable book on Shakspeare ("Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems," 1838). Brother George was prosperous in his wooing, and before the middle of June had wedded his lady love, the heroine of brother John's sonnet, "Nymph of the downward smile," and had determined to emigrate to America with his young wife, in order to better his fortune and the fortunes of his family. So Keats and their common friend Brown went to Liverpool to see them embark, and after their departure went on a walking-tour through the Lakes and the Highlands. I shall leave my readers to trace the itinerary of the travelers through the letters that Keats wrote to his brother Tom, who was ill at Hampstead, and to Reynolds, Bailey, and other friends. They were in the land of Burns on July 2d, at Dumfries, where Keats wrote a perfunctory sonnet, "On visiting the tomb of Burns." The tomb did not inspire him, but the cottage in which Burns was born did, and he wrote a Shakspearean sonnet ("This mortal body of a thousand days") which was worthy of himself, and of the great poet whom it celebrated. They passed through the country of "Guy Mannering," and as he had not read the novel, Brown described to him the character of Meg Merrilies, which he at once caught, and reproduced in a spirited lyric ("Old Meg she was a gipsy"). A few days later he wrote an elegiac poem, if I may call it such, in a measure which he had never before used, and which is capable of sustaining the gravest thought. ("There is a charm in footing slow.") There is an indescribable melancholy about this poem, which is one of the best that Keats ever wrote. When the travelers reached Girvan they betook themselves to the inn, which looked out over the waters on Ailsa Rock in the distance. The sight of this great sea-monument wrought up Keats, then and there, and he composed a noble sonnet, "Hearken, thou craggy ocean-pyramid." They visited Staffa and Fingal's Cave, where he had a vision of Milton's friend, Edward King, who went down in the Irish Channel one gusty August day, a hundred and eighty years before, in a fatal and perfidious bark, and rose again in the imagination of a young poet as the pontiff-priest of that cathedral of the sea. No young man was ever more honored than this Cambridge scholar, who was bewailed in the first of the four immortal English monodies. "Not Aladdin magian," is a powerful fragment. The last

poetic memorial of this long walking-tour was an indifferent Shakspearean sonnet, which Keats wrote on the top of Ben Nevis ("Read me a lesson, Muse").

Keats returned to Teignmouth in September, in time to read Wilson's brutal attack on him in "Blackwood," and to comfort his brother Tom, who was alarmingly ill. His next poetical essay was a pleasant Shakspearean sonnet, "The Human Seasons." It was followed by a lyrical lullaby in a letter to his brother George, written after October 29th (" 'Tis the witching hour of night"), in which he predicted a poetic future for his unborn son. The letter which conveyed this joyous lyric across the Atlantic, carried with it the mention of a young lady who was to be the fate of Keats. She was an East Indian, he wrote, and the women who at first were wild about her, now hated her bitterly. She was not a Cleopatra, but she was at least a Charmian. She had a rich Eastern look, and when she came into a room she made the same impression as the beauty of a leopard-ess. What Cynthia was to Endymion, and what Heloise was to Abelard,—that glory and gloom was Fanny Braun to poor John Keats. This fatal letter was written at Hampstead, where Tom was sinking rapidly, and where his sorrowing brother was trying to keep up his heart by reading the courtly old French poet Ronsard, one of whose fantastic sonnets he translated late in November, and inclosed in a letter to Reynolds, ("Nature withheld Cassandra from the skies"). I place after this translation the sonnet "To Homer," which is in his noblest Shakspearean manner, and which is a worthy companion-piece to the Chapman sonnet. Tom died early in December, and Brown pressed Keats to leave his lodgings in Wentworth Place, and reside entirely in his house. He consented to do so, and it was there that he began to write "Hyperion." Such was the inner and outer life of Keats, as near as I can make it out, and such was the succession of his poetical writings in the fourth year of his intellectual life, the memorable year 1818.

The beginning of 1819 found Keats at work upon two of his most important poems, "Hyperion," which he cast in the form of a Vision, and "The Eve of St. Agnes." The first was in blank verse, the last in the beloved Spenserian stanza with which the childhood of his poetic life began seven years before. I know of no data that will help me to ascertain the order in which these poems

were composed; but I hazard the conjecture that they proceeded side by side, and that when he was tired of writing on one he rested himself by writing on the other, turning from the supernatural Shapes that overawed him in his strange Vision to the exquisite loveliness of Madeline, and the gallant bravery of Porphyro. His letters to his brother George and his sister Georgiana, and his friends, are the only guides that remain to lead us through the labyrinths of his poetical writings. Reading these carefully I find that between February 14th and 18th he had finished "The Eve of St. Agnes," and the fragment of "The Eve of St. Mark's," which last I believe to have been written under the antique influence of Chaucer, and the weird influence of Coleridge in "Christabel." I find that on the night of March 18th he wrote the dark sonnet "Why did I laugh to night?"—a sonnet worthy of Shakspeare, and in his strongest manner. I find the suggestion of the ode "To Indolence" in a letter dated the next day, and I infer that the composition of that ode soon followed. If so, he had picked up the clue which he had dropped on the last May-day, in his fragmentary hymn to the still youthful Maia, who was at last—

"Rich in the simple worship of a day."

This ode, if it were written now, led to the incomparable ode "To Psyche," which up to this time was the only poem on which he had bestowed even moderate pains. I find that on the morning of April 15th, when Brown was writing Spenserian stanzas against Miss Braun, he amused himself by chaffing the personal appearance of Brown in three Spenserian stanzas ("He was to weet a melancholy carle"), which have never yet been inserted, I believe, in any edition of his Poetical Works. I find that at some unknown period before the day last named, and after a dream brought about by reading the fifth canto of the "Inferno," he wrote an imaginative sonnet ("As Hermes once took to his feathers light") which is eminently Shakspearean, except as to the alexandrine with which it closes.

Keats promised Endymion when he was finishing the last book of the poem wherein his sufferings are embalmed for all time, that he would before long sing his lute-voiced brother. He cast "Hyperion" in the mold of a Vision, and this Vision, like Shelley's sonnet "To the Nile," remained among the manuscripts of Hunt until it was disinterred,

and brought to light in Lord Houghton's edition of Keats. It was composed under Shakspearean influences, derived, I should say, from "Lear" and "Troilus and Cressida," to which he superadded his own spacious and audacious imagination. It is the largest poem he ever wrote,—epical, elemental; but he wisely rejected it, and wrote in its stead that calm, heroic narrative which the world has admired ever since it has been published, and will admire for ever. If the first is Gothic in its structure, as I think it is, and as "Paradise Lost" certainly is, "Hyperion" is the noblest example of Greek art in English poetry—a Pantheon of divine forms, carved from the snow-white marbles of Pentelicus. Its broken ending reminds me of the broken ending of "Thealma and Clearchus," and the simple words with which good old Izaak Walton concluded it: "And here the author died, and I hope the reader will be sorry." What shall I say of "The Eve of St. Agnes?" What, indeed, can I say but that it is the most artistic, the most exquisite, the most perfect poem in the world. It is all innocence, all purity, all music, all picture, all delight, and all beauty. I would especially point out the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth stanzas, wherein we behold the moonlight streaming through the quaint devices of fruit and flowers, and the gorgeous colors emblazoned in the stained casement of Madeline's chamber, and behold the loveliness of this fair creature as she disrobes herself in the midst of splendors. I know of nothing with which to compare these glorious stanzas unless it be the fourth section of Tennyson's "Godiva," which seems to me inferior to them, although it is very beautiful.

Our last date was April 15th. A little later, perhaps, but still in April, I find that Keats took his chair from the breakfast-table to a grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he remained writing for two or three immortal hours. When he reached the house he put together, with the help of Brown, what he had written. It was that most poetical of poems, that ode of all odes,—the one "To a Nightingale," the beauty of which is of the soul and heaven, and not of the senses and the earth—the translation of the untranslatable. He repeated it one evening to Haydon, as they were walking together in the Kilburn Meadows, in a low, tremulous undertone, or chant, which affected him extremely. I find that before May 3d, Keats was dissatisfied with all recognized

forms of the sonnet, and had invented a form of his own ("If by dull rhymes our English must be chained"), which can hardly be pronounced successful. I cannot trace the order in which the next two of Keats's odes were written; nor have I sufficient faith in my own critical penetration to decide even for myself. Nevertheless, I conjecture on the internal evidence of a certain intensity of somber feeling in both, that the ode "To Melancholy" comes after the ode "To a Nightingale," and that the ode "On a Grecian Urn" comes after that, because it contains a higher ideality of thought, and is inclosed in a greater perfection of structure. (May he not have remembered his ode "To Indolence," wherein the shadows of Love, Ambition, and Poesy passed before his eyes like figures on an urn, and may he not have resolved forthwith to mold such an urn, and cover it with imperishable shapes?) This wonderful ode closes with the poetical creed of its maker,—as "Endymion" opened with it:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

It was about this time that Coleridge and one of his friends met, in a lane near Highgate, a loose, slack, not well dressed youth, who introduced himself to the opium-consuming poet, stayed with him a moment, and departed. After walking a little way he returned and said, "Let me carry away, Coleridge, the memory of having pressed your hand." "There is death in that hand," Coleridge remarked, after he was gone. There was death in that heart, also, if he had only known it, for the heart and the hand were those of Keats. Toward the close of June, when I suppose the ode "To a Grecian Urn" to have been written, or at the beginning of July, Keats and Brown posted off to the Isle of Wight, and put up at Shanklin, a place which Keats could not endure four years before. He had already begun "Lamia," the first part of which was finished before July 12th. One reason for their going to Shanklin was that Keats might write a tragedy there. The poetic period in which he was living had recently witnessed a forced growth of Shakspearean drama, and others besides Keats were ambitious of theatrical glory and emolument. Coleridge had seen his "Remorse" played in 1813; Maturin had seen his "Bertram," and Shiel his "Evadne" played in 1816, and the latter his "Apostate" played in 1817. Surely Keats would not produce a worse play than

either of these. So at least thought Brown, who engaged to furnish him with the title, the characters, and the dramatic conduct of a tragedy, which he was to enwrap in poetry. The time selected was about the middle of the tenth century, the scene the castle of Friedburg, and the *dramatis personæ* Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, Ludolph, his eldest son, Conrad, his son-in-law, Auranthe, Conrad's sister, Erminia, Otho's niece, and Gersa, Prince of Hungary. It was under these circumstances, and with these personages and their attendants, that "Otho the Great" was projected. "The progress of this work was curious," Brown wrote years afterward:

"For while I sat opposite to him he caught my description of each scene entire, with the characters to be brought forward, the events, and everything connected with it. Thus he went on, scene after scene, never knowing nor inquiring into the scene which was to follow, until four acts were completed. It was then he required to know at once all the events that were to occupy the fifth act; I explained them to him, but, after a patient hearing and some thought, he insisted that many incidents in it were too humorous, or, as he termed them, too melodramatic. He wrote the fifth act in accordance with his own views, and so contented was I with his poetry that at the time, and for a long time after, I thought he was in the right."

It is not often that one obtains so close a glimpse as this of a great worker in his workshop. Brown and Keats were not exactly Beaumont and Fletcher, but what with the plotting capacity of the one, and the poetic capacity of the other, they composed a remarkable tragedy in "Otho the Great." It is pre-Shakspearean in its general manner,—Marlowesque, with genuine Shakspearean touches. The characters are strongly individualized, with an excess of villainy perhaps in Conrad and Albert, and an excess of nobleness and generosity in Otho and Ludolph. Auranthe has no redeeming quality save her beauty. The characters of Otho and Gersa relieve each other grandly; all the characters, in fact, obey the impetuous will of the young poet who clothed these historic shadows with robust, sinewy, sinful flesh and blood, which whirled them about rebelliously and ruinously, as the lightning-seamed thunder-clouds are whirled when the tempestuous winds are let loose on high. There are several striking scenes in "Otho the Great." One is the meeting between Otho and Gersa, whom he has just overthrown in battle; another is the stormy interview between Ludolph and his father; a still finer one is the approach of madness

which in the fifth scene of the last act lightens up the darkness which weighs so heavily on the soul of Ludolph with

"Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars,
And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows."

"Otho the Great" was finished before the end of August, as was, also, "Lamia," which had been in Keats's hands for months, and was written with great care, after much study of Dryden, whom he certainly surpassed. I beg my readers to read this poem slowly, and to notice in the reading the exquisite description of Lamia,—

("She was a gordion shape of dazzling hue"),—

her melodious addresses to Hermes, the sudden appearance of the nymph beloved by him, and the wonderful splendor of Lamia's change from serpenthood to womanhood. Note also the picture of Carthage, like a picture in a dream, the apprehensive trembling of Lamia as Apollonius passes by, and the surpassing luxury of her mansion. Note further, in the second part, the content of the lovers until Lycius hears the thrill of trumpets which recalls his lost manhood, her womanly belief that he is deserting her, and the madness which leads him to insist on marrying her. Never was anything so magnificent as the description of her banquetting-room,—

("About the halls, and to and fro the doors"),—

a passage of over a hundred lines of indescribable poetic opulence, which is followed by the fatal shape of Apollonius, and a feeling of dread among the guests.

"A deadly silence step by step increased
Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair."

The first part of "Lamia" was probably written at Wentworth Place; the second part was written afterward at Shanklin, and Winchester, after the completion of "Otho the Great," and the massive fragment of "King Stephen," in which Keats projected himself back nearly seven hundred years upon a lost battle-field, where the soul of the dark usurper struggled to go out fighting.

Toward the close of August our dramatists removed to Winchester, where the elder forsook the younger for a time. Winchester was always a favorite residence with

Keats, who has left us a bright glimpse of the life that he led there, and of his taking a daily walk an hour before dinner across a street into the Cathedral yard, passing under the trees along a paved path, under a stone gate-way, through college squares garnished with grass and shaded by more trees. On through one of the old city gates, and through a college street until he crosses some meadows, and is at last in a country alley of gardens. It was on one of these walks on September 19th, which fell on a Sunday, that he conceived his "Ode to Autumn," which is the perfection of picture and feeling for nature. I trace through his letters the composition of no other poems while he was at Winchester; but I conjecture on the strength of internal evidence that he composed while there two sonnets, "On Fame," and his unspeakably delicate sonnet, "To Sleep." The two former are Shakspearean in structure; the latter is also Shakspearean as regards the quatrains, but more or less Italianate in the tercettes. It is the finest sonnet of which sleep is the subject, in the whole range of English poetry; finer every way than the famous sonnet of Sydney ("Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace"), which contains three exquisite lines; and infinitely finer than Daniel's well-known sonnet ("Care-charmer, Sleep, son of the sable Night"). If "The Song of Four Fairies" was written in 1819, as Lord Houghton supposes, I should say it was written at Winchester, after reading "The Midsummer Night's Dream," or "Comus," or "The Faithful Shepherdess." I should place it myself among the poems written at Teignmouth in the spring of the previous year.

Keats remained at Winchester until early in October, when Brown rejoined him and they returned to Hampstead. It was at this time, Lord Houghton thinks, that he wrote two poems to Miss Braun, and extraordinary poems they are. What I take to be the first ("Physician Nature! let my spirit blood"), begins with outrageous conceits, which would have delighted Donne and Cowley; but with the fourth stanza comes a glorious burst of poetry, which redeems the extravagant bombast that leads up to it. Romeo might have written so to Rosaline before he had met Juliet. The second poem ("What can I do to drive away") is still more extraordinary. Every line of it is a throb of passionate emotion, and a pang of consuming jealousy and heart-break. The section beginning, "Dungeon of my friends," recalls

the strange region in which Endymion finds himself just before he hears the wedding song of Diana, and is, perhaps, the most powerful example of gloomy imagination in all the poetry of Keats. Shakspeare might have written it when he was troubled about the dark woman of his enigmatical "Sonnets." I place at this time, the sonnet written to a lady whom he saw for a few moments at Vauxhall ("Time's sea hath been five years at its slow ebb"), and the two sonnets beginning, "The day is gone," and "I cry you mercy—pity—love!" They are all Shakspearean in structure. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," that flower of English ballads, was written, I think, at this time (say in November), and with the breaking heart of the poet going out toward his "Belle Dame Sans Merci," Fanny Braun. The song, "In a drear-nighted December," was written, I have no doubt, on a December night, under the dreadful shadow which this enchantress cast over the soul of Keats. It is very pathetic through what it suggests, and leaves unsaid. We have now closed the fifth year of Keats's poetic life (1815-1819), and are nearing the end.

The beginning of the end came in London, where Keats would be, in spite of Brown's desires to have him at Hampstead, and where he broke a blood-vessel one winter night, after an outside ride on a coach. "That drop is my death warrant," he said; "I must die." He soon went back to Wentworth Place, where Brown tenderly cared for him, and where, I think, he set about a serio-comic poem, in the manner of Ariosto, whom he had taught himself to read in the original, and in the stanza of his first Master, Spenser. I cannot satisfy myself as to the place where, and the time when, the fragment called "Cap and Bells" was written. It is a piece of ridiculous extravagance,—a huge jest, such as the dying Hamlet might have made, if his loved Ophelia were not dead, but was soon to be married to his dear friend Horatio.

Brown and Keats parted on May 7th, and Keats went to lodge with Hunt at Kentish Town, where he corrected the proof of his third volume of poems, and wrote sparkling letters to his friends. Hunt saw him at the window, one day, silently eying the country, and noticed an alarming change in his countenance. His feelings were more than he could bear, he said, and he feared for his senses. Hunt persuaded him to take a coach, and ride about the country with him, and he recovered his peace of mind. Never-

theless, on the same day, while sitting on a bench in Well Walk, he told Hunt, with unaccustomed tears in his eyes, that his heart was breaking.

It was thought best by all his friends that Keats should go to Italy, and to Italy he determined to go, with his friend Severn, the artist. Brown, who was anxious to meet him before his departure, arrived in London from Dundee just one day too late. The vessels containing Keats and himself lay a whole night side by side at Gravesend; and when the ship of Keats, after beating about the Channel, was driven back by the weather to Portsmouth, where he landed and spent a day, Brown was staying in the vicinity, not ten miles away. Keats and Severn put to sea again, and were tossed around the stormy Channel for a fortnight. They landed once more, this time on the Dorchester coast. It was early in October, and the beauty

of the day penetrated so deeply into the soul of Keats that when he returned on board he wrote a poem (his last), in a copy of Shakspeare's "Poems," which he had given Severn a few days before. It appears to have been conceived at night, when he was looking at a star ("Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art") and it reflects the night, the movement of the waters, and his adoration of Fanny Braun. The poetic life of this descendant and heir of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, ended before his twenty-fifth year. It began and ended with a sonnet.

Keats wrote a letter to his brother George on his twenty-third birthday (October 29th, 1818), in which he said,—*à propos* to the abuse of Gifford and Wilson,—“I think I shall be among the English poets after my death.” Great Poet, the world thinks so too—after many days.

ESTHER.

O FACE more vivid than he dreamed who drew
Thy portrait in that thrilling tale of old!
Dead queen, we see thee still, thy beauty cold
As beautiful; thy dauntless heart which knew
No fear—not even of a king who slew
At pleasure; maiden heart which was not sold,
Though all the maiden flesh the king's red gold
Did buy! The loyal daughter of the Jew,
No hour saw thee forget his misery;
Thou wert not queen until thy race went free;
Yet thoughtful hearts, that ponder slow and deep,
Find doubtful reverence at last for thee;
Thou heldst thy race too dear, thyself too cheap:
Honor no second place for truth can keep.

VASHTI.

In all great Shushan's palaces was there
Not one, O Vashti, who knew thee so well,
Poor uncrowned queen, that he the world could tell
How thou wert pure and loyal-souled as fair?
How it was love which made thee bold to dare
Refuse the shame which madmen would compel?—
Not one, who saw thy bitter tears that fell,
And heard thy cry heart-rending on the air:
“Ah me! My Lord could not this thing have meant!
He well might loathe me ever, if I go
Before these drunken princes as a show.
I am his queen: I come of kings' descent.
I will not let him bring our crown so low!
He will but bless me when he doth repent!”

THE GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN this paper it is proposed to show: (1) That, within the last thirty years has occurred a change in the proportion of population which dwells in cities, so extraordinary as to amount to little less than a social revolution. (2) That the growth of cities in this country, however apparently spasmodic, is the result of a general natural law, whose direction it follows, and will continue to follow, under such conditions of society as are found in the United States, and in several of the nations of Europe. (3) That this law may be approximately formulated, its origin understood, and its effects clearly illustrated, especially in the three sections of this country, known as the West, the South and the East.

Since the beginning of the present century, in Europe and the United States, city population has assumed a new and extraordinarily large proportion, in comparison with the population of the rural districts. This fact caught the attention of Lord Macaulay nearly thirty years ago, when he remarked upon it as follows:

"Great as has been the change in the rural life of England since the revolution (1688), the change which has come to pass in the cities is still more amazing. At present a sixth part of the kingdom is crowded into provincial towns of more than 30,000 inhabitants. In the reign of Charles II. no provincial town in the kingdom contained 30,000 inhabitants, and only four provincial towns contained as many as 10,000 inhabitants."—(Hist. Eng., Ch. III.)

England and Wales are together about equal in area to New York and New Jersey. A comparison, therefore, between the rural and urban population of the former in 1688, and of the latter in 1870, when it contained about the same number of inhabitants as England and Wales did under Charles, will afford a tolerable idea of the change which has occurred in that period:

| | Sq. Miles. | Total Pop. | Total City Pop. over 10,000. | No. Towns more than 10,000. |
|-----------------------------|------------|------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| England and Wales in 1688 | 57,000 | 5,500,000 | 610,000 | 5 |
| N.Y. and New Jersey in 1870 | 55,320 | 5,288,000 | 2,235,000 | 31 |

Assuming 10,000 to be the smallest collection of people that can constitute a city, it

appears that in a territory of equal area, with an equally dense population, the number of cities had become sixfold, and their aggregate population fourfold greater in 1870 than it was in 1688. But extraordinary as such a change in 200 years would be, a knowledge of it is only preparatory to the acceptance of a statement of the transformation that has actually occurred. In 1840 the city population of New York and New Jersey was 17 per cent. of their whole population. The proportion of the urban population, which was 11 per cent. in 1688, had risen 6 per cent. in 150 years. In the next thirty years, in a new and thinly settled country, that percentage increased from 17 to 42. Nor was this sudden rate of augmentation peculiar to the cities of the United States. In England and Wales, in 1841, "one-sixth of the population was crowded into towns of more than 30,000 inhabitants." Of such cities, therefore, the aggregate population would be about 17 per cent. of the whole, or 2,666,000 inhabitants in 1841. The aggregate population of all the cities over 10,000 would, of course, be much greater, but the data necessary to furnish the figures are not accessible to us. This increase of 6 per cent. had occurred in 150 years; in 1861 the aggregate of the largest twenty-five cities in England and Wales was 5,996,000, and the total population of the territory was 20,220,000; the proportion being 29 per cent. It should be noticed, however, that the smallest of these towns contained 52,000 inhabitants, and it is probable that the remaining towns would aggregate, *at least*, 3,000,000 more, which would give 44 per cent., or about the same proportion as in New York and New Jersey in 1870.

The following table* exhibits the relative city and country population in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland and France, for a period of ten years; for the first four, from 1851 to 1861, and for France from 1846 to 1856:

* This table, as well as all others that are not specially noted, is compiled from the United States Census Reports—this particular one from the Report of 1860.

TABLE SHOWING THE AGGREGATE CITY POPULATION OF CHIEF TOWNS, AND THE TOTAL POPULATION.

| | No. of Towns includ'd | Aggregate Pop. for first period. | City Population for first period. | Aggregate Pop. for second period | City Pop. for second period. | Increase of Aggregate Pop. in 10 y'rs | Increase of City Pop. in 10 years. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| England and Wales..... | 25 | 18,054,170 | 5,119,083 | 20,223,746 | 5,996,493 | 2,169,576 | 877,410 |
| Scotland..... | 9 | 2,888,742 | 801,141 | 3,061,251 | 898,088 | 172,509 | 96,947 |
| Ireland..... | 6 | 6,552,385 | 546,846 | 5,764,543 | 532,499 | —787,842 | —14,347 |
| France..... | 22 | 36,039,364 | 2,570,697 | 37,382,225 | 3,201,390 | * 673,802 | 630,693 |

* France, by an accession of territory, appeared to gain more than was her real increase in population.

In England and Wales the city increase is 40 per cent. of the total increment, and if we add the increase of the other towns not here enumerated, it could hardly fall short of 65 per cent., and would probably exceed 80 per cent. The nine towns of Scotland give 56 per cent., which, with the addition of the remainder, might rise to 75 per cent. The twenty-two towns of France want only 43,000 of swallowing up the whole increase of the nation. Ireland loses two from her city population for every 98 taken from the rural districts.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that the influence which is at work building up cities does not operate in isolated cases alone, such as Chicago or St. Louis, Brooklyn or Cincinnati, but is the result of regular causes,—is itself a law. And this law is as active in France, where the total population scarcely increases at all, as in Illinois, where it is augmented by one half in a single decade. It operates in California, where there are not three inhabitants to the square mile, no less than in England, where there are more than 350. Its effects are as visible in Ireland, whose population steadily and continuously decreases, as they are in the United States, where there is a regular decennial gain of 33 per cent.

This law may be imperfectly formulated in the following words: Under such conditions of society as are to be found in this country and in several of the nations of Europe, the tendency of population is to concentrate in cities so far as can be done without affecting the products of the soil, and no further.

The facts relating to the growth of cities during this century, in the United States, will be found in the following table, which presents the extent of town and rural population by decades.

1800: Country population, 5,308,483. City population, 200,938. Per cent. of city population of whole population, .037.

1810: Country, 7,230,881. City, 337,632. Per cent. of city population, .046. Per cent. of city increase of whole increase, .07.
 1820: Country, 9,663,822. City, 463,128. Per cent. of city population, .048. Per cent. increase, .051.
 1830: Country, 12,866,020. City, 793,863. Per cent. of city population, .061. Per cent. increase, .102.
 1840: Country, 17,069,453. City, 1,394,233. Per cent. of city population, .081. Per cent. increase, .142.
 1850: Country, 23,191,876. City, 2,737,783. Per cent. of city population, .118. Per cent. of increase, .219.
 1860: Country, 31,443,321. City, 4,567,873. Per cent. of city population, .142. Per cent. increase, .222.
 1870: Country, 38,558,371. City, 7,408,681. Per cent. of city population, .191. Per cent. increase, .38.

With a constantly augmenting percentage of the increase of population becoming dwellers in cities, the ratio of town to rural population will not be long in reaching a much higher standard than one-fifth, which it was in 1870; the more especially, as that percentage was then three times as great as it was in 1840. This proportion of 38 per cent. includes not only those states, as Illinois and Missouri, where the urban population is small as compared with that of New York or Massachusetts; but it also includes such territory as Kansas, Arkansas and Mississippi, where there is no city population at all to speak of. In New York, during the last decade, the number of inhabitants in the rural districts actually decreased; the gain in the total population of that state being 502,000, and in the city population, 505,000. In England or France this would not be an extraordinary fact, for both have a very dense population; but occurring in this country, and in a state where there are not a hundred inhabitants to the square mile, it exhibits, with great force, the tendency toward concentration in cities.

Striking as is the great and sudden change

in the proportion of urban to rural population, which is seen by the foregoing tables to have occurred, its causes are not difficult to be understood.

On every given territory, to feed a given number of mouths there is required a given number of laborers—supposing that the means of production are the same. When a country is dependent on its own resources, if that number be diminished, *ceteris paribus*, a scarcity of food must ensue. It is a simple enough problem, then, which is proposed. To create a larger proportion of men who *can* live in cities, it is only necessary to enable the producers of food to obtain a larger supply from the same land with less human labor,—that is, by improved machinery. In order that there should be a larger number of men who *will* live in cities, it is necessary that some way be discovered

by which the excess of labor will produce commodities incident to city industry, purchasable by those who have the food to sell, and that they be employed.

The number of persons engaged in all kinds of occupation in 1870, was nearly one-half (44 per cent.) of the population, ten years of age and over, and should vary in a nearly direct ratio with the increase of inhabitants—that is to say, it remains in the neighborhood of 44. per cent. But this is not true of agricultural occupations. The number engaged in that pursuit varies according to a different rule. With all the land cultivated in a given territory, and worked in the same manner, the number of people engaged in agriculture should be approximately a fixed quantity at least, so far as to be nearly unaffected by the growth of population.

CENSUS OF 1870.

| SOUTHERN STATES | City population in all thousands. | Persons engaged in all occupations. | Persons engaged in agriculture. | Acres of improved farms. | WESTERN STATES. | Persons engaged in all occupations. | Persons engaged in agriculture. | Acres of improved farms. | City population in thousands. |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Alabama . . . | 42 | 365,268 | 291,691 | 5,062,204 | Ohio | 840,889 | 397,024 | 14,469,133 | 469 |
| Arkansas . . . | 12 | 135,949 | 109,310 | 1,859,821 | Michigan . . | 404,164 | 187,211 | 5,096,939 | 118 |
| Va. & W. Va. . | 132 | 527,894 | 318,510 | 10,745,294 | Indiana . . . | 459,369 | 266,777 | 10,104,279 | 143 |
| N. Carolina . . | 13 | 351,299 | 269,238 | 5,258,742 | Illinois . . . | 742,015 | 376,441 | 19,329,952 | 410 |
| S. Carolina . . | 48 | 263,601 | 206,654 | 3,010,539 | Missouri . . . | 505,556 | 263,918 | 9,130,615 | 372 |
| Georgia | 76 | 444,678 | 336,145 | 6,831,856 | Wisconsin . . | 292,805 | 159,687 | 5,899,343 | 88 |
| Florida | .. | 60,703 | 42,492 | 736,172 | Iowa | 344,246 | 210,263 | 9,396,467 | 96 |
| Mississippi . . | 12 | 318,850 | 259,199 | 4,209,146 | Minnesota . . | 132,657 | 75,157 | 2,322,102 | 33 |
| Louisiana . . . | 191 | 256,452 | 141,467 | 2,045,640 | Kansas | 123,852 | 73,222 | 1,971,003 | 17 |
| Texas | 26 | 237,126 | 166,753 | 2,964,830 | California . . | 238,642 | 47,863 | 6,218,133 | 186 |
| Kentucky . . . | 155 | 414,593 | 261,081 | 8,103,850 | | | | | |
| Tennessee . . | 65 | 367,987 | 267,020 | 6,843,278 | | | | | |
| Total States . | 771,180 | 3,744,400 | 2,669,560 | 57,671,372 | Total States . | 4,084,195 | 2,057,563 | 83,937,966 | 1,932,582 |

In those states where cities abound, the proportion of agricultural laborers to those engaged in all classes of occupations is much smaller than in the states where town population is inconsiderable. In the western states the proportion is not quite one to two, and in not a single instance does the ratio become as great as two to three; but in the South the proportion is considerably more than two to three, and in no state does it become as small as one to two. That this would generally be the case is self-evident enough, although one would scarcely have expected to find so great a difference between two sections of the same country. It is not self-evident, however, that

the proportion of agricultural laborers to the quantity of soil cultivated varies equally in the different territories. Different crops are indeed raised, but that does not overcome the necessity of having the same number of persons to cultivate an acre of land. The district where the proportion is greatest, that is where machinery cannot be used, must generally become poor and inefficient. Of the improved land in the South, there are but twenty-two acres to each person engaged in agriculture, while in the West there are more than forty, or nearly twice as many. It may be added, that in New York and Pennsylvania, with areas of improved land, respectively, of

15,000,000 and 11,000,000, the persons employed in agriculture number 374,000 and 260,000, which approximates very nearly to the similar statistics of Ohio and Indiana.

These statistics demonstrate very clearly that a relation exists between the number of persons necessary to cultivate a given quantity of land, and the extent of city population. It remains to consider the agencies which are at work changing the proportion of the number of persons engaged in agriculture to the extent of the soil which they till, and the cause which creates the agents. Of these instrumentalities, we have space to notice only those two whose effects are most marked.

The first is agricultural machinery. A writer in a recent number of "Harper's Magazine" states facts from which we collect, that the number of persons required to produce a given amount of grain from a given tract of land and deliver it ready for use to the consumer, in 1840 and in 1870, is about as eight to one. The introduction of machinery covers the handling and production of the raw material alone, but embraces nearly every stage through which the grain passes, from its first planting until it is about to be converted into a manufactured article. It includes the harrow, the drill, the reaper, and thrasher and mower, the railroad, the steamship, the plow, and most especially the elevator.

On this calculation alone it would seem that the proportion of city population to rural may be seven times as great now as it was thirty years ago.

The second of these agencies is the railroad, or more properly the application of steam to dynamics, and chiefly in the way of transportation. The immense city population of the United States is made possible only by this discovery. A few great metropolises might exist at different intervals, without the facilities for intercourse which steam has given; but a considerable urban population, outside of the capitals, would be out of the question in a territory not three or four times more densely inhabited than Ohio (66 to the square mile).

But in considering these two factors as agents of the law of the growth of cities, they must not be confused with its cause. The reason of the increase of towns does not lie in any of the modern inventions, but is coincident with the influence that produced the inventions themselves. It has been frequently noticed that the most marked feature of social progress in recent times has

been the extent to which automatic machines have taken the place of human hands, and the general prevalence of the principle of association in labor. It is believed that the tendency of civilization is toward the increase of intellectual, and the decrease of manual, activity; that in accordance therewith, society endeavors to produce the works necessary for its subsistence and convenience in shorter period, and with less bodily exertion, to the end of obtaining leisure for other pursuits. The impulse is universal. It affects every business and every circumstance of life. In obedience to its influence, each occupation of life, from the sawing of logs, to communicating with persons on the opposite side of the world, has attracted the attention of inventors, whose one problem is to multiply the working powers of mankind; to accomplish a given result by the substitution of the forces of nature where the forces of the human body were before used.

But among all the contrivances for effecting a saving of time and labor the city is scarcely second even to the steam-engine. In connection with the latter, it becomes the chief instrumentality in the promotion of civilization—at least in the movement which we call social progress. It is the principle of association carried out to its fullest extent. Agricultural pursuits necessitate a very considerable diffusion of population, while nearly every other employment is benefited by concentration. And in this connection also, we may allude to an economic question, which can hardly fail to prove of interest regarding the desirability and probability of a considerable town population. It is stated as follows, by Mr. Mill:

"They [the American protectionists], and Mr. Carey at their head, deem it a necessary condition of human improvement, that towns should abound, * * * * * That a people all engaged in the same or nearly the same pursuit, a nation all agricultural, cannot attain a high state of civilization and culture. * * * * * So far, however, as it is an object to check the excessive dispersion of population, Mr. Wakefield has pointed out a better way. To cut the knot in Mr. Carey's fashion it would be necessary that Ohio and Michigan should be protected against Massachusetts as well as against England, for the manufacturing of New England, no more than those of old England, accomplish the desideratum of bringing a manufacturing population to the door of the western farmer. Boston and New York do not supply the want of local towns to the western prairies any better than Manchester; and it is as difficult to get back manure from one place as from another."—(J. S. Mill, *Pol. Ec. V., Ch. X., § 1.*)

TABLE SHOWING GROWTH OF CITY AND RURAL POPULATION OF THE WESTERN STATES, BY DECADES FOR THIRTY YEARS.

| WESTERN STATES. | Total Pop. Country. 1840. | City popu- lation. 1840. | Total population. 1850. | City popu- lation. 1850. | Total population. 1860. | City popu- lation. 1860. | Total population. 1870. | City population 1870. |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Ohio..... | 1,519,467 | 46,338 | 1,980,329 | 161,330 | 2,339,511 | 256,864 | 2,665,260 | 464,799 |
| Michigan..... | 212,267 | | 397,654 | 21,119 | 749,113 | 45,619 | 1,184,059 | 118,881 |
| Indiana..... | 685,866 | | 988,416 | | 1,350,428 | 42,742 | 1,680,637 | 143,506 |
| Illinois..... | 476,183 | | 851,470 | 29,963 | 1,711,951 | 139,849 | 2,539,891 | 410,201 |
| Missouri..... | 383,702 | 16,469 | 682,044 | 77,850 | 1,182,012 | 160,773 | 1,721,295 | 372,814 |
| Iowa..... | 43,112 | | 192,214 | | 674,913 | 24,217 | 1,194,020 | 88,223 |
| Wisconsin..... | 30,945 | | 305,391 | 20,000 | 775,881 | 45,246 | 1,054,670 | 96,867 |
| Minnesota..... | | | 6,077 | | 172,023 | 10,401 | 439,706 | 33,096 |
| Kansas..... | | | | | 107,206 | | 364,399 | 17,873 |
| California..... | | | 92,597 | 20,000 | 379,994 | 74,517 | 560,247 | 186,322 |
| Total..... | 3,351,542 | 62,807 | 5,496,192 | 330,262 | 9,443,032 | 800,228 | 13,404,184 | 1,932,582 |
| Per ct. of city pop. to whole pop. | | .018 | | .06 | | .084 | | .145 |

These figures, whether they answer or not, are certainly applicable to the question raised by Mr. Mill, or rather, enunciated by him in behalf of Mr. Carey. Mr. Mill's assertion that, in order to make protection available to build up towns in Ohio and Michigan, it would be necessary to protect against New as well as old England, is certainly true; but the towns have just as certainly grown up in those states with remarkable rapidity without that protection.

In the South it appears that the growth of cities has not kept pace with the increase of population, or with the tendency to concentration in other states. Charles-

ton, in 1800, was the fifth city in size in the United States, and in 1870 there were twenty-five towns of greater population. But Richmond and New Orleans alone excepted, it is still the largest city of the cotton planting states, which border on the sea and the Gulf. In this territory is presented many of the characteristics that distinguished Great Britain in the time of Charles II. The towns are few and small, and separated by great distances. Their combined population has increased a little faster than the city of Philadelphia, during the last thirty years, but has not kept pace with the growth of New York.

| SOUTHERN STATES. | Total popu- lation. 1840. | 1840. | Total popu- lation. 1850. | 1850. | Total popu- lation. 1860. | 1860. | Total popu- lation. 1870. | 1870. |
|--|---------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|---------|
| Virginia and West Virginia.... | 1,239,797 | 42,209 | 1,421,661 | 67,297 | 1,596,318 | 98,022 | 1,667,177 | 132,562 |
| South Carolina..... | 594,398 | 29,261 | 668,507 | 42,985 | 703,708 | 40,578 | 705,606 | 48,956 |
| North Carolina..... | 753,419 | | 869,039 | | 992,622 | | 1,071,361 | 13,446 |
| Georgia..... | 691,392 | 11,214 | 906,185 | 25,529 | 1,057,286 | 34,785 | 1,184,109 | 76,223 |
| Florida..... | 54,477 | | 87,445 | | 140,424 | | 187,748 | |
| Alabama..... | 590,756 | 12,672 | 771,023 | 20,515 | 964,201 | 29,258 | 996,992 | 42,622 |
| Mississippi..... | 375,651 | | 606,526 | | 791,305 | | 827,922 | 12,442 |
| Louisiana..... | 352,411 | 102,193 | 517,762 | 126,375 | 708,002 | 168,670 | 726,915 | 191,418 |
| Texas..... | | | 212,591 | | 604,215 | | 818,579 | 26,074 |
| Kentucky..... | 779,828 | 21,210 | 982,405 | 43,196 | 1,155,684 | 94,549 | 1,321,011 | 155,146 |
| Tennessee..... | 829,210 | | 1,002,717 | 10,478 | 1,109,801 | 39,617 | 1,258,520 | 65,911 |
| Arkansas..... | 97,574 | | 209,897 | | 435,450 | | 484,471 | 12,380 |
| Total..... | 6,358,913 | 218,759 | 8,256,358 | 336,375 | 10,259,016 | 505,479 | 11,250,411 | 777,180 |
| Per cent. of city population to total population..... | | .035 | | .04 | | .049 | | .069 |

It is somewhat difficult to present, in its full force, the contrast which this table exhibits in comparison with the former one of the western states. The dissimilarity

between the development, as presented in its city growth of the two sections, is really marvelous. 14.5 per cent. of the population of the West dwells in cities; but in the

South there is not quite half so great a proportion, it being only 6.9 per cent. But in the southern states, in 1840, the difference was entirely the other way. Then, over $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the inhabitants of the South dwelt in towns containing a population of 10,000, or more, while in the West that proportion was not quite two per cent.

There were seven towns in the South at that time with a population of over 10,000, and in the West there were but two. Yet, notwithstanding this advantage on the part of the former, in 1870 those conditions had been reversed to the extent that there were fifty such towns in the enumerated western states, and but twenty-four in those of the

South. The aggregate southern city population was three and a half times greater in 1870 than in 1840; that of the West was thirty times greater.

Nor was the West more densely populated until 1870, than the South; and even then there were but nineteen to the square mile in the former, as opposed to fifteen in the Confederate states; the area of each section being respectively, 714,000, round number, and 765,000, square miles.

In the eastern and middle states, the population grew not very much faster than in the South, but more than 50 per cent. of its increase became urban population. The following tabular statement of that growth explains itself:

| EASTERN STATES. | | Total population. 1840. | City population. 1840. | Total population. 1850. | City population. 1850. | Total population. 1860. | City population. 1860. | Total population. 1870. | City population. 1870. |
|---|--|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Maine | | 501,793 | 15,218 | 583,169 | 35,311 | 628,279 | 42,478 | 626,915 | 73,584 |
| New-Hampshire | | 284,574 | | 317,976 | 13,932 | 326,073 | 31,005 | 318,300 | 46,320 |
| Vermont | | 291,948 | | 314,120 | | 315,098 | | 330,551 | 14,387 |
| Massachusetts | | 739,699 | 163,790 | 994,514 | 304,440 | 1,231,066 | 444,396 | 1,457,351 | 619,448 |
| Rhode Island | | 108,830 | 23,171 | 147,545 | 44,512 | 174,620 | 61,174 | 217,353 | 81,425 |
| Connecticut | | 309,978 | 14,890 | 370,792 | 33,311 | 460,147 | 105,702 | 537,454 | 134,468 |
| New York | | 2,428,921 | 463,190 | 3,097,394 | 846,543 | 3,880,735 | 1,409,616 | 4,382,759 | 1,915,185 |
| New Jersey | | 373,306 | 17,290 | 489,555 | 60,325 | 672,035 | 175,264 | 906,096 | 320,280 |
| Pennsylvania | | 1,724,033 | 289,241 | 2,311,786 | 504,738 | 2,906,215 | 697,617 | 3,521,951 | 1,041,107 |
| Delaware | | 78,085 | | 91,532 | 13,979 | 112,216 | 21,308 | 125,015 | 30,841 |
| Maryland | | 470,015 | 102,513 | 583,034 | 169,054 | 687,094 | 212,484 | 780,894 | 267,354 |
| Total..... | | 7,311,186 | 1,089,303 | 9,301,417 | 2,031,145 | 11,393,518 | 3,201,044 | 13,204,369 | 4,544,399 |
| Per cent. of city population to total population. } | | | .149 | | .218 | | .28 | | .344 |

During this period, in the North (as distinguished from the Confederate states), invention succeeded invention, until it almost seemed as though the generations would be but few before man might cease from manual labor and receive all the luxuries and all the conveniences of life from the willing and tireless hands of machinery.

The city of Cincinnati, Queen of the West, became famous for its pork packing, where the slaughter and dressing of hogs were accomplished with a celerity and skill almost incredible to those who have witnessed the common mode of butchery. Chicago arose in the night and moved the great cereal produce of the North-west, without hands, from the cart of the farmer to the docks of New York, at the same time rivaling Cincinnati in its own peculiar line, and astonishing the world with the quantity of its lumber exports. In Indiana and Missouri, multitudes gathered together on the spots

known as Indianapolis and St. Louis, as though those places had been selected for immense fairs. The farmers reaped their grain by new machinery, thrashed it by new machinery, moved vast quantities of it with new machinery, and converted it into flour by a new force, and accomplished the result with one man where eight were required before. But in the South the cotton and tobacco were still planted, still gathered, and still moved by human hands. The very advantages which inventions had bestowed upon the cotton-grower were reaped by another people in another land. There was no surplus population to build new cities. The increment of inhabitants only kept pace with the necessities of the tobacco and cotton demand, and cities could not have grown up rapidly, as in other states, without affecting the products of the soil.

The great need of the South is agricultural machinery. It must either invent machinery

or be forced into a competition with India, —must become like its rivals in civilization and government. For no political theory can make a people free under a natural organism which the experience of all time has shown must overthrow the equal rights of man.

The South has already been conquered (alas, the inevitable necessity!) by the arms of a people that it affected to despise; but it will be yet more terribly overthrown by the cities of the world, unless it finds means to

create a manufacturing population. The working of the raw material at home might accomplish the desired result; but it is much to be feared that such an industry cannot be introduced until machinery is more largely used in the production of the raw material itself.

However, generalizations of this kind are made upon too vague a foundation to be of much value, and we leave the reader to make such deductions as seem good to him from the facts that have been set forth.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

West Point and the Educational Charities.

WE have no love of controversy; but as all we have written upon educational charities has been conceived in the interest of what we regard as the highest and most sacred and important of all the professions, we very gladly publish the following letter. We only ask that the comments we make upon it shall be received in the friendly spirit with which they are offered.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE": There are those who hold that candidates for the Christian ministry who receive pecuniary help in preparation for their work are not pauperized, and that the help extended is not charity; that the church, in educating her own sons, bears the same relation to candidates for the ministry as is borne by the government to those who "are learning the art of war;" that in educating the men who are to preach the gospel, it is spending money for its own interests and the interests of society at large; and that the parallel between the church and the government in this respect is perfect. In accordance with this view it is contended by some that these educational provisions should embrace rich and poor alike; the only condition being that of physical, moral and intellectual fitness. The argument for the church's duty, as thus stated, is based partly on the fact, that those who engage in the work of the ministry will be excluded from all the ordinary avenues of worldly enterprise and profit, and that, therefore, they have a just claim upon the church for the means of preparation for their self-denying labor.

What think you of this view, suggested by one who, in the prosecution of his studies, had no help but what his own head and hands gave him, and who is all the stronger, it may be, for the discipline of the struggle? Why not consider the educational arrangements of the church and those of the government to bear precisely the same relation to the educated,—not pauperizing in either case? Why not apply your own words to students of theology and the education they receive at the hands of the church: "This body of men, in holding themselves ready for what is expected of them, have the consciousness of rendering an equivalent for what they receive. They are ready to pay their debt in the only way in which it is desired to be paid, or can be paid. The aid they have received is in no possible sense a charity. It is given by the [church] for a consideration; it is accepted by the student, who perfectly understands the nature of the equivalent he renders."

This reasoning applies with peculiar force to those who are preparing to win moral victories for the race,—victories far transcending in grandeur and importance all the bloody achievements of the battle-field,—victories that will one day turn swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and harmonize all human interests by causing every one to love his neighbor as he loves himself.

C. A. S.

Our correspondent has presented an ideal scheme, which is not even approximated by anything that

exists, and he presents it without any consideration of the conditions and circumstances that would be essential to its success. In the first place, he speaks of "the church," as if it were as much a unity or an integer as the government. Is it any such thing? We wish it were, but it is nothing of the kind, in the sense in which he uses the word. We are all subjects of the government. We are all subject to taxation for its support, and all interested, immediately and permanently, in every scheme instituted for its defense. Certainly we cannot speak of "the church" as at all parallel to this in its nature and recognized claims. The majority of the people do not belong to it in any way, while the institution itself is divided into a great number of parties, friendly in certain attitudes and relations, but actively opposed to one another in others. There is a sense in which the multiplied churches of the country may be spoken of as one church, perhaps, but this unity, if it exists, is limited to the realm of spiritualities, and has never been, and probably can never be, a union that will bind into one policy and one educational scheme the warring policies and schemes that at present exist. If Christianity, pure and simple, were recognized by everybody in the state, if there were no parties within it, we might speak of it as "the church," and draw parallels between it and the government, at our convenience; but it is notoriously divided, until it bears no end of names, and is controlled by the most discordant policies.

If there were institutions in every state of the Union corresponding with that at West Point, we can see how petty they would become, in comparison with it, even when supported by public taxation, under the sanctions and regulations of law. The charities established by the different church organizations could not even be compared with those. An item of taxation, instituted for the good or the defense of a petty state, is very different from a voluntary contribution given to support a petty party. Every sect, under our correspondent's suggestion, would be obliged to have its institution, as

it does now, and instead of its belonging to "the church," it would belong to the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and so on. In the practical management and administration of affairs there is no such thing as "the church" in America.

Our educational charities, let us realize, are petty things, established undoubtedly with some broad views of Christian service and sacrifice, but always under the control of a sect, and in the immediate interest of a sect. They have reference to the needs of a sect, and they have never been in a condition—they are in no condition now—to enforce regulations that will give commanding dignity to their institutions. Our correspondent speaks of having an institution that will educate the rich and the poor alike—"the only condition being that of physical, moral, and intellectual fitness." West Point can command this condition—can so command it that it is a high honor to be admitted to that institution. It can insist on it all the way through; but, where is the sectarian seminary that commands it, or ever did command it? Every student decides on his own fitness for the ministry, as a rule. If he has been converted, and feels that he has a call to preach, he goes in and is nursed through. What an invitation to benevolent mediocrity is this! How it has overfilled the ministry with feeble and unfruitful men! The pulpits must be filled—the sects must have men—and they undoubtedly get the best they can, under the circumstances; but, would they not get better men if they were to compel every man who comes into the ministry to win his own way to that high office? The question answers itself.

We speak with great hesitation of the effect of these charities upon the personal and professional character of their beneficiaries. It is not good—it cannot be good. It is not good to be any man's man, or any society's man. We do not believe that there is a thoroughly manly minister now in service, in youth misled into the reception of an education at the hand of charity, who does not look upon his course with a sense of humiliation, desiring to forget it. The degrading conditions imposed by hard and presuming officials, the exercise of censorship, —ownership, indeed,—upon him, at various stages of his career, must have made him wish a thousand times that he had entered his position by a slower path, and that path his own. There can be no sense of freedom and independence in a man who stands forever indebted to an influential sectarian charity, and without this sense, manhood shrinks, and power and usefulness die out.

Books and Reading.

REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR has recently delivered in this city a very valuable and interesting lecture, on the subject which we have written as the title of this article. One of the most suggestive passages of the lecture was that relating to personal character as the basis of successful reading. We do not remember any special reference to the means through which this character is lost, by reading

itself, although it was suggested; and to these it should be profitable to call attention. After all, the character necessary to profitable reading is, when we come to measure and analyze it, hardly more, and little else, than the power of study—the power to fix and hold the attention, to master principles and details, to seize the dominant motive of a book, and to appropriate and assimilate what there is in it for the reader, of food for personal culture.

At some period of the life of every man and woman of fairly good education, the power of study has been in possession. Any man or woman who has once studied successfully has possessed the qualifications for profitable reading; and we believe that there are comparatively few who do not become conscious of the loss of this power, in a greater or less degree. Disuse of the power will account for this loss in many instances—indeed, in most instances. The cares of business or the household, the diversions of society, sometimes the lack of opportunity to get good books, leave the power of study to dissipation. Beyond these, and more mischievous than these, is a cause of this loss of power in the kind of reading indulged in. The pursuit of one class of reading to excess, in accordance with a pronounced individual taste, disqualifies for another class. A man with a taste for poetry, so strong that his power for study is not called into use at all, may lose his power for studying history or philosophy, and *vice versa*. A woman with a decided love of novel-reading may indulge in her taste or passion to such an extent that it is an absolute pain to her to undertake to read anything else. A person with antiquarian tastes may become so devoted to their gratification that he can fix his attention upon nothing that relates to the current interests of society or the state. Newspaper-reading is one of the most fruitful causes of the loss of the power to study. To a newspaper reader, an antiquarian book is more dry than dust, and history no more significant than a last year's almanac.

In these days, all men and women read something, but the trouble is that by reading in a single vein, which so strongly appeals to their individual tastes and personal idiosyncrasies that it is not study at all, they lose their power to study anything else. The rule for successful and profitable reading would, in the light of these facts, seem to be to read only what one does not like to read. That reading which costs no effort and necessarily dissipates the power of study, is that which we should indulge in only for recreation, while that which we know to be important in itself, and in its bearings upon broad knowledge and culture, should most engage our time and attention. The trouble is, not that we do not read enough, but that we read so much of that which simply pleases us as to destroy our power to read that which will edify and enlarge us. There are many aspects in which newspaper reading is preferable to much that is considered essential to high culture. It is undoubtedly dissipating to the power of study, but so is any other reading which is pursued as a passion. It has this advantage: that it never detaches the mind from a supreme interest

in the affairs of to-day. There are studies which separate a man from his time,—which shut off his sympathies from the men and the movements around him. There is a kind of dilettanteism which rejoices in mousing in dark corners for the curiosities of history or art, which is wise about great nothings—wise about bric-à-brac, wise about antique gems, wise about coins, wise about classical antiquities, wise about old books of whose contents it knows little, wise about dead and useless things, and foolish enough to plume itself upon its wisdom. Now, any reading that does not make us better citizens—more capable of meeting and mastering the needs of the time and generation in which our life is cast, is reading which we cannot afford to engage in.

Young men of ambitious aims are fond of asking advice as to a "course of reading." The safest advice that can be given them is to read least the books they like best, if they would retain their power to study, or to read profitably at all. A special, strong liking for one kind of literature betrays a one-sided nature, or a one-sided development, which demands complementary culture and other directions. The neglected books of the world are histories and works upon moral and intellectual philosophy. The present is the day of novels, and, what is about as nearly their antipodes as possible, scientific knowledge and culture. That history in whose instructive light we should weave the history of our own time,—that history through which we make the acquaintance of our kind, as they have lived and acted under various institutions and circumstances, and that philosophy by which we become acquainted with ourselves, and our higher powers and relations, are comparatively little read. It is in these works, mainly, that the power of study is missed, and in these mainly that it is to be regained. We say this very decidedly, and yet we know that there are men whose whole life is here, and who stand in great need of the influences of poetry and fiction as food for starved imaginations. No man liveth by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. We need food from every side, of every kind, and the man who finds that he has lost that power of study which alone can seize and appropriate it, should win it back by patient exercise.

Fitting for College.

THE difficulty that some young men have had during the past season in the endeavor to enter the colleges of their choice, makes desirable a public discussion of the matter, that both parents and young men may have a more intelligent comprehension of just what they have to do. A boy, we will say, attends a private school in New York. The school is near the boy's home, the teacher is all that is desirable in character and acquirements; one of his special functions is to fit young men for college, and so the boy is kept there, much to the comfort of his parents, who like, as long as possible, to keep their children near them.

Now it should be understood that a boy, attempting to fit for college in this way, works at an im-

mense disadvantage. In the first place, where so many boys are brought together in a miscellaneous way, they will be found to have varying predilections for the different colleges. One wishes to fit for Harvard, one for Yale, one for Columbia, one for Princeton, one for Amherst, and so on. Now, these colleges have widely differing standards in a general way, and widely differing requirements in particulars. There is necessity for classification in the economy of labor; and so these boys, who are fitting for various colleges, are put together. Now, while one of them may be fitted for one college, he may not be at all fitted for another, or not fitted in some essential particulars. One of them enters the college of his choice without difficulty, and all the rest, perhaps, are conditioned, or fail entirely, and they, with their parents, are subjected to a great disappointment and a great mortification from which they never entirely recover.

Again, an ordinary private school in the city is attended by a large number who do not intend to fit for college at all. They are the sons, perhaps, of business men, who intend to make business men of them. Probably the majority of the boys in the larger and smaller private academies of the city have no view to a college training, though some of them may be getting ready to go away to some special preparatory school. At any rate, the schools have no drift in the direction of the college. There is no unity of aim, no class spirit, no emulation among a large body of boys who are running along a common track toward a common goal. The schools are lakes of educational and social eddies. They are not streams that drive on toward a single debouchure into the sea. Now, no man who understands the nature of a boy can fail to see that in institutions like these, he works at a very great disadvantage. Class life has a wonderful influence on a boy. It is in this life that he not only learns to measure himself, but he is immensely stimulated by sympathy and society. The school that has a common drift and aim, common plans, common topics of conversation, common text-books, and knows exactly what it is trying to do, and what it must do, is that in which any boy will do best.

The disappointments which come in such numbers to parents and boys every year, grow mainly out of the fact that the boys have not had a fair chance. They have been kept in schools where they have always studied at a disadvantage. It may not be that they have lacked at all in faithful study, but it has all been up-hill, with influences around them that have never helped, but always hindered them.

We have now, scattered about in different parts of the country, eminent preparatory schools, officered and appointed for their special work. They have some, perhaps many, students in them who are not fitting for the college, but the controlling influences all tend toward the college. Nearly every one of these institutions has a special affiliation with a college, and it is understood that the most of those who attend any particular one of them will go to a certain college. There are schools that fit for Harvard. There are those that fit for Yale,

or Princeton, or Cornell, or Columbia. There was probably never a time when these schools were as good as they are to-day. Some of them have the reputation even of fitting too well, so that a student who enters college from them finds himself with so little to do during the first year that he loses his industry, and is surpassed in the long run by those who simply get in, and are obliged to work hard during the first year to keep in.

Any school of miscellaneous and multitudinous aims is a bad school for special work, no matter what the work may be. Any school whose social influences cannot be harnessed in with the educational and guided toward a common object, and that object the college, cannot be the best in which to fit a boy for college. So let the boys have a fair chance. If they cannot find the preparatory school they need in the city, they must go to the country,—go somewhere, at least, to a school whose function it is to do the special work desired. If this rule were strictly followed, the great army of the mismanaged and the plucked, every year turned away from our universities, would be very much reduced.

Work for "the Machine."

THERE is an old command, not yet obsolete: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," to which we beg leave to call the attention of "The Pittsburg Banner,"—a "religious" newspaper. The following editorial paragraph appears in its columns:

Dr. Holland, editor of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, is getting no better rapidly. In the November number he has the bad taste to call a church which requires a minister to be faithful to the creed he has solemnly professed, a "machine." And then he still farther indulges in the use of "slang" by saying of a

church which casts out those untrue to it, it "is a wretched machine, which in our (Dr. Holland's) opinion, ought to be smashed." The use of such language by one at the head of a great magazine bearing an honored and loved name; will find no defenders among respectable people. If Dr. Holland expects, to use his own term, to "smash" the orthodox church of the Lord Jesus Christ, he has simply undertaken to do what the devil and all the enemies of the truth have endeavored but failed to do in all the ages of the past.

It would not be courteous to call the writer of these words a fool, but the alternative is so sad a one that we cannot bring ourselves to write its name. We are sure that no man can know better than he that the identification of a small organization of professional sectarian teachers, in a single presbytery or synod, with the great Christian church is an outrage upon truth. No man can know better than he that we have been talking of sectarian polity, as represented and operated by small bodies of men, over whom the great church of Jesus Christ has about as much influence as it has over the man in the moon. No man can know better than he that the identification which he has made between the church and these bodies has not existed in our mind for a moment. No man can know better than he that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and the devil do not draw in the same harness.

So we say that this is a case of gross and inexcusable slander, publicly uttered, with the intent to damage a man, his influence, his interests; and we are curious to see what "the machine" will do with it. If the machine is practically good for anything, it will pay as much attention to conduct as to opinion—to motive as to judgment. We shall see, however, that the Christian church, so far as it gives the matter a thought, will condemn the slander, and that "the machine," which is quite another thing, will pay no attention to it whatever.

THE OLD CABINET.

I KNEW some young people once who started out in life with the idea that they would have no gossiping in their house; that they would not gossip with other people, and that they would not let other people gossip with them. As months and years went on they found that they had not been keeping their rule. It seemed to be impossible not to talk about other people; and in talking about other people it seemed to be impossible to refrain from telling the truth; and the truth often took an ugly shape. But, they said, after all is it not well, is it not necessary, that people should understand the exact character and disposition of those with whom they come in contact? Does it not save us from mistakes and heart-burnings?

Doubtless there is a good deal to be said in favor of the close and intimate discussion of the merits and demerits of our acquaintances. But there is this to be taken into consideration: There are probably not more than half a dozen persons in the whole country whom any one of us would find en-

tirely sympathetic in all matters of taste, morals and disposition. Now, even at the figures of the last census, which was taken seven years ago, there are left thirty-eight million, five hundred and fifty-eight thousand three hundred and sixty-five persons, each of whom possesses traits which would be likely to irritate us, and stir up discussion, and call forth criticism. It is thus shown by a simple arithmetical calculation that if one gives way to the temptation of talking about his neighbors he is in danger of ending by doing nothing else. This, in fact, is what has happened to the men and women known in the community as "gossips." With the United States census before him, it behoves every man to take warning.

Is not the discussion of other people's merits and demerits something like criticism of literature, and works of art generally,—a good thing in itself, but not as good as another thing, namely, the production of excellent work? There is a lot of young authors and artists in this country who are deluging the air

with criticism. So far as it helps them and others to perform well, it is all right; but so far as it calls off their energies from excellent creative work it is bad. It is better, and has a better influence, to be good and to do good work yourself than to call attention to the lack of goodness and of excellent performance in others.

AS TO "law points" in novels we have this opinion from a legal friend, who knows good literature as well as good law: "The sum and substance of it is, I expect, that an artistic novelist will be accurate and nice in his law points as well as in his other points. And even if he does then chance to make a slip that would not be made by an accomplished lawyer, who cares? I have read the novel you speak of more carefully than I ever read a law book, and I didn't notice what was the heroine's mistake as to her interest in her husband's property. Nor do I yet know what it was. Nor do I care."

DEAR G. W.—You ask me whether I voted for the reform candidate in my senatorial district. I did not. Did I vote for the Tammany man? I did not. But did I not then *virtually* vote for Tammany? No. I cannot be forced into stealing either a turkey off one roost or a fat hen off another. When a choice of crimes is offered I choose neither. The effect of my voting as I did, *i. e.*, refusing to vote for the senator on the reform ticket,—was this: it showed the "Reformers" that they lost one reform vote by putting up such a man for the suffrages of respectable people. Can a politician make me vote either for Beelzebub on one ticket, or for Satan on the other? Not if I can read the ballot.

"But Tammany means extravagance—robbery."—A gambler in the legislature—what does that mean? What influence has *that* upon public and private morals? Above all,—a gambler elected on a reform ticket!

Did I throw away my vote? The only effect one honest man can have is a moral effect; is he throwing away his vote or making good use of it, when he refuses to compromise, and stands up for his own side, which is the side of morality and decency?

"But has not the prize-fighter and gambler reformed, and is he not trying to do something to make a good name for himself and his children?" Now, if you want me to consider *his* side of the situation, I can say, with a preacher of the Gospel whom I know, that from the prize-fighter's point of view there is something noble in the "profession." There is less that is noble in the gambler's profession, but from the gambler's point of view it is something to try to keep your establishment "gentlemanly"—even if in so doing you make it all the more pestilential.

I think I know how to be charitable to every criminal, as I hope myself for charity from God and man; but when I sin I suffer, and expect to suffer; and if an inscrutable fate should so order my life that it should prove a scourge and a reproach, and if in middle age I should come before the community and ask to be elevated to an office of dignity,

and have the stamp of honor put upon me instead of the brand of dishonor, I would be doing a thing possibly natural and in a way commendable; but the community would be committing a political and social crime if it listened favorably to my petition.

Yours, O. C.

A YOUNG Cambridge student went home to London after the Michaelmas term, a good many years ago, to spend his Christmas vacation. A letter written by him then in Latin verse to a friend is still extant. This letter was in reply to a metrical epistle in which the author asked that his verses might be excused, if they were less good than usual, on the ground that, in the midst of the festivities with which he had been received by his friends, he was unable to give a sufficiently prosperous attention to the Muses. To this the young student replied: How well you describe the feasts and other county pleasures of December, and the cups of French wine round the gay hearth! Why do you complain that poesy is absent from these festivities? Festivity and poetry are surely not incompatible. Song loves Bacchus, and Bacchus loves song. "But, indeed, one sees the triple influence of Bacchus, Apollo, and Ceres, in the verses you have sent me. And, then, have you not music—the harp lightly touched by nimble hands, and the lute giving time to the fair ones as they dance in the old tapestried room? Believe me, where the ivory keys leap, and the accompanying dance goes round the perfumed hall, there will the Song-god be. But let me not go too far. Light Elegy is the care of many gods, and calls any one of them by turns to her assistance—Bacchus, Erato, Ceres, Venus, and little Cupid besides. To poets of this order, therefore, conviviality is allowable; and they may often indulge in draughts of good old wine. But the man who speaks of high matters—the heaven of the full-grown Jove, and pious heroes, and demi-god leaders of men; the man who now sings the holy counsels of the gods above, and now the subterranean realms guarded by the fierce dog—let *him* live sparsely, after the manner of the Samian master, let herbs afford him his innocent diet, let clear water in a beechen cup stand near him, and let him drink sober draughts from a pure fountain! To this be there added a youth chaste and free from guilt, and rigid morals, and hands without stain. Being such, thou shalt rise up, glittering in sacred raiment and purified by lustral waters,—an augur about to go into the presence of the unoffended gods."

The writer of this letter had, four years before (that is, at the age of seventeen), written on the death of an infant niece, a poem of great delicacy, strength and beauty. He was a model college student; he performed to the very best of his ability everything which came to his hand in the way of study, of academic exercises in prose and verse, of elegies, epistles, etc., in English and in Latin. He was rather a heavy humorist, yet he did his level best when called upon once by his companions for a humorous oration—in which he attempted to prove "that sporting exercises on occasion are not inconsistent

with the studies of philosophy." Though his sympathies were strongly with the classics, there is among his Latin exercises a most eloquent plea for the study of the physical sciences; it would satisfy, I think, even Huxley himself. After leaving college he was asked for a contribution to a little volume in memory of a college-mate, for whom, by the way, there is no evidence that he entertained any peculiar affection, unless the poem itself be considered such evidence; and while the other contributors wrote very trifling and inadequate pieces, his own—printed at the end of the collection and signed simply with his initials—is still read with delight and admiration by cultivated minds.

But to go back to the letter with which we began,—here is its conclusion (remember that it was written just after Christmas):

"But if you will know what I am myself doing (if indeed you think it of so much consequence to know if I am doing anything), here is the fact:—We are engaged in singing the heavenly birth of the King of Peace, and the happy age promised by the holy books, and the infant cries and cradling in the manger under a poor roof; of that God who rules, with his Father, the kingdom of Heaven, and the sky with the new-sprung star in it, and the ethereal choirs of hymning angels, and the gods of heathen eld suddenly fleeing to their endangered fanes. This is the gift which we have presented to Christ's natal day. On that very morning, at daybreak, it was first conceived. The verses, which are composed in the vernacular, await your criticism; you shall be the judge to whom I shall recite them."*

And now I beg every one who has read this to read, this Christmas eve, the poem which is here alluded to; we cannot quote all of it but will give the first lines—the reader will not have to go far for the rest:

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace."

WHEN a reader objects to a scene in a story on the ground that it is unnatural, it is usual for the writer to declare that to be the only scene in the story which is an actual fact. This is, of course, a lame and impotent defense, as is shown in the following brief essay taken from the portfolio of a friend:

"The question which seems to me of great importance is whether the very *vraisemblance* and accuracy of description do not impede the purposes of a story, unless subordinated to the action. This is a question not to be decided out of hand, involving, as it does, the whole subject of realism and idealism in fiction. To me the valuable part of a novel is the part that can't be verified. To insist upon correct-

ness of details, as people do nowadays, seems to me like preferring a photograph of an athlete to an imaginative figure with the touch of a master. In literature, as in morals, 'the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.' Now, it does not seem to me to add to the interest of a story to know that things have happened just so in actual life. To be true to actual fact is one thing, to be true to artistic truth is another; one is history, the other fiction. As for local color, it seems to me to be the slightest part of a story; it is the *universal* color of human nature that gives value. Correctness in details is only a matter of course, like correct speech in an orator. Any violation of either is chiefly reprehensible as distracting the mind from the ideas, which are the main thing. So I think it may safely be said that the less local color, the better. As in art, anything that is not necessary is impertinent."

THERE are two persons now in New York who are attracting a good deal of attention. The name of one is Miss Minnie Obom, and of the other, General Mite. They are exhibited in a hall on Fifth avenue, and are visited daily by crowds of people. Miss Obom is thirteen years old, and weighs only ten pounds. General Mite is also thirteen years old, and weighs only twenty-two inches, he says; or, upon being corrected, only nine pounds. These young persons are justly called, in the advertisements, the "wonderful Midgets." The price of admission is twenty-five cents. The exhibition is more amusing, and much less unpleasant than that of any dwarfs I have ever seen. The general is ridiculously and unbelievably small. When you look at him you are ready to believe all the delightful old fairy-stories about dwarfs being sent around in pot-pies. Lilliput ceases to be a myth.

It must be a very curious thing to be a midget; and yet a great many of us are midgets without knowing it. That is to say, we derive our celebrity entirely from accidental circumstances. I heard a midget make a speech the other evening; I did not know he was a midget, however, till the speech was over. I went into a hall where a great public question was being discussed, and I heard a dapper little man making the most proper and commonplace and silly address on this great public question that I ever listened to in my life. When he sat down some one whispered in my ear: "That gentleman's name is Julius Cæsar; he is a grandson of the true, original, and only Julius Cæsar, of whom you have heard." Julius Cæsar is used here, of course, merely in place of another familiar name, which immediately called to mind one of the most towering reputations in American history.

Princes and princesses of the blood, heirs and heiresses, and men who wear their hair long, are all midgets. There are midgets also in literature and art. Some of our "celebrated" painters and sculptors would never have been heard of if it had not been for their fathers, or their grandmothers, or their wives. Celebrity in art is sometimes reached by no more artistic qualities than endurance, push,

* Masson's translation.

enterprise, knack. In literature the faculty of memory goes a great way toward the acquisition of a reputation. When an author has a great memory, and can by this means make his writings interesting and widely current, we sometimes get to calling him a great writer. Mr. Bryant, in his recent speech at the Goethe Club reception, tried to prove that he himself was a midget,—in other words a poet celebrated for the accident of longevity instead of the excellence of his poetry. It was of course nothing but a good joke. His audience was intensely amused; they were very well aware that the sly old poet knew better.

At the exhibition in Midget Hall the fathers of the two little people are present. They take excellent care of their children, and do not permit their tiny brains and bodies to be overworked. They are also very proud of their offspring, and there is evidently a rivalry between the father of Minnie Obom, and the father of General Mite. It is always this way in the families of midgets.

AFTER reading the sonnets on "Sleep" to which Mr. Stoddard refers in the present number of "After Many Days," read the following:

Sleep.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet-bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in Heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

I found this published anonymously in a newspaper several months ago, and searched the British poets of the preceding generation, high and low, to find out who wrote it. I should have known that it was by the American poet, Aldrich.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Two Sides of a Sentiment.

WHEN two-year-old May-Blossom
Comes down in clean white dress
And runs to find "dear Auntie,"
And claim her sweet caress;—
Then Auntie takes up Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, pretty Baby Blossom,—if you were *only*
mine!"

When Blossom, in the pantry,
High mounted on a chair,
Has nibbled at the icing
Until half the cake is bare,
Then Auntie puts down Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, naughty Baby Blossom,—if you were *only*
mine!" S. M. L.

Private Theatricals.

A WORD OF WARNING.

AN aspiring amateur actor once asked a celebrated dramatic critic,—“What did you think of the performance of our club?” And the cruel critic is said to have answered slowly and with a slight drawl, “I should hardly have called it a club; it seemed to me more like a collection of sticks.”

At another private performance, it was either Garrick or Kean, who exclaimed involuntarily, “There is an actor,” when the footman of the play presented a letter,—and it turned out that none of the amateurs being willing to accept so small a part, a professional “utility man” had been engaged from the theater. The player was probably not the equal of his noble and gentle associates in intelligence or

in education, but he knew his business. And it was his business,—for them it was only amusement. Yet many of them were doubtless told, and some of them perhaps believed, that they had only to desire success on the stage to find it within their grasp. They believed, in short, that they could be actors if they chose: in truth they were only amateurs. Charles Lamb reports Coleridge as having said: “There is an infinity of trick in all that Shakspeare wrote: I could write like Shakspeare if I had a mind.” And Lamb adds quietly, “So you see Coleridge only lacked the mind.” The application to amateur actors is obvious.

Macready remarks that with one exception the only amateur he had seen “with any pretensions to theatrical talent was Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame.” Now, it was not jealousy, as some vain amateurs would fain believe, which led Macready to write thus. He was not above the feeling, as his journal plainly shows, nor was Garrick or Kean. But he and they, like all actors who have won fame and fortune by hard work, had a feeling akin to contempt for those who dabbled for mere amusement in the art of acting, to which they had given a life-time of study. They knew that without long labor nothing is likely to be achieved in the art which is, to a certain extent at least, the union of all other arts. Campbell condensed pages of prose discussion into a few beautiful lines:

“For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.”

"It surely," Macready comments, "needs something like an education for such an art, and yet that appearance of mere volition and perfect ease, which costs the accomplished artist so much time and toil to acquire, evidently leads to a different conclusion with many, or amateur acting would be less in vogue." Although the theater is a place of amusement for the lawyer and the doctor, it is the workshop of the actor,—and his work there is just as hard for him as the doctor's or the lawyer's is in his study.

Few would presume to paint elaborate historical pictures without years of training—without the study of perspective, of anatomy, of the handling of colors, of the thousand and one other things which the task demands. Yet we find not a few, with as little preparation as possible, bravely battling with Hamlet and Richelieu, and retiring amid the plaudits of their friends, convinced that they only need a wider field to rival Booth or the memory of Kean and Kemble. There is unfortunately nothing in the art of acting as simple as the sketch of which the amateur in the art of design can acquit himself without discredit. The nearest approach to it is the one-act English farce taken from the French: this, being roughly written, perhaps deserves nothing better than to be roughly acted. The approximation is hardly accurate, for the sketch, as its name suggests, may be the happy record of a fleeting impression, slight and incomplete. A comedy however, no matter how short it may be, is a complete and finished whole, containing at least one situation plainly presented and pushed to its logical conclusion. The demand it makes on the actor is as great in quality, although not in quantity, as the demand made by five acts.

But amateur acting has its advantages—which it is needless to specify here. And it is well therefore to study how to use it as best we may. First of all—never choose a play which has been recently acted by professional actors. The amateur, however good, can hardly hope to equal the professional, however poor. So he must needs avoid the comparison. Discretion is the better part of valor, and private theatricals are in themselves a feat foolhardy enough to be the better for an extra portion of discretion. They call for all the help they can get, so they should never neglect the advantage of novelty in the chosen play. The interest the spectators feel in the unfolding of the plot may thus be reflected upon the actors.

In the second place, it is the duty of the amateur to choose as short a play as possible. A piece in one act is far less likely to fatigue the spectators than a piece in five acts. And the shortness is a great boon to the amateur who lacks many things needed in a long play—the knowledge, for instance, of how to use his voice without fatigue. There is no limit to the variety of subject and style to be found within the compass of one act; you can have comedy, farce, burlesque, extravaganza, drama, opera, and even tragedy—and all in one brief act. One of the most effective situations in the modern drama of France, a situation so striking that it has been

stolen half a dozen times, is to be found in a play in one act, "*La Joie fait Peur*," of Mme. de Girardin. The list of French plays, with their English equivalents, given in this department in the November number contains a wide range of subjects, from the low comedy of "*Un Sourd*," to the high comedy of "*Le Postscriptum*," from the simplicity of "*L'été de la St. Martin*" to the intense emotion and anxiety of "*A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*."

Most of the plays mentioned in that list are admirably adapted for amateur acting; the characters are well marked; the dialogue is flowing and in general not exacting; and the scenery and mounting can easily be compassed by a little ingenuity and perseverance. Indeed, the scene is in most cases laid in a parlor, with the costumes of every-day life. Now, in such costumes, and in such scenes, and in short plays like these, the amateur is seen at his best. When he is ambitious and tries to do "*Hamlet*" or "*The Lady of Lyons*," or even "*The Hunchback*" or "*The Honeymoon*," he is seen at his worst. And when the amateur is bad, it is often because he is bumptious. All amateurs are not bumptious, and all amateurs therefore are not bad. And amateurs who are not bad because they are not bumptious, wisely and modestly gauge their own strength and refuse incontinently to do battle with any ponderous monster in five acts.

It has been held by some wise critics that the best programme for an amateur performance is a two-act comedy, followed by a one-act farce or comedietta, or even burlesque; the more serious play of course coming first, and the lighter later—like the sweet after the roast. Where the evening's entertainment consists of Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works or tableaux, together with a play, the play should always be given first, in order that the spectators shall see it before they are wearied and worn by the multitudinous delays which always accompany a series of tableaux, however excellently ordered or frequently rehearsed. Although the experiment is a rash one, a three-act play may sometimes be substituted by experienced amateurs for the two plays, with a total of three acts. There are many good three-act plays, light and bright, and well suited for parlor performance. The influence of Mr. Robertson, the author of "*Ours*" and "*Caste*," and of his host of imitators in the tea-cup-and-saucer school of comedy has given us a long list of three-act pieces just about worthy of amateur acting. There are unfortunately but few good two-act plays,—"Simpson & Co." and a half-a-dozen more. But of good one-act plays there is no end. Mr. Gilbert's most amusing "*Trial by Jury*," with Mr. Sullivan's music complete, can be bought very cheap. We may also recommend the two series of "*Le Théâtre de Campagne*," edited by M. Legouvé, and Mrs. Clement Scott's book of "*Drawing-room Plays and Parlor Pantomimes*." Beeton's "*Book of Burlesques*," contains several of Mr. Burnand's funniest productions, well within the reach of the manager of private theatricals. In an old annual of Routledge's called "*Mixed Sweets*" there is an absurd and most marvelous extravaganza by Mr.

Burnand, called "The Great Eastern, a Harem Scarum Tale of a Great Moor and a Little Game," of the performance of which with a few alterations and localizations, under the new title "Boabdil, the Moor the Merrier," the writer retains most pleasant recollections.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Letters from Correspondents.

APPLE VINEGAR.

THE surest way to procure pure apple vinegar is to make it at home. You will find it an easy matter to save all of the parings for this purpose. Put the parings in a stone jar, and add just enough warm water to wet them thoroughly. Cover with a coarse piece of muslin and set in a warm place until the fermentation begins. Then strain,—first through a coarse sieve (this will remove the skins), then through a piece of toweling. After this has settled, drain it off into a stone jug. Tie a coarse rag over the mouth, to keep out insects without keeping out the air. Stand in the kitchen, near the stove, until sour enough for use. Then cork and set in a cool place, ready to use. Almost before you are aware of it, you are well supplied with good vinegar, without its having cost anything, except a little labor.

E. M.

ABOUT FRANKLIN STOVES.

THERE can be nothing so beautiful, in its way, as an open fire of wood, blazing and crackling in an open fire-place. The day, however, for the enjoyment of this luxury must necessarily be short, indeed is already past, for most of us who dwell in cities.

I wish to talk a little about "Franklin stoves," hoping, by this means, to reach some of the many persons, who believe that no open fire is sufficient of itself to warm a room. Perhaps many of your readers have never seen a real old-fashioned stove of this sort. The modern "Franklin coal-burner," "Christmas fire-side, etc.," are very good attempts at the article desired, but not nearly equal to this broad, old, iron fire-place, which Franklin left as one of his best gifts to us. There is one before me now, warming and brightening our sitting-room. We have a low grate in it, on which we burn wood, coal or coke—not very much of the former, however, as it is too costly. The morning fire is made

of coke, which ignites almost as readily as charcoal. This fire is replenished with soft coal,—a most manageable fuel. The fire can be kept alive all winter, with little trouble, and the amount of heat from a given amount of fuel is so great that there is more care needed to avoid too much heat than to obtain sufficient, even in midwinter.

Unfortunately the changing fashions have banished these dear old stoves from our markets, and one can only be obtained by much searching. I am hoping that the present renewal of old fashions may revive the manufacture of them. I wish I could induce just one person to give up living in the dry atmosphere, mixed up with poisonous gas, which comes out of a hole in a sham chimney. Make the sham chimney a real one; put in one of these stoves, with its glowing fire, and see how bright and cheery every one around will feel. Such a fire is not expensive either, though, even were it a trifle more costly, the saving in the matter of health and good spirits would seem to be compensation enough.

Emerson says, in his essay on "Inspiration," speaking of various things which "furnish some elemental wisdom,"—"And the fire, too, as it burns in the chimney; for I fancy that my logs, which have grown so long in the sun and wind, by Walden, are a kind of muses." Now, while we are told that the time is at hand in which no more trees must be cut down, lest the fair land be turned by climatic changes into a desert—we can take heart in thinking of the coal, which is so much sunshine packed away for us. Let us have it burning in Franklin stoves, warming and inspiring us with its flames which gleam forth for us, bringing light out of the past.

A. B.

Note.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to learn that "Mary Blake," whose "Letters to a Young Mother" appeared in this department (in the numbers from November, 1876, to March, 1877, inclusive), is soon to contribute to the magazine several papers on subjects of special interest to women, entitled, "Twenty-Six Hours a Day." The theme having outgrown the confines of "Home and Society," the papers will be printed in the body of the magazine, beginning with the February number.—ED.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

New English Books.

LONDON, Oct. 7.

THE chief literary interest of the moment centers around Dr. Schliemann's Grecian researches, as the time for the publication of the complete and authentic account of them draws nigh. This interest is very much heightened by the purport of Mr. Gladstone's

introduction to the book, whose full title is "Mycenæ: Researches and Discoveries on the Sites of Ancient Mycenæ and Tiryns." After fortifying himself by the assurances of the best living archaeologists that the subject really demanded attention, Mr. Gladstone, somewhat in a spirit of incredulity, began its investigation, prepared (it is needless to say) to do justice to it, by his previous studies,

better than any other antiquarian or learned man of the day. The result of his long and careful scrutiny is given in his preface to Dr. Schliemann's book. He fully indorses the Doctor's results, declares that it is impossible to resist the evidence, and that he fully believes that the remains of the ancient Homeric heroes have been discovered in the regal city of Agamemnon, more than three thousand years after the time when they flourished, on the original site pointed out by classical tradition, and preserved by later writers whose indications were most strangely overlooked or misinterpreted until these shrines yielded up their secrets to the enterprise and intelligence of the discoverer. Dr. Schliemann's volume is among the most splendid and copiously illustrated books of modern times.

The same line of thought is followed in a new, small, but very valuable work, by Professor George Rawlinson, author of "The Four Great Monarchies of the Eastern World,"—"The Origin of Nations, in two Parts—I. On Early Civilizations; II. On Ethnic Affinities." The author grapples boldly with the evolutionary theory that man was originally an untamed and absolute savage, requiring the lapse of countless ages to raise himself by his own efforts to the condition of a civilized being. So far from this being the case, he regards it as a pure assumption not borne out by facts, and that man's primitive condition was one very remote from the savage state, containing many of the elements of what we now call civilization; and that this civilized state can nowhere be traced back to a date anterior to the first appearance of a settled monarchy in Egypt, about the year B. C. 2500. This opinion he arrived at after an examination of Oriental and Western civilizations as we find them recorded, or manifest in the traces they have left on the earth. The second part is devoted to show the complete accordance of the ethnology of Genesis with the latest results of modern ethnographical study, and this is done not only with reference to the interests of science, but also to lead men's minds from a disparaging view of inspiration to a higher and truer theory, whereby its absolute truth and perfection are recognized not only in relation to religion and morality, but in all questions that can interest man. The same views are thoroughly carried out in a learned and elaborate work, "Treatise on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," by Charles Elliott, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the North-western Theological Seminary, Chicago. After treating of the canon of Scripture, its integrity, historical credibility, and scientific accuracy, he adduces proofs of the inspiration of the Bible from its doctrines and precepts, its diversity and unity, organic character and universality, and the beneficial effects of the Bible on the world, concluding with "Definitions, Theses, Distinctions," "Nature and Extent of the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures." It is worth recording as showing the diversity of opinion prevalent among men professedly embracing the same orthodox views, that a work of opposite character of an elaborate nature is just published by the Rev. Dr. Giles, Rector of Sutton, and formerly fellow of Corpus Christi Col-

lege, Cambridge,—*"Hebrew and Christian Records, an Historical Enquiry concerning the Age and Authorship of the Old and New Testaments,"* two vols. 8vo. In it he endeavors to prove that while "the whole of Christendom yields to the authority of the Bible, not only because it is the most sacred of sacred oracles, but because it is the greatest of all great books," the Old Testament, both style of language and order of events, is due to the re-establishment of the Hebrews in Palestine 500 years B.C., and that the historical books of the New Testament were not in their present form until 150 years after Christ. Among recent *belle-lettres* publications, Mr. Browning's attempt to naturalize in an English dress the ancient Greek tragedy in one of its noblest extant examples, "The Agamemnon" of Æschylus, has attracted most attention; and critics have united in extolling the splendor and hardihood of the diction. An interesting experiment is being tried on the poetic tastes of the English people by the publication of a popular "shilling-volume" edition of Tennyson's poems,—which have hitherto been a luxury for the upper classes. It may be remembered that the enterprising publisher of a penny weekly who desired to bring the "Waverley" novels within reach of the million, by reprinting them serially in his paper, was obliged to fail, so little were they adapted to the taste of his customers. A recent work of fiction, "with a purpose," has received the unwonted honor of a notice in the "Quarterly Review," and is making much noise from the severity of its strictures on some of the most prominent names in science, art, and literature. It is entitled "The New Republic; or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House." Experts profess to discover in its pages life-like sketches of Ruskin, Carlyle, Huxley, Professor Jowett, etc., etc. A charming miscellany by Frederic Crowest, author of "The Great Tone-Poets," is entitled "A Book of Musical Anecdotes, Collected from every Available Source,"—two vols., crown 8vo.

"Will Denbigh, Nobleman." *

No one, we suppose, need be ashamed to confess a fondness, in early years, for "John Halifax, Gentleman," nor a good deal of forgetfulness, in later years, as to the incidents of that much-loved novel. "Will Denbigh," from title to style and theme, reminds us frequently of "John Halifax," though its material is evidently all taken from the author's own observation. It has plenty of incident, sentiment, small talk, and people. Of the last, about twenty are introduced with care in the first hundred pages, and others later on. The language has a rather forced brevity, and as Mr. Hamerton has been suggested as the author, we incline to trust the rumor; for there was no forced brevity in the style of "Wendholme." To the hardened and impenitent novel-reader, "Will Denbigh" will not appeal; but to the fresh and confiding one it will give genuine pleasure.

* No Name Series. Will Denbigh, Nobleman. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

Mr. Stedman's "Hawthorne and Other Poems."

THE new volume of poems from the pen of Mr. E. C. Stedman ("Hawthorne and other Poems," Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) consists, almost entirely, of pieces with which the public have been made acquainted through the magazines and newspapers. The leading poem was pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, 1877.

Mr. Stedman's place among the poets of America is neither obscure nor uncertain. It is not claiming too much for him to say that he stands among the first half dozen. In certain ranges of verse he has no superior; while into all that he undertakes he carries a certain brilliancy and *verve* that lift him above the commonplace, and give him his position, clear and clean, as a well-individualized, well-characterized writer.

Without entering into a minute criticism of the book before us, it is legitimate to call attention to certain traits which it, as well as Mr. Stedman's previous poems, illustrate. Whether it be attributable to the fact that he is a man of practical affairs, or to the peculiarity of his mind, we do not know; but he seems less than many others to have assimilated his culture. We mean by this, simply, that there seem to be two independent forces working in and through him, viz., his nature and his classical culture. These do not interblend, as in Longfellow for instance. His culture, which is fine and full, does not seem to be a part of him; but a something which he possesses. He goes out into it as into a separate field. He comes back from it, as if he were coming home again. Longfellow is steeped through and through with the classical spirit. It informs every fiber of his nature. Stedman voluntarily invests himself with it, revels in it, rejoices in its temporary inspirations, and then retires from it. Like Bryant, he interprets without exemplifying. He delights in calling the old back into the new, as in "News from Olympia," and "Pan in Wall street," and he does it with a touch and humor quite inimicable by his compeers; but it is only for a purpose and a moment.

The two most notable poems in the volume before us are "Hawthorne" and "The Lord's Day Gale," the latter of which we regard as much the more remarkable. "Hawthorne" we have read twice; and it seemed like walking all day under a hazy cloud, through which the sun was about to shine, but through which it never did shine, until, at the close, it burst forth in thrilling beauty. The trouble was doubtless with us, who could not see our own Hawthorne in his. We could not see his Hawthorne because we were prepossessed by another image, to which his limning did not answer. But the close, how exquisite it is!

"What though its work unfinished lies?

Half bent

The rainbow's arch fades out in upper air;
The shining cataract half-way down the height
Breaks into mist; the haunting strain that fell

On listeners unaware

Ends incomplete, but through the starry night
The ear still waits for what it did not tell!"

"The Lord's Day Gale" is a poem that will live, and a poem that shows where the writer is strongest. The storm roars over it as if it were itself a sea. The deadly mists drive through it, the waves beat themselves into foam among its lines as if every stanza were an island or a headland, and shattered ships and dying men were drifting around its words. And over all sweeps, again and again, the writer's pathetic "New England! New England!" as if into that dear and revered name he crowded the love and sympathy of a son, with the appreciation of the great tragedy and sorrow that came on that Lord's Day to the dying at sea and the living at home. It is in every respect a noble poem, on the possession of which the friends of American literature are to be congratulated.

Fisher's "Beginnings of Christianity."*

PROFESSOR FISHER properly puts the beginnings of Christianity before the actual advent of Christ. He finds preparations for his coming, in the antecedent history and condition of both the Jewish and Pagan worlds, though he does not fail to discern and to disclose the difference between the Jewish and the Gentile preparation,—the one maturing the living seed, and the other making ready the soil for its planting. The contributions to the beginnings of Christianity furnished by these two sources and in these two ways, the author exhibits with comprehensive clearness and candor, and with much minuteness. He then proceeds to a critical exhibition of the historical documents of the New Testament, which he follows by a discussion of some of the more important topics connected with the life of Jesus and the apostolic age.

The whole work is characterized by the acute discrimination, and the accurate and affluent scholarship for which Professor Fisher is so justly noted. While in the first part, some of the topics—*e. g.*, the difference between the Persian and Macedonian methods of dominion, and that of Rome, and the scope of the Platonic philosophy—are treated with rare felicity, we think that the portions of the work which will prove most interesting to the general reader, and at the same time most valuable to the theological student, are the discussions of the canonical authority of the New Testament histories,—a discussion more full and more fair than the American student will easily find elsewhere,—and the final chapter in which he gives the characteristics of Christianity in the first century.

If we should venture a criticism upon a book worthy of such large commendation, it would relate to the illustrative citations, especially in the early part of the work, given with a minute amplitude which the scholar does not need, and which, to the unscholarly reader, may almost cover up the point which the author desires to make plain.

We could also wish that the distinctions between Christianity and all other systems of religion had

* The Beginnings of Christianity, with a View of the State of the Roman World at the Birth of Christ. By George P. Fisher, D.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

been more sharply drawn. Professor Fisher has, of course, avoided the error of classifying Christianity with other religions, from which it is supposed to differ only as they differ among themselves; an error into which superficial writers on the history of religion, and the philosophy of religion, have often fallen; but we think it would have been well if in exhibiting the different religious systems prevalent at the time of Christ's coming, he had shown more fully that the point wherein the other religions agree is the exact point wherein they all differ from Christianity. Hegel's definition of religion, as a union with God, may be true, and may apply to all religions; but this union Christianity proposes to make practicable by a divine sacrifice, while the other religions prescribe for its attainment only human endeavors. Christianity starts with the thought that God has mercy upon man originally, and because of His love, and not because of any pleading or propitiation which man has offered. The love of God, as Christianity declares it, is not a love purchased or induced by even the obedience or the death of Christ; rather does Christianity represent the work of Christ as the consequence of this love. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here Christianity stands absolutely alone. The other religions are altogether wanting in this peculiarity. They represent more or less dimly the profound sense in the human soul of sin, and its pathetic strivings for forgiveness and the divine favor; but not one of them has the faintest glimpse of the divine mercy or grace. In Christianity the divine blessings are represented as a gift; in all other religions, they appear only as a purchase,—in the one case a gift wholly unmerited, and for which payment is impossible; and in the other, a purchase for a fair equivalent which man is competent to offer.

If this thought were uttered in the book as clearly as we have no doubt it lies in the mind of the author, Professor Fisher would only have given additional value to a work whose worth, as it is, can hardly be overestimated.

Dr. Smith's "Faith and Philosophy."*

DR. BELLOWS truly remarked upon the death of Professor Smith,—“How feebly the general public knows what a treasure has dropped from the world, and how poor it leaves the church and scholarship of America!” Great scholarship is still too rare among us to compete successfully for appreciation with culture of a lower and more popular grade, and it is therefore fortunate if its monuments abide to await later and wider recognition. The great regret in this case is that the monuments are so few, and that the work of this most noble

scholar is mostly scattered through reviews and published addresses.

Nevertheless, the selections so judiciously edited by Dr. Prentiss, perpetuate the best traits of his intellect, and furnish a fair index of his power. While the title “Faith and Philosophy” imparts to them all a certain unity, since in some form they all illustrate his favorite conception of the alliance of faith and philosophy, they exhibit at the same time his remarkable versatility. It might be hard to determine from this volume whether he excelled as a theologian, a historian or a philosophic critic.

His mind was severely logical and analytical. To a wonderful subtlety of perception which directed him unerringly to the vital point of a question or to the real cleavage line of a party issue, he added the utmost simplicity and definiteness in the forms of his thought, and blended in rare proportion the speculative and the methodical types of intellect. His research was as minute as his outlook was broad, and the keenness of his critical faculty was balanced by the profound religiousness of his spirit. His aggressive courage in the realm of thought was equaled only by his reverent restfulness in the realm of faith.

His ideals of culture and of learning, and his methods, bear the stamp of Germany in their comprehensiveness and thoroughness; while his treatment of the various phases of German thought is based upon personal knowledge of its original sources. Placed in early manhood at the very center of the rationalistic struggle, and familiar with all its complex lines; never swept from his anchorage of faith, yet touched to the quick by the agony through which German theology was taking shape in her great Christian souls,—his experience made him at once one of the most dangerous foes of rationalism, and one of the grandest representatives of the generous side of orthodoxy.

All these characteristics are represented in the volume before us. It has a timeliness which does not always attach to productions republished after so long an interval as some of these essays. This is partly because they deal so largely with fundamental principles, which do not change with the rapidly shifting phases of thought, and partly because the questions discussed are still for the most part living questions. Indeed it might be said that some parts of the volume perhaps fit better into the present condition of religious thought than into that in which they were originally written. Nearly thirty years ago Dr. Smith discerned and stated what few Americans suspected, that principles which had already formulated themselves in Germany, were unconsciously at work among us. In that interval they have come very distinctly and aggressively into American thought. Even if the Rev. Joseph Cook's somewhat rose-colored view of the decline of rationalism in Germany be correct, though Strauss and Baur are in their graves, and other kings have arisen in their stead,—*here* their influence has not yet faded out; they with others who have shared their decline at home are at work still in American rationalistic thought, perhaps at a lower plane, but still

* Faith and Philosophy. Discourses and Essays, by Henry B. Smith, D.D., LL.D. Edited with an introductory notice by George L. Prentiss, D.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

where they must be met: and the pantheistic materialism which was the latest outcome of Strauss's thought, and which never was more vigorously or more brilliantly handled than in the last essay of this volume, is to-day the most prominent antagonist of Christianity. Apart, however, from its particular forms, or its representatives, the rationalistic *spirit* is rampant, and the great value of the book consists after all in its dealing with the essential errors of this spirit.

The style is nervous and vigorous, lucid, sharply cut, and pervaded at times with an impassioned glow. Mingled with the remorseless logic and the nice dissection of fallacies, are passages of the deepest tenderness, and these in turn are offset by a sarcasm as keen as Gibbon's, and a humor at once racy and delicate.

The introductory address, on "Faith and Philosophy," and the two noble inaugurals on "Church History" and "Systematic Theology," exhibit the author's easy mastery and nice adjustment of a vast range of knowledge. The sermon on "Christian Union and Ecclesiastical Reunion" will have a permanent value, not only as a contribution to the history of a great movement, but as an exhibition of calm wisdom, courage, and generous catholicity applied to the solution of a most difficult and delicate ecclesiastical problem. One of the best specimens of Professor Smith's fine qualities as a reviewer is furnished in the article on "English Latitudinarians." The book of "Essays and Reviews" made a prodigious stir in its day, which was due more to the ignorance of the public than to the superior wisdom or originality of the authors. It is safe to say that it nowhere received a more thorough treatment, and a more damaging exposure than in this article. The essayists are shown to have been frightening themselves and their readers by resuscitating phantoms already laid; to have gotten just so far into German criticism and philosophy as to learn the difficulties without studying the replies; not far enough to have any knowledge of those positive constructions of the Christian system which are means to reconcile faith and philosophy. The handling of Doctor Rowland Williams is particularly felicitous for its severity, candor, and good-humored, but cutting, sarcasm.

Space will not allow us to dwell on several other essays which we had marked for special comment. The magnificent review of Strauss's "The Old and the New Faith" is a worthy conclusion of the volume. Would that we might have had from the same pen the discussion of "the other two questions." The book is one which ought to be in the library of every theological student, and of every minister of the gospel. It will teach young theologians how to be "liberal" without being vague; how to unite positive convictions with generous sympathies. It furnishes a noble illustration of Christian scholarship; and, if the reader rises from its perusal feeling that faith has a right to use the weapons of philosophy, he will find mingled with this the feeling that "it is a very reasonable thing to believe."

Joseph Cook's "Biology."*

MOST of the notices called forth by the appearance of Mr. Cook's book have dealt with the manner, while the matter of the volume has almost escaped criticism. The style of these lectures,—with the constant recurrence of mixed metaphor, of inaccurate English, of strained conceits, of rhetorical flourishes, of dogmatic self-assertion,—does certainly present many tempting opportunities for sharp criticism, and even for well-merited ridicule. Much may indeed be pardoned to the lecturer who speaks without notes; but when the orator himself revises his oratory, and presents it to the public, as argument, in the form of a bound volume, he forfeits all claim to consideration on that score.

The secret of Mr. Cook's success as a lecturer is somewhat hard to explain, if the explanation be sought in the lectures themselves. Many of the most powerful arguments against materialism are, it is true, presented in this volume; some of them are forcibly and graphically stated; but the work is so marred by affectation and by unfairness of statement, that as a whole it seems calculated to do far more harm than good. It is almost incredible that an intelligent Boston audience, one which, upon Mr. Cook's authority, had "as many brains in it as any audience in America," could have tolerated much that these lectures contain. The ground of his success probably is that Mr. Cook is a special pleader, and is addressing an audience mainly composed of his clients. It cannot be denied that there is abroad throughout the Christian world an uneasy sense that Christianity is in jeopardy, and that it is mainly threatened by the advocates of modern science. When a stout-hearted, self-confident champion arises, and proposes to demolish the enemies of the faith in a dozen Monday lectures, or in a few hundred printed pages, is it any wonder that the timid and the doubting are happy to shelter themselves behind his statements, being not too critical of the weapons he employs?

A criticism of mere manner, however well-deserved it may be, is beneath the dignity of the subject, if not of the volume itself. The matter of which it treats is one that reaches far below the level of the mere æsthetic and lays hold upon the very "root and ground of things." The doctrine of evolution, when pressed to its extremest conclusion, is the rankest materialism. Upon its hard, unyielding dogmas, if they should ever be established, the hopes of all the ages would suffer shipwreck, and by them God himself would be dethroned and exiled from the universe he has created. On its physical side, evolution, even if it were fully proved, would do no more than show *how* God works; but on its spiritual side,—where it makes life and intellect and soul the mere results of chemical and molecular action,—it would be death to Christianity, to religion, to morality.

It is just because Mr. Cook is the avowed advo-

* Boston Monday Lectures. *Biology*, with Preludes upon Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

cate of Christianity that we should be careful to assure ourselves of his fitness, his earnestness and his integrity. It is just because our belief in the Christian religion, in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of a God who touches our lives at every point, is to us the most vital of all truths, that we should test the armor of the champion who has come up to fight the battle of the Lord. As Christians we should desire Christianity to fall, rather than to be upheld by misrepresentation. The very foundation stones of the city of our God must be of imperishable and incorruptible material; its very streets beneath our feet "of pure gold like unto transparent glass."

The real issue must be made with Mr. Cook upon the fundamental qualities of truth and justice. The flippant, off-hand manner in which our champion goes out to meet this modern Goliath would seem to be as far removed from the caution of Saul as it is from the faith of David.

Statements so sweeping require to be sustained by direct proof. Mr. Cook's own words fully justify the selection of the theory concerning bathybius as the point upon which his fairness and accuracy shall be tested. He says (pp. 69-70): "Strauss rested on *bathybius* the central arch of his argument against the supernatural;" and "Hæckel makes bathybius the stem from which all terrestrial life divides and comes to its present state. It would not be worth much," he goes on to say, "for me here to cut down this or that bough in the great tree; but if with the latest scientific intelligence I may strike at the bottom stem, bathybius, I shall have done something." As Mr. Cook thus acknowledges its fundamental importance, and as this discussion includes the major portion of the biology proper in the present volume, which is really a work upon the immortality of the soul, we should here certainly expect accuracy and fairness.

The first lecture in the volume opens with these words:

"In 1868, Professor Huxley, in an elaborate paper in the 'Microscopical Journal,' announced his belief that the gelatinous matter found in the ooze of the beds of the deep seas, is a sheet of living matter extending around the globe. The stickiness of the deep sea mud, he maintained, is due to innumerable lumps of a transparent, jelly-like substance, each lump consisting of granules, coccoliths and foreign bodies, embedded in a transparent, colorless, and structureless matrix. It was his serious claim that these granule heaps, and the transparent gelatinous matter in which they are imbedded, represent masses of protoplasm."

"To this amazingly strategic and haughtily trumpeted substance, found at the lowest bottoms of the oceans, Huxley gave the scientific name, bathybius, from two Greek words meaning *deep* and *sea*, and assumed that it was in the past, and would be in the future, the progenitor of all the life on the planet. 'Bathybius,' was his language, 'is a vast sheet of living matter enveloping the whole earth beneath the seas.'"

To take up the points in the order of succession: 1. In the paper referred to ("Mic. Jour." vol. VIII. N. S. pages 203-12) Huxley gives a minute description of the various constituents of the Atlantic ooze, but says no single word of its being a sheet of living matter extending around the globe. 2.

This substance of which he is speaking *may be* "amazingly strategic" (who would be so bold as to deny the truth of this incompressible statement?) but it is as far from being "haughtily trumpeted" as language can make it. 3. The very derivation of the name is a blunder; bathybius being derived from two Greek words meaning *deep* and *life*, not from two meaning *deep* and *sea*. 4. The statement that Huxley "assumed that it [bathybius] was in the past, and would be in the future, the progenitor of all the life on the planet" is incorrect. No such statement occurs in the article referred to, and it is in direct contradiction to his views. (See "Enc. Brit." vol. III. 9th ed. Prefatory portion of Art. on Biology.) 5. Finally, the last sentence of the extract from Mr. Cook's lecture, in quotation marks, may be somewhere in Huxley's writings; but it does not occur in the article from which he purports to take it. In the nine consecutive lines just quoted, which constitute the second paragraph of the first lecture, there are four unpardonable inaccuracies. The whole controversy from beginning to end might be brought to the test of severe justice and truth, and fare no better than this opening sentence; but only one other point can be so tested here.

In 1868 Huxley re-examined some specimens of the deep sea ooze, which had been for some time in spirits, under higher microscopic powers than had previously been used. "I conceive these granule heaps, and the transparent gelatinous matter in which they are imbedded, to represent masses of protoplasm," he says, " * * which must, I think, be regarded as a new form of those simple animated beings which have recently been so well described by Hæckel in his 'Monographie der Moneren.'"

"Great microscopists and physiologists," says Mr. Cook, "like Professor Lionel Beale and Dr. Carpenter, rejected Huxley's testimony on this matter of fact" (page 3). And yet Dr. Carpenter, in the last edition of "The Microscope and its Revelations," 1875, not only describes every constituent of the deep-sea ooze as Huxley does, but says, after speaking of the *Moners*, "To this group it would seem we are to refer these indefinite expansions of protoplasmic substance which there is much reason to regard as generally spread over the deep-sea bed" (§ 366). What are we to make of such general but positive statements, on the part of Mr. Cook, with facts like these directly contradicting them?

The statement immediately following this, on the subject of Huxley's "recantation" in regard to bathybius, is a tissue of misapplied quotations, incorrect statements, and unworthy insinuations, which it would take pages to make clear and refute, as the whole history of the controversy is involved. But any one who will take the trouble to read Huxley's article ("Mic. Jour." volume viii. N. S. pages 203-12), Mr. Murray's article and Mr. Buchanan's report in regard to the deep-sea soundings of the "Challenger" ("Amer. Jour. of Science and Arts," volume xii, 1876, page 267), and Huxley's "Recantation" (*ibid.* volume x, page 312), in connection with the article on Biology ("Enc.

Brit." volume iii., 9th edition) will need no further evidence to prove how unsafe a guide is our orator.

Mr. Cook seems to ignore the fact that the whole evolution theory does not stand or fall with the existence or non-existence of bathybius. The moners still exist, whether bathybius does or not,—they are, without question, mere undifferentiated masses of protoplasm performing the functions of nutrition and propagation, without the aid of a single organ, and they undoubtedly do lie at the very base of organic life. The value of bathybius, as a discovery, consisted in this: that because of its indefinite expansion, it conformed more nearly to the hypothecated *urschleim* than any of the other moners, but it differed from them not in quality but merely in extension; the evolution theory without bathybius stands precisely where it did with it. The triumphant shout with which Mr. Cook closes his third lecture—"Bathybius has been discovered in 1875, by the ship 'Challenger' to be,—hear O heavens! and give ear O earth! sulphate of lime, and that, when dissolved, it crystallizes as gypsum"—is not only undignified in the extreme, but is somewhat absurd in view of the fact that bathybius does exist, though the "Challenger" did not find it. (See leader "Pop. Science Monthly," Oct. 1877.) It is somewhat dangerous to stake one's faith upon negative evidence of this kind.

One other point it is absolutely essential to notice before leaving this book. Mr. Cook would seem to believe in the possibility of miracles; for he says (page 29): "A miracle is unusual, natural law is habitual, Divine action. The natural is a prolonged and so unnoticed supernatural." And yet, accepting the Bible as inspired, and miracle as possible, he suggests that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary in a natural way, as drones are produced from the unfertilized eggs of the queen bee: he eliminates from this central fact of the Christian religion the Divine element. And not only is Christ no longer the Son of God, he hardly reaches to the dignity of man. And this is the champion of our religion! Heaven protect us from our friends!

Possibly the best service these lectures have done the world is in bringing to the ears and eyes of thousands Asa Gray's noble and profound words: "Faith in an order, which is the basis of science, cannot reasonably be separated from faith in an ordainer, which is the basis of religion."

Two Illustrated Books.

THE public owe to Mr. Anthony the opportunity of seeing a new series of designs by Mary Hallock Foote.* There are few living artists who could illustrate satisfactorily the most masterly and profound tragedy which the New World has given to literature. It is enough praise to say that some of these designs, notably those on pages 49, 99, 237 and 311, are not out of keeping with the book itself. The flower pieces are exquisitely drawn, and into them Mr.

Anthony seems to have put his best work. Some of the cuts in "The Scarlet Letter" have evidently lost a good deal either in the engraving, or in the printing on stiff paper; perhaps in both. Mrs. Foote's drawing on the block is extremely difficult to reproduce; a satisfactory result can only be obtained by following carefully and sympathetically the most subtle gradations. It is a pity that the public really never see directly the work of one of our ablest artists. There are not many American painters who have equal mastery of the figure and of composition, or "picture making," and her drawings on the wood show other artistic qualities which are as rare as these. One of these days we shall hope to see paintings in water-color and oil, by Mrs. Foote, in our annual exhibitions.

The two most notable "gift books" of the season are the above noticed, and Bryant's "Flood of Years," with illustrations both designed and engraved by W. J. Linton.* We think there will have to be a reform in the art of "gift book" illustration. A picture to accompany a poem must be an extraordinarily good one if in subject it is a mere restatement of the text. A great deal of Mrs. Foote's pictorial faculty has been cramped in this way. Mr. Linton has tried to give an imaginative turn to the illustrations of "The Flood of Years," but in some places the mixture of the fanciful and the realistic results unhappily,—as in such pictures as we find on page 19. In the upper one, two young people are walking calmly along the margin of a moon-lit river. In the lower they seem to be "taking a header" in the Long Branch breakers.

We very much doubt whether the "Flood of Years" is the kind of a poem to illustrate after the modern fashion; it might, indeed, have been suggestively "decorated;" but although it calls up in the mind of the reader a number of successive scenes, a certain incongruity in the machinery of the poem itself is brought out all the stronger when we come to see these scenes actually pictured. The force of the poem—and it is certainly one of the best that Bryant has ever written—consists not in the imagery which Mr. Linton's pictures press upon our notice, but in its pure and noble diction; its refinement, and tenderness, and imagination;—the general spirit of the poem rather than its accessories.

Much of the engraving shows that the hand of the master has not lost its cunning; and that Mr. Linton is one of the masters of modern wood-engraving, engravers themselves will be the first to acknowledge.

"The United States as a Nation."†

To explain to foreigners "why we are what we are,"—as Dr. Thompson in one place expresses it,—was the primary object of this book. But it is singularly well adapted, also, to teach our own citizens a wiser and deeper appreciation of American insti-

* George P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

† The United States as a Nation. Lectures on the Centennial of American Independence, given at Berlin, Dresden, Florence, Paris and London. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., LL. D. J. R. Osgood & Co.

* The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. J. R. Osgood & Co.

tutions than that which generally prevails in these days of doubt and seeming contradiction, and unfulfilled experiment. There are six lectures; the first three being devoted to a comprehensive, fresh, and learned review of the origin of the nation and adoption of our form of government, and the latter three treating of "The Nation Tested" (by civil war), "The Nation Judged by its Self-development," and "The Opening Century." Dr. Thompson inculcates, throughout, the distinction between the essential life of the nation (which existed before the Colonies became independent) and the vicissitudes of government; and is careful to separate the elements of politics and society—unfortunately divorced among us, at present,—and to show how the unshakable Christian foundation of our national and social life gives us something by which we can always hold, and which is continually working improvement amid even the most discouraging circumstances. One may not agree with every detail of the reasoning employed or the conclusions reached; but, as a whole, the book is most admirable. It is surprising how slowly the real and inmost meaning of our republic makes its way into the minds of European thinkers, to say nothing of the mere average foreigner; and we have been listening to the ill-informed remarks of outsiders so long, that it is a pleasure to find put into good shape the principles and the facts on which our present rests and our future depends. Much that Dr. Thompson advances, of course, is heard in the daily talk of thoughtful Americans; but here it is well ordered and amplified, and is illustrated by terse statements of a deep philosophy, by copious statistics, and references of a highly suggestive kind to a wide range of reading and observation. At the same time, it is easy reading and suited for popular use. We suppose there is no other single volume at this moment which gives so vivid an idea of our national existence, from the beginnings down to 1876, as this. And to all patriotic minds it will be especially acceptable for its manly, clear-sighted faith in the future of the United States.

"About Old Story-Tellers," by Donald G. Mitchell.*

MR. MITCHELL has made a volume, very attractive to the eye and very gratifying to a cultivated taste, in which he undertakes to keep alive for young people an interest not only in the best fictitious literature apprehensible by them, but in the authors of the books which he would have them read, and in the times and circumstances out of which the stories grew. Thus, giving first some account of the origin of printed books, he has chapters upon the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Goldsmith and the "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift, Miss Edgeworth, "Paul and Virginia," Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth," the Brothers Grimm and Fairy Tales, Sir Walter Scott, De Foe, and Bunyan. In each case he seeks to

blend the interest which the young reader may have in the story with what he wishes him to have in the story-teller, glancing back and forth from book to author, and from author to book. The plan grew out of talks by his own fireside and the manner of the book is thus largely conversational, so much so sometimes as to lead the critical reader to suspect that Mr. Mitchell was a little nervous lest he should appear dull.

Indeed, the plan, excellently as it must strike all lovers of good literature, might well alarm any writer of books for the young. Mr. Mitchell himself has inadvertently betrayed the doubt which rises when he says in his chapter on "The Arabian Nights": "But, after all, the question is not answered as to who wrote 'The Arabian Nights'." I doubt if it ever will be answered truly. Who cares, indeed? I dare say that youngsters in these days of investigation committees are growing up more curious and inquiring than they used to be; but I know well I cared or thought nothing about the authorship in those old school-days when I caught my first reading of 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.'" We suspect that the young readers of this day are not very different from those of one or two generations ago as to their interest in authors, and that the desire to know about them is an educated taste of much later development than the liking for the books themselves. None the less will this book stimulate a love for good literature, for it is homage to a few great books and great men, and no child fails to be influenced by such signs of respect. Whatever serves in a hearty, honest way to keep open the springs of great literature for the use of children is work worthy of all praise.

Mr. Mitchell is always interesting and avoids too much didactic talk. Perhaps his own personal interest in the men and books is sometimes made more prominent than is requisite, but one easily forgives a good lover. We should demur to his off-hand ranking of Noah Webster above Samuel Johnson in dictionary-making, and we wish that he had given a hint to the older boys who have read "Robinson Crusoe," as to the possible political significance of the work, but the slight criticisms which any one may make for himself of details ought not to weigh beside the positive good which the book may do in stimulating, if not in creating a fondness for the best literature. De Quincey very sagaciously remarks on the "Spectator's" doctrine, that every one wishes to know about the author of a book before he reads it: "No reader cares about an author's person *before* reading his book; it is *after* reading it, and supposing the book to reveal something of the writer's moral nature as modifying his intellect; it is for his fun, his fancy, his sadness, possibly his craziness, that any reader cares about seeing the author in person." So we take it that Mr. Mitchell's book will be especially serviceable to those who have already had a taste of the books he tells about, and to their parents and teachers who wish to give their interest a humane direction.

* About Old Story-Tellers: of How and When they Lived, and what Stories they Told. By Donald G. Mitchell, Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," "My Farm of Edgewood," etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"Wonder World Stories." *

HERE is a new collection of fairy tales which are issued by the same publishers on the heels of the legends of the American Indians as compiled by Cornelius Matthews. The latter gives many of the original tales which Longfellow has used in *Hiawatha*; the former takes the pick of the fabulous lore of the whole world. The Italian, French, German, Russian, Swedish and Hungarian, yield one specimen or more, and the legends of China, Japan, Judea, Turkey, Ireland and Hindustan, are drawn upon, if not at first hand, then in translation from one of the modern literary languages of Europe. Two women have brought together this little collection, of which it may safely be said that not one is insignificant or wanting in amusing qualities. The introduction is a translation of a very appropriate fable by Florian, the brilliant Franco-Spanish poet, relative of Voltaire and rival of LaFontaine. His fable is about Fable and Truth. The point is seen in these two lines, where Fable says:

"But, tell me also, Dame Truth, why
You show yourself entirely nude."

The Hebrew furnishes two short stories, one concerning the Emperor Titus, who, for all his boasts, was destroyed by a little insect, and the other being a variant on the story of the Seven Sleepers, called, "The Seventy Years' Sleep of Chonai Hamaagal." From the Chinese comes a characteristic story of "The Man who Slew Himself at Sight of the Spirit of his Wife," and from the Irish, a fine old shillelagh hero-story called, "Lomnachtan, and the Fenians of Eire," where the beautiful young warrior Diarmuid O'Duinne and other Fenians of tremendous prowess do battle with fell enchanters who live on the Peak of Teneriffe. The Japanese Contingent is "Toda the Archer, and the Queen of the World under the Sea," according to the version of Professor W. E. Griffis, the author of "The Mikado's Empire." The Mahabharata is entered for a story from India, and that selected is "Narada's Prophecy," translated from the German version of Doctor C. Beyer. It tells of Sawitri, whose monument bore this inscription: "Sawitri, whose fidelity and love conquered even the God of Death." The inexhaustible treasury of Russian folk-lore supplies "The Bride of the Wind," by Akhschavoumoff, a title which this shares with a popular ballad of Germany. Perhaps the most exciting tale in the collection is the "Son of the Fairy" from the Hungarian of Moriz Jokai. It relates to the vanishing of that mighty empire which Attila and his Huns founded in Western Europe.

Prof. Shairp "On Poetic Interpretation of Nature." †

THERE is need that a successor to the chair of poetry at Oxford, held for so many years by Matthew

Arnold, should give a good account of himself in a volume published at the time of his appointment. Principal Shairp has already offered to the public an evidence of his force as a poet in a volume called "Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral, and Other Poems." The English press spoke well of these efforts at the time of their appearance, some thirteen years ago, but the mark they made could not have been profound, even in the north of England. There is on record a dictum of the "Athenæum" which allows them praise for clearness and sweetness. The same trait may be seen in the present volume; clearness of statement is the chief point of excellence in Mr. Shairp's prose, even if it be necessary to attain it by frequent repetitions, while the style has decided sweetness and grace. At times one perceives a tendency to exaggeration in phrase, a leaning toward the "forceful" that reminds one of occasional passages in Charles Kingsley and the works of Professor Blackie, but the gentler and perhaps more artistic nature of Principal Shairp makes the recurrence of these peculiarities less frequent.

Judged as a whole, and in regard to its ultimate objects, this prettily bound and printed, pleasantly worded little volume is a polemic, and, if not exactly a religious one, then a polemic poetical, in scope as near as may be to a religious work. The combat between materialism and spirituality, between positivism and idealism, is continued without flagging from beginning to end of the treatise. This is what it all comes to, whether issue is more directly taken in the first chapter on the "Sources of Poetry," in the fourth entitled "Will Science put out Poetry?" or in the fourteenth and last on "Wordsworth as an Interpreter of Nature." The first eight chapters carry on the argument with the greatest energy, while the remaining six have a more historical bearing. The treatment of nature by the Hebrew poets, by Lucretius and Virgil, by Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, by Allan Ramsay and Thomson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper and Burns, brings our professor to the poet for whom he seems to possess the greatest affection—to Wordsworth.

Why Mr. Shairp should have given so much attention to the arguments for spirituality over against materialism appears from his preface. It seems that a series of lectures gave rise to the work, and that these chapters have been recast from addresses made to an audience already fully supplied with the opposite arguments put forward by lecturers on science. The addresses were to serve as antidotes to the material doctrines of his fellow-lecturers. But aside from this, it is also apparent that Mr. Shairp's natural bent lies in that direction; he has a nature very susceptible to reverence and awe, and does not fail to show his belief that all things begin and end in religion, that God exists, and that the denial of him is folly.

In proving the immortality of the soul, and the existence of things outside and beyond our daily experience, Mr. Shairp takes as much of Kant's reasoning as is necessary to attain his object. Im-

* *Wonder World Stories*. From the Chinese, French, German, etc., etc. Collected and Translated by Marie Pabke and Margery Deane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*. By J. C. Shairp, LL.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

pressions on the mind, which have nothing to do with the senses, are discovered in every judgment that we make, and hence the independence of the soul from the action of the senses is postulated. But he takes care to stop short of the further results to which Kant's stern and inflexible reasoning carried him. He scouts the idea that we know nothing at all of this world because we can only know the impressions upon our senses and soul. That would carry him into a negation of all things, and finally of God himself; but the term, atheist, is evidently the most intolerable of all to Mr. Shairp's sensibilities. As a poet and a champion of poetry, nothing could be more appropriate than to see Mr. Shairp ranging himself against the encroachments of the materialists and drawing his sword in defense of the ideal. Plato, not Aristotle, is the camp for him.

Agreeable and pleasant reading though it may be, there is nothing in this little work to prove the new professor a man of much force. Ossian, for instance, whose claims might have been urged with especial fitness by a Scotchman, is passed over with an evasive paragraph or two, as if he were afraid to come to any conclusions of his own, either because of inadequate consideration of the subject, or—what is likelier—out of regard to his Lowland audience. Indeed, one need not look for strong expressions of opinion or new theories on any of the numerous subjects that arise in the course of so fruitful a theme, but only for a good presenting of well-known views. Canon Mozley, Ruskin, Stop-

ford Brooke, Leslie Stephen and Max Müller furnish a good deal of the matter. The strongest private conviction expressed is the general one already noticed of the existence of God in nature and a soul in man. Concerning poetry, he says:

"I have said that the range of poetry is boundless as the universe. Whenever the soul comes into living contact with fact and truth; whenever it realizes these with more than common vividness, there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion. And the expression of that thrill, that glow, is poetry. The range of poetic emotion may thus be as wide as the range of human thought, as existence. It does not follow from this that all objects are alike fit to awaken poetry. The nobler the objects, the nobler will be the poetry they awaken when they fall on the heart of a true poet. But though this be so, yet poetry may be found springing up in the most unlikely places, among what seem the dryest efforts of human thought, just as you may see the intense blue of the Alpine forget-me-not lighting up the darkest crevices, or the most bare and inaccessible ledges of the mountain precipice."

Physical science, says Mr. Shairp, deals with the outward object alone. Poetry has to do with the object *plus* the soul of man. From the meeting and combined action of these two forces, the outward object and the soul, there arises a creation, or emanation, different from either, but partaking of the nature of both. And it is the business of true poetry to express this.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Method of Propagating Soft Plants.

THE usual method of preparing cuttings of soft-wooded plants is either to take the cuttings entirely off the parent plant, or to cut them half-way through and let them remain on the plant till the granulations appear. An improvement on this is to snap or break off the cutting so as to leave it hanging by a bit of the skin. This serves to hold the cutting to the plant and to keep it from wilting, while it saves the plant from the severe check that would follow its complete removal. In a short time the "callous," or granulations, appear and the hanging cutting may then be removed and planted at once in a pot, when, after a few days shading it takes root and begins to grow. The advantages of this method are found in saving the parent plant, for the hanging cutting still demands sustenance from the roots and thus stimulates and preserves the plant in health. At the same time, new shoots break out below the broken cutting, and these form new cuttings in less time than by the old method when the plant is checked by the severe cutting back. Labor and time are also saved by omitting the work spent in setting and tending the cuttings in a propagating tank.

Dairy Ventilation.

A SYSTEM of under-ground air-pipes laid up and down a hill from a dairy for the purpose of securing fresh air of a uniform temperature has been already described in this department. Another form of ventilating-pipe adapted to dairies on level ground employs a brick or stone pipe of a pointed arch section 37.7 centimeters (14 inches) high and 30.5 centimeters (1 foot) wide at the bottom, laid in a straight line in any direction for a distance of 15.78 meters (150 feet). This air-duct is laid 2.74.5 meters (9 feet) under ground, and rises by an easy curve to the surface at one end, and enters the bottom of the dairy at the other. The temperature of the earth at this depth is 48° Fahrenheit at all seasons of the year, and the air passing through the duct has this fixed temperature on entering the dairy. In summer, the air of the dairy can be lowered to any desired point above this by letting the hot air escape from the top of the building, and in winter, the fresh air entering the dairy is raised to this point by passing through the duct, whatever the outside temperature. A little fire heat in the dairy will set the air in the duct in motion, and thus the room is readily kept at any desired temperature

at small expense. Another advantage reported for this system of ventilation is the freedom from danger of souring in the milk during thunder-storms, as the air taken from the duct is free from the germs of putrefaction. This under-ground air-duct might also be useful in supplying fresh air raised to 48° in winter for a hot-air furnace at a material economy of fuel.

The Alhydic Chain.

THIS apparatus consists of a number of long, slender bags of canvas made air-tight and joined together by means of short copper pipes. The chain is designed to be used in raising sunken ships where the vessel is too deep to be conveniently reached by divers. The first step in raising a ship is to lower self-fastening grapnels to different parts of the ship, and by fastening buoys to these, to mark her position on the surface of the water. A steamer provided with powerful air-pumps, and having a large number of the empty bags forming the chain, is then brought up and a number of the bags are fastened together with a self-fastening grapnel at the end and lowered overboard till the grapnel finds a strong hold on the ship. If divers can be employed to fasten the chain, or if the submarine mole can be used, the work becomes the more simple. Having, in either of these ways, secured the end of the canvas chain to the ship, the steamer moves round and round the buoys, paying out the empty chain for one or two turns. The air-pump is then started, and the chain is blown up, causing it to swell and fit under the vessel. More chain is paid out till it is wound round the vessel several times, and then it is charged with air to its fullest capacity. The displacement caused by the expanded bags eventually causes them to float and lift the ship to the surface. This alhydic chain has the advantage over the single bag plan of making a continuous piece, so that if one bag fails to find a hold on the ship, it still exerts its lifting power through the others. The flexible character of the chain also prevents injury from catching and tearing on sharp points of the wreck. The same idea, carried out with a light rubber hose, might be useful in recovering small objects from deep water.

Uniting Iron and Steel.

IN uniting cast-iron and cast-steel, as in iron car-wheels with steel tires, a new process in welding employs a thin sheet of iron so placed in the mold that it will separate the steel from the iron when both are poured at the same instant into the mold. The aim of this diaphragm of sheet-iron is twofold,—first, to keep the steel and iron from actual contact, and, secondly, to serve as a weld to unite them. The thickness of this plate is a matter of careful adjustment. It must be sufficiently thick to resist the flow of the metals on each side, and thin enough to eventually weld them together. This device has been used with success for some time, and has been applied to a variety of forms where one part of the casting requires the tenacity of iron and another part demands the hardness of steel.

Mending Appliance for Sewing-Machines.

A NEW attachment for the sewing-machine has been introduced that enables the machine to mend or "darn" holes in any kind of fabric. It consists of a small steel ring having a hole in one side, and having a delicate spiral spring affixed to the top of the ring. To use the mending attachment the thread is passed though the hole in the side of the ring and downward. The ring is then slipped over the needle of the machine with the spiral spring inclosing the needle. The thread is then passed through the eye of the needle as for sewing. In placing the cloth with the hole to be closed on the machine the fabric is fed up to the needle and stitches are made through the cloth along one edge of the rent or hole. The stitch passes over the opening, leaving a knotted thread reaching from side to side. This is repeated, forward and backward and crosswise, or in any direction, till the crossing stitches make a close web over the hole. By this simple device the sewing-machine becomes a mending-machine, repairing and closing over openings in any kind of fabric. The appliance is specially useful in repairing table-linen, though it can be used for mending any fabric from sails or stockings.

New Portable Kitchen.

THIS apparatus is designed for a traveling kitchen and consists of an upright stove or furnace, hung between a pair of wheels that it may be drawn by one or two horses. The stove is, like some kinds of portable steam-boilers, hung on pivots at the sides, so that it will accommodate itself to the movements of the carriage. The stove has a fire-box at the base, and a direct-draft chimney at the top. Within the stove are two copper cylinders or boilers, placed one within the other; the outer cylinder is fitted with pipes for the water and safety valves, and is practically a steam-boiler. The inner cylinder is tinned on both sides, and has a lid that may be fitted on steam-tight; a short piece of pipe connects the two vessels at the top. In making soups, and in cooking other food, the meat or other material is placed in the inner cylinder, and the cover is put on steam-tight. The fire circulating about the outer boiler causes the water to boil, and the steam passes over into the cooking vessel and cooks the meats by steaming and boiling. Such a kitchen, drawn by two horses, can make, while on the march, soup for 250 men in three hours. The carriage also carries in the forward part all the cooking utensils, and the kitchen is thus complete in itself. The kitchen has been adopted by one of the European armies.

Compound Locomotives.

THE compound type of engine, where one cylinder receives the steam direct from the boiler and after using its expansion to a limited degree sends it on to another and larger cylinder, is almost universally used for marine engines, and in part for stationary engines, and has recently been applied to locomotives. Three engines for passenger service have

now made a united run of over 2,500 miles, and may be considered as something more than experiments. The engines have two cylinders, placed on the outside, that are fitted to the wheels in the usual manner, and one of these is somewhat larger than the other. When the locomotive is to be started, or when more draft is required in the fire, a new form of valve, called the undoing valve, is employed to turn the steam into both cylinders at once, and the exhaust is thrown into the stack to increase the draft. The undoing valve is the only addition to the engine, and excepting in this and the differing sizes of the cylinders, the locomotives do not depart from the common type. When the speed is attained, or when the draft is sufficient, the new valve is changed and the steam goes to the smaller, high-pressure cylinder, the exhaust is taken to the larger cylinder on the other side of the engine, and after further expansion the steam is finally thrown into the stack. It will be seen that the engine gives only half the number of "coughs" or ejections at the stack, and thus loses half the draft. The engines are reported to do continuous work in dragging heavy excursion trains over a sea-side road at a decided economy of fuel.

Shrinking on Tires by Hot Water.

THE uncertain and irregular results that follow from the use of direct fire heat in expanding tires has led to some experiments in the use of hot water. An iron tank of suitable size for car-wheels, and filled one-quarter full of water, is prepared and steam is turned into the water till it is raised to 212 Fahr.; the tire is plunged into this by means of a crane, and is left submerged for fifteen minutes; it is then taken out and at once put on the wheel. By this method three men can set the tires on from 12 to 15 wheels in a day of eleven hours. The difference between the tires and wheels must be very small, being only 0.75 millimeter to a meter, and this is ascertained by gauges of great precision, as a very slight deviation will not allow the tire to go on or will leave it loose when cold. In practice it has been found that where on the same road 37 per cent. of the fire-heated wheels ran loose, and five per cent. were broken in a six-years' trial, only one per cent. of the water-heated tires became loose and only a single wheel was broken in a three-years' trial. While tired car-wheels are not much used in this country, this plan of using hot water in expanding tires may be of value in setting wagon-wheels. The water bath has the advantage of heating the tire uniformly and expanding it equally in every direction.

New Form of Plastering.

A NEW style of wall and ceiling plastering has been introduced that offers some advantages in ease and speed in covering the walls and in securing the plaster against falling and fire. In place of spreading the plaster on laths fixed to the wall, it is prepared in solid blocks or slabs, and these are nailed to the rafters or joists. The slabs are made of any

convenient shape or size by a simple process that may be carried on in the building or at the plasterer's shop. A smooth, hard surface is prepared, and a sloping edge is set up to give the slabs a beveled edge, and on this is spread a layer of plaster of Paris. Upon this, and securely bedded in it, is spread a sheet of canvas or other heavy fabric, or a layer of some loose fibers; laths are then laid along two opposite sides of the slab, and over all is spread a thick layer of common plaster; before this sets it is brushed over with a coarse broom to give it a rough surface to make a key for the finishing coat of plaster. When the plaster has set, and the slab is hard and dry, it is raised to its place and fastened there by nails driven through the laths. The finishing coat is then applied in the usual way, covering the division between the slabs so that the surface is uniform. Such a system of plastering has the advantage of quick and cleanly work at a saving of labor, and making a wall covering that will not fall in masses when wet, nor take fire at the back as two laths are bedded in the plaster.

Proposed Change in the System of Gauging Wire.

THE size of wires and thin plates of gold, copper, iron and other metals has been everywhere measured by the use of various steel gauges. The measuring appliances are made in a great variety of forms, and the numbers upon them make the commercially recognized sizes of plate metal and wire. This numbering of the gauges is entirely arbitrary, and varies with the different makers of gauges, so that the name of the maker of the gauge must be known as well as the number of the gauge. More than this, all these gauges are subject to wear, and unless provided with compensating appliances become in time valueless as instruments of precision. A Committee of the American Institute of Mining Engineers having been appointed to examine this matter, recently reported that, in view of the confusion and uncertainty now found in the measurement of metals by wire gauges, the use of fixed gauges and the use of numbers to express the diameters of wires be abandoned. In place of these numbers the committee recommend the expression of commercial sizes in thousandths of an inch or the fractions of a millimeter; in place of the numbered gauges the millimeter screw gauge is recommended. This gauge is a steel frame fitted with a micrometer screw. The screw is accurately cut and fitted, and the great space through which the lever of the screw passes in comparison with the advance due to the pitch of the screw makes it a means of very minute measurements. The head of the screw is divided into equal parts so that a single movement of the screw head expresses extremely minute measurements between the end of the screw and the rest where the plate or wire to be measured is placed. These micrometer gauges are fitted with compensating appliances to recover the loss due to wearing, and will measure accurately till worn out. This change in the system of measuring wire recommends itself for simplicity and uniformity. The present

confusion of gauges and sizes would be corrected by the use of actual measurements, and the micrometer gauge would make a standard for universal reference.

Memoranda.

A SOLUTION of calcium chloride in glycerine is proposed as a convenient substitute for the sand bath. It is said to be easily regulated, and to be useful for temperatures varying from 572 to 626 Fahr.

The cracks sometimes seen in common mortar are attributed by M. Decourneau to the uncombined quicklime it may contain. To neutralize this he employs a fine siliceous powder, mixed with diluted nitric acid. The mortar thus made is said to be free from this defect, and stone made from it resembles natural stones and may be cut, sawn or otherwise treated.

To preserve the juices of lemons, currants, oranges and other fruits, the juice, when fresh, is expressed and mixed with some kind of cooked meal, either with or without the addition of sugar, and is then made up into cakes and baked. These cakes are then ground up into a kind of fruit farina. Juices thus prepared are said to keep their flavor indefinitely, and the farina may be used as a substitute for fresh fruit.

Dr. Himly, of the University of Kiel, suggests a simple test for flour adulterations. A small quantity of the flour to be examined is placed in a common test-tube 3.2 centimeters (3.8 in.) in diameter, and 13 centimeters (about 5 in.) long, and enough chloroform is added to fill the tube three-quarters full. The mixture is then shaken and placed upright at rest, and is kept thus till the various substances in the tube find the levels due to their specific gravity. In time the clear flour will swim at the top, and the lime, chalk, plaster, bone-dust, marble and other impurities, will gather in layers at the bottom, and thus indicating their proportion and character. Unadulterated flour leaves a filmy gray or brownish deposit, that is probably due to the stone-dust from the grinding. But this is not easily mistaken for the white deposits from the adulterations.

The success attending the efforts to toughen glass have led to a number of processes for improving the quality of glass, and among these is one for compressing glass under heavy metallic rolls. This compressed glass is reported to be even tougher than the "La Bastre glass" (already described here), and has the advantage of greater freedom in working, so that larger pieces can be produced. The compressed glass has a fibrous texture, quite unlike the crystalline structure of the tempered glass. By the use of engraved rolls, the glass may also be ornamented at the same time that it is compressed.

A new process for making artificial black walnut from red beech, alder and other woods, is announced. The wood thoroughly dried and warmed is given one or two coats of a liquid composed of one part,

by weight, of extract of walnut-peel dissolved in six parts of boiling water. When the staining coat is half dry it is brushed with a solution of one part of bichromate of potash in five parts of boiling water; and after this has dried the wood is rubbed and polished. This stain is reported to be firm and of an excellent color.

In a new style of ship's anchor, simplicity, cheapness and strength have been secured by making the stock in two parts just alike, and fastened together by bolts at each end and near the center. Only one arm is used, and by making the two parts spread apart near the end so that the arm hung on the bolt that joins them may swing freely between them in either direction. The arm has a T shaped head and by means of two projections on either side of the head it is limited in its movements. When closed, the arm rests between the two parts of the stock, and in falling it takes the right position to hold in the ground without regard to the way in which the anchor falls from the ship. An anchor of this pattern tested to destruction broke at a strain of 250 per cent. over proof.

The experiments that have been going on for the past year in making glass from slag have been concluded, and a glass suitable for bottles is now being made on a commercial scale. The slag is taken hot from a blast-furnace in a ladle and poured into a Sieman's furnace; carbonate of soda and silica are then added in various proportions, according to the quality of glass to be produced. A large manufacturing plant will soon be in operation in this line of glass-making.

In coating metals with tin and nickel, two new processes are mentioned. Kayser melts together one part of copper and five parts of pure Australian tin. This alloy is granulated and mixed with water and cream of tartar into a pasty bath. To each 200 parts of the alloy is added one part of oxide of nickel, and the articles to be plated are laid in this bath and boiled for a short time. Articles of brass and copper are thus easily plated and given a hard surface resembling German silver. Articles of iron must first be copper-plated. By adding carbonate of nickel to the bath, boiling gives a coating richer in nickel and varying in color from that of platinum to blue-black according to the amount of nickel salt used. Stobla adds to a solution of protochloride of tin a small quantity of cream of tartar. The brass, copper or iron articles to be tinned are moistened with this and then rubbed hard with zinc powder.

The floating fire-works now used at sea in case of shipwrecks have been made in the form of a bomb that may be thrown from a mortar. The bomb is thrown into the water at any distance from the ship or shore battery, and immediately takes fire on falling in the water, and burns with an intense white flame. It is only necessary to make a small hole in the shell to admit the water, and it flames the moment it is wet. For this reason it cannot be extinguished, and the bomb floats and lights up the sea for a long distance around it, plainly showing the position of hostile ships or boats.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Christmas-Night in the Quarters.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.



"FOUR ON A MULE, BEHOLD THEM RIDE!"

WHEN merry Christmas-day is done,
 And Christmas-night is just begun;
 While clouds in slow procession drift
 To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
 Yet linger overhead, to know
 What causes all the stir below;
 At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
 The darkeys hold high carnival.
 From all the country-side they throng,
 With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song—
 Their whole deportment plainly showing
 That to THE FROLIC they are going.
 Some take the path with shoes in hand,
 To traverse muddy bottom-land;
 Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
 Four on a mule, behold them ride!
 And ten great oxen draw apace
 The wagon from "de oder place,"
 With forty guests, whose conversation
 Betokens glad anticipation.
 Not so with him who drives: old Jim
 Is sagely solemn, hard and grim,
 And frolics have no joys for him.
 He seldom speaks, but to condemn—
 Or utter some wise apothegm—
 Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
 Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
 You alluz is a-laggin'—
 Mus' be you think I's dead,
 And dis de huss you's draggin'—

You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
 Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin, sah!
 De ladies don't submit 'at—
 Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
 You heah me tell you quit 'at?
 Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
 Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behind
 De pollytishners haulin'—
 Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
 To foller dat ar callin'—
 An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
 But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
 Sometimes dey will be stickin';
 An' den, fus thing dey knows,
 Dey takes a rale good lickin'—
 De folks gits down: an' den watch out
 For hommerin an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
 Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
 Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
 An' pruzntly dey sails up,
 An' makes dem oxen hump deysef,
 By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink,
 'Tis books that show us how to think—
 The rule reversed, and set at naught,



"THE WAGON FROM 'DE ODER PLACE.'"



"O MAHSR!"

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
 Don't jedge us hard for what we does—you knows it's Chrismus night;
 An' all de balunce ob de yeah, we does as right's we kin—
 Ef dancin's wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd—workin' hard, an' workin' true—
 Now, shorely you wont notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
 An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin'-spell—
 Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin
 Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
 An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing;
 A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
 That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
 Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees:
 De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
 We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holf us out to sing;
 But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows—
 An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flow'r bekase it aint de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
 Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
 An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untell we comes to die,
 An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
 Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune;
 We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter when—
 O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.



"OLD FIDDLING JOSEY."

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
 When all the noise begins anew,
 And with such force assaults the ears,
 That through the din one hardly hears
 Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A"—
 Correct the pitch—begin to play—
 Stop, satisfied—then, with the bow,
 Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fast kwattilion!
 Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
 Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!"
 Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlutely—
 Don't be bumpin' gin de res—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;

Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers:
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
 Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, *I's* sober—
 Kaint say how de fiddle am—
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
 Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
 Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd!—when yo's ready—
 Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
 Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
 Do yo' talkin' arter while—
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
 Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!



|||



"GEORGY SAM."

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
 Determined by the dancers' strength;
 And all agree to yield the palm
 For grace and skill, to "Georgy Sam,"
 Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
 "Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
 "De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
 Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
 On, on, the restless fiddle sounds—
 Still chorused by the curs and hounds—
 Dance after dance succeeding fast,
 Till SUPPER is announced at last.
 That scene—but why attempt to show it?
 The most inventive modern poet,
 In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
 Could form no phrase to do it justice!
 When supper ends—that is not soon—
 The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
 The dancers pound the floor again,
 With all they have of might and main;
 Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,

Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
 So wears the night: and wears so fast,
 All wonder when they find it passed,
 And hear the signal sound, to go,
 From what few cocks are left to crow.
 Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
 "Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
 An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
 Responding to the welcome call,
 He takes the banjo from the wall,



"AUNT CASSY'S GRUESOME TALE."

Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
 Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
 That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
 Each drowsy baby droops his head,

And tunes the strings with skill and care—
 Then strikes them with a master's air;
 And tells, in melody and rhyme,
 This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way, fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
 Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
 About de 'possum's tail, she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
For Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin, it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebbly,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbree;
De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin'—
De sarpints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws, an' apron;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long, an' thick, an' strong,—des fit for banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, frum little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—twuz "Nebber min' de wedder"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers—
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slighthes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too,—dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los'
em—
For whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done—he fain would rest,
Where people know and love him best—
He pauses—listens—looks about—
But go he must: his pass is out;
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth—
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismuses 'a yeah—
Or p'r'aps one brudder'd settle heah!"



"GO 'WAY, FIDDLE!"





Wyatt Eaton 1877

T. COLE. Sc.

Abraham Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men ;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won ;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

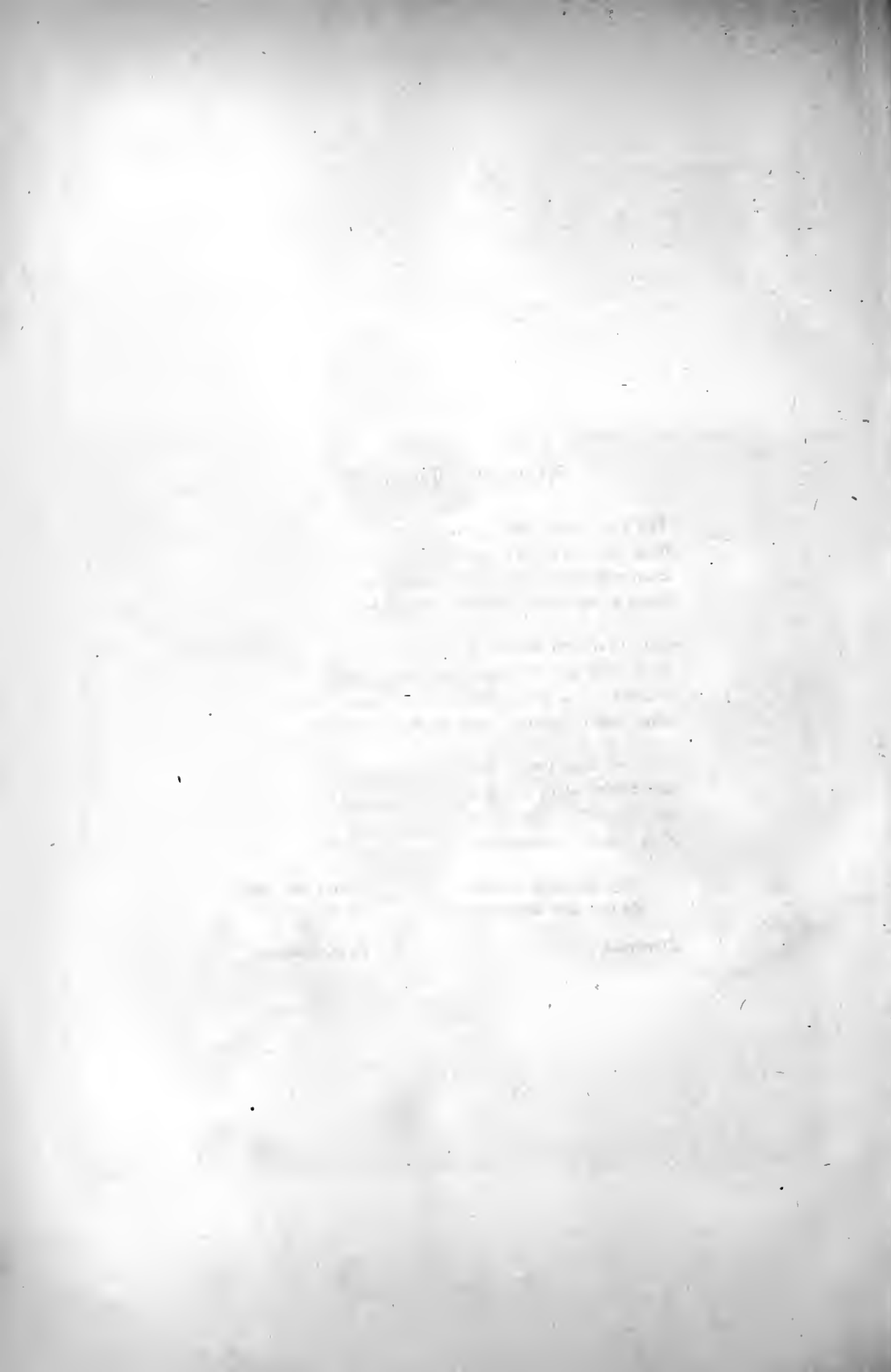
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart ;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burthen of the Commonwealth, was laid ;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.

Christmas, 1877.

R. W. Stoddard.



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No. 4.

MOOSE-HUNTING.



A MOOSE-FIGHT.

It is much to be regretted that a mammal of so much dignity and importance as the American moose (*Cervus Alces*—Linn.; *Alce Americanus*—Jardine) is fast disappearing

from our forests. Tardy legislation is doing something, it is true, for his protection, and may probably prevent a repetition of such a scene as happened on the

Tobique River in the province of New Brunswick, a few years ago, when several hundred of these noble animals were slaughtered for the sake of their hides, and their carcasses left to rot in the forest.

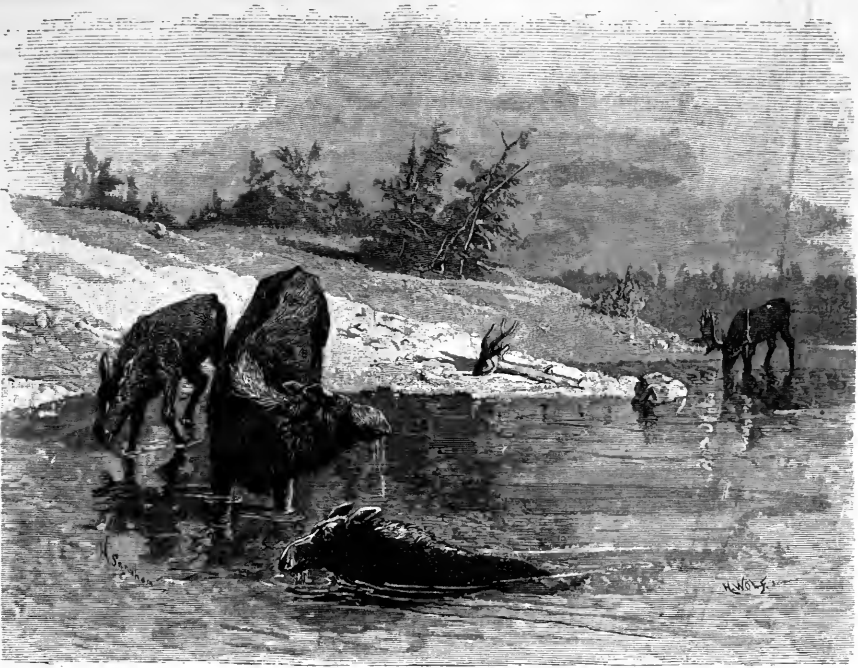
To the early settlers in the states of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the flesh of the moose was the main-stay, and his hide furnished them with serviceable clothing. At the present time, with the exception of Maine, the moose are almost extinct in the eastern states, and they are becoming scarce in Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick they are seldom found on the rivers emptying into the Bay of Fundy, where in former days they existed in vast numbers. They can yet be found, however, in considerable numbers on the head-waters of the Restigouché and Miramichi rivers and their branches; in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario south of the St. Lawrence; in the central parts of the county of Rimouski, and thence southward along the borders of Maine, and all through the country south of the city of Quebec to New Hampshire. In the county of Gaspé they are extinct, having been exterminated by ruthless hunters for the sake of their hides. North of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, the moose ranges from Lake Wanapitiping nearly to the Saguenay. Their northern limit is now somewhere near the water-shed of Hudson Bay; it was formerly beyond it. The western limit is about the longitude of Lake Huron. None are now found north of Lake Superior, although they have existed in this region as far north as the Albany River. In the north-west territories they are found as far as the Mackenzie River. A friend* gave me the measurements of a moose killed in Rupert's Land, which, if correct, would go far to verify some of the old-time stories of the wondrous size of the moose. In the United States moose are still found in sufficient numbers to warrant the belief that, by judicious protection, the species might be perpetuated. They are quite abundant in Oregon, Washington Territory and the whole northern border of the United States as far as the Lake of the Woods. They are still met with occasionally in the northern part of Michigan, along the shores of Lake Superior, and very rarely in northern Vermont and the Adirondack region. They also inhabit the wooded region of the great lakes and that lying thence westward to the Rocky Mountains.

The southernmost point at which they have been found in the West, is in Idaho, on the forks of the Snake River near the Three Tetons, where several were seen and killed by members of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. The present southern limits of the moose on the Atlantic coast, are the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the Bay of Fundy. These provinces are still his favorite haunts, and here in the present day he is most accessible to the hunter. This is perhaps owing to the infinite number of lakes and the prevalence of swampy, low-lying woods and bogs, in which he loves to dwell.*

The color of the American moose when in his prime is almost jet black, becoming more or less streaked with brownish gray as the animal advances in years. The head is so large as to appear out of harmony with the other proportions of the body. The ears are upward of one foot long, yellowish brown in color, and bordered with a narrow strip of a deeper shade, the inside lined with yellow hairs. Surrounding the orbit of the eye the skin is destitute of hair, and is of a pale flesh color; the eye is a velvety brown, and soft in expression, except when the animal is wounded, or brought to bay, when it assumes a lurid hue and a twinkling, savage expression. The flanks are a yellowish white, and the legs brown, and of extraordinary length. White of Selborne, writing of a moose which he had seen, quaintly remarks upon "the strange length of its legs, on which it was tilted up much in the manner of the birds of the gallæ order." A curious muscular development of the upper lip termed the mouffle is common to both sexes, and a pendulous gland hangs from the neck of the males. The neck and withers are surmounted by a voluminous mane of a light gray color. This hair is dyed various brilliant colors by the Indians, and is used to embroider designs upon birch bark, velvet and other materials.

The largest moose that I ever saw measured six feet and nearly five inches at the withers, a trifle less at the buttock, and four feet and five inches from the withers to the buttock, and from withers to the top of the

* I beg to acknowledge the kindness of Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in furnishing me with the latest information with regard to the geographical distribution of the moose.



A MOOSE FAMILY.

skull, twenty-seven inches. The head measured two feet and five inches from the muffle to a point between the ears, and nine inches between the eyes. The horns weighed forty-five pounds, and measured four feet and three inches from tine to tine at their widest part, and at their greatest width the palmated parts measured thirteen inches. The horn, at its junction with the skull, was eight inches in circumference. The whole carcass before galloping must have weighed close upon twelve hundred pounds. I have heard of cases where the specimen exceeded these measurements, but the reports lacked confirmation. The moose is commonly represented very much higher at the withers than at the buttocks, which is undoubtedly a mistake, as in no instance (and I have measured many animals) have I found any great difference in favor of height at the withers, although the *mane* gives a casual observer a contrary impression. The great length of its legs and prehensile lip are of much benefit to the moose, and wonderfully adapted to his mode of feeding, which consists in peeling the bark from, and browsing upon, the branches and tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond his reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters "riding down the tree," by getting

astride of it and bearing it down by the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales, through which he threads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practiced Indian hunter.

Much has been said and written of the ungainly appearance of the moose. Probably very few persons have seen the moose in his wild state,—perhaps only after he has passed through the hands of some unskilled taxidermist, whence he emerges, in most instances, an animal fearfully and wonderfully made. No person who has seen this noble animal in his native forests could fail to be impressed with the majesty and grandeur of his appearance. A few years ago, I was painting some tree studies near one of the numerous lakes in Charlotte County, New

Brunswick, and for a long time I sat working in utter silence, until my attention was attracted by a movement in the branches, and presently a magnificent moose came out into the open, and walked quietly down to a pond almost directly in front of me, with his head erect and his broad antlers thrown back almost to his withers; his jet black skin, spotted white by the chequered sunlight, shone as glossy as satin. For a moment he stood silent as if listening, then moved away, all unconscious that he had had a spectator.

A full-grown moose sheds his horns in the month of January, and they are not again fully restored until the end of August. By this time the velvet has been worn off, and the horns are a rich fawn color, shaded or marked with dark brown, and polished by having been rubbed on the stems of the poplar and larch. The animal is now in the perfection of his strength and condition, and emerging from the swamps and bogs where he has spent the summer, feeding on the yellow pond-lilies, and evading the moose-fly and similar pests by frequently standing neck deep in some forest lake, he abandons the long silence maintained while his horns were in the velvet, and enters upon the rutting season—a noisy, aggressive and pugnacious character. The fights which now occur between the old males are terrific. Greek has met Greek, and the combat is often prolonged until their horns become inextricably interlaced, and both animals die a miserable death. I once saw in the month of October,

two pairs of horns firmly locked together, with parts of the skulls attached, sticking out of a swamp, but as we were on the trail of a moose and had no time to spare, I failed to secure them; I could never find the spot again.

Early in May the cow-moose brings forth two, and sometimes three calves, of a dark fawn color and slightly dappled. It has been affirmed that the cow moose retires to some sequestered spot in order to protect her young from the attacks of bears and also of the bull-moose, but I am of opinion that the latter is not at any time very distant from the cow and her calves.

On one occasion in the early summer I saw an old cow-moose with two calves, come out from an island in a lake and disport in the water. Presently a very large bull-moose came out of the forest at a little distance from them, and began to eat the roots of the yellow pond-lily, which he procured by diving for them and bringing them to the surface of the water in his teeth. While he was still feeding, the cow and her calves retired.

On the approach of winter the moose form into small herds of five or six animals, often containing a bull, a cow, and the young of two seasons, and establish themselves in what is termed a moose-yard. The yard is situated in some part of the country where there is an abundant growth of young deciduous trees, such as the white birch, poplar, maples and mountain ash; these, together with a few of the coniferous trees,



STILL-HUNTING.



A MOOSE-YARD.

the balsam fir and juniper, form the staple diet of the moose. Some writers maintain that the bull moose never yards with the females and young, but this is disproved by my own experience as a moose-hunter, extending over a period of many years, and in company with one of the most intelligent and accomplished Indian guides. I have on many occasions found and killed males occupying the same yard with old and young females. A few years ago when out on a hunt with my friend, Colonel W—— and some Indian guides, we discovered a moose-yard, occupied by a very large bull, two cows, and younger animals. After a long and desperate hunt we killed the bull, and captured one of the young moose alive. I admit that very old bulls, grizzled with age, their horns almost bleached white, affect solitary habits, and yard alone.

The maximum age attained by the moose is difficult to determine; some hunters profess to judge by the number of tines on the horns, but that method is not to be relied upon. The Indians say that the horns do not attain their full size until the sixth year,

and that then the tines and palmation are perfect, and further, that the duration of life is probably about twenty years.

There are three modes of hunting the moose, termed still-hunting, fire-hunting, and calling. There was another mode, which, I am happy to say, legislation has in a great measure suppressed. I refer to the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of a protracted winter had imprisoned them in their yards, and rendered them only a too easy prey to the unprincipled butchers who slew them for the sake of their skins.

To be successful in still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, necessitates the aid of a skillful Indian guide; very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvelous precision with which an Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book which he reads as he runs, will track to its death an animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift, or instinct, seems born with the Indian, and is practiced from his early childhood. It is not uncommon to find little Indian boys in the forest

several miles from the wigwam, armed with a bow and arrows, the latter having an old knife-blade inserted in the heads. One little fellow named Socotoma was a very expert shot, and woe betide *mitchiess*, the grouse, and *mataguis*, the hare, if they happened in the way of little Socotoma when he was on the war-path; and although he could not thus be killed, even *moonin*, the bear, would be likely to feel the "stinging arrow."

The finely modulated voice of the Indian

can readily conceal himself, puts his birchen trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow-moose, in a manner so startling and truthful that only the educated ear of an Indian could detect the counterfeit. If the call is successful, presently the responsive bull-moose is heard crashing through the forest, uttering his blood-curdling bellow or roar, and rattling his horns against the trees in challenge to all rivals, as he comes to the death which awaits him. Should the imita-



SOCOTOMA.

is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of the denizens of the forest, and with a trumpet of birch bark, he will imitate to the life, the plaintive low of the cow-moose, and the responsive bellow of the bull. Early morning, twilight, or moonlight are all favorable to this manner of hunting. The Indian, having selected a favorable position for his purpose, generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he

tion be poor, the bull will either not respond at all, or approach in a stealthy manner and retire on discovery of the cheat. Moose-calling is seldom attempted by white men, the gift of calling with success being rare even among the Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torch-light, is practiced by exhibiting a bright light, formed by burning bunches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The

brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, and he will readily approach within range of the rifle. The torch placed in the bow of a canoe is also used as a lure on a lake or river, but is attended with considerable danger, as a wounded, or enraged moose, will not unfrequently upset the canoe.

The mode of hunting which generally prevails is that of still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, which is undoubtedly the most sportsman-like way, and affords the greatest pleasure. Still-hunting can be practiced in September, and all through the early winter months, until the snow becomes so deep that it would be a sin to molest the poor animals. The months of September and October are charming months for camping out, and the moose are then in fine condition, and great skill and endurance are called for on the part of the hunter. The moose possesses a vast amount of pluck, and when once started on his long, swinging trot, his legs seem tireless, and he will stride over bowlders and wind-falls at a pace which soon distances his pursuers, and, but for the sagacity of the Indian guide in picking out the trail, would almost always escape.

If the sportsman combines the tastes of a naturalist with his love of out-door life, his camping-out holiday will prove all the more enjoyable. One often hears the remark: "How strange it is that animals, birds, life of any kind, is so seldom met with in an American forest!" My own experience, and I doubt not that of many other lovers of nature, has been very different, for whatever your name may be, you will seldom gain the confines of the forest without being greeted as "Sweet Willie" by *ki-ha-neas*, the smaller red-polled linnet, and you will not have traveled far before the little chickadee, hanging head down as is his wont, will welcome you to the forest. The Indian name for little black-cap, *kich-e-ge-gelas* is surprisingly like his note of greeting. And before you fairly get your lunch out, that ubiquitous rascal with the long string of jaw-breaking names, *Corvus Canadensis*, *Perisoreus Canadensis*, Canada jay, *ump-kanu-sis*, whisky-jack, or moose-bird, will perch on the toe of your boot, or some other point of vantage, and dispute every mouthful with you, while *me-kok*, the little red squirrel, is sure to be on hand, chattering querulously for his share of the crumbs. Presently the tall ferns in front of you wave slightly, and *mat-a-guis*, the hare, bounds off; and if you watch quietly you will probably see *quak-sis*, the

fox, follow quickly on his trail,—and all this while you are eating your lunch. That over, you start on the business of the day, fishing or shooting, and at almost every step you are surrounded by the denizens of the forest. There is that old hen-grouse again, with the broken wing, which is not broken at all; she is only fooling you while her brood of little chicks are scampering off out of your way. That bunch of tumbled brakes, not yet recovered from the pressure of some heavy body, tells you that *mooin*, the bear, has been roused from his mid-day nap, and is beating a hasty retreat on your approach. A foot-print in the wet moss, not unlike that of a large dog, hints to you that *ma-al-sin*, the wolf, is at his old tricks again, chasing the deer. If you are bent on fishing, and are careful as you approach the stream, you may detect that industrious individual, *qua-beet*, the beaver, repairing a leak in his dam. And in particular, rest assured if you catch any trout, that the daring thief, *che-ok-kis*, the mink, will be apt to steal them from under your very nose; and in the gloaming your ears will be charmed by a chorus of many songsters, led by that melodious vocalist, the hermit-thrush. And yet there are people who say there is no life in an American forest!

In moose-hunting, the services of a trustworthy Indian guide are indispensable, not only to insure success, but for the sake of comfort. These Indians are masters of wood-craft, and can start a fire in the heaviest rain or snow-storm; they are also expert ax-men, and furnish an abundant supply of dry fire-wood, and keep up such a roaring fire in front of the comfortable bark-covered camp, that the cold is seldom felt, even when camping out in winter on the snow. The writer has been fortunate in having had on his hunting expeditions the services of Sebatis, a member of the tribe of Passamaquoddy Indians, who, unlike their savage brethren of the plains, are a peaceful and interesting people, and live quietly on their reservations at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, Maine. The Passamaquoddies receive subsidy from the United States and Canadian governments, and they and the Penobscot Indians have each a representative of their own race in the Maine legislature.

My tried friend and companion of many a hunt, Sebatis, is a thoroughbred Indian of Mohawk descent, and an accomplished hunter. His wonderful knowledge of the woods, and of the habits of animals and birds, gained in a life-long experience, is

seldom equaled, and he delights to impart his knowledge, and can readily give the Indian names for, and relate the habits of, any animal or bird inquired about. He is also an excellent story-teller, and as he is a model of sobriety, one never apprehends

relieve him of. Sebatis states that the moose permits the bird to alight upon him for that purpose, and judging from what I have seen of the tameness of the moose-bird, and the liberties that he takes with visitors to the woods, I can readily believe



THE MOOSE-CALL.

that his interesting yarns and hair-breadth 'scapes are merely the voluble flow of "after dinner talk."

He has frequently drawn my attention to the curious fact that we invariably met large numbers of moose-birds, when we happened to be in a moose country. The moose is infested by a tick, which his friend, the moose-bird, is very happy to

it. Moreover, the moose-bird is a carrion bird, and perhaps, on the advent of hunters, "smelleth the battle afar off."

A few years since, in the month of October, on returning from grouse-hunting I was belated, and, darkness overtaking me, I accepted the invitation of my friend Sebatis to spend the night at his wigwam, which was close at hand. Sebatis in his

rambles had discovered the trail and sign of a large moose, and proposed that I should join him in beating up his quarters next day:

In the morning I sent into the village for my rifle and a supply of provisions, on the receipt of which we enlisted the services of Swarsin, a brother of Sebatis, and boarded the latter's canoe in the lake where he had left it the previous evening. We paddled three miles up the western side of the lake, then portaged two miles to another lake where we intended to establish our headquarters. On our way we started several coveys of ruffed grouse, and twice had a chance to shoot deer, but Sebatis forbade molesting them, as we might thereby alarm the moose.

The next day we were early astir, and Sebatis started off alone to reconnoiter. In about an hour he returned and told me

in a mysterious manner that he had found signs of two moose, one of which was a very large one,—and that he knew him very well. Upon my asking for an explanation of such a strange statement, Sebatis said:

"More'n two year ago I hunt these mount'ins with Lola—find sign very big moose. You see I can tell must be pretty big moose 'cause he peel bark so high on trees, never all my life see moose peel 'em bark so high."

"Well, Sebatis," I said, "I suppose the sooner we get on his trail the better?"

"Sartin, start now, take two days' provisions; big moose very strong, may be travel long ways before we kill 'em."

"Not come camp again to-night?" inquired Swarsin, who looked after his comfort.

"No," replied Sebatis; "may be never see camp again. I think big moose devil."



FIRE-HUNTING.

Swarsin was lazy and very superstitious, consequently the allusion to his satanic majesty did not hasten matters in packing for the hunt, and I imagine that he did not relish the prospect of a two-days' tramp after an animal with such a questionable reputation, for he was longer than usual in getting the things together.

"Swarsin just like old woman, so slow," said Sebatis. "Best leave 'im take care camp, shoot 'em chipmunks an' rabbits."

This hastened Swarsin and in a few moments we were off.

Sebatis led the way, which was anything but a pleasant one, for at the start we had to cross a wide bog and great care was required in placing one's feet, as a misstep let one in to the waist in the oozy mire. On the farther side of the bog a rapid brook flowed at the foot of a hard-wood ridge. By jumping from boulder to boulder we all, as I supposed, reached the other side in safety, but on looking back I saw Swarsin hesitating on the last jump, which was a pretty stiffish one. In such a case to hesitate is to precipitate a disaster, which proved true in poor Swarsin's case, as he jumped short of the bank and in an instant the quick water swirled him past. In a few moments he rejoined us much crest-fallen.

"I make mistake this mornin' when I call Swarsin ole woman; Swarsin musquash [muskrat], like'm water pretty well," said Sebatis.

Being in close proximity to the moose-sign discovered by Sebatis in the morning, we had to proceed with extreme caution so as not to make the slightest noise, and at the same time keep to the leeward of the moose. We had just gained the cover of a maple forest when Sebatis halted abruptly, and pointing to a newly peeled maple, said:

"Fresh sign, moose peel 'em this mornin'."

And then commenced one of those wonderful exhibitions of skill on the part of the Indians, which is ever a matter of surprise and admiration to the white hunter: this sure and confident tracking of an unseen animal, through pathless forests, swamps and bogs, now stopping to examine a broken twig, or a half obliterated foot-print in the yielding moss, or to note something utterly beyond the ken of a white man, such as the disturbance of the water in some brackish pool, or the displacement of objects which would escape the observation of any one but an Indian.

After tramping on in silence for nearly an

hour, I ventured to ask Sebatis how much start the moose had.

"Moose little more 'n hour ahead, walking pretty fast, may be lay down by-em-by, then we find 'im."

The country through which we were passing was covered with an unbroken forest of deciduous trees, among which the maple predominated. The brisk October air was just tempered enough to render walking enjoyable, and the hazy sun of a late Indian summer lighted up the forest with a peculiar, dreamy, golden glow.

As we penetrated deeper into the forest, the trees took on larger forms, and here and there, giant pines in groups of two and three darkened our way.

"You keep 'im same course; Swarsin an' me go hunt fresh sign somewhere," said Sebatis, rousing me out of a reverie; and stalking off in ghostly silence, Swarsin following him like his shadow, and as noiseless. A little further on they held a hurried consultation and vanished from my sight.

As directed, I kept my course and tramped onward, the forest increasing in density and gloom as I advanced. I had probably traveled a mile or more, when I approached a dark group of pines in the center of which rose something gray and weather-stained, having the appearance of an abandoned habitation. As I stood looking on in surprise, I made it out to be the old and long-deserted works of some lumberers, or mayhap, a block-house of the olden time. The walls, built of huge logs had originally risen to a height of two stories, but the roof had been crushed in by a tree which had fallen across it, and many of the logs had dropped out of place. Out of the middle several good-sized trees were growing, proving that it was a structure of some antiquity. All the surroundings were moss-grown, and a peculiar gray light pervaded the place,—an air of unsubstantiality which produced a curious, bewildering effect. In fact the whole affair had such an uncanny look that I should not have been surprised to detect the sinister face of "*Le Renard Subtil*" peering at me from behind a cover, and as I turned to resume my way, I had quite made up my mind to encounter the grim visage of "*Le Gros Serpent*," and was agreeably surprised to find my trusty Sebatis watching me intently.

"What you call 'im?"

"I think that it is a deserted lumberers' camp, or perhaps an old block-house."

"You watch 'im little while, then all gone,



MOOSE-BIRDS.

can't see not'in' 't all, plenty ghosts here; best come away."

"Did you ever see it before?"

"No, never see 'im 't all, only just now, bad luck, top here, ghosts come by-em-by."

Yielding to his importunities, we walked away. Sebatis, in common with all of his race, was very superstitious, and all attempts to convince him of the folly of entertaining such thoughts were unavailing; he still held that it had no existence in fact, and was merely a device of the evil one; it really seemed as if he wished to avoid discussion, so I let the subject drop.

We were now rejoined by Swarsin, who had followed the moose track to the edge of a swamp.

When sojourning in the woods you have only to express a wish for a nice cool spring and your *fidus Achates*, if he be an Indian, seldom fails to find one. In the present instance there was one at hand as usual. We halted long enough to lunch and to smoke a pipe, and then were off again on the trail of the moose.

We now changed our tactics. Sebatis, having appointed a rendezvous at the outlet of a small lake, went off alone, while

Swarsin and I tramped over to the swamp, to try our luck there. Deftly picking up the sign, Swarsin led me through the treacherous bog, where I sometimes broke in to my knees and considered myself lucky even in getting off so fortunately as that. After half an hour of this I was overjoyed to find that the moose had taken to the forest again. However, my joy was short-lived, for we were soon again on descending ground interspersed with swamps

and bogs,—a most detestable country to travel in, but fortunately at this time of year clear of those torments, black-flies and mosquitoes.

"Two moose track here," said Swarsin. "What best do now?"

"Keep on till we meet Sebatis."

"I see 'im Sebatis track little ways back. One moose turn back, Sebatis follow that one."

"Well, I suppose we had better keep on after the other moose."

"No, Sebatis break branches, he want us follow same way."

"How do you know he broke the branches? Perhaps the moose was browsing on them."

"I can tell pretty quick. Sebatis break 'im; always moose bite 'im."

Submitting to his superior wood-craft, I told him to lead the way.

This time the moose led us over boulder-strewn hills, with here and there a wind-fall thrown in. Now, in a country like this, the moose has much the advantage of the hunter, his long legs enabling him to clear obstacles which cause the hunters to pause now and then to regain their wind.

We were just clambering over a ledge of rocks on the hill-side when Swarsin said:

"Best get gun ready, moose only little ways 'head now!"

The words were hardly spoken, when the

booming report of Sebatis's smooth-bore echoed through the woods, and the blue smoke from the discharge, floating up through the trees, pointed our way.

Sebatis did not seem elated with his success, though the animal he had killed was a full-grown cow-moose.

"Lost big moose again," he said. "I follow this one, think big moose all time."

"How did you get mistaken?"

"I don't get 'staken 't all,—find plenty sign two moose,—follow track bigges' one,—by-em-by lost track—don't see net'in'."

"Where did you lose the track?"

"Jus' little ways this side big barren, small lake handy, I think go on water—hide somewhere. You see, always moose like water pretty well; in summer time when flies bad, moose get right under water jus' like porp'us, jus' leave nose out, then nobody can't see 'im 't all."

"How did you happen on the track of the cow-moose?"

"Well, you see, when I los' sign bull-moose, I go hunt 'im somewhere, then I find sign cow-moose."

"Do you think the big bull was in com-

pany with the cow-moose? Isn't the season almost too late?"

"No, not too late yet. I think jus' what you think,—may be bull come again by-em-by, then good chance call 'im to-night."

"What goin' to do with moose, Sebatis?" said Swarsin.

"Butcher 'im, then put 'im in camp,—camp handy, 'bout half mile."

The Indians with a dexterity acquired by long practice skinned the moose, cut up the carcass and packed it into camp.

"Now," said Sebatis, "I go hunt chance call bull-moose to-night; Swarsin, he stay camp an' get wood an' make fire, by-em-by we have pretty good supper."

Sebatis was not long absent; on his return he sat down in a taciturn mood to the supper which Swarsin had cooked.

Much as I have been in the society of Indians, I have never got accustomed to their abrupt way of speaking; the tone is neither harsh nor loud, but the utterance is so curt and sententious, that one is always startled and taken unawares, and this is more especially the case when on the trail. Around the camp-fire their finely modulated voices are very musical, and capable of wonderful expression. As we lay off enjoying our pipes after supper, I asked Sebatis to tell me what he new of the bull-moose.

"Well," he said, "I tell you all 'bout it. You see more'n two years ago me an' Lola hunt moose these mount'ins. One day we find sign very large moose; hunt 'im all day, moose travel so fast we can't come up with him 't all, by-em-by night come, then camp somewhere; nex' day we follow track till 'bout sundown, then I find sign close on brook, then sign lost, can't find 'im anywhere, just same I lost 'im to-day. Then Lola an' me walk in brook, try find where moose take land again. Well, Lola, he follow brook up stream. I go down, don't find sign anywhere, by-em-by come on lake, then I see moose swimmin' 'most cross lake, only see little piece horn stickin' up, swim so deep, you see, try hide; then I go 'round lake, creep jus' like wild-cat, don't make no noise 't all, try cut 'im off, you see. Well, by-em-by get pretty tired creepin', then lift up my head look somewhere, an' by tundres! I see moose layin' down handy; then I say I got old bull-moose this time; jus' when I put on cap my gun I hear moose jump, then I fire; well, s'pose you don't 'lieve me, when I come on place, no moose there, then scared pretty bad; sartin I think mus' be devil. Well,



THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE.

you see, I don't like give 'im up that way, so I load gun an' go hunt 'im sign again somewhere; by-em-by I find sign again jus' on other side big windfall; well, I stan' there lookin' roun', an' by tundurs! I hear a gun fire, and then I see Lola stan' there 'long-side young t'ree-year-old bull-moose. I ask Lola where he start that moose; well, you see, when I leave Lola on brook he go up stream, then by-em-by see moose sign, then he go hunt 'im, you see, an' kill 'im jus' when I meet him; by tunder! that's very crur'us, I can't 'stand it 't all. Then Lola an' me look everywhere don't find no sign that big bull-moose; so we have give 'im up an' go home; by tundurs! I never know anythin' so crur'us all my life."

"Don't you suppose that you got confused in some way, and that the bull-moose you saw in the lake did not take ground again, and fooled you, and that the young bull shot by Lola was the one that you saw and fired at?"

"Sartin I don't get 'fused 't all, that not same one, I tell you why, you see I don't make no 'stake, 'cause I see that big moose layin' down jus' plain I see you now, 'sides I see horns, bigges' horns I ever see all my life."

"I guess Sebatis pretty tired that time, fall 'sleep, then dreamin' you see, don't see no moose 't all," said Swarsin.

"Don't mind what that Swarsin say, he don't know nothin', no more'n woodchuck; what I tell you all true, every word."

"Well," said I, "Sebatis, if the big moose we hunted to-day is as you suppose, the same one that you have just been telling about, and we are lucky in calling to-night, and manage to bag him, I suppose your mind will be at rest?"

"Sartin, you can't put 'im that moose in bag, too big; but 'spose we kill 'im, then I know 'taint devil 't all, only mighty cunnin' ole bull-moose, that's all."

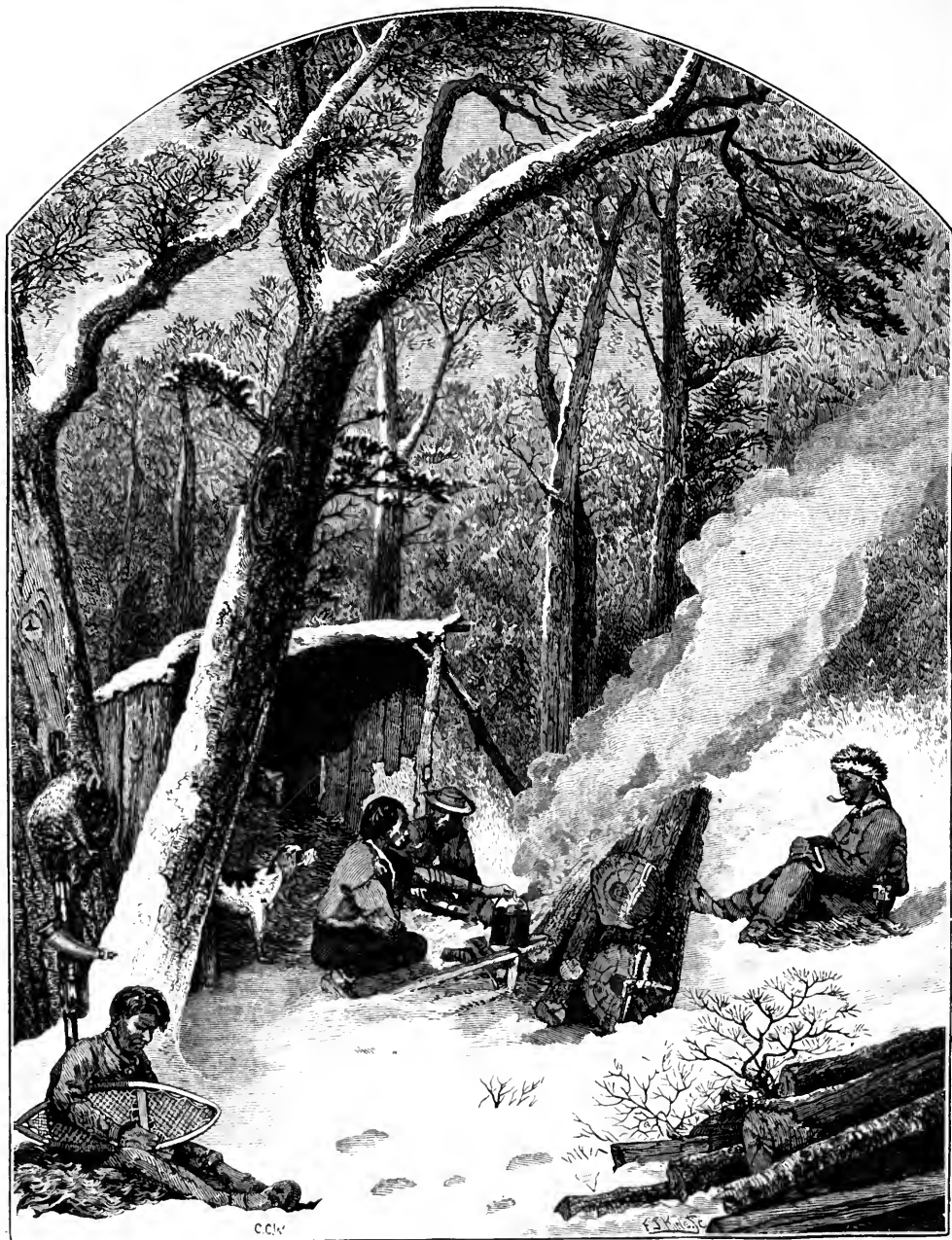
"Sebatis pretty good hand tell story," said Swarsin. "S'pose he tell all 'bout bear-hunt, when he get his arm 'most tore off."

"Sartin that's true, get my arm 'most tore off sure enough," said Sebatis, as he rolled up his coat-sleeve, and exhibited several frightful scars on his left arm.

"How did that happen, Sebatis?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, happen good many years ago, used to be old times, Injins campin' out all winter, hunt, trap, everythin'. One winter two or three camps on McDougal Lake, so you see I start one mornin' look at

my traps. Well, I jus' walkin' 'long, don't have no gun, no knife, not'in' but small little kind of hatchet, that's all; by-em-by I see pretty big old she-bear walkin' on snow, comin' right up to me; I little scared first, you see don't have no gun, no knife, not'in' but that small little kind of hatchet, so I think pretty poor chance kill bear. Well, not much time thinkin', for old bear come walkin' 'long pretty quick, when he got 'most up where I stan'in' then get right up on his hin' legs jus' like man an' look at me, then I don't move 't all, jus' look at bear, that's all; by-em-by that bear get down again an' go 'way walkin' very slow, then you see, I think best try kill 'im, so I chase 'm; then you see that bear stop again an' jus' gettin' up on his hind legs, when I strike 'im all my might right on his head with that small little kind of hatchet, s'pose hit 'im fair, sartin kill 'im, but you see bear very quick, when he see me try strike 'im, he jus' dodge little bit, an' on'y handle strike 'im an' broke short off, and that small little kind of hatchet fall off on snow somewhere. Then I feel pretty bad, you see, bear gettin' cross an' take right hold my arm an' bite savage, then you see I get pretty cross, too, so I take bear right on his t'roat both my han's an' choke 'im bad, then, you see, he don't like it 't all, begin to cry, an' I see tears come on his face, then I choke 'im all my might, you see, then he bite so savage I 'most drop. Well, I don't know what goin' happen next, when he stop bitin' so hard, then I stop choke 'im jus' a little, you see, then by-em-by he let go my arm altoget'er, then I let go his t'roat an' he drop right on snow again an' walk off slow, then I walk off slow 'nother way, you see. Well, by tundurs! my arm pain pretty bad, blood soaked all on my coat everywhere; then I go on camp pretty quick. Well, you see nobody on that camp on'y myself, all 'lone, so I fix my arm best way I can, an' put on balsam. Nex' mornin' I take my gun an' knife, an' start get that bear. By-em-by I strike sign an' follow 'bout mile, then I fin' den. When I look in I can't see not'in' 't all, then light match an' see two little cubs, very small, jus' like small little dog, then I think best go hunt old bear, an' come back an' get cubs; well, little ways off I fin' sign old bear gone off somewhere's again, so I follow pretty quick, an' by-em-by see old bear walkin' on snow, an' I go up pretty close, an' jus' when he rise up again on hind legs I fire, kill 'im dead first shot, then my arm feel 'most well again, then I go get



MOOSE-HUNTER'S CAMP.

cubs; well, you see, when I fin' den again cubs all gone, on'y some little bits fur an' blood, that's all."

"What killed the cubs?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, nobody don't kill 'em 't all, *po-kumpk* been there eat 'em all up."

"Who on earth is *po-kumpk*?"

"*Po-kumpk*? that's black cat, you know, some people call 'em fishers."

"That's a very good story, Sebatiss," I remarked, by way of compliment.

"No, that's not good story 't all, that's

true. My arm don't get well again most six months."

The moon was now visible, and I asked Sebatis when he would try to call the moose.

"Pretty soon," he replied, "I go somewhere now try find birch-bark make moose-call, you an' Swarsin take guns, an' go down on barren handy on lake, by-em-by I come."

Obeysing the directions of Sebatis, Swarsin and I tramped down to the edge of the barren and took up a position in the dense shadow of some tall ferns. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the moon was partially obscured by watery-looking clouds that threatened ere long to treat us to a wetting. As we sat waiting for Sebatis, the silence was oppressive; presently the monotony was relieved by the occasional hooting of an owl, that after a time became almost continuous.

"That owl keeps up an awful row," I said to Swarsin.

"That ain't owl 't all, that Sebatis, may be he wants us come somewhere."

"Wont we make too much noise, groping our way in the dark?"

"Hist, that's cow-moose," he said, as a wailing cry floated through the air.

I shrewdly suspected the cow-moose to be none other than our friend Sebatis, with his trumpet of birch-bark, and in a few moments was convinced of the fact, for from far away in the distance came the answering call of a bull-moose.

"Now then," said Swarsin, "we try find Sebatis, you follow me creepin', then we don't make no noise 't all."

Just then the hoot of the owl was repeated, and Swarsin crept on with hastened speed. I followed as best I could, and was getting pretty tired of my bargain, when the call of a bull-moose—this time much nearer—echoed through the woods.

"Bull-moose come by-em-by," said Swarsin, "we best keep still now."

"How about Sebatis? Isn't he waiting for us?"

"Sebatis here," replied that worthy, who had joined us so silently as to escape my notice.

"What is the matter with the moose," I whispered to Sebatis. "Isn't he coming very slowly?"

"Well, I tell you," said Sebatis, "you see that moose either devil, else he know so much we can't cheat 'im easy. When I first try 'im he answer kind of frightened, don't smash 'round 't all an' make big

noise. Mos' bull-moose when he hear cow, get kind of jealous, you see, an' begin roar an' smash 'roun', an' knock his horns on trees try make big noise, you see, an' scare off some other bull may be. Now I try 'im again."

And once more the marvelous imitation of the cry of the cow-moose, in plaintive and gentle cadence, floated through the air.

I should have been extremely disappointed if this last masterly performance of Sebatis's had failed to elicit a response. For a time I thought that it had failed, when I was startled by hearing the angry challenge of a bull, close at hand.

"Sartin I cheat bull-moose that time," chuckled Sebatis, "he's comin' now, best have gun ready."

For a few moments we listened intently, with our ears on the alert for the slightest sound.

"Sebatis," I whispered, "I'm afraid he wont come."

"You jus' keep quiet little while, you see I know all 'bout it, that very wise ole bull, he been fooled good many times, you see, that make 'im pretty scarey—by-em-by—s'pose all quiet, I try 'im 'gain."

"Has he gone back from us since you called the last time?"

"No, he's comin' all time, but you see he try 'roun' every way first, try an' get our wind; s'pose he don't get on lee side, we have 'im sure."

"How is it we don't hear him?"

"Always moose when scared come slow, very careful, you see, don't step on branches, not'in', make no noise 't all, an' keep listenin' all time, you see, that take 'im long time gettin' here."

Again the counterfeit presentment, this time louder than before, echoed through the forest. As it died away, our ears detected a slight crash in the woods, instantly followed by a soft note from a bull-moose, to which Sebatis replied; then all was silent.

"Look," said Sebatis in a low tone, "bull-moose comin', you see big black somethin' on barren this side lake, that's him. Now, when you see 'im clear make good shot."

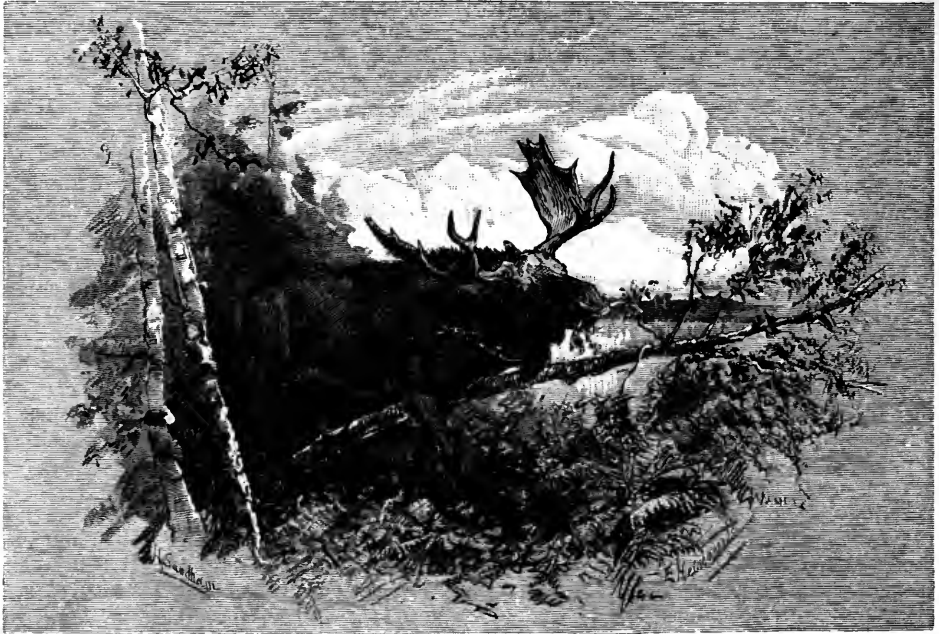
Although I strained my eyes in trying to discern the moose, it was some time before I could make him out, and then not in a way to insure a satisfactory shot. Reaching out my hand I touched Sebatis, who took the hint, and in a low modulated tone again gave the call.

This time without replying, the bull-moose moved cautiously forward, evidently

very uneasy and anxious. His great body was now plainly visible in full relief against the shimmering lake, and as it was not likely that I would get a better chance I fired. There was a crash, and as the smoke cleared away I saw the moose struggling to his feet again, when Sebatis put in a well-directed shot and ended the scene.

"By tunderts!" exclaimed Sebatis as he gazed on the huge proportions of the fallen moose, "that bigges' moose I ever see all

discovered. On the portage road at St. George stone pipes, chisels, tomahawks, etc., etc., have frequently been turned up, and a few years since an object of much ethnological interest was found, in the shape of a stone medallion having the full-sized head of an Indian sculptured upon it. This stone is now in the collection of the Natural History Society at St. John, New Brunswick. On one of the mountains on Lake Utopia there was at one time, a curious structure resembling an altar, and built with large



MOOSE "RIDING DOWN" A TREE.

my life, no wonder I t'ink devil, so cunnin', you see. One time to-night I t'ink not much chance kill that moose."

"You still think that it is the moose that fooled you so often?"

"Sartin, that same moose; I know 'im you see, 'cause horns so broad, 'most five feet 'cross on top."

The measurements and weight of this noble specimen have been stated in another part of this paper, and the magnificent antlers are now in the possession of the writer.

Charlotte County, New Brunswick, the scene of our hunt, was at one time a place much frequented by Indians, and various interesting relics of their former occupation of the country have been from time to time

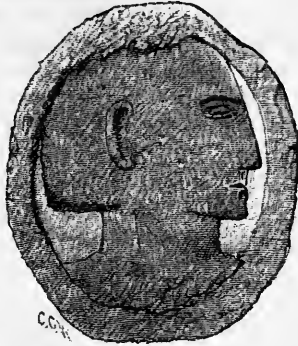
slabs of granite. Recently some vandals, in order to gratify an idiotic whim, tumbled the largest block down the hill-side, and into the lake.

The glory of the noble forest where we hunted the devil-moose has departed, and all is now blackened stumps and ashes, where once the green canopy seemed boundless. And this appears to be the fate of all the beautiful forests. Sometimes a heavy gale, such as the Saxby in 1869, prostrates the trees, or the insatiable lumbermen cut them down, and then in summer-time when everything is as dry as tinder, a party of hunters or anglers are careless of their fire, and soon the country is in a blaze for miles. This drives the moose and caribou away from their ancient haunts, and they seldom return.

With a little precaution all of this might be prevented, and the trouble of restocking our rivers with salmon, trying to re-introduce the game, and to replant the forests, and all the rest of it, might be avoided.

Nowadays, when I take a holiday with Sebatis, we occasionally make a long hunt in

search of moose or caribou, but in general have to content ourselves with a deer, the ruffed grouse, ducks and hares of the country, and the glorious brook-trout which fill the innumerable lakes in Charlotte County, —single specimens often reaching the weight of seven pounds.



STONE MEDALLION FOUND AT ST. GEORGE, N. B.

THE PALMER'S VISION.

NOON o'er Judea! All the air was beating
With the hot pulses of the day's great heart;
The birds were silent, and the rill retreating
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart,

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and burdon,
Dropped by the way-side, weary and distressed,
His sinking heart grown faithless of its guerdon—
The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!
No glimpse of distant Zion throned and crowned!
Behind him stretched his long and useless labor,
Before him lay the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting
Its balm of shadow on his aching head,
And worn with toil, and faint with cruel fasting,
He sighed: "O God! O God, that I were dead!"

"The friends I loved are lost or left behind me;
In penury and loneliness I roam;
These endless paths of penance choke and blind me;
Oh come and take thy wasted pilgrim home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er him,
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,

The palmer slept, while a swift dream upbore him
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest wonder;
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls
Informed with light, and heard the far-off thunder
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls!

From far and near, in rhythmic palpitations,
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and psalms;
And through the gates he saw the ransomed nations,
Marching and waving their triumphant palms.

And white within the thronging Empyrean,
A golden palm-branch in his kingly hand,
He saw his Lord, the gracious Galilean,
Amid the worship of his myriads stand!

"O Jesus! Lord of glory! Bid me enter!
I worship thee! I kiss thy holy rood!"
The pilgrim cried, when from the burning center
A broad-winged angel sought him where he stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep and tender
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not know
That none may win the city's rest and splendor,
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?"

"Go back to earth, thou palmer empty-handed!
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,
And win the palm thou hast not brought to-day!"

And then the sleeper woke, and gazed around him;
Then springing to his feet with life renewed,
He spurned the faithless weakness that had bound him,
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and weary,
But one long day, among the evening hours,
He saw beyond a landscape gray and dreary
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers!

O, fainting soul that readest well this story,
Longing through pain for death's benignant balm,
Think not to win a heaven of rest and glory
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy palm!

THE COLLEGE RANK OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

THAT men of high scholarship in college seldom win distinction in professional life is a very prevalent opinion. To be a first scholar is, to many minds, equivalent to passing, after five years of midnight study, into the oblivion of a country parsonage. That "valedictorians are never heard of after leaving college" is the sop which the friends of every dullard are wont to fling to his disappointed ambition on his commencement day. But, however widely this opinion may prevail, an examination of the records of scholarship in our colleges, and an inquiry into the college rank of those who have gained distinction in after life indicate its groundlessness.

The large majority of graduates who have become distinguished by the work of their life were, in college, scholars of the highest rank. It is seldom that a scholar of low rank has succeeded in attaining great eminence before the world. Of the graduates of Harvard, during the first half of this century, who have gained renown, at least four-fifths ranked in the first quarter of the class to which each belonged, and two-fifths of this number ranked in the first sixth or the first eighth of the class. Indeed, the first ten scholars in a class of fifty or sixty,—the usual size of Harvard's classes in the first half of this century,—have usually furnished more men of distinction than the remaining forty or fifty of the class. At Yale, nine-tenths of all the distinguished graduates between 1819 and 1850 were either first, or among the first, scholars of the class to which they belonged. Although the lists of those who received honors previous to 1819 are not sufficiently accurate to allow a conclusion, yet during the thirty-one years for which data have been kindly furnished me by the secretary of the college, a student who ranked low in college has seldom succeeded in attaining a high position in his profession. The twenty-five most distinguished men who graduated at Amherst, from 1822, its first commencement, to 1850 were, with one or two notable exceptions, excellent scholars. Not far from one-half of this number became professors, and the foundation for their success as teachers was laid in the hard work of four years of studentship. Although the statistics of scholarship at Dartmouth are not as full as at either Harvard, Yale,

or Amherst, since during nearly forty years of this century positions were determined by lot, yet, so far as can be ascertained, those who compose the long list of her honored roll were scholars of exceedingly high rank. "Nearly all," the librarian of the college writes me, "so far as I can learn, gave promise of the future while in college." The statistics of scholarship at Bowdoin, from the graduation of its first class in 1806 to 1850, indicate the same conclusion. The most distinguished of its graduates have been, as a rule, among its most distinguished scholars.

The earliest-won honors of those whose tastes are scholarly, and whose lives are occupied with scholarly pursuits, have usually been the college honors of high scholarship. Their college course has, in many instances, proved to be a microcosm of their whole life. Lines of study started in college have ended only with their life; and their success as students has foreshadowed their success as professors. Ex-President Woolsey, president of Yale College for a quarter of a century, and the whole of whose long life has been celebrated for its scholarly attainments, received the highest honors at Yale in 1820. President Eliot of Harvard was one of the first scholars of his class of 1853, and the scientific eminence to which he has since attained is foreshadowed in the subject of his commencement oration, "The Last Hours of Copernicus." President Porter was the third scholar of the class of 1831 in the college which he has served for more than thirty years, as professor or president. The president of Amherst was one of the first scholars of its class of 1853; and college tradition still tells of the rivalry that existed between Seelye and a class-mate for the first position in metaphysics. The late President Smith, of Dartmouth,* was the third scholar of the class of 1830; and President Bartlett, recently inaugurated, was one of the first scholars of the class of 1836. Dr. Barnard, president of Columbia College, received the second honors at Yale in 1828; Dr. James Walker, professor of philosophy at Harvard from 1839 to 1853, and president of the college from 1853 to 1860, was a leading scholar of the class of 1814; and his successor in the latter office, President Felton, attained high distinction, before his gradu-

ation in 1827, for his classical attainments. Ex-President Hill was the second scholar of the class of 1843. Professor Bowen, the head of the philosophical department at Harvard, was the first scholar of the class of 1833; Professor Lovering, the head of the scientific department, was the fourth scholar; and Professor Torrey, the head of the department of history, was also a high scholar in the same class. Professor Benjamin Peirce, of Harvard's most distinguished class of 1829, was as conspicuous for his mathematical attainment among his college associates as he now is among all scholars. The foundation of that distinction in science which Professor Cooke enjoys was laid in his college course; his colleague, Professor Child, was the most eminent scholar of the scholarly class of 1846; and Professor Goodwin was the salutatorian of Harvard's class of 1850. The mathematical honors which Professor Loomis has constantly received since his graduation at Yale in 1830, he began to win in college, where his rank was third; and his colleague, Professor Dana, occupied the fourth position in the class of 1833. To Dr. Leonard Bacon was assigned a similar position in the class of 1820.

The honor of the highest rank ever attained at Amherst belongs, if we mistake not, to the late Professor H. B. Hackett, whose contributions to sacred literature place him among the most eminent of biblical scholars. His percentage for the whole course was ninety-seven and one-half; and the class of 1830 honored him with its valedictory. The salutatorian of the class was the present professor of Greek at Amherst, W. S. Tyler, whose rank fell only one-half of one per cent. below that of his successful rival. Professor C. A. Young, the distinguished astronomer, was the first scholar in Dartmouth's class of 1853. The venerable Professor Stowe was a high scholar at Bowdoin in 1824, as was Professor Samuel Harris in 1833; and Professor Ezra Abbott, of Cambridge, was among the first scholars in Bowdoin's class of 1840, and excelled his college mates in his knowledge of Greek, as he does still all American scholars in his knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament.

These names may serve as representatives of scores of other equally distinguished scholars whose college honors were the foundation of more conspicuous, but not more hardly won, distinction in after life. It is, indeed, difficult to find an eminent

professor in any American college or school who was not in his student days an eminent scholar.

Not only those, however, who have gained distinction in scholastic and pedagogic pursuits, but also those who have attained eminence in literature, have been in college scholars of high rank. The most celebrated of our historians, essayists, poets, have, as a rule, been distinguished in college for excellent scholarship. George Bancroft was a high scholar in Harvard's class of 1817, and was particularly distinguished for his attainments in philosophy. He was also honored with the class-day poetship of his class, which does not, however, indicate in itself high scholarship. Among the high scholars of the class of 1814 was William Hickling Prescott, who delivered, as his commencement part, a Latin poem, "Ad Spem;" and of the next class of 1815, the historian of New England, Doctor Palfrey, was a distinguished member. Though John Lothrop Motley's college rank was not so high as Doctor Palfrey's, yet its excellence indicated, to a certain degree, his future eminence; and his literary tastes are manifested in the subject of his commencement part, "The Influence of a Multiplication of Books upon Literature." The cultured scholarship of Edward Everett, excellent in every department of college study, gave him the first place in the class of 1811; and his commencement oration, "On Literary Evils," and his oration for the second degree, "On the Restoration of Greece," forecast the literary and classical character of the work of his entire life. Though Ralph Waldo Emerson was not among the highest scholars of his class, yet his rank was most honorable. His commencement part was a "conference" with two classmates, "On the Character of John Knox, William Penn, and John Wesley." Mr. Emerson was also the class-day poet of his class of 1821. Our great novelist did not succeed in obtaining a first-rate rank at Bowdoin, as did his class-mate, Longfellow. Hawthorne wrote, in his college days,—as Professor Packard, who was one of his instructors, informs me,—"fine Latin and English," but no commencement part was assigned him, "perhaps, because he requested not to have one." Mr. George Ripley was distinguished at Harvard for his scholarship in the class of 1823, and delivered an oration for his second degree on "The Claims of the Age on the Young Men of America,"—claims which he has for the last fifty years done so

much to fulfill. Mr. Longfellow was a high scholar in Bowdoin's most celebrated class of 1825—the class of John S. C. Abbott, and George B. Cheever, as well as of Hawthorne; and some of the most graceful of his graceful verses were written before his graduation. That long list of poems, dedicated to Harvard's class of 1829, with which, at their annual meetings, Oliver Wendell Holmes has delighted his class-mates, began on his class, and commencement, day. Doctor Holmes served as poet on both these occasions, and was an excellent scholar of the famous class. Though the course of William Cullen Bryant at Williams College was limited to two years, yet in them he gained distinction for his attainments in the languages and in literature.

Although the college rank of distinguished clergymen has not been, as a whole, as high as that of distinguished scholars and writers, yet, in most cases, it has been conspicuous for its excellence. Phillips Brooks was a high scholar of Harvard's class of 1855, and delivered as his commencement part a very characteristic dissertation on "Rabaut, the Huguenot Preacher." O. B. Frothingham was the salutatorian of the class of 1843 at Harvard, and was especially distinguished in Latin, Greek, and rhetoric. Dr. R. S. Storrs attained high scholarship in the class of 1839 at Amherst; and its valedictory was delivered by Dr. Huntington, who is now bishop of the diocese of Central New York. Dr. Budington, of Brooklyn, received the third honor at Yale in 1834; and Dr. Bellows attained high rank in Harvard's class of 1832. As the theological and ministerial methods of Henry Ward Beecher are exceptional to the methods of most clergymen, so his scholarship at Amherst was unlike the high rank to which most of those students, who are now eminent ministers, attained. Mr. Beecher is undoubtedly the most distinguished graduate of Amherst College; but his college rank is lower than the rank of any other graduate who has achieved distinction. His percentage for the whole course was fifty-eight. It is evident, however, that those peculiar qualities of mind and heart which have made Mr. Beecher so prominent for a quarter of a century could find little opportunity for either employment or culture in the course of study of a small and new college forty-three years ago.

The great lawyers, too, in which our country has been more rich than in the members

of any other profession have, as a class, won distinction in college for high scholarship. Webster was one of the finest scholars in his class of 1801 at Dartmouth, probably ranking second; and Rufus Choate, it is said, is one of the three men who, in the course of a hundred years, have graduated with a perfect mark. The late Benjamin Robbins Curtis stood among the first scholars of Harvard's class of 1829; and he was also honored with the oratorship of his class. Richard H. Dana, jr., was one of the high-ranking scholars of the class of 1837, as was also Charles Devens, of 1838. Mr. Evarts too, was one of the highest scholars of Yale's class of 1837. Nearly all those, in fact, who have used distinction gained at the bar as a stepping-stone to high political distinction, have been scholars in college of excellent standing. Salmon P. Chase was a high scholar in Dartmouth's class of 1826; as was also Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, of Harvard's class of 1835. His brother, George F. Hoar, attained an honorable rank in that class of distinguished scholars of 1846. Caleb Cushing was the salutatorian of Harvard's class of 1814. Among the eminent scholars of the class of 1828 were George S. Hillard and Robert C. Winthrop, who, forecasting his long career of public service, delivered as his commencement part an oration on "Public Station." The only graduate of Bowdoin who has served as President of the United States is Franklin Pierce. He was one of the leading scholars of its class of 1824. William Pitt Fessenden, likewise, though very young when he received his first degree in 1823, indicated by his scholarship the eminence to which he afterward attained.

From this examination of the records of scholarship in our colleges, and of the college rank of those who have become distinguished, the conclusion is inevitable that the vast majority of the scholars, the writers, the clergymen, the lawyers, and the statesmen who have gained distinction by the work of their life, have first won distinction in the college recitation and lecture room. This conclusion is substantially identical with that of Macaulay, which he arrived at by a similar examination of the records of scholarship at the university of Cambridge, and of Oxford:

"It seems to me that there never was a fact proved by a larger mass of evidence, or a more unvaried experience than this: that men who distinguish themselves in their youth above their

contemporaries almost always keep, to the end of their lives, the start which they have gained. * * * Take down, in any library, the Cambridge calendar. There you have the list of honors for a hundred years. Look at the list of wranglers and of junior optimes, and I will venture to say, that for one man who has in after life distinguished himself among the junior optimes, you will find twenty among the wranglers. Take the Oxford calendar, and compare the list of first-class men with an equal number of men in the third class. Is not our history full of instances which prove this fact? Look at the Church or the Bar. Look at Parliament from the time that parliamentary government began in this country,—from the days of Montague and St. John to those of Canning and Peel. Look to India. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings; and was he not in the first rank at Westminster? The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalfe; and was he not of the first standing at Eton? * * * The general rule is, beyond all doubt, that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world." (Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, ii., 289—291.)

But if Macaulay had been writing twenty-five years later, he would have added another yet more distinguished name to the list of those whose distinction in school has been the forerunner of distinction in life. William E. Gladstone, after a most brilliant career at Eton, entered Christ Church, Oxford, and was graduated in 1831 with a "double-first-class," the highest honor, and one seldom won; but which twenty-three years before had been won by Gladstone's political father, Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, six of the seven members of a recent English Cabinet were either "first-class," or "double-first-class" men at the universities.

It is not difficult to discover the causes of that condition by which those who are first in the struggle for college honors are first in the struggle for the honors of the world. These causes exist in the physical, moral, and mental characteristics of the student, and in the beneficial results which flow from four years of hard mental labor. Good health is essential to the winning of success in both college and the world. The *mens sana* will not long remain unless placed in *sano corpore*. The successful student, like the successful author, minister or lawyer, must in the first place be a good animal. Good morals likewise are a *sine qua non* of distinction in college and in after life. For, as renown is usually won only by continued hard work, and as the power to endure this strain of hard work is always weakened, if not destroyed, by evil indulgence, few men of evil habits succeed in gaining distinction. The men of the highest intellectual distinction in this country and in England have been, as

a class, at least in their student-days, men of pure moral character. College students, therefore, of evil habits are seldom first-rate scholars, and, unless these habits are renounced, seldom win distinction in the work of their lives. Those qualities of mind, moreover, which serve to make great scholars serve also to make great men. The highest rank in college is seldom attained by a man of genius. A man of genius is, and can be, distinguished only *usually* in one direction; and, therefore, if in the college he is *facile princeps* in mathematics or philosophy, it is probable he is a dullard in Greek or physics. His place, therefore, on the scale of scholarship is seldom high. To this cause may, perhaps, be attributed the comparatively low college rank of Ralph Waldo Emerson and of Hawthorne. As a rule, the highest scholars of any college class are men of excellent, though not of brilliant, ability. They have "good minds," talent; but their only claim to genius is the power of studying ten or twelve hours each day. They preach and practice the gospel according to Carlyle—"the gospel of work." But this is the usual type of the mental ability of those who attain the highest distinction in any department of thought or study. The noblest reputations which have ever been gained in this country or in England, in either scholarship, literature, ministry, law, medicine, or statesmanship, have usually sprung rather from earnest and continued study than from natural brilliancy. The same causes, therefore,—good health, good morals, and a good mind,—lead to success in college and in the world.

To the highest scholarship, moreover, belong that mental discipline and those stores of acquired knowledge which are the foundation-stones of the temple of distinction. This mental discipline the highest scholar usually obtains in the greatest degree, and these stores of knowledge he acquires in the fullest measure. His preparation, therefore, for his professional work is superior to that of his class-mate of lower rank, whose mind is neither disciplined by so constant thinking, nor stored with knowledge either so extended or so profound. The start which he has gained in the beginning of the race, it is probable he will keep to its end. The student, indeed, who fails to receive in college the knowledge and the discipline of the highest scholarship, is usually obliged to supply the consequent deficiency by additional study, before he can indulge the rational hope of distinguished success in his profession.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLAUDIA'S SONG.

THERE are times when everything seems to tend toward one result, adverse circumstances, as well as strivings and prayers, acting as levers and pulleys and beams to bring about what we have never desired. We work with our might, and lo! the one thing we have never wished for comes to pass; we use all our strength against it, and that which we have tried to avert falls upon us at last, our very efforts having only hastened the end. It is enough to make one believe in fate or, better, in Providence, which sees beyond our short vision, and takes in all while we strive but for a part.

Something like this Mrs. Bryce felt when she learned, as she did before many days, that Captain Elyot was going to marry the sutler's daughter after all. Her unfortunate interference must have helped it on! The captain had not made love to Blossom at last at the top of his voice, and with every door open, without some passing ear catching his protestations; and the major's wife knew that she had precipitated him into this folly. He had stood upon the brink before her ill-judged visit, but how many men have occupied that precarious position and have safely retreated! But she had pushed him over. And then she rejoiced that the major would never know of her visit to Mrs. Stubbs. It was all that remained to rejoice over, and even to this she brought very few timbrels or harps. Nor would Claudia know that she had made an effort in her behalf. But she had done her duty, and this reflection gave her some little satisfaction. The fact that nothing but confusion and disappointment had come of it only brought to her that resignation so natural to women, and so very sensible, in fact, for everybody when there is really nothing more to be done!

"It was all her own fault," Miss Laud said to herself, for there was no one else with whom she could commune upon this topic. Claudia was out of the question, and it was to Claudia she referred. Oh, if the Fates had but put these threads into her hands, the result would have been different, indeed! Miss Laud soliloquized. She was going away; an opportunity had offered, and

an escort was provided for her to return to her home in the states, and the young woman was not sorry to set out. The visions of conquest and glory with which she had arrived at Fort Atchison had never been realized, nor had her friendship for the major's daughter been able to bear the strain which isolation from the world and constant companionship had put upon it. Claudia bemoaned her departure as in politeness bound, but the tears she shed over it lacked the sincerity of those which dropped in secret over the news of the approaching marriage. They were not many, and they were soon wiped away; for Claudia was of a practical turn of mind. Outwardly she had received this news with an indifference which astonished her friend. But pride had come in at the death of her hopes, and it was almost a relief to know the worst.

Captain Elyot and Blossom were not married at once; but before the spring had fairly brushed away the snow from the gulches by the river. By this time the new sutler had arrived, and Mrs. Stubbs's occupation was gone. He was a dashing young fellow, with airs and ways and tricks of trade which set the woman quite aghast; but as he had no family, she and Blossom were free to remain in the house as long as they chose, which was only until after the wedding. Captain Elyot was already preparing a home for his bride, and Mrs. Stubbs could not be separated from Blossom. It was, perhaps, because the wedding followed so soon after the announcement of the engagement, that none of the ladies at the post found time to call upon the girl who was presently to take her place among them. Every one, from the major's wife down, maintained a disagreeable silence in regard to the affair whenever Captain Elyot appeared, a silence which could only be interpreted as disapproval. It was from his male friends alone that he received congratulations. He would gladly have dispensed with them altogether, yet their absence made him both angry and ill at ease.

He was utterly unconscious of the interest Mrs. Bryce had taken in his affairs. Mrs. Stubbs was the last person in the world to own that her triumph was due to the interference of the major's wife, nor did he dream that Claudia had any cause of complaint

against him. He had been remiss in paying his visits there, and a slight coolness had followed in consequence. But he had never doubted for a moment that it was in his power to place himself upon the old footing if he chose to do so, and some such desire awoke within him now. He was very much in love. He did not by any means repent of the step he had taken; it was for Blossom's sake that he desired to renew his friendship with the major's family, in order that these, his oldest friends at the post, might rejoice with him in his happiness. The wedding was to be a most quiet affair. It could not be otherwise, since Blossom had no friends to invite, and Captain Elyot's would hardly have come for the asking.

A few nights before the event he dropped in at the major's. He was most graciously received. Nothing could be more affable than Miss Claudia's manner.

"And how are you to-night, Captain Elyot?" The major's wife rose with some difficulty. She was quite stout and by no means so agile as she had been once, but she gave him both her hands. "How kind of you to look in on us in the storm," for the rain fell heavily outside.

Claudia offered him but one hand, but the polite smile that went with it made it as good as two.

"There seems to be an end to the winter at last," the major's wife went on. "Still the air is raw and chill; draw your chair closer to the fire, and let me call Jinny to bring more wood," and Mrs. Bryce bustled up with a fine show of hospitable feeling, and slipped out of the room under this pretext. How did she know that the captain had not a word to say to Claudia? What if he had repented after all? Though this could hardly be, since the chaplain's wife had told her that the services of her husband had been engaged for Friday, which was only two days away. To think of their choosing a Friday! And the major's wife, who had not been to call Jinny at all, but stood shivering with cold in the little passage leading to the kitchen, set her wits to work to determine what catastrophe was most likely to follow such a disregard of the oracles. No; it was hardly possible that he had come to say he repented, though she remembered a cavalry captain upon the South Platte who had changed his mind at the last moment, when the chaplain stood waiting in the next room with his book in his hand. But something had come to light in regard to the girl, and Mrs. Bryce

thought, with an unconscious sigh, that it was not at all probable that anything would come to light in regard to Blossom. Nothing could be said against her so far as she knew, in spite of her officious warning to Mrs. Stubbs. But this only made it the worse. And this girl, sitting passive and meek, had gathered in her harvest, while she—Mrs. Bryce—had striven and toiled, and almost prayed, and had reaped nothing at all. The major's wife wiped a tear from the corner of her eye, and then went off in search of Jinny and the fire-wood.

"Come, come, Jinny," she called in a loud, cheerful voice upon her return, when her hand was on the latch of the parlor door. After all there was a chance that something had been said in her absence.

But any hope which she had nursed in that little, cold, dark passage died within her when she entered the room. She might as well have staid and made herself comfortable, for nothing had come of her going away, she saw at once. Claudia and her visitor sat as she had left them on either side of the deadened fire; Claudia's voice rang out gayly as she opened the door, but the mother knew that the girl had pulled at the rope with an effort to make it do so.

The conversation had been of the most commonplace order.

"I suppose you are inconsolable without your friend. What a bright little thing she is!" the captain had said. And Miss Claudia replied that she was, indeed, quite desolate without Kitty, who had set off for the states a few days before, and who was, to be sure, a very "bright little thing." Oh, was she not? "and deep and sly," she thought in her heart. But she was entirely too conscious of her limitations to be quite at ease. To the past she could not refer, to the future she would not,—at least to any future in which Captain Elyot had an interest,—and the present time at the dull little fort afforded but few topics of interest.

"I shall not have a penny to my purse," she said at last with a laugh, "if the new sutler continues as he has begun. I cannot pass the door, mamma knows;" and Mrs. Bryce shook her head with a mock sigh which might have been real, since she did know to her sorrow. "They are such artful creatures, these trading-people," Claudia went on with an air of innocence. "They discover their victims at once. My purse, before he had been here a week, was entirely at the mercy of this Blibbins, Blifkins or whatever he is called."

I am afraid this was a little sword-practice in Claudia, and that she was trying to see how nearly she could approach the Captain without making him wince. And he did wince, though he tried to stand up manfully before her.

"I suppose they are a good deal like other people," he said, but he was ill at ease, and she saw it and rejoiced.

"Perhaps so;" she shrugged her shoulders with a grimace, as though this were a question in natural history she did not care to pursue. "I brought home a roll of music last night to try. There was such a pretty song;—" and she leaned back in her chair and picked up her guitar from the floor and the corner behind her. She laid it across her knee and turned the keys and tried its tone with fingers very slim and white pressing the strings. The song was a simple thing—something of love and constancy set to a minor key which makes the love seem always stronger and the constancy more abiding. It touched the heart of Captain Elyot, though he forgot the singer. He listened with a rapt face and eyes into which the tears started. It was a very pretty and effective move on Claudia's part and much like a play, where the heroine goes off at last to tender and appropriate music. Only that the dying heroine does not usually play her own accompaniment.

Perhaps Claudia realized that she was to pass out of the young man's life with this night and this little song, for she threw into it a strength of expression rare to her and almost too great for the shallow words to carry. The major's wife moved out from the glare of the fire-light and wiped her eyes slyly as Claudia, her face thrown back and softly flushed, almost to beauty, sang:

"Tender and true, adieu, adieu."

The poor little song had many tongues. It said one thing to Claudia and quite another to Captain Elyot and even found a voice in Mrs. Bryce's heart. When it was over, the hush that speaks louder than bells fell on the three. Then after a moment Captain Elyot rose to go.

"Thanks," he said simply to Claudia, but the glow on his face and the deep light in his eyes said more than words. Then he turned to the major's wife: "I believe it is no secret—that I am to be married on Friday," he went on in a slightly embarrassed voice. "If you and the major would come

round at noon, I should be very glad. You will meet no one but the parties most interested," he added with a blush and a laugh. "And Miss Claudia, too. Pardon the awkwardness of the invitation. It has with me the disadvantage of novelty. I met the major on my way here and he was so good as to say he would look in." He did not say where. He could not bring himself to utter Mrs. Stubbs's name. Claudia's sword practice had been even better than she knew.

Mrs. Bryce glanced quickly at her daughter, whose face showed nothing at all. She stood with her hands crossed and resting upon her guitar, her eyes gazing quietly into the fire, almost as though she had not heard him.

"I have asked no one but you," he said. "I could not forget," he broke out impulsively, "that you were my first friends here." The quiet home-like air of the room, the little song, had touched a spring in memory; all the time between dropped away. They had been his good, true friends whom he had neglected, a little, of late.

The woman's heart yearned over the handsome young fellow, towering above her, who had grasped her hand as he spoke. Oh, how she would have rejoiced in him, had he chosen a wife here instead of among those low people. But he could be nothing to her now.

"I always try to be a friend to the young men—if they will give me an opportunity," she said. The words chilled him though they were uttered kindly enough. "And I shall be happy to be present at your marriage, of course. I am sure it was very kind in you to remember us and I hope you may never repent the step you are about to take." There was something in the tone of her voice which seemed to imply that he might repent it. She had not intended it, but the last moment had dragged the truth to the surface.

"Good-bye;" and Claudia gave him her hand. It was very cold. "And you will come?" It was hard if his friends would not rejoice with him. But Miss Bryce did not seem to have heard the question, put with much less assurance than he had used at first. A chill like that in the air outside was creeping over him.

"Good-bye," she said with the same placid smile.

Could he urge it further? And what did he care for them all, or what were they to him compared with the dear little girl

who was waiting for him at this moment? And yet his heart was sore as he walked away from the house.

"You made no reply whatever when he asked you to come to his wedding," said Mrs. Bryce to Claudia, when the door had closed after him.

"I know; but I am not going; I could not tell him that," Claudia replied.

CHAPTER XIX.

DREAMS.

THEY were married, very quietly, upon the inauspicious day which nobody remarked except the major's wife. Claudia, at her window, saw the chaplain set out toward the sutler's quarters with his book under his arm. For a moment as she stood there looking out upon the morning, wet with a driving wind and rain and not at all like a wedding morning, she wished that she were dead, so hopeless and bleak and rained upon by disappointment did life appear to her. The major's wife had sent an apology at the last moment. She was indisposed—which was true, she had been indisposed to attend this wedding from the first—but she pleaded the wet day and incipient ague and rejoiced in both.

Mrs. Stubbs would swell and strut and plume her sable feathers, but it would not be in her presence. She would cut short her triumph in so much as was possible by lessening the number of lookers-on.

"You can go if you choose, but I shall not think of it," she said to the major, who was putting on his best uniform to do honor to the occasion.

"To be sure I shall go, my dear. Do you think I would put such a slight upon Elyot as to stay away? He's a fine young fellow and a credit to the regiment. I wish to my heart——" and then the major for once bethought himself. But his wife knew what it was he wished. And so did she indeed, though what availed wishing? Had she not done even more, and all for nothing? He did not tell his wife that he was to act the part of a father to this girl whom she so envied, and was to give her away. That would have been quite too much to bear. But he made one more attempt to persuade her to accompany him.

"I think you had better go," he said. "It has an ugly look for both you and Claudia to stay away. And it's rather hard on Elyot if none of his friends are to stand by him."

But Mrs. Bryce refused.

"I might catch my death by venturing out on such a day," she said, drawing the shawl in which she was muffled close about her head. The major knew that this was only an excuse, but he did not press the point.

Claudia remained in her room until he had gone, when she appeared in the parlor door pulling the frill of the hood to her cloak about her head. "I promised to spend the day with Mrs. Kirknafether," she said. "If I shouldn't return by tea-time you may send Jinny round for me in the evening." The dark frill drawn close about her face made it appear more sharp and colorless than usual, even to the mother's eyes.

No, it was not strange that he should have chosen the other one; and yet Claudia would have made him a good, true wife,—a little sharp, perhaps, but she would have guarded his interests and taken her place with the first ladies in the army, which Blossom never could do. And then Claudia's face appeared again in the door-way.

"I believe you need not send for me after all," she said. "Lieutenant Gibbs or some one is sure to be there who will bring me home."

A weaker woman—and Claudia had been weak enough in the moments when she had any grounds for hope—a woman utterly weak would have taken to her bed and tears, but she was beginning to remember that she was a soldier's daughter.

When the ceremony was over, Captain Elyot and his bride went at once, quietly, to their new home, without any of that joyous excitement which flutters so naturally about a wedding.

Mrs. Stubbs rejoiced, but with a wild joy that found little outward expression. Oh, how this end which she had so ardently desired had come about! And at the last moment, too, when she was filled with despair. She could almost have gone down upon her knees to the Major's wife who had so unwittingly helped it on. If it was his money—the money that was one day to be his—which Mrs. Bryce had coveted for her daughter, she might take it and be welcome to it all. Mrs. Stubbs would have poured it out with her own hands as a thank-offering, had it been in her power to do so. Blossom had enough for them both. It was not the money she had desired, but the position he would give to the child, the fine friends who would gather about her; she would be "like the best of 'em," at last.

So with a proud heart the mother followed them to their new home. She would be a slave if need be to the man who had done so much for Blossom. She would be content to keep in the background unknown and unnoticed, or even to go away by herself at the last when Blossom had reached the height of her grandeur, and to gaze upon it, and her, humbly, from a distance. "I'd come to her maybe sometimes, just t' look at her, just t' touch her. I'd say I was the woman as nursed her; an' nobody 'd know, none o' the grand folks ud believe that I was the mother that bore her." She planned it all out artfully, happy in Blossom's happiness; but with that restless joy which still seeks something beyond.

"They wont be staying here long," she said to Tolee, her servant and slave. "Your new master'll soon be leaving this place to go and live among his grand friends." And Tolee stared stupidly; but gathered enough meaning from the words to spread the saying about the garrison where it only added to the scorn with which Mrs. Stubbs's pretensions were looked upon. Not that Mrs. Stubbs had any knowledge as to the intentions of the captain. A sudden awe of the young man had fallen upon her, since he had stooped to raise her to his level. She did not dream of intruding upon his affairs or of asking his plans for the future. It was enough that Blossom was to share that future. She was content to rely upon the stories which had passed without denial through the little community at the fort. And these, however varied they might be in minor particulars all united in one grand truth, as she believed, which was that when some relative in the east should die Captain Elyot would leave the army and live "like a lord." But what this relative was to him, in what part of the states he resided or how near he was to the final move which was to do so much for Blossom, she had no knowledge. The last query troubled her. What if he were to live on for years?—till she herself had passed away without seeing Blossom's glory. Or, worse than this, even, what if—in the fickle fortune of a soldier's life—Captain Elyot should be cut off before this end was reached? Oh! she could not be cheated out of this now! It had come to seem her right.

While these fresh anxieties were pricking Mrs. Stubbs with a thousand points Captain Elyot had made up his mind to meet the worst that could befall him and had written to his uncle of his marriage.

"Did I ever speak to you of my uncle?" he asked of Blossom. "Uncle Jeremy, off in the states, who has been a father to me?"

"Oh, how I shall love him!" Blossom exclaimed, tenderly and quickly.

Captain Elyot winced. He was very much afraid that she would never have the opportunity. He did not pursue the subject; nor did he relate the story in regard to the cousin on the Jersey shore, though that had been upon his tongue. He would have hesitated and appeared foolish enough in his own eyes, in showing to his wife that another girl (as he believed) had stood with parted lips ready to say yes to his suit. She would not have doubted it. If he had described the entire Jersey shore as lined with damsels weeping and wringing their hands on his account she would have been quite ready to believe it.

He wrote his letter. He made a list of Blossom's charms and virtues with the fond imbecility of a lover, wiping it out effectually at last by avowing that she was the daughter of the former post-sutler. When this word was written he felt that all was over between Uncle Jeremy and himself. The old man was simple enough in his tastes and plain to homeliness in his ways, but he was an aristocrat at heart. He would be angry that his nephew had not sought the wife he had selected for him; but he would be furious over the choice he had made for himself.

As the young man folded and sealed the letter he thought of the old house in an eastern city where he had spent his idle days for many years now, the one place in the world that was home to him and where he had fancied he should end his life when he was tired of campaigning and roughing it about the world. Every part of the old place was familiar and dear to him, yet it never would be his, now, he knew. It was not the palace which Mrs. Stubbs's fancy had evoked from her dreams. She would have turned from it in disdain, but it was very pleasant and dear to the young man. He could not resign it without a sigh. Yet Blossom was better than all this to him. He would not have given one day of happiness with her for the old house and all the friends he had left in that eastern city.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Blossom as he laid his pen down and leaned back in his chair.

"It has been a tiresome letter to write," he answered evasively. He almost regretted that he had mentioned his uncle to her. Her tender heart should never be pained by

the knowledge that this letter had been a plea in her behalf.

Blossom had been married some weeks when one morning her mother appeared in the door-way of her sitting-room.

"Come in, come in," Blossom called out, springing up and scattering the bright colored wools she was sorting in her lap. "You never sit with me in these days, though you should have nothing else to do." She pulled forward her arm-chair and placed her mother in it.

"There's so much to be seen to," the woman said uneasily: "Tolec grows worse and worse. I'm thinking we'll have to get rid of her some day."

"Any time you think best; it is as you say, you know," Blossom answered affectionately. "Or why not have some one to assist her? It is too much for you. You promised to be a lady when we came here," she added playfully.

But there was no answering smile on Mrs. Stubbs's face.

"I never could be that," she said quietly. It was the one subject upon which she had pondered deep and long and had made up her mind: "It's for you to be that. You were born to it. The like o' me's fit only for rough places. But you're a lady born."

And so she was. It seemed as though some drops of gentle blood, filtered through a common enough ancestry, had come down to the girl and made her what she was—a being of a different order from the mother who bore her. It showed itself in her pretty soft hands whiter than milk, in the turn of the head upon which she had coiffured her hair,—in a fruitless effort after matronly dignity—pinning up and smoothing out the curls like a child playing at womanhood.

"But may be we'd best not make a change," the woman went on with affected carelessness, yet watching Blossom with crafty half-shut eyes; "it'll only be for a little while."

The young mistress of the house had flown to the window as a horse galloped by. Its rider had doffed his hat and thrown a kiss from the tips of his fingers. The sun shone in warm and bright across the broad river, beyond whose sandy sweep of level edge lay the rolling prairies already growing green. Love was a lens through which even this landscape, barren of beauty, had gained a charm. She had no desire or longing beyond.

"What will be for a little while?" she asked absently, still following with her eyes

the handsome, bold rider who had not yet passed out of sight.

"That you'll be staying here. You an' the cap'n'll be movin' off t' the states some day."

"Oh, perhaps so; when he is ordered away from here. But that will not be for a long time yet," Blossom replied turning from the window. The rider had disappeared at last and the scene had lost its charm. She came back and sat down among the bright wools, passing them idly through her hands and prattling like a child. "When we do go I shall see Aunt Julia and all the girls again. I wonder if they will think me changed. They used to call me Baby Blossom. It was only a pet name, you know. They would not think of calling me that now," she added with dignity.

"You'd never be wasting your time on such as them," the mother broke in contemptuously. "He'd have his fine friends to go to."

"And have I no fine friends?" repeated Blossom with a happy laugh. "But I am to visit them. He promised me."

The woman disdained to argue over so trifling a matter. A man's promises were easily made—and broken, she thought.

"He hears from 'em, I'll be bound," she ventured after a moment.

"From his friends? Oh yes, and writes to them, too. It was only the last mail that he sent a long letter to his uncle," Blossom ran on, innocently voluble.

"To his uncle?" The woman was alert at once. This must be the information she was seeking.

"Yes," Blossom assented slowly, laying a skein of pale corn-color beside a violet and turning her head upon one side to watch the effect. "The uncle who has been like a father to him." It was the one item of knowledge that she possessed in regard to her husband's relatives, concerning whom she felt no curiosity, being quite happy and at rest; but she delivered it as though it had been a volume.

"And he's old and like to die?"

"I don't know." Blossom opened her eyes in surprise.

"Yes; and when he dies—I've heard 'em talk it over at the store—the cap'n'll go an' set himself up in his place."

"But we don't wish him to die," said Blossom. She was shocked at the cool indifference with which the old man was to be set one side to make room for her.—"If he is a dear old man."

"But he isn't." A jealous instinct roused a spirit of prophecy in the woman. "He's—how do I know what he is?" she added with a hard laugh, "but he's got the place that 'll come to the cap'n some day. I've heard 'em say so many a time."

"We don't want it," said Blossom softly. "We've money enough, you and I, for us all. Let him keep it, and he may live forever, poor old man!" The world was wide, no one need be crowded out of it to make room for her.

In all this time while Captain Elyot's happy honeymoon was passing, no one called upon his young bride—with the exception of the chaplain's wife, and Mrs. Bryce who left her name at the door one afternoon when she was sure that Blossom was out. As for Claudia, horses could hardly have dragged her to the house, and the other ladies at the post took their cue from head-quarters and staid away without exception. If Mrs. Stubbs fancied that the words of the clergyman pronounced over her from his book and the bearing of a new name would bring about a change in Blossom's social position, she was fated to disappointment. But nothing had come about as she expected, and she was too bewildered by the turn affairs had taken and in her new position, to be for a while in any way affected by outside events. It was only when she had settled at last into her place in the new household and the hours began to hang heavy upon the hands unused to ease, that she became aware of this fresh neglect. "They're set against us," the poor soul said; but her strength for resistance was waning and she was strangely humbled in her own opinion. The idea haunted her half-crazed brain that it would be different if she were only out of the way. There was no lack of respect in Captain Elyot's manner, nor had Blossom's love been turned away from her mother by her marriage, but it would be better for them both, she had come to believe, if she were not here. Alone, Blossom might win her way, even here, where she was so lightly esteemed, but she, Mrs. Stubbs herself, who would have done anything for the child, was only a bar and a hindrance.

She planned all manner of schemes to rid them of her,—wild impracticable schemes which she had no courage to attempt. Would this old man never die? The summer was here already, the grass green about them, the great arched sky vividly blue overhead. The river, dark and full, slid on

its way over its sandy bed. The verbenas and larkspurs in Blossom's little garden nodded scarlet and blue and pink in the sunshine. And many a heart-ache awoke with the flowers as one after another of the officers at the post were ordered away into active service. Captain Elyot's turn might come any day, and then where would her hopes be? What if after all her scheming she should gain nothing for Blossom but a broken heart at last!

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES ON THE MIST.

It was early summer and the door of the store stood wide open. In one corner screened from the sight of passers outside, a party of men in undress uniform were gathered about a card-table; two or three idlers looked over their shoulders, among whom was Cogger, the wagoner, who had just come in with an emigrant train on its way south.

The whole place had changed its appearance since Mrs. Stubbs retired to private life. There was a lack of that scrupulous neatness which displayed itself under her rule, and a greater striving after startling effects. Gaudy calicoes and gay-bordered handkerchiefs swung from perch to perch. Showy horse-equipments were displayed ostentatiously, while the array of bottles upon the shelves would have done credit to a bar-room. Nor were the necessities of human life forgotten. They did not, however, push themselves disagreeably to the front, but like the virtues—were to be had upon demand.

Cogger had bestowed upon all this display a comprehensive stare which might or might not express admiration.

Blinksin, the new sutler, observed it with a self-satisfied smile. "You knew him?"

"I did. Me an' him was as good as pardners the last time I crossed the plains."

"Good fellow enough, they say, but slow-coach," the young man apostrophized, flip-pantly, setting his regulation cap a little more on one side.

"He warn't sry," Cogger replied slowly; "but ye'd find him thar when ye looked for him, most likely."

"Oh yes, good fellow I don't doubt," the sutler assented glibly. "Make yourself at home Mr.—Mr. Coggle. Look about you, may be we can suit you with something in our line. Here's a fine pair of buckskins now." And he eyed Cogger's worn nether garments as he spoke.

But the wagoner shook his head.

"I'll take a little baccy ; I never did think much o' clothes 'cept as a kiver, not bein' much t' look at myself, but I'll bear it in mind all the same." And he returned to the players.

"What ever came of the wimmin-folks arter Stubbs was put under and this pooty boy took his place?" he asked in a whisper loud enough to reach the ears of the last-named individual.

"What women-folks?" some one inquired absently.

"Stubbs's wife an' the little un."

"Where've you been, man, not to hear the news? Why, Elyot married the girl. Confounded good luck, too, whatever they may say. She'll have no end of money, and——"

"Ye don't say?" And Cogger thrust himself into the group. "I reckoned it might come round,—kind o' Providence in it."

"I don't know about that," returned the speaker; "but there's money enough in it. Elyot cut us all out, but there was no chance for a man; the old woman kept her pretty daughter under lock and key and only brought her out at the end of a chain."

"Ye don't say?" Cogger was not yet over his astonishment at this happy termination of affairs. "An' they're here now?"

"They were an hour ago; I hardly think they can have strayed very far away since then."

"An' the old woman?"

"Oh, she's with 'em; a kind of providential balance."

"Ye don't say?" Cogger added for the third time. And after a moment of silence, he addressed the sutler again: "Young man, I don't keer ef I do take a look at them buckskins."

The young man addressed hastened to bring forward the desired garments, with a running comment on their excellence as he spread them out.

Cogger held them at arm's length while he screwed up one eye and tried the effect of distance. Then, bringing them nearer, he tested their quality by a brisk rubbing between his fists to the evident anxiety of the store-keeper. At last giving the whole a shake which would have annihilated anything of a less firm texture, he pronounced them all right. "I suppose you kin give a man the rest o' the fixin's?"

"Certainly, certainly; anything you wish, Mr. Coggle; just choose for yourself. I venture to say there is not such a stock this side of Independence. Perhaps you'd like

to step in here and try them on," and he threw open the door into what had been Blossom's parlor.

"What has come qver Cogger?" exclaimed one of the players a little later when the wagon-master, arrayed in his new purchase and a somewhat shop-worn flannel blouse of enormous size, stood before a very small mirror complacently surveying as much of his figure as could be reflected therein at one time.

"Going to a funeral," suggested one, at sight of the lean figure arrayed in this loose garment which hung about his form as a flag drapes its staff on a breezeless day.

"Just look at that," said the sutler, with a wink toward the players. "Did you ever see such a fit?" and dexterously seizing a handful of the coat between the shoulders behind (thus drawing it into temporary shape in front) he bade Cogger look in the glass. Then wheeling him about with a sudden grip in front he urged him to look over his shoulder and see for himself. "Was there ever a snugger fit in the back?"

And Cogger was satisfied even to incipient vanity, especially when to these were added a new pair of boots, a gay-colored handkerchief and a bottle of pomade.

"I say, Cogger," broke in one of the card-players, "what's going to be done now?"

"I don't mind telling ye that I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married," the wagon-master replied, proceeding with grave deliberation to finish his toilet. "Thar's a young gal down on the Santa Fé trail I spoke to as I came along in the fall. She'll be lookin' out for me most likely, an' I might as well be ready. Ye never kin tell what'll happen. Her name is Susannah," he added carelessly. "Hm; an' so Elyot married the little gal!"

"What blessed luck some fellows have!" burst out one of the group. "Stubbs must have left a pretty fortune, and as if that wasn't enough, some rich old fellow in the states, just ready to drop off, 'll leave him another pile. They say he'll throw up his commission before long."

"I happen to know something of that second story." The speaker was a newcomer fresh from the states. He glanced about carefully as he went on dealing out the cards in his hands, then he proceeded cautiously: "It may be all true enough about this Stubbs's fortune, but Elyot 'll never get his uncle's money. The old man is swearing mad over his nephew's marrying the sutler's daughter."

"Hush!" whispered some one at his elbow. "There's the old woman now."

It was true. Mrs. Stubbs had come in unobserved and stood scarcely a dozen yards from the speaker. There was a rustle of the stiff black garments as she passed out and away. She had not seen their faces, but every word had reached her ears. In one moment her castle in the air fell to ruins. Her dream of glory for the child faded like a mist touched by the sun. The old man was angry! Even Captain Elyot's fine friends had turned away from the child; and she would never be a grand lady after all. The glare of the sinking sun dazed her eyes, the sudden shine of the river—as she turned a corner hardly knowing whither she went and struck out beyond the stockade—brought a deathly faintness. She could have fallen, but some instinct of will held her up till she had passed beyond the reach of curious eyes and an angle of the rough wall screened her from sight. Here she sank down and let the strange numbness that had seized her lock her into forgetfulness. It must have been hours before she came to herself, before she rose up with a confused sensation of bearing a weight under which she staggered, and moved toward her new home. As she approached slowly and with difficulty, some one hanging about the corner of the house came to meet her, screened by the gathering darkness, for night was at hand.

"I hope I see ye well, ma'am," said Cogger, removing his hat and advancing with an awkward, hesitating step.

"Eh?" There was no recognition in the eyes which looked beyond him.

"Pears to me you aint over civil to old friends."

The wagon-master was piqued into self-confidence.

"I aint no friends," the woman responded in a hollow voice, each word coming laboriously from her lips. "Nobody's friends t' ye, only t' git what they kin."

"That's an awful hard sayin'; if I was you I wouldn't hold to it," replied the wagon-master confidentially. "Why, I've come t' show ye 'taint so! Here am I, who aint much t' look at, t' be sure, but I've been thinking about ye an' the little gal all the way along the trail. I had somethin'——" He fumbled in the pockets of his coat and brought out a little chain cut deftly and delicately from the bones of some animal

which had fallen on the plains. "I thought p'raps the little gal ud like it, seein' her father an' me was as good as pardners."

"What is it? What do you want?" questioned the woman vacantly, letting the chain which had cost Cogger many an hour's labor slip through her fingers.

"It's for the little gal, for Miss Blossom. They say she's married. If you'd give it to her. 'Taint much, but ye might wish her joy with it an' tell her there wa'n't a link of it that didn't have her bright eyes shinin' through 'em, when I was workin' at it."

The woman seemed but half to comprehend this long message, but she raised the little bauble and examined it absently. Then she dropped it into his hand again.

"Why, man, she's got 'em o' gold!"

She brushed by him and entered the house. She passed on to the room which Blossom had insisted upon making fine for her and threw herself heavily upon the bed. On the wall before her was a picture—the only remaining one of Stubbs's gallery—which she had pinned there with her own hands, fancying that the face, though high-colored and rudely drawn, bore a resemblance to Blossom. As she lay here, her mind gradually clearing and her thoughts returning to their old channel,—the deep-cut channel from which there was now no escape,—the eyes with a touch of sadness in them seemed to gaze upon her continually. Turn whichever way she would they pursued her like a reproach.

"I did what I could for ye! The Lord knows I tried," she said aloud. And Blossom heard the voice and came hastily into the room.

"Are you ill?" she asked with gentle anxiety. "Where have you been so long?" There were visitors in the parlor. Captain Elyot had brought a couple of friends home to tea.

"Are they there now?" The woman motioned with her head toward the door.

"Yes; they have had their tea and are smoking their pipes together."

Mrs. Stubbs had turned her face to the wall.

"Go back to 'em," she said in a hoarse voice. "I'm best by myself, child."

"Is it your head?" asked Blossom tenderly. "Let me bathe it."

"No, I'm best by myself. Per'aps I'll drop asleep." The woman made a feint of composing herself to slumber, and Blossom kissed her and went softly out of the room.

A CALIFORNIA MINING CAMP.

I OFTEN think, as I stoop to pick a cluster of white-petaled flowers, that seem the very expression of the freshness and briefness of the morning, how, in some shadowy "labór" a thousand feet below, a gang of Mexicans, finishing their night-shift, may be passing the "barrilito" from one grimy mouth to another.

If one possessed an ear-trumpet like Dame Eleanor Spearing's, by laying it on almost any spot of these steeply mounting hills and winding trails, one might hear the ringing of hammer and drill against the rock, the rumbling of cars through cavernous drifts, the dull thunder of blasts, even the voices of men burrowing in the heart of the mountain. One can walk, in the passages only of this underground world, for twenty-seven miles without treading the same path twice. Only those familiar with its blind ways from childhood may venture below in safety without a guide, for besides the danger of being lost, is that of wandering into some disused "labór," where the rotten timbers threaten a "cave." Within the last year, I am told, a part of "Mine Hill" has settled three inches, and everywhere above the "old workings" great cracks and holes show how the shell is constantly sinking. If this burrowing process goes on with the same vigor as during the last thirty years, the mountain will some day be nothing but a hollow crust,—a huge nut-shell, emptied of its kernel. Acres of its surface now cover nothing but emptiness,—caverns, hundreds of feet in length and breadth, connected by winding passages hewn out of the rock, and propped by a net-work of timbers.

"Nuevo Almadén," the mine was called, under the leisurely Mexican *régime*; then the quicksilver ore was carried in leather sacks on the miners' heads, up ladders made of notched logs, and "packed" down the mountain to the furnaces, on the backs of mules. There is an old "labór" called "La Cruz," where candles were kept burning before a shrine to the Virgin, hollowed out of the rocky wall. It was furnished with a crucifix and an image of the Queen of Heaven with a crown on her head and the Holy Child in her arms. Here the miners knelt in prayer before going to their day's or night's work. No one ever passed it without making the sign of the cross. The

mule-trains, the Mexican ladders, the shrine and crucifix disappeared when the Baron family lost their claim and "Nuevo" became New Almaden. That prompt and urgent monosyllable was the key-note to the change of dynasty. What the mine may have lost in picturesqueness, it has gained, however, in general interest, from the curious mixture of races gathered here, all living under a common rule, with the same work and the same general influences, yet as distinctly national as if each occupied its own corner of the earth.

It gives me a strange feeling to see the miners go down into the underworld. The men's heads show above the top of the "skip," the bell strikes, the engineer moves a lever, the great wheels of the engine slowly swing round and the heads disappear down the black hole. I can see a hand waved and the glimmer of a candle for a little way. The spark grows fainter and a warm, damp wind blows up the shaft.

Above-ground, the colony is in three stories: the Hacienda* at the foot of the mountain, the Cornish camp half-way up, and the Mexican camp on top; a long winding road leads from one to another, like a staircase. From its breezy landings, looking back, one can follow the Santa Clara valley, opening out to the sea, and the long quiet lines of the Coast Range opposite, while the nearer mountains fold in around with strong lights and shadows. The mountains are not bare, but clothed chiefly with scrub-oak and live-oak, not large, yet sufficient to soften the rugged outlines. The "works" are hidden by spurs and clefts, so as to be quite inconspicuous. The shaft-houses and miners' cottages on the sides of the hills are of no more consequence than rabbit-holes.

The charms of the Hacienda are of the obvious kind: a long, shady street, following the bright ripples of a stream (which the tourist generally speaks of as the "Arroyo de los Alamitos"), at one end the manager's house, with its double piazzas

* "Hacienda," as used at Almaden, describes the village where the manager lives and has his office, and where the furnaces are built for reducing the ore. When the mine was under Mexican management it was much less extended, there was no Cornish camp and the settlement was chiefly at the Hacienda.

and easy hospitable breadth of front, a lonely background of mountains at the other, and the vine-covered cottages between. These agreeable objects can be as well appreciated in a drive along the main street as in a year's residence there,—it is very pretty; but as the "show" village of the mine, ever conscious of the manager's presence, the Hacienda wears an air of propriety and best behavior, fatal to its picturesque.

There is no undue propriety about the mining camps on the "Hill." Their domestic life has the most unrestrained frankness of expression, and their charms are certainly not obtrusive. The Mexicans have the gift of harmoniousness; they seem always to fit their surroundings, and their dingy little camp has made itself at home on the barren hills, over which it is scattered; but the charm of the Cornish camp lies partly in the vivid incongruity between its small, clamorous activities, and the repose of the vast, silent nature around it.

As you climb the last hill before reaching the Cornish camp, a live-oak tree, warped by the wind, leans out in relief against the sky at a sharp bend of the road. It bears upon its trunk certain excrescences in the shape of oblong boxes, inscribed (in various experimental styles of chirography) with

the names of dwellers remote from the high-road. Many trees in the camp, standing at the meeting of ways, bear these excrescences. To a New England mind they would at once suggest the daily paper; but the Cornish miners sustain life on something more substantial than "bread and the newspaper." The meat-wagon, on its morning rounds, leaves Tyrrell his leg-o'-mutton, Trengove his soup-bone, and Trengove his two-bits' worth of steak, in the boxes bearing these names respectively. Harold, in Tennyson's drama, boasts that, in his earldom,

"A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back,
Find them again,"

and such is the honesty of the Cornish camp, that trees bearing soup-bones, steaks, and legs-of-mutton, are never plucked of their fruit, save by the rightful owners.

The camp seems always to be either washing or moving, or both. Monday and May-day arrive here quite regardless of the almanac or the customs of society. The Cornish miner can hardly be said to

fold his tent like the Arab,
And silently steal away.

When the wind sits in the shoulder of his sail, the entire camp is aware of the fact. There is an auction of his household gear, at which his neighbors are cheerfully emulous that some private good should result from the loss to the community. He departs with his wife and quiverful of chil-



CORNISHMAN "TRAMMING" AT BUSH TUNNEL.



"PACKING" WATER FROM BUSH TUNNEL.

dren, and the house that knew him knows him no more. Another assortment of family garments flaps on the clothes-lines; another brood of chickens and children throngs his door-step.

During the long months when drought sits heavy on the land, the water-tank is one of the idyls of the Cornish Camp. It is a sort of club at which congregate all the stray dogs, donkeys, sad-eyed cows (who subsist, at this season, chiefly on hope deferred), boys with water-pails, red-shirted teamsters, and "wood-packers" with trains of jaded mules; there is nothing dubious in the nature of its benefits, and of all who gather there none depart in bitterness, unless it may be the small Cornish lads, who carry away two heavy pails and a sense of injury natural to the spirit of youth under such

circumstances. Three times a day the motley crowd gathers, but I like it best at sunset, with a flushed sky overhead, against which the figures are dark; gleams of trickling water; the straw hat of a teamster, or a gaunt gray donkey, catching the waning light; while evening shadows brood already in the hollows of the mountains and deepen the mystery of the cañon beyond.

Past the store and the water-tank the road winds still upward, and passes out of sight round a spur of the mountain. It leads to the Mexican camp and into an entirely different social atmosphere. The village lies all in broadest sunlight, unrelieved by tree or shelter of any kind except here and there the shadow of a rock in which, perhaps, stands a donkey, with drooping ears and hanging lip, motionless in a patient reverie.

The Mexican camp has little of that bustling energy which belongs to its neighbor on the floor below. It wakes up slowly in the morning,—especially if the morning be cold,—and lounges abroad on moonlight nights, when guitar-tinklings sound from the shadowy vine-flecked porches. The barest little cabin has its porch, its climbing vines and shelf of carefully tended plants. Dark-eyed women sit on the door-steps in the sun braiding a child's hair, perhaps, or chattering to a neighbor, who leans against the door-post with a baby half hidden in the folds of her shawl. They walk up and down the hilly street, letting their gowns trail in the dust, their heads enveloped in a shawl, one end of which is turned up over the shoulder; the smooth, sliding step corresponds with the accent in speaking. In passing, they look at you with a slow, grave stare like that of a child. All, even to the babies, have an air of repose; crudeness of voice or manner is almost unknown among them.

The first time I went down into the mine one of the men of the party, as is the custom, passed a bottle of whisky among the men in each "labór" we visited. The Cornish men drank in a hearty, unconstrained fashion enough, but each Mexican, before raising the bottle to his lips, turned to the two women of the party with a grave inclination and a *Buena salud, Señoras!*

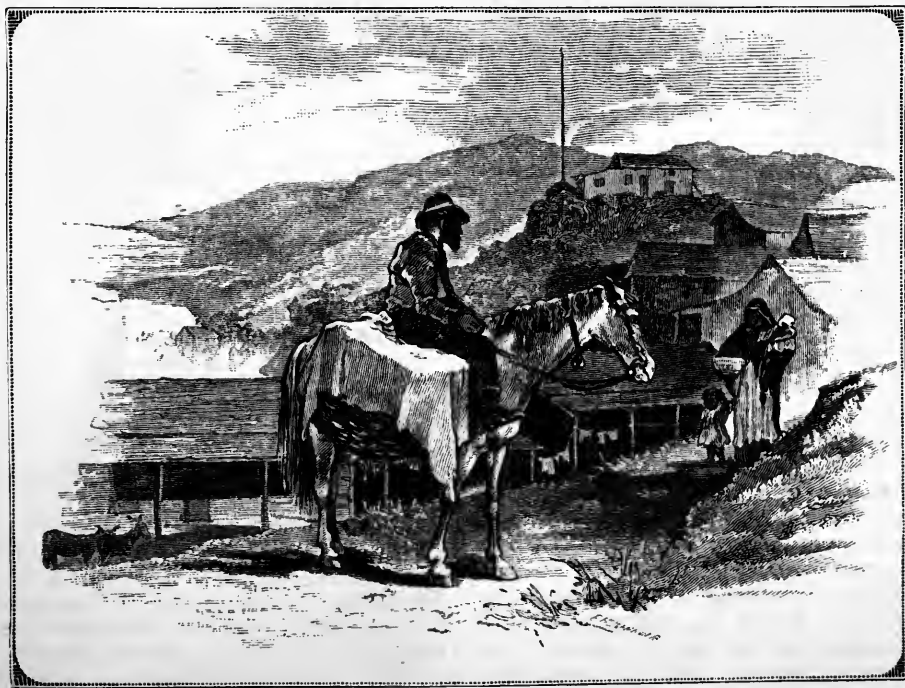
In practical dealings with them one is constantly baffled by the softly spoken phrase, "No possible, Señora!" There is one, Vesequio,—a dark, short, fat-visaged

person, not without guile, I fear, who gives lessons on the guitar,* attends all the miners' auctions, and keeps for sale, in his dingy little shop, a curious collection of furniture, new and old. In a moment of weakness we bought a chair of Vesequio. It had certain merits (cheapness, probably, was one of them) which induced us to overlook the fact of its being slightly out of repair. Vesequio promised to mend it—the work of an hour or two—and bring it the next day. It did not come, of course—he hadn't the tools; he would send it the very next day to his neighbor the carpentero; then the carpentero went to town,—when he returned it should be mended at once. After I had given up all hope of ever seeing it in the house, Vesequio came down the trail one day, dressed in his best clothes, followed by his man Friday, a bleary-eyed, idiotic-looking Mexican, whose life is, I fear, anything but an upward striv-

ing of the spirit. Man Friday carried the chair; Vesequio thus had both hands free to assist him in a series of graceful salutations as Lizzie ushered him into the room. If I had been equal to the part of Imperial Highness it would have greatly resembled the introduction of an ambassador bearing gifts from one potentate to another. If you could have seen the gesture with which Vesequio spread out both hands—and if you could have seen the hands!

We found at Vesequio's an old brown jar, broken slightly on the lip, but such a delightful old heathen! He looks as if he had crawled out of a tomb ages old. The color is dull reddish-brown, it is big and clumsy in shape, and looks as if it held old secrets of the flesh. We asked Vesequio if he could get us any smaller ones. His face took a sudden gleam of half-concealed and crafty satisfaction, and he said softly, as if to himself, "Possible!" but both Vesequio and we were disappointed. Not another could be found in the camp. It would have been great fun, the bargain with Vesequio. He saw we were anxious to have it, and how he would have enjoyed the elaborate details of the final settlement. I don't care how long the bargaining lasts. It is so amusing to follow the inflections of Vesequio's fat voice,

* He plays (on some instrument—I don't know what) during service at the Catholic Chapel. On Christmas eve, at the midnight mass, they played, just at 12 o'clock, "Put me in my little bed." The Mexicans did not understand the meaning of the words very clearly, or else mistook their association.

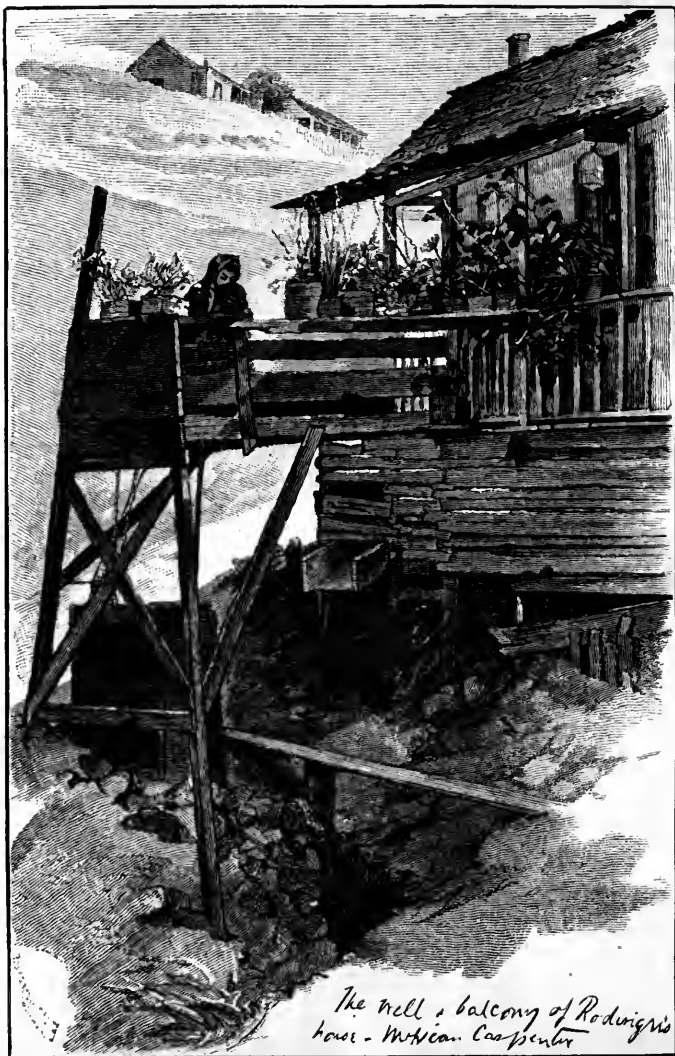


THE "PANADERO," DELIVERING BREAD.

the action of his hands, and the play of his toad-like features.

I began an acquaintance with Vesequio's pretty little daughter, Theophila. The first

crumpled, as if—I hope Theophila will pardon the suspicion—she might have slept in it. They were very drowsy-looking wrinkles, and the dark locks hanging down her back



The well & balcony of Rodriguez's house - Mexican Carpenter

time I saw that brown-cheeked little maiden she was standing on a ladder watering her plants. They were ranged on a kind of scaffolding, like a rude balcony, across one end of the house, and the ladder was leaned against it. I remember some hollyhocks, white, pink and yellow, lifting their spires of blossoms in the sunlight, with the gray boards behind them. She wore a brown petticoat and a short white sack, somewhat

had certainly not been braided that morning. I saw her cheek, half turned away, the red flush showing under the brown, her drooped eyelashes, and the frizz of dark hair above her forehead; one slender brown hand was lifted with the water-pitcher. There was a hint of positive red somewhere about her; it might have been a glimpse of her stockings or a bit of ribbon hanging from that rough braid. She was perfect! I cannot believe



MEXICAN CABINS, NEAR DAY TUNNEL.

Theophila will ever be like the curiously wrinkled or fat and shapeless señoras I have seen standing in their door-ways, one hand propping the arm which raises a cigarette to the lips while they gaze languidly down the sunny street.

One sees very few old people among the Mexicans; they are a feeble race, and seldom last into the seventies; but when you do meet one who has shuffled into that "last scene of all," he takes the part so



OLD MEXICAN WOMAN.

well, you feel that you have never seen an old man before.

Climbing the steepest part of the main street of the Mexican camp, I met one morning a procession of two—a small,

swarthy boy, and a donkey with a very big head. I don't know whether a donkey's obstinacy increases with the size of his head, but the small boy's figure slanted at a sharp angle with the hill,—he was as far in advance of the donkey as the length of his rope would permit, and the rope was very "taut." The donkey carried on his back a kind of wooden frame, used to hold water-buckets, one suspended on each side, but loaded instead with pots of blossoming plants,—flaming scarlet geraniums, a tall calla-lily, and a thorny monster of a cactus, beloved by the Mexicans. As the donkey sulkily planted one foot before another, all this gay company nodded and shook in the sunlight, and seemed to wave greetings to their stay-at-home neighbors in the road-side porches.

On our walk we once met some bare-legged, bare-headed Mexican lads racing their donkeys over the hills, looking themselves like wild young colts of a dark and stubbed breed. One of them—such is the happy instinct of these people—wore a pink cotton shirt; had the tone of the surrounding landscape required it, his shirt would have been flaming yellow.

One day Mr. H. brought the beauty of the Mexican camp to call. Her name is Aurelia Sambróna; she has lovely dark eyes and a soft voice; but I was disappointed that she did not wear the dark shawl draped round her head and shoulders as they are worn on ordinary days at the camp. Our Mexican water-cooler has

an inscription of which I asked for the meaning. Aurelia smiled and said: "Help thyself, little Tomasa!" The maker of the jar had pictured to himself some brown-cheeked maiden lifting it to her lips.

After this we went up to the Mexican camp to return Miss Aurelia's call. She lives with her married sister; they keep a quiet kind of restaurant. Mr. H. said our call would be regarded as a great condescension, but I confess that when the two graceful, dark-eyed women came in to receive us, their soft voices and movements, and a kind of slow, gentle self-possession, made me feel my own manner crude and angular by comparison. Mr. H. talked for us all, and they looked from us to him, whenever we spoke, with a pretty appealing smile. They offered us the native wine, and the most delicious dried figs,—not withered and pressed, but dark plump lumps of sweetness clinging together.

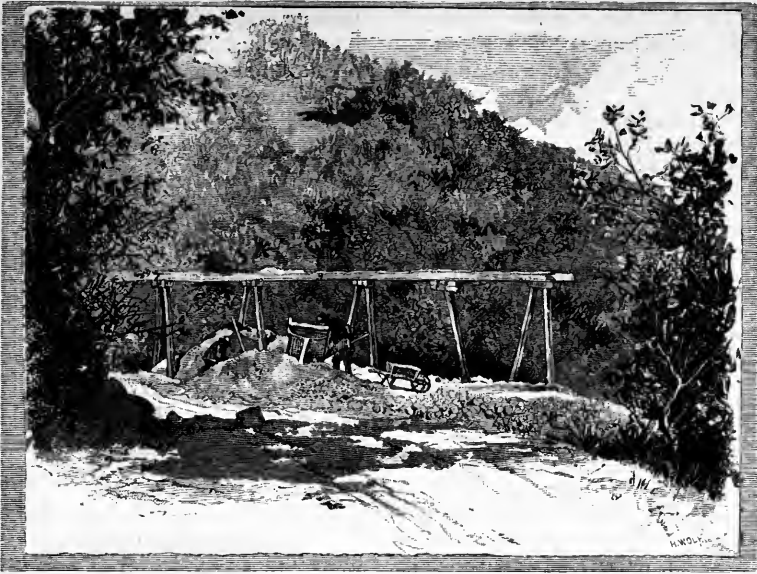
A ball was given by the Mexicans upon the anniversary of their independence. We went up to see the dancing, which was very beautiful. The Mexican girls have exquisite forms, especially when in motion; their dancing was like inspiration. There were people of every nationality—stout, blonde Cornish youths side by side with slim, swarthy Mexicans. There were Ignatio Enes-trajo, a "Chiliano," and the sisters of Castro (the silversmith), half Mexican, half Chinese. A young Spaniard delivered the "oration." I saw the son of the German foreman at the Hacienda dancing with the daughter of the French butcher. The music was very good for the purpose,—a violoncello, two violins, one brass piece, and a flute. They played the Mexican national hymn to open the ball, and much of the "dance music" had pretty Mexican or Spanish names. The refreshments were whisky, ale, Port wine sangeree, lemonade made of some kind of acid, crackers, cheese, candy and nuts. The next day (Sunday) we

met a number of the dancers returning home after a few hours sleep. Many of them walked all the way from Guadalupe.

My last visit to the Mexican camp was during the yellow hazy, July weather; it was after a fire had swept away all the houses lying below and around the rock, which rises like a fortress at the north-west end of the camp. The bare sun-baked rock stood out, with all its reddish-yellow lights and purple-brown shadows, in strong relief against the solid blue of the sky. Down its sides were the blackened lines of brick which marked the foundations of the ruined houses. Below, was the little street silent and deserted, with its quiet afternoon shadows stretching across it. It seemed old enough for anything. It might have been a little Pompeiian street lying so still in the broad sunlight, under that intensely blue-bright sky. I sat under the shadow of a Mexican cabin on the high bank overlooking the street. A little girl named Amelia, too slight and small to carry the child she held wrapped in an old shawl, stood beside me and told me the Spanish



A GIRL OF THE MEXICAN CAMP.



DUMP OF THE GREAT EASTERN TUNNEL.

words for rock, and sky, and picture, and the names of her brothers and sisters. The mother, leaning on the railing of the rough balcony above, smiled down at me and counted them on her fingers—six in all—and then crossed both hands on her breast with a proud and gentle gesture of triumph in the possession of the six. The cheerfulness of the whole family,—brown, ragged, ill-fed, sickly and numerous as they were,—a cheerfulness which implied no hope or even understanding of anything better, was the saddest thing in the whole of that warm, sunny desolation.

Early morning at New Almaden is worth getting up betimes to see. Sometimes the valley is like a great lake filled with billows of fog,—pearly white billows, tumbling and surging with noiseless motion. It is more as if the clouds had all fallen out of the sky, leaving its blue intensity unbroken, and heaping the valley with fleecy whiteness. On windy mornings, the fog rolls grandly out to sea along the defiles of the triple chain of hills; when there is no wind, it rises and drifts in masses over the mountains, making the clear sunlight hazy for a moment before dissolving into it. After the rains, when the morning air has a frosty crispness, the mountains are outlined in sharp, dark blue against a sky of reddish-gold; even the tops of the distant red-woods may be traced, “bristling strange, in fiery light,” along the horizon. As the sun lifts its head, the dark blue hills flush purple, long shadows stream

across the valley, the windows and spires of San José sparkle into sight, and the bay reveals itself, a streak of silver in the far distance. There is no chorus of birds to break the stillness.

The first morning sounds I remember noticing as peculiar to the place came up to us from a camp of Chinamen, happily out of sight, below the hill,—a cackling of discordant voices and a brazen beating and drumming which was explained to me as the Chinese cook's signal for breakfast, beating on a frying-pan. Half an hour later came the long ringing call of the seven o'clock whistle from the nearest shaft-house. Still later, a rustling and tinkling among the live-oak boughs, which screen the trail, announced the panadero from the Mexican camp. His gray mule pushed her way out from the scrub, with the great bread-baskets swinging, one on either side, their canvas covers damp with dew. The panadero sat in front serenely smoking a cigarette; a little bell tinkled at the mule's bridle. I was half sorry when we became a well-regulated household with bread of our own baking, for then no panadero stopped at the gate on the foggy mornings, and went swaying and tinkling up the trail.

I was not encouraged to investigate that camp of Chinamen below the hill, but once we went to “China Sam's” to buy a lantern. Like “Taffy,” he wasn't “home” (there is another respect in which most

Chinamen are said to resemble "Taffy"), but his wife was. She seemed not more than fourteen years old—a mere child with the smallest hands. She carried a baby slung at her back in the folds of a dark-red silk scarf, which was crossed over her breast. The baby had a tiny black cap worked with embroidery on its head,—a chubby little thing, fast asleep, swaying from side to side as the small mother trotted about. She examined my dress, hands and ornaments, and, pointing to her baby, put her fingers on her under teeth and held up two fingers to tell me it had two teeth. Whenever I tried to say anything to her she laughed and said, "No sabe." She was very delicately formed, her hands small as a child's, and perfect in shape, yet when she took one of mine to look at a ring which had caught her eye, I felt uncomfortable at the touch of those slim, tawny fingers. She offered a cigar to my companion, which he accepted

Chinaman tried to get his place by underhand means. Sam carefully noted his movements; there was a journey to San José, which ended badly for the other Chinaman, and not too well for Sam, as he was tried soon after for murder. He spent a few months in jail, but he had only killed another Chinaman, and he was an excellent cook,—probably a much better one than his rival,—so he was finally acquitted. Two or three years ago he sent to China for his wife; she excused herself from coming on the plea of being too old for so long a journey, and sent this young girl instead. Sam says his young wife is "heap fool! Allee time play chile [with the child]!" and he beats the "chile" because it is a girl.

Toward the close of the dry season, when brown and dusty August burns into browner, dustier September, a keen remembrance of all cool, watery joys takes posses-



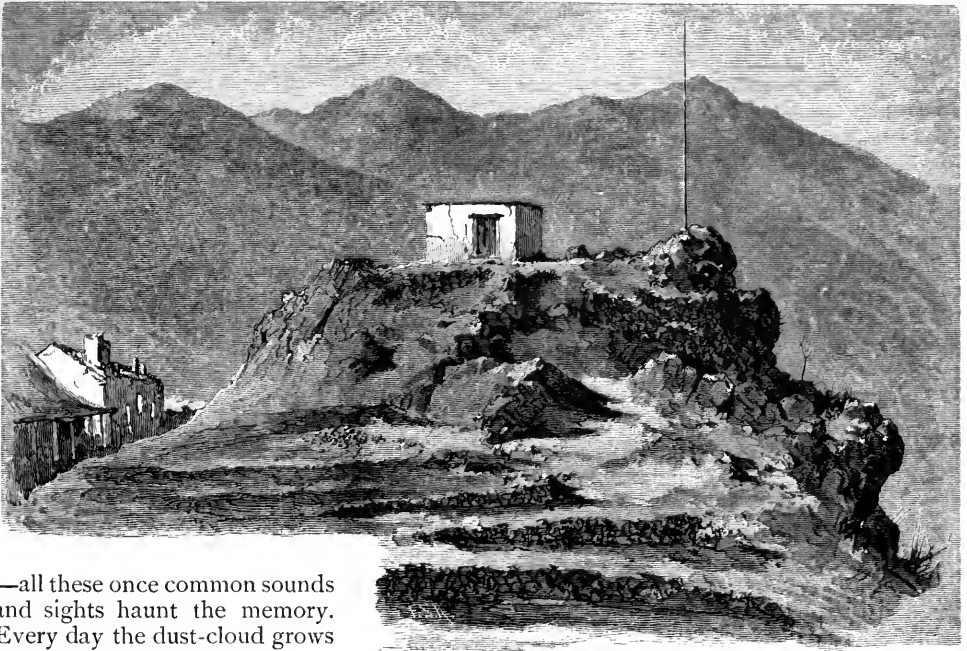
A CHINAMAN "PACKING" BRUSH.

and held carefully, but as we left the house, I noticed that he tossed it into the bushes.

In an inner closet where the day was shut out, we saw the glimmer of candle-light on some brilliantly colored papers on the wall. This was the family altar.

Several years ago Sam was head cook at the boarding-house on the "Hill." Another

sion of one's thoughts. The lapping of ripples in pebbly coves, the steady thump of oars in row-locks, the smell of apple-blossoms on damp spring evenings, old mill-races mossy and dripping, the bleating of frightened lambs at a sheep-washing and the hoarse, stifled complaint of their mothers mingled with the rushing of the stream,



MEXICAN CAMP—AFTER THE FIRE.

—all these once common sounds and sights haunt the memory. Every day the dust-cloud grows thicker in the valley, the mountains fade almost out of sight against a sky which is all glare without color; a dry wind searches over the bare, brown hills for any lingering drop of moisture the sun may have left there; but morning and evening still keep a spell which makes one forget the burden of the day. At sunset the dust-cloud in the valley becomes a bar of color stretching across the base of the mountains, deep rose and orange, shading by softest gradations into cool blue. I remember one sunset especially. The clouds of dust rolling up from the valley

below were transformed by the light into level bars of color like a horizontal rainbow sweeping across the entire valley; above it the mountains rose; a wonderful variety of constantly changing hues made them look like something unreal. Then there came a sudden darkening of the lower part of the mountains so that the sunlit peaks seemed to float in the air above the bars of sun-colored dust, with a strip of cool shadow between. All is quiet; as in the morning, no birds chirp and twitter themselves to sleep; the stillness is only broken by the dull throbbing of the engine like a stifled breath in the distant shaft-house.

Every evening repeats this silent symphony of color, and every day it seems like something one has dreamed of. The rose and orange and blue have faded into the same dull, gray pall, which, to the valley stretched beneath, is never anything more; only those who see it from the hills know that sometimes this pall is a robe of glory.

We rode home one evening across the low, bare hills beyond the Mexican camp. It was during the "earth-shock weather" (as the miners call those last, dry, lurid weeks before the early rain-fall), and one of the dull, red sunsets, peculiar to that season, had been flaming on the sky and mountains; its lingering glow colored the edge of the early moonlight. The soil here



MEXICAN POTTERY.

has a vermilion tinge, which is stronger after sundown; it was intensified that evening by the flush in the sky. There was no positive light or shadow, only a pink glow spreading over all the wide landscape, except where the cañon held its glooms, and above it a young moon slowly brightened in a sky of twilight blue. It was in sentiment like William Morris's poetry. I always think of it as the "land east of the sun, and west of the moon." While the moon is young and her light faint and pale, one can scarcely mark the time when the lingering twilight passes into the soft, dim radiance that spreads like a spell over the valley, across part of which lies the shadow of a mountain. We cannot see the moon itself, only its light. The mountains opposite remain always shrouded in silence and mystery. But when nights come for the full moon the place is a paradise: in the foreground the winding trails with black masses of shadow from the clumps of live-oak crossing them, the dark mountain lines rising grandly on every side, the mysterious depths of the cañons, the lights of the Mexican camp scattered over the hills, the closer clustered lights of the Cornish camp on the lower range, the wide, dim valley below, and the far-off barrier of mountains.



WOOD-PACKERS.

At this season every one is storing up wood in anticipation of the winter rains. Every day a train of loaded mules winds over the hills from the "wood-packers' "

camp in the cañon. They are fine at a distance, but I did not fully appreciate them until a troop came down the trail one morning, in charge of an old Mexican, and stopped at our gate. I could then study the delightful intricacy of their pack-saddles, the clumsy leather breeching, the cruel "cincho," the knots and ends and lacings of leather string, the bits of colored cloth escaping from the padding, and the different phase of depression each mule exhibited under its burden.

The wood is fastened with ropes in two great bundles, one on either side, giving the mule from front or rear, the appearance of an animated wood-pile. Three hundred pounds makes a load or "carga." Two Mexicans came with the mules, drove them into the yard and unloaded the wood. I felt glad to see the weary burden fall from those "galled jades." I was on the piazza watching them; when I asked the elder of the men how much to pay for the wood, he told me in broken English; and as he was below,—the piazza on that side being high above the yard,—he unrolled a red silk handkerchief from his neck, made it into a ball and tossed it up. The maid came out and rolled the money up in it and tossed it down. He was an old man with a face the color of chocolate and with

shaggy gray hair. He smiled and looked like something inhuman in his gaunt old age.

A Mexican brought our wood—of course a Chinaman chopped it. The first one who came was, it seems, not equal to the emergency; I heard some one shouting to him from the window in a language which struck me as a kind of profane and hardened baby-talk:

"You heap no good, John. What for you no catchum saw?—me no have got—You go catch-

um saw. Come back to-morrow!"

"Allee light!" John said, and departed with a smiling face. Next morning another came who had succeeded in catching a saw.

It is very interesting to see the Mexican boys, "Muchachos," and their donkeys congregated around the store at six in the morning, or climbing the trail. Often two little fellows will ride one donkey with a bag of flour in front. The donkeys are used to "pack" water to the Mexican camp. You see them every morning and evening patiently

down from the sycamore-trees, although, for a wonder, the afternoon was very still. A red sunset was burning itself out on the mountains and the valley was filled with ashen shadows. I cannot tell how dreary it was, and yet with a half humorous tone in the recollection, I thought of the line:

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray."



THE WATER-CARRIER OF THE MEXICAN CAMP.

climbing or descending the trail with buckets of water on each side. A procession of half a dozen will be driven by a man or boy mounted on one behind. The donkeys and mules in their picturesque trappings are in fact the great feature of the place. The wood-packers and water-carriers are as fine as anything in the Orient.

There is a little spring by the road-side—merely a barrel sunk in the ground; overhead is a shaggy bank with gray roots projecting in light, deep shadows falling over the water. Above is the mountain-side, below the wide outlook across the valley to the coast range opposite. Here I saw one afternoon an old donkey, standing perfectly motionless looking into the pool. He was unsaddled, but his back showed the galled places his burdens had made. His ears and under-lip drooped. There were a few dead leaves dropping

When summer passes into winter a new phase of the climate is experienced. Morning and evening we are wrapped in fog that blows in wildly from the sea, fills the valley and rises until we are muffled in its chill whiteness. Going out for a walk after breakfast, I seem to be the only person in the whole world. It is impossible to describe the curious feeling it gives one to walk in this veiled landscape. I pass along the edge of steep ravines and know that on ahead, where the road goes out of sight around a bend of the mountain, lies a great stretch of valley and mountain, but it is all a blank white wall everywhere. It is always very still here (except just in the camps where children are playing in the streets) and the fog seems to deaden what little sound there usually is. The silence then is complete.

What strange Christmas weather at New

Almaden—wild and bright but soft as windy days in April! The heavy rains began late, and the greenness which came with the first fall rains faded for want of encouragement. The valley was touched by frost, and this blight, added to the drought, made it look as if a flame had passed over it. We had only a few pale wreaths of fog those clear, windy mornings and they floated low, leaving the mountain line dark and sharply outlined against the most solemn radiant morning sky. The red-woods on a distant range of hills stood out like spears or furled flags of a marching army. There is always a distinctly masculine character in this scenery; the mountains are ominous, and even when all alight with color they seem to be in the shadow of some impending doom. No matter how the wind may blow here, or the people clatter and cackle in their little houses, the light on the mountains is always still, as if they were part of another world.

In Christmas-week I sat on the piazza with broad sun-hat and a gown I wear in June. Stillness and sunshine rested everywhere. The valley was filled with haze. The mountains had withdrawn themselves into fainter outlines against the sky. Columns of smoke from burning stubble-fields rose and floated away over the valley. On Christmas-day I took a long walk, climbed the bare hill behind the Mexican camp, where there are some lonely graves in stark relief against the broad, blue, smiling expanse of sky. The skies here, except at sunrise and sunset, are very unsympathetic. From this hill, which is up in the very eye of the sun, without a tree or rock to break with a single shadow its broad, pitiless glare, we can look over all the mountains round and into the glooms of the deep cañon beyond the camp. I remember once seeing a sketch in a few lines of a knight, standing alone on a hill with rays of the sun around him, as if he were the only man on the round earth. I thought of this picture as I stood here. But as I turned away from the broad light in which the whole country lay in a sort of trance, there were the lonely graves, each with its wooden cross slanted by the wind, and its rude fence to keep stray donkeys and cows from trampling what lay within. I tried to read the Spanish inscriptions, but could only make out the names and the formula which all creeds and races cling to: "Here rests in peace."* Each grave had its vine or flower planted over it, and the peculiarity of some of them

suggested a reference to some wish of the one resting in peace. Many of the plants were weird, tropical-looking things,—a pepper-tree or cactus, or some shrub which may have brought up remembrances of a sunnier land even than this. Everything was dazzlingly bright, the air as mild, and the stillness as deep, as in the "hollow lotus-land."

I have seldom felt the sadness of this landscape as on that morning. It is a sadness which comes from a perpetual lack of sympathy between Nature and the pitiful creatures whom she so grandly and calmly refuses to recognize as her children. The Mexicans alone seem to belong to her in a way they have of uniting themselves with their clothes, their houses, and even with the country itself. They are not self-asserting and full of personality as we are; they slip along in a listless, easy way, unfretted, unambitious, graceful,—struggling against nothing, accepting all without question.

On Christmas-eve there was a midnight mass at the "Campo del Mexicana." I did not know of it till too late, or I would have gone. On Christmas evening I was left alone for a while. It was a little dreary, especially after the wind rose and began making noises round the house. As I sat thus over the fire, there were steps and voices outside, then a stillness,—and then a chorus of children's voices burst out with a Christmas hymn!

According to custom, the singers were invited in. They made a very striking group. The children crowded round a small table in the center of the room, where two candles threw a strong light up into the circle of rosy young faces and bright eyes,—the young men, with their stalwart figures and voices, making a contrast to the sweet youthful choir. Two of the elder girls helped me pass among the guests an elaborately frosted cake which had been given us (the workmanship of Chinese Sam's subtle fingers), and then, after another song, they went away, leaving me in a sort of bewilderment as to whether it were not all imagination.

The spring at New Almaden is most bewildering! One week the rain and wind keep up a tumult round the house; the next we are flooded with sunshine; flowers are

* Often those who die at New Almaden are buried at the Company's expense or by the charity of the neighbors. Many of the graves are those of strangers,—only a short time at the mine,—their friends unknown or out of reach.



THE MEXICAN CAMP (WEST END) AND THE HILL OF GRAVES.

springing up everywhere; the grass is like a miracle, growing out of places that looked as if they had been sowed with salt. I go every afternoon over the hills in search of wild flowers, and in the morning, before the dew is dried, after mushrooms. They grow in great profusion, if one can use such a flowery word in reference to the modest little pink and drab buttons that hide in the sod. Buttercups here grow double and are no prettier on that account. There is a delicate white-and-pink four-petaled flower with a faint perfume and a long drooping stem—it reminds me of our eastern anemone; and one day I found growing in the clefts of a mossy pile of rock a mass of fresh young maiden-hair ferns. I put my face down close among them to smell that delicious pungent, growthy smell, mixed with the moist, wholesome breath of the ground.

The long, hot, dry "winter of our discontent" has passed, and this is the "glorious summer." Morning-glories were planted around the piazza, and at the root of an old half dead live-oak tree at the foot of the yard. There were clumps of purple iris growing near the house. As the season moved on we had violets, wild roses, clematis, blackberry-vines, in profusion. I did not care so much for the great scarlet geranium bushes, though it is very ungrateful. They stood by us bravely all through the dry season, blooming continually. Their red flames seemed to defy the sunshine and would not be put out.

We call our piazza the "quarter-deck," and with its wide outlook and the strong wind that always blows there, I often feel as if we were at sea. From here I can see

the trail which winds steeply up the hill behind the house and disappears in a dark clump of live-oak trees; opposite is a bold spur of the mountains round which winds the road from the Hacienda. At sunset I can see the stage-coach crawling up with its black leather curtains flapping in the wind, horses and driver covered with dust. It is the bearer of letters, and therefore the only visible link with the world beyond the mountains. These mountains are beginning to have a human expression as I watch them day after day; they are stern, brooding giants. They make a barrier along the horizon like the tents or fortifications of an immense army, and seem to hold us prisoners. Last night they were wonderful in the pink sunset light; but they always give me the same feeling, whether dark with cloud-shadows or gorgeous in sunlight, the sense of a silent irresistible fate—waiting there, patient, un pitying, eternal.

We see the lights of distant camp-fires burning after dark on the side of the first mountain range across the valley. Every night as twilight closes, we behold them shining always in the same place. I used to wonder what lonely men they might be, and if they could see our light—one little spark, faint and uncertain like theirs, but human. Now I am told that they are sheep-herders' camps. I asked how many men were together? "Generally," said my friend, "one man alone." He had met them on the Sierras and found them the most utterly discouraged men he had ever seen,—men who had been unsuccessful in all other ways. Now when I look at those fires they seem like signals of distress.

THE POET AND HIS MASTER.

ONE day the poet's harp lay on the ground,
 Though from it rose a strange and trembling sound
 What time the wind passed over with a moan,
 Or, now and then, a faint and tinkling tone,
 When a dead leaf fell shuddering from a tree
 And thrilled the silent wires all tremulously;
 And near it, solemn-eyed and woe-begone,
 The poet sat: he did not weep or groan.

Then one drew nigh who was all robed in white.
 It was the poet's master; he had given
 To him that harp, once in a happy night
 When every silver star that shone in heaven
 Made music ne'er before was heard by mortal wight.
 And thus the master spoke:

"Why is thy voice
 Silent, O poet? Why upon the grass
 Lies thy still harp? The fitful breezes pass
 And touch the wires, but the skilled player's hand
 Moves not upon them. Poet,—wake! Rejoice!
 Sing and make glad the melancholy land."

"Master, forbear. I may not sing to-day:
 My nearest friend, the brother of my heart,
 This day is stricken with sorrow; he must part
 From her who loves him. Can I sing, and play
 Upon the joyous harp, and mock his woe?"

"Alas, and hast thou then so soon forgot
 The bond that with thy gift of song did go—
 Severe as fate, fixed and unchangeable?
 Dost thou not know this is the poet's lot:
 'Mid sounds of war—in halcyon times of peace—
 To strike the ringing wire, and not to cease:
 In hours of general happiness to swell
 The common joy; and when the people cry
 With piteous voice loud to the pitiless sky,
 'Tis his to frame the universal prayer,
 And breathe the balm of song wide on the accursed air?"

"But 'tis not, O my master, that I borrow
 The robe of grief to deck my brother's sorrow,
 Mine eyes have seen beyond the veil of youth.
 I know what Life is, have caught sight of Truth;
 My heart is dead within me; a heavy pall
 Darkens the midday sun."

"And dost thou call
 This sorrow? Call this knowledge? O, thou blind
 And ignorant! Know, then, thou yet shalt find,
 Ere thy full days are numbered 'neath the sun,
 Thou, in thy shallow youth, hadst but begun

To guess what knowledge is, what grief may be,
And all the infinite sum of human misery;
Shalt find for each rich drop of perfect good
Thou payest, at last, a threefold price in blood;
What is most noble in thee—every thought
Highest and best—crushed, spat upon, and brought
To an open shame; thy natural ignorance
Counted thy crime; the world all ruled by chance,
Save that the good most suffer; but above
These ills another,—cruel, monstrous, worse
Than all before,—thy pure and passionate love
Shall carry the old immitigable curse."

"And thou who tell'st me this, dost bid me sing?"

"I bid thee sing, even though I have not told
All the deep flood of anguish shall be rolled
Across thy breast. Nor, Poet, shalt thou bring
From out those depths thy griefs. Tell to the wind
Thy private woes, but not to human ear,
Save in the shape of comfort for thy kind.
But never hush thy song, dare not to cease
While life is thine. Haply 'mid those who hear
Thy music to one soul shall murmur peace,
Though for thyself it hath no power to cheer.

Then shall thy still unbroken spirit grow
Strong in its suffering, and more tender-wise;
And as the drenched and thunder-shaken skies
Pass into golden sunset—thou shalt know
An end of calm, when evening's breezes blow;
And looking on thy life with vision fine,
Shalt see the shadow of a hand divine."



ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"THE OTHER WAY!" CRIED THE MISCHIEVOUS VOICE OF TWONNET.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITTAKER'S SHIP COMES IN.

POVERTY is always superstitious, if we may believe the Bonhomme Béranger, and Whittaker, driven to and fro between a growing love for Roxy Adams and an honest sense of obligation to pay for his education, had one superstition. His father had,

four years before, invested all his small savings in a whaling vessel sailing out of the port of New Bedford. News had come from the Arctic seas which led to the belief that the ship was lost. Distress at the loss of his property, with the superadded grief of losing his wife soon after, had caused the death of Whittaker's father. But the son had never been quite convinced that the

"Petrel" had gone down. And now he even dreamed at night of the "Petrel," weather-worn but richly laden, sailing into New Bedford harbor with Roxy on her prow, while he stood in the crowd of rejoicing stockholders, anxious friends of sailors, curious idlers, on the busy pier watching her return. But the "Petrel" never, except in Whittaker's dreams, floated again over the waters of Buzzard's Bay. He hoped in vain for his dividend, and the weary wives of sailors on the "Petrel" waited in vain for husbands whose grave-stones were the icebergs.

But if the "Petrel" did not come, another ship did. The rich and childless deacon, who out of his large means had lent young Whittaker enough to finish his education for the ministry, died, and remembering that notes and bonds could not add to his comfort in heaven, he willed to his beneficiary the amount of his debt. On the very morning of Twonnet's fortune-telling Whittaker had gone feverishly to the village post-office in the back part of a dry goods store, to look for the letter that should bring him news of the "Petrel." He readily paid the thirty-seven and a half cents postage on a letter from his brother, and opened it eagerly to read, not the return of the "Petrel," but the death of Deacon Borden and his own release from bondage. I am afraid that his joy at his deliverance from debt exceeded his sorrow at the death of his benefactor. He would now carry out a plan which he had lately conceived of starting a school, for there was no good one in the village. The two hundred dollars a year which this would bring, added to his two hundred from the Home Missionary Society and the one hundred of salary from the church, would be ample for his support and that of a wife.

He was so elated that he could not quite keep his secret. He had gotten into a habit of talking rather freely to Twonnet. Her abundant animal spirits were a relief to his sobriety, and he had observed that her regard for him was kindly and disinterested. So with his letter full of news, he began to walk the upper piazza, waiting for the blithe Twonnet to come out for she had returned home and was now, as she "made up" the beds, singing and chatting to her younger sisters half in French and half in English. In circumstances such as his, one *must* talk to somebody. Once he paused in his pacing to and fro and looked off at the deep green of the Kentucky hills, overlaid by a thin blue atmospheric enamel; he looked

through the grape-vines which over-clambered the upper piazza, to the great, peaceful current of the Ohio, flowing steadily in a majestic stillness;—a placid giant is that river;—he listened to the red-bird in a neighboring cherry-tree pouring out an ecstasy of amorous song to his mate, as he leaped joyously from bough to bough; and he, the grave, severe young minister, rejoiced in hills, and sky, and river and singing birds, half reproaching himself all the time for being so happy and feeling like a good boy that, under some impulse quite irresistible, has suddenly played truant.

Twonnet was long in appearing and Mr. Whittaker resumed his pacing to and fro, glancing every now and then at the hills and the river, and listening in a dreamy way to the delicious melody of the red-bird and the occasional soft cooing of a turtle-dove whose nest was in an apple-tree just beyond the garden fence. At last Twonnet came out on the piazza—or porch, as they call it in Indiana—and Whittaker told her, with what solemnity he could, of the death of the old deacon, and then of his own good fortune.

"I'm glad," said Twonnet, beginning to guess what had kept Whittaker from visiting Roxy.

"Glad the deacon's dead?" queried Whittaker, smiling.

"I do not know your friend and I can't be very sorry for him. But I do know you and I am glad, since he must die, that he was good enough to give you your debt. It shows he was prepared to go, you see, so my pleasure is quite religious and right," and she laughed roguishly. "Besides, you don't seem heart-broken about it, and——" but here she checked herself, seeing that she had given pain.

"I am afraid I have been selfish," said Whittaker,—all the gladness had gone now,—"but you don't know what a nightmare this debt has been. I don't wonder that debt makes men criminals—it hardens the heart."

"Well, Mr. Whittaker, if he had wanted you to feel sorry when he had gone, he ought to have given you the money while he was alive," said Twonnet, lightly. Then she started away but looked back over her shoulder to say teasingly, "Now, Mr. Whittaker, you'll go to see somebody, I'll bet."

"Twonnet," he called after her, and when she had stopped he asked: "Is there any reason why I shouldn't go to see somebody?"

"Of course not. Every reason why you should go right off. You are not too late, but you will be if you wait." This last was said with the old bantering tone, and Whittaker looked after her as she disappeared, saying to himself:

"A splendid girl. Pity she is so giddy."

After mature reflection lasting fifteen minutes, he decided to call on Roxy Adams that very afternoon. He had not understood Twonnet's warning, but some apprehension of grave disaster to his new-born hope, and the nervousness of an austere man who has not often found duty and inclination coincident, made him in haste to forestall any misadventure. He ate but little dinner, not even enjoying his favorite dish of dandelion greens cooked in good Swiss fashion. Mr. Lefauve watched anxiously and at last inquired with earnestness:

"Est-ce que vous ne vous portez pas bien, Monsieur?"

But Whittaker smiled and assured the host that he was well, but had no appetite.

Twonnet, at last, solemnly told her father that Mr. Whittaker had received a letter that very morning informing him of the death of an old friend, and this information tallied so little with the expression on the minister's face that Twonnet's father was quite suspicious that the girl was playing one of her little pranks on him. But when he looked again at Whittaker's face it was serious enough.

After dinner he tried to get ready with great deliberation. By severe constraint he compelled himself to move slowly, and to leave the little front gate of palings, painted black atop, in a direction opposite to that which his feet longed to take.

"The other way," cried the mischievous voice of Twonnet, from behind a honeysuckle which she affected to be tying up to its trellis.

"Presently," replied he, finding it so much easier not to keep his secret, and pleased with Twonnet's friendly sympathy. But that word, spoken to her half in tenderness, pierced her like an arrow. A sharp pang of jealousy and I know not what, shot through her heart in that moment; the sunshine vanished from her face. She had accomplished her purpose in sending Mr. Whittaker to Roxy, and now her achievement suddenly became bitter to her. She ran upstairs and closed her door and let down the blind of green slats, then she buried her head in the great feather pillows and cried her eyes red. She felt lonely and

forsaken of her friends. She was mad with the minister and with Roxy.

But Whittaker walked away in the sunlight full of hope and happiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WEATHER-BREEDER

PEEPS into the future are depressing. Twonnet's gypsy-gift did not raise Roxy's spirits. By means of divination she had suddenly found, not exactly that she was in love with Mark, but that she was in a fair way to love him. It was painful, too, to know that all the joy she had had in talking with Bonamy was not as she had thought it, purely religious and disinterested. Her sensitive conscience shuddered at the thought of self-deception, and she had been in this case both deceiver and dupe. She had little belief in Twonnet's gift of prophecy but much in her shrewd insight. Was it true, then, that the great, brilliant and self-sacrificing Mark loved her? This thought would have been enough to plunge her into doubt and questionings. But Twonnet's evident distrust of her hero vexed and perturbed her. And then to have her other hero suddenly thrown into the opposite scale drove her into a tangle of complex feelings. How did Twonnet know anything about Mr. Whittaker's feeling toward her? Was it likely that he would want to marry a Methodist?

Alas! just when her life was flowing so smoothly and she seemed to be able to be useful, the whole stream was suddenly perturbed by cross-currents and eddies, and she was thrown into doubts innumerable. Prayer did not seem to do any good; her thoughts were so distracted that devotion was impossible. This distraction and depression seemed to her the hiding of the Lord's face. She wrote in her diary on that day:

"I am walking in great darkness. I have committed some sin and the Lord has withdrawn from me the light of his countenance. I try to pray, but my thoughts wander. I fear I have set my heart on earthly things. What a sinner I am. Oh Lord! have mercy! Leave me not in my distress. Show me the right way, and lead me in paths of righteousness for thy name's sake."

The coming of Whittaker that afternoon added to her bewilderment. She did her best to receive him with composure and cordiality, but Twonnet's prophecy had so impressed her beforehand with the purpose of his visit that she looked on him from the

first in doubt, indecision and despair. And yet her woman's heart went out toward him as he sat there before her, gentle, manly, unselfish and refined. It was clear to her then that she *could* love him. But thoughts of Mark Bonamy and his mission intruded. Had Whittaker come a week or two earlier!

While the minister talked, Roxy could not control her fingers at her knitting. Her hands trembled and refused to make those motions which long since had become so habitual as to be almost involuntary. There was one relief; Bobo sat alongside of her and the poor fellow grew uneasy as he discovered her agitation. She let fall her knitting and pushed the hair from the boy's inquiring face, lavishing on him the pity she felt for her suitor, speaking caressing words to him, which he caught up and repeated like an echo in the tones of tenderness which she used. Whittaker envied the perpetual child these caresses and the pitying love which Roxy gave him. Roxy was much moved by Whittaker's emotion. Her pitiful heart longed not so much to love him for her own sake as to comfort him for his sake. Some element of compassion must needs have been mingled with the highest love of which she was capable.

The minister came to the love-making rather abruptly. He praised her and his praises were grateful to her, he avowed his love, and love was very sweet to her, but it was when, having exhausted his praises and his declarations, he leaned forward his head on his hand, and said, "Only love me, Roxy, if you can," that she was deeply moved. She ceased her caresses of the boy and looked out of the window in silence, as though she would fain have found something there that might show her a way out of the perplexities into which her life had come. Bobo, in whose mind there was always an echo, caught at the last words, and imitating the very tone of the minister, pleaded:

"Only love me, Roxy, if you can."

This was too much for the girl's pent-up emotions, she caught the lad and pressed him in her arms eagerly, saying or sobbing:

"Yes, I will love you, Bo, God bless you!"

She had no sooner relaxed her hold than the minister, in whose eyes were tears, put his arm about the simple lad and embraced him also, much to the boy's delight. This act, almost involuntary as it was, touched Roxy's very heart. She was ready in that moment to have given herself to the good man.

But again she looked out of the window, straining her eyes in that blind, instinctive, searching stare, to which we are all prone in time of perplexity. There was nothing without but some pea-vines, climbing and blossoming on the brush which supported them, a square bed of lettuce and a hop-vine clambering in bewildering luxuriance over the rail fence. The peaceful hen-mother, troubled by no doubts or scruples, scratched diligently in the soft earth, clucking out her content with a world in which there were plenty of angle-worms and seeming in her placidity to mock at Roxy's perturbation. Why should all these dumb creatures be so full of peace? Roxy had not learned that internal conflicts are the heritage of superiority. It is so easy for small-headed stupidity to take no thought for the morrow.

But all that Roxy, with her staring out of the window, could see was that she could not see anything at all.

"Will you tell me, Miss Adams," asked the minister, presently, "whether I am treading where I ought not—whether you are engaged?"

"No, I am not." Roxy was a little startled at his addressing her as "Miss Adams." For in a western village the Christian name is quite the common form of speech to a young person.

There was another long silence, during which Roxy again inquired of the idle-looking pea-vines, and the placid hen, and the great, green hop-vine clambering over the fence. Then she summoned courage to speak:

"Please, Mr. Whittaker, give me time to think—to think and pray for light. Will you wait—wait a week—or so? I cannot see my way."

"I cannot see my way," put in Bobo, pathetically.

"Certainly, Roxy. Good-bye!"

She held out her hand, he pressed it but without looking at her face, put on his hat, and shook hands with little Bobo, whose sweet infantile face looked after him wistfully.

He was gone and Roxy sighed with relief. But she had only postponed the decision.

The minister, who had carried away much hope, met Mr. Adams in the street, and, partly because he felt friendly toward everybody and toward all connected with Roxy in particular, he stopped to talk with him; and he in turn was in one of his most con-

trary moods, and took pains to disagree with the preacher about everything.

"It is a beautiful day," said Whittaker at last, as he was saying good-bye, resolved perhaps to say one thing which his friend could not controvert.

"Yes, nice day," growled Adams, "but a weather-breeder."

This contradictoriness in the shoe-maker took all the hopefulness out of Whittaker. The last words seemed ominous. He returned home dejected, and when Twonnet essayed to cheer him and to give him an opportunity for conversation by saying that it was a beautiful day, he startled himself by replying, with a sigh:

"Yes, but a weather-breeder."

CHAPTER XIV.

CARPET-RAGS AND RIBBONS.

"It seems to me —"

It was Mrs. Henrietta Hanks speaking to her faithful Jemima on the day after the events recorded in the previous chapter of this story. Jemima and her mistress were cutting up all manner of old garments and sewing them into carpet-rags, while Bonaparte Hanks, whose name is better known to our readers in its fore-shortened form as Bobo, was rolling the yellow balls of carpet-rags across the floor after the black ones, and clapping his hands in a silly delight, which was in strange contrast to his growing bulk.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Hanks, "that Mark and Roxy will make a match of it."

"Umph," said Jemima. She did not say "umph,"—nobody says that; but she gave forth one of those guttural utterances which are not put down in the dictionary. The art of alphabetic writing finds itself quite unequal to the task of grappling with such words, and so we write others which nobody ever uses, such as *umph* and *eh* and *ugh*, as algebraic signs to represent the unknown quantity of an expressive and perhaps unique oburgation. Wherefore, let "umph," which Jemima did not say, equal the intractable, undefinable, not-to-be-spelled word which she did use. And that undefinable word was in its turn an algebraic symbol for a whole sentence, a formula for general, contemptuous, and indescribable dissent.

"He goes there a good deal," replied Mrs. Hanks, a little subdued by Jemima's mysterious grunt.

"I thought he'd made a burnt sackerifice of hisself and laid all on the altar, and was agoin' off to missionate among the Texicans," said Jemima, prudently reserving her heavier shot to the last, and bent on teasing her opponent.

"Well, I don't imagine that'll come to anything," said Mrs. Hanks. "Young Christians in their first love, you know, always want to be better than they ought, and I don't think Mark ought to throw away his great opportunities. Think how much good he might do in Congress; and then, you know, a Christian congressman is such an ornament—to—to the church."

"An' to all his wife's relations besides," chuckled the wicked Jemima. "But for my part, I don't 'low he's more'n a twenty-leventh part as good as Roxy. She's jam up all the time, and he's good by spells and in streaks—one of the fitty and jerky kind."

"Jemima, you oughtn't to talk that way." Mrs. Hanks always pitted her anger and her slender authority against Jemima's rude wit. "You don't know but Mark 'll come to be my nephew, and you ought to have more respect for my feelings."

"They haint no immediate danger of *that*," answered Jemima, with emphasis. "He *may* come to be your nephew *to* be sure, and the worl' may stop off short all to wunst and come to a eend by Christmas. But neither on 'em's likely enough to make it wuth while layin' awake to think about it."

"How do *you* know?"

"Well, I went over arter Bobo yesterday evenin',* an' what d'ye think I see?"

Mrs. Hanks did not inquire, so Jemima was obliged to proceed on her own account.

"I see Mr. Whittaker a-comin' out of the house, with his face all in a *flash*, like as ef he'd been a-talkin' sumpin pertikular, an' he spoke to me kinder shaky and trimblin like. An' when I come in, I see Roxy's face sort a red and white in spots, and her eyes lookin' down and to one sides, and anywheres but straight,—kinder wander'n' roun' onsartain, like's ef she was afeared you'd look into 'em and see sumpin you hadn't orter."

"Well, I *do* declare!" Whenever Mrs. Hanks found herself entirely at a loss for

* "Evening," in the Ohio valley and in the South, is used in its primary sense of the later afternoon, not as in the eastern states, to signify the time just after dark.

words and ideas she proceeded after this formula to *declare*. She always declared that she did declare, but never declared what she declared.

"Well, I *do* declare!" she proceeded after a pause. "Jemimy Dumbleton, if that don't beat the Dutch! for you to go prying into people's houses, and peeping into their eyes and guessing their secrets, and then to run around tattling them all over town to everybody, and ——"

But the rest of this homily will never be known, for at this critical moment the lad with the ambitious name, who was engaged in developing his military genius by firing carpet-rag cannon-balls in various directions and watching their rebound, made a shot which closed the squabble between Mrs. Hanks and her help. He bowled a bright red ball—relic of an old flannel shirt—through the middle of a screen which covered the fire-place in the summer. When he heard the crashing of the ball through the paper he set up a shout of triumph, clapping his hands together, but when he saw that his missile did not come back from its hiding-place, he stood looking in stupefied curiosity at the screen, the paper of which had almost closed over the rent. He was quite unable to account for the sudden and total eclipse of his red ball.

Mrs. Hanks saw with terror the screen, which had cost the unskilled hands of herself and Jemima two or three hours of cutting and planning and pasting, destroyed at a blow. Mischief done by responsible hands has this compensation, that one has the great relief of scolding, but one would as well scold the wind as to rebuke so irresponsible an agent as Bobo. Mrs. Hanks seized him by the collar and shook him, then ran to the screen and put her hands behind it, holding the pieces in place as one is prone to do in such a case. It is the vague, instinctive expression of the wish that by some magic the injury might be recalled. Then she looked at her late antagonist, Jemima, for sympathy, and then she looked at the rent and uttered that unspellable interjection made by resting the tongue against the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawing it explosively. One writes it "tut—tut—tut," but that is not it at all.

Bobo fretted a little, as he generally did after being shaken up in this way, but having recovered his red ball, he was on the point of dashing it through the screen again,

when his mother prudently took it away from him, put on his cap, led him to the door and said:

"Go to Roxy."

"Go to Roxy!" cried the little fellow, starting down the path, repeating the words over and over to himself as he went, as though he found it needful to revive instantly his feeble memory of his destination.

Having thus comfortably shed her maternal responsibilities, Mrs. Hanks proceeded to shed the carpet-rags also, by arraying herself to go out. This was a very simple matter, even for the wife of one of the principal men in the town, for in those good old days of simplicity nothing more elaborate than a calico dress and sun-bonnet was needed to outfit a lady for minor shopping. Mrs. Hanks's sun-bonnet was soon adjusted, and she gave Jemima a farewell look, expressive of her horror of gossiping propensities, and then proceeded to where the tin sign beside the door read, "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantuamaker," for the purpose of verifying Jemima's report.

Miss Moore was all attention. She showed Mrs. Hanks the latest novelty in scoop-shovel bonnets which she had just brought from Cincinnati, got out her box of ribbons and set it on the table, and assented to everything Mrs. Hanks said with her set formula of "very likely, Mrs. Hanks, very likely."

Miss Moore was not at all the conventional old maid. She was one of the mild kind, whose failure to marry came neither from flirting nor from a repellent temper, nor from mere chance, but, if it is needful to account for it at all, from her extreme docility. A woman who says "indeed" and "very likely" to everything, is very flavorless. Adams had concluded to marry her now, perhaps, because he liked paradoxes and because Miss Moore with her ready assent would be the sharpest possible contrast to his contradictoriness. Then, too, she was the only person he could think of with whom he could live without quarreling. She never disputed anything he said, no matter how outrageous. He experimented on her one day by proving to her, conclusively, that polygamy was best and according to Scripture, and when he had done and looked to see her angry, she smiled and said, "Very likely—very likely, indeed."

Now that the long-becalmed bark of Miss Moore was about to sail into the

looked-for haven, she set all her pennons flying. This call from Mrs. Hanks, who was the sister of the first Mrs. Adams, seemed to her very significant. She became more complacent than ever before. If Mrs. Hanks thought the orange ribbon a little too bright, Miss Moore said, "very likely, indeed." If Mrs. Hanks thought the blue just the thing, Miss Moore was again impressed and said, "very likely." But when Mrs. Hanks said that on the whole the blue would not do, Miss Moore thought so, too.

At last Mrs. Hanks pushed back her sun-bonnet, fingered the rolls of ribbon absently, and approached the point of attack.

"Well, Miss Moore, they do say you're not going to be Miss Moore always."

The milliner smiled and blushed and bridled a little, and then gave way and tittered. For when a woman's courtship comes late, the omitted emotions of her girlhood are all interpolated farther on, and it is no affectation for her to act like a young girl. Young girl she is in all the fluttering emotions of a young girl. Only the fluttering does not seem to us so pretty and fitting as it might have been twenty years earlier.

"Well, I suppose Roxy wont trouble you long."

Miss Moore looked mysterious.

"Very likely, indeed," she replied, and then added with a blush, "I've heard she has a beau." Miss Moore had heard only of Mark's attentions, but the suspicious Mrs. Hanks was now on the track of Whittaker.

"Mr. Whittaker?" she queried.

"Very likely." This was said partly from habit and partly to cover her real surprise at hearing the name of Whittaker. But this mechanical assent did not satisfy the inquisitive lady.

"Now *do* you know anything about it, Miss Moore? Don't say 'very likely' but tell me plainly."

Miss Moore was cornered. She did not want to tell a lie, for Miss Moore was as truthful as a person of her mild temper could be. But she was very loth to confess her ignorance and thus lose something of her importance in the eyes of Mrs. Hanks.

"Well, being's it's you, Mrs. Hanks—being's it's you"—Miss Moore spoke as though she were going to sell a bonnet under price—"I don't mind telling *you* the plain truth without any double-and-twisting. I tell

you plainly 't I shouldn't be surprised 'f there was *something* in that, now I come to think of it. Very likely, indeed."

With this Mrs. Hanks had to be content, for to all further inquiries Miss Moore returned only her stereotyped assent.

At last Mrs. Hanks turned away from the ribbons without buying and said:

"Well, I must be going."

"Very likely," said Miss Moore from sheer habit. And then, too, she was turning over in her mind the intelligence Mrs. Hanks had given her, and what a nice morsel it would be to tell the wife of the ruling elder in Mr. Whittaker's church.

CHAPTER XV.

MARK'S MISSION.

"You don't say so." It was Sheriff Lathers who spoke, as he did so, putting his boots up on the mantel-piece, leaning back in his chair and spitting in the fire-place—expectorating by way of facilitating the expression of his ideas. He never could say anything of great importance without stopping to spit, and his little clique of hangers-on knew that when Major Tom Lathers thus loosened his mental machinery he was about to say something quite oracular. It was the signal for general silence and intense attention on the part of the bottle-nosed deputy and other interested disciples of the eminent and astute political philosopher whose misfortune it was that he must repose his boots on the poplar mantel-piece in the sheriff's office in Luzerne, rather than on the sofas in the United States Senate Chamber, for which last position of repose nature had clearly intended him. But while I have thus digressed the philosopher has run his sharp gray eyes in a scrutinizing way around the circle of admiring loafers, has rammed his fists into his pockets, corrugated his intellectual brow, resumed his meditative stare at the fire-place, in which there are the charred relics of the last fire it contained, destined to remain until the next fire shall be lighted in the fall. And now he is ready to speak.

"Well, I'll be swinged!" Here he paused. Pauses of this sort whet people's appetites. He looked about him once more to be sure that he had now fairly arrested the whole-hearted attention of his devout followers.

"I didn't believe on ways, as Mark Bon-

amy would go, and he wouldn't a gone a step ef the ole man hadn't a threatened. Mark's one of this 'ere kind: you can coax him and tole him with a yer of corn, but jist try to drive him and he wont. 'Git up,' says you, 'I wont,' says he; 'Git up *there*,' says you, 'I'll be dogged ef I do,' says he, and lets his heels fly and you keel over backward. I tried drivin' and tolin' last summer and he kicked up every time I tried the spurs onto him. But he's goin' to Texas shore enough, they say. That'll wear out soon and he'll be back here, like the prodigal son, eatin' swine's flesh with the rest of us."

Here he gave a knowing look at each of his auditors and received a significant blink in return.

Just at this point Mark Bonamy himself came in to attend to some business with the sheriff's deputy.

"Good morning, Major," he said, half-conscious at once that he had interrupted some conversation about himself.

"Howdy, Mark? Goin' to Texas, shore as shootin', so they say?"

"Yes." This with some hesitation, as of a man who would fain make an avowal with reserve lest he should want to creep out of it.

"Well, Mark," here Lathers paused, placed his feet on the mantel-piece again and again performed the preliminary rite of expectoration, "I do say that they aint many folks that gives up more'n you do in goin' away on a fool mission to convert the heathen. Now, Mark, it mayn't be a bad move *after* all. Texas is a small republic, and you may come to be president there, like Joseph did in the land of Canaan. Hey? And Texas may be hitched on behind Uncle Sam's steamboat some day as a sort of yawl. In which case look out for Mark Bonamy, United States Senator. It's better to be capt'in of a yawl than deck-hand on board the 'General Pike.' I don't know whether you're *such* a fool after all. Joseph didn't go down into Egypt for nothing. He had his eye on the corn."

Here Lathers winked at the deputy's luminous nose, and then looked seriously at Bonamy. Somehow Mark, at this moment, felt ashamed of his mission, and was quite willing to have Lathers impute to him interested designs rather than to appear to the eyes of that elevated moral philosopher a man who was somewhat disinterested and therefore a fool. The real chameleon is a

sensitive vanity, prone to change color with every change of surrounding.

Mark Bonamy was not yet a licensed preacher, nor even an exhorter, for his probation of six months had not expired. He exhorted in meeting by general consent, but as a layman. A glowing account of his abilities and of his missionary enthusiasm had been sent to Bishop Hedding, who immediately booked him in his mind as suited to some dangerous and difficult rôle; for Hedding looked on men as a chess-player does upon his pieces, he weighed well the difference between a knight and a rook, and especially between a piece with great powers and a mere pawn. The death of Dr. Martin Ruter had weakened the Texan mission. In Mark, as described to him, he saw a man of force who might in time prove of the utmost value to the church in that new republic. So he wrote to Mark, asking if he would proceed in the autumn to Texas and take a place as second man on a circuit of some five hundred miles around, with forty-seven preaching-places. The letter came at the right moment, for Bonamy had just returned from the great camp-meeting in Moore's Woods, with all his religious enthusiasm and missionary zeal at white heat. He had renewed for the tenth time in six months his solemn consecration of himself to some great work, had made a public and penitent confession of his backslidings, and resolved to grow cold no more. And of all his spiritual leaders none were wise enough to know and point out to him that this keying himself higher than his impulsive nature would bear, was one of his chief perils. Reactions were inevitable while he continued to be Mark Bonamy.

But while he was thus, as Cartwright would have said, "under a shouting latitude," there came the letter from the great bishop like the voice of God telling him to leave his father's house, and to get him out into the wilderness to seek the lost sheep. Many a man gets committed to some high and heroic course in his best moment, often wondering afterward by what inspiration he was thus raised above himself. Happy is he whose opportunity of decision finds him at high-water mark. Happy, if he have stability enough to stand by his decision after it is made.

Mark was not without debate and hesitation. He might even now have faltered but for two things. The influence of Roxy and of his father alike impelled him to accept. As soon as the word came to Colonel

Bonamy that Mark had received such a letter, he did his best, unwittingly, to confirm him in his purpose by threatening him again with disinheritance. It only needed to awaken the son's combativeness to give his resolution strength and consistency. Even the religious devotion of a martyr may gain tone from inborn oppugnancy.

Then there was the influence of Roxy. Her relation to Mark was only that of a confidential religious friend. He had had occasion to consult her rather frequently, sometimes when meeting her on the street, sometimes calling at her house. But how often does one have to remark that mere friendship between a young man and a young woman is quite impossible for any considerable time. There is no King Knud who can say to the tide of human affection, "thus far and no farther." Mark's love for Roxy had ceased to be Platonic—he was not quite Plato. But how should he even confess to himself that he loved Roxy. For loving Roxy and going on a mission to the Brazos River were quite inconsistent. A man was not supposed to want a wife to help him fight Indians, rattlesnakes, Mexican desperadoes and starvation. And to give up the mission for Roxy's sake would have been to give up Roxy also. He knew dimly that it was only in the light of a self-sacrificing hero that she admired him. Perhaps he unconsciously recognized also that this admiration of him on her part had served to keep his purpose alive.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE MEETING.

ON the Wednesday evening following Mark's reception of his call to go to Texas and his talk with Lathers, he would fain see Roxy. It was the evening of the prayer-meeting, and if he had been prone to neglect it, he would have found Roxy nowhere else. But he had no inclination in his present state of feeling to go away from the meeting.

The brethren had heard of the call to the mission, and most touching prayers were offered for his welfare and success. Mark himself prayed with deep and genuine pathos. Toward the last the minister called on Roxy to pray, and she who had been born full of the missionary spirit, who would have rejoiced to lay down her life for the lost sheep in the wilderness, who had been the source of most of Mark's inspiration, began to pray, not with her ac-

customed directness and fervor, but with a faltering voice. Twonnet's fortune-telling had awakened in Roxy a sense of the strength of her own feeling for Mark, and with this came a maidenly delicacy. She faltered, hesitated, picked her words, prayed in platitudes, until at last, after mentioning Mark only in the most general way, she proceeded to pray for those to whom he was sent. All the force of her strong nature found utterance in the cry of the lost, and when she ceased everybody was weeping. And when the brethren and sisters rose from their knees, the old schoolmaster in the amen corner started to sing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains ;"

and as everybody sang it with feeling, Mark felt ashamed that he should ever have thought of any other life than that of a missionary. It were better to die of malarial fever among the rowdies and rattlesnakes of the Brazos River, than to live a thousand years in ease and plenty. And when at the close of the meeting the military notes of "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" resounded through the old meeting-house, Mark regretted that so much time would intervene before he could reach the field of battle.

In this state of enthusiasm he walked home with Roxy. And this enthusiasm lifted him almost to the height of Roxy's perpetual exaltation. They talked of that in which they both were interested, and is it strange that they were drawn the one to the other by their community of feeling? Mark did not even now distrust himself; he did not once imagine that there was any difference between his flush of zeal, and the life-long glow of eager unselfishness and devoutness that was the very essence of the character of Roxy. He could not distinguish between himself—thin comet that he was, renewing his ever-waning heat, first by the fire of this sun and then by the radiance of that—and Roxy, the ever-burning fixed star whose fire of worship and charity was within herself. But taking himself at the estimate she put upon him, he rejoiced in having a friend worthy to sympathize with him, and when he parted with her, he pressed Roxy's hand and said:

"Oh, Roxy! if you were only going with me! You make me brave. I am better when I am with you. Think of the good we might do together. Some day I shall come back for you if you'll let me."

He held her hand in both of his, and he could feel her trembling.

His voice was full of pleading, and Roxy was in a flutter of mingled admiration, pity, and love. That this brave servant of the Lord, taking his life in hand, casting ambition, friends, and property behind him should appeal to her! She dared not speak and she could not pray. In a moment Bonamy had kissed her hand. A maidenly recoil seized her, she withdrew her hand, opened the gate and ran up the walk between the rows of pretty-by-nights and touch-me-nots. It was not until she stood in the door with her hand on the latch-string, that she turned toward her companion and said softly, in a voice suffused with emotion: "Good-night, Mark!"

And then she went into the house with her soul in chaos. Zeal, duty, and love, neither contended nor agreed. The scrupulous girl could understand nothing, see nothing. Pitying thoughts of Whittaker strove with her thoughts of Mark.

And that night she dreamed that she had set out to find the lost sheep that had left the ninety-and-nine and strayed in the wilderness, and Mark had set out with her. But ever they became more and more separated in the thorn-thickets of Texas, until at last Mark left her to travel on alone while he gave over the search. And the thickets grew higher and more dense, her feet were pierced with thorns, and her body exhausted with weariness. She saw panthers and catamounts and rattlesnakes and alligators and indescribable creatures of terror about her; they hissed at her and rushed upon her, so that she shuddered as she pushed on and on through the dense brake, wondering whether the poor lost sheep were not already devoured. But at last she came upon the object of her search environed with wild beasts. Trembling with terror she broke through and laid hold on the far-wandering sheep,—the monsters fled before her and the impregnable fold all at once inclosed her and the lost one. Then she discovered that the lost whom she had saved, was, by some transformation, Mark himself. And even while the Shepherd was commending her, the trembling girl awoke.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REMONSTRANCE.

AFTER her visit to the millinery and mantua-makery of Miss Moore, Mrs. Hanks debated with herself what to do. She could not consult Jemima, for Jemima be-

longed to the enemy. But upon debating various plans she resolved to see Roxy herself. She was Roxy's aunt, and the aunt ought to have some influence with the motherless niece, she reasoned. She was a little ashamed to go to Roxy now, it was so long since she had entered the old log-house which had sheltered her childhood in the days when wandering Indians still traversed at intervals the streets of the new village of Luzerne. But then she had been so busy with her own children, Roxy ought to make allowance for that.

These explanations she made to Roxy when she made her call on the next day after the prayer-meeting. She couldn't come before. And then Roxy was so steady that she didn't need looking after. It wasn't every girl that could keep a house so clean and do so much for her father. All this talk troubled Roxy. She was simple-minded and direct, and the lurking suspicion of ulterior purpose in her aunt's words, and the consciousness of having something to conceal, disturbed her.

"I understand, Roxy," she said at last, "that you've had one or two beaux lately. Now you know that I'm in the place of a mother to you, and I hope you won't do anything about marrying without consulting me."

Roxy bent over her sewing and grew red in the face. Mrs. Hanks interpreted this flush of indignation as a blush.

"I suppose you are already engaged," she said, with an air of offense. "I don't think you ought to treat your mother's sister in that way. I was told that you were engaged to Mr. Whittaker. I must say I don't think it the best you can do."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Whittaker or to anybody else," said Roxy, giving way to her rising anger, and breaking her needle. "I wish people would mind their own business."

"Well, Roxy, I must say that is not a nice way to treat me when I come to give you advice. If I can't talk to you, who can?"

Roxy's sense of injury and neglect which she thought she had conquered by prayer all revived now, and she bit her lip.

"I tell you plainly, Roxy, that if you marry Mr. Whittaker you'll get a cold Presbyterian that does not believe in real heart religion. They educate their ministers without asking whether they have a real divine call or not. Some of them, I expect, are not soundly converted. And

you know how you'll suffer for the means of grace if you join the Presbyterians. They won't have any praying or speaking by women. They don't have any class-meetings, and I don't think they have that *deep depth* of godliness you know that we Methodists believe in. And they don't allow shouting or crying, and that's a quenching of the spirit. So I say. For David says in the Psalms to shout and to cry aloud, and to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Now, I do hope you won't marry a cold-blooded Presbyterian that believes in predestination and that a certain number was born to be damned. And little children, too, for the Confession of Faith says that children not a span long are in hell, and ——"

"The Confession of Faith don't say that," said Roxy.

"Oh! you've been reading it, have you. I didn't know you'd gone so far. Now, I say that there's *some* good Christians in the Presbyterian church, but a Methodist that leaves her own church to join the Presbyterians has generally backslid beforehand. And a girl that changes her religion to get a husband ——"

"Who said I meant to change my religion to get a husband?" Roxy was now fiercely angry. "If you're going to talk that way, I will not stay and listen," and the girl drew herself up proudly, but her sensitive conscience smote her in a moment for her anger, and she sat down again, irresolute.

"Well, Roxy, you've got your father's temper along with your mother's religion. Though for that matter I think a temper's a good thing. But when you've got a chance to marry such a Methodist as Mark Bonamy, now, I don't see why you should take a poor Presbyterian preacher that hasn't got a roof to cover his head. Mark'll get over his mission soon. Missionary fever with young Christians is like wild oats with young sinners—it's soon over. You can cool Mark down if you try. Show him how much good he can do if he'll stay here and inherit his father's wealth. But Mark'll get his share anyway. The old man won't leave him out. And now, Roxy, you'll get over your freaks as I have got over mine, and if you miss your chance you'll be sorry for it. It isn't every day a girl whose father's a poor shoe-maker and who lives in a log-house, gets a man with a good farm and a brick house, and a chance of going to Congress or getting to be a bishop ——"

"Oh! Aunt Henrietta, hush!" Roxy

was on her feet now. "I've got nothing to do with Mr. Whittaker or Mark, and if I had, you've no business talking that way. If you don't hush I'll say something awful."

"Well, I declare! For a girl as religious as *you*, that's a pretty how-do-ye-do, aint it, now?"

Here Roxy left the room to keep herself from saying "something awful," leaving Mrs. Henrietta Hanks to gather her cape about her shoulders, put on her sun-bonnet and depart with the comfortable feeling that she "had cleared her skirts anyhow." The faithful discharge of a duty disagreeable to others maketh the heart of the righteous to rejoice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOSSIP AND GIGGLING.

MISS MOORE was a gossip of the good-natured kind. She never told anything for the sake of harming anybody. She was as innocent in her gossip as she was in her habit of plucking out her front hair with tweezers to make her forehead intellectual. The milliner's shop in a village is in some sort a news-dépôt. People bring hither their items of news and carry away whatever has been left here by others. It is a fair exchange. The milliner has the start of everybody else; for who should know so well as she whether Mrs. Greathouse will wear cherry ribbon or brown? Who knows the premonitory symptoms of a wedding so well as the skillful woman who trims the bonnet? And shall we condemn gossip? Only where it is thoughtless or malicious. For without the ventilating currents of gossip the village would be a stagnant pool. We are all gossips. The man who reads the daily paper may despise the "tattle" of the town, but he devours the tattle of the reporter who gets his livelihood by gossip. Whether we talk about a big world or a little one, it is the gossip about others that saves us from becoming eremites in the wilderness of our own egotism.

But did the red-bird that sang under Miss Moore's window that morning ask whether his notes were a delight to any one's ears? Or did he just whistle because whistling is a necessity of red-birdism? Miss Moore for her part did not ask whether her function was of use to the community or not. It was not her place to philosophize about gossips, but to gossip,—an employment in which she received the moral support of

the best citizens. And in a village the general consent of the best citizens is of more weight than the decalogue.

But why should anything so clearly beneficial as gossip be carried on clandestinely? Why is a bit of gossip told in a voice that has something sly and delightfully wicked about it? Is it that one enjoys copyrighted information, which one is not to tell,—or at most not with the name of the informant attached? Or is it that one likes to fancy oneself doing something forbidden?

At any rate Miss Moore, having possession of a bit of information which she knew would delight Mrs. Highbury, the wife of the principal ruling elder of Whittaker's church, was perplexed to find a pretext for calling on Mrs. Highbury that she might not seem to have come on purpose to tell tales. Experienced gossip that she was, she could not get over the notion that her traffic in information was illicit. She might have called on Mrs. Highbury outright; for there is no caste feeling in a village that proscribes the milliner. A woman was none the worse in the Hoosier Luzerne in 1841 for the possession of that kind of skill which we call a trade. But Miss Moore, at last, remembered something that she wanted to ask Mrs. Highbury's advice about, or at least she remembered something concerning which she contrived to make herself believe she wanted information or counsel. So Miss Moore went up under the grape-vines that led to Mr. Highbury's door, and then around over the stone-paved walk to the back-door, where the wide arbor shaded the broad pavement, in the middle of which stood the cistern with its hook in readiness for use.

Miss Moore went in over the broad clean porch into the sitting-room and was received cordially; for, besides her importance as a milliner, she was also a member of the Presbyterian church, and in those days of polemical animosities a small and somewhat beleaguered denomination held closely together.

"I thought I'd run over, Mrs. Highbury, and ask you about the cape to your bonnet. How long do you think it ought to be?"

Mrs. Highbury had a habit of leaving such things to the superior judgment of the milliner. For the milliner to throw the decision back on her, was like asking her to solve a problem in geometry. And so the plump, well-fed little lady sank down into her arm-chair and began rocking herself so energetically as to lift her feet off the floor at each

tilt backward. Her mind was exhausting itself in thinking how impossible it was that she should ever decide what should be the length of a piece of rose-colored silk at the base of a scoop-shovel bonnet.

"I declare to goodness, I don't know, Miss Moore." Here Mrs. Highbury opened her fan, and began to ply it and rock more vigorously and cheerfully than before. "Did you see the one that lady from Cincinnati had on at church, on Sunday?"

Of course, Miss Moore had noted every bonnet in the church. She was not such a heathen as not to make the most of her "Sabbath and sanctuary privileges." But she did not reply to Mrs. Highbury's question. For here was the opportunity she had sought. It was a dangerous leap from the cape of a straw bonnet in church to the parson's love affair, but there might not come a better opportunity.

"Yes; but now you speak of church, reminds me. Did you notice any change in Mr. Whittaker's appearance on Sunday?"

"No, I didn't. Why?"

Miss Moore felt her superiority now.

"Did you think he had the look of a man just engaged to be married?"

"You don't tell me Mr. Whittaker's going to be married," cried the stout little lady, forgetting to rock and allowing the toes of her shoes to rest on the floor.

"Well; I don't say anything about it. I've heard something of the kind."

"Who to, for goodness gracious' sake?"

"Well, that's a delicate question, especially in view of my peculiar circumstances; I suppose I oughtn't to say anything."

Miss Moore was human, and she knew that so long as she had a secret which curious Mrs. Highbury did not know, that lady was her humble servant.

"Yes; but you must tell me," pleaded Mrs. Highbury. "Mr. Whittaker ought not to marry without consulting the session. And if he consults the session I will know, I suppose. You can't keep secrets between man and wife."

"Very likely. But you know with me it's a sort of a family secret. Not exactly a family secret——" here Miss Moore tittered and stammered. "Well, you know, I didn't mean to let my own secrets out, but I suppose everybody knows. I never *did* see such a horrible town for gossip as this is. They won't let anybody's private affairs alone." Here Miss Moore's face reddened, and she smothered a girlish giggle.

Mrs. Highbury suddenly leaned forward

so as to bring her heels on the floor and began to fan herself again.

"Why, Rachel Moore, what 've *your* family affairs got to do with Mr. Whittaker's marrying. Is he going to marry you? You're too old,—I mean you're already engaged to Mr. Adams, they say. What do you mean? Don't be so mysterious, or folks 'll think you've lost your senses."

"I believe I have," said Miss Moore, and then she burst into another fit of laughing, while the aristocratic little dumpling rocked away again for dear life. Rocking was her substitute for thinking.

Miss Moore's habitual propriety and gravity soon came to her rescue, and she attempted to explain to Mrs. Highbury that by "family secret" she meant to allude—che—he—to the family—che—he—with which she was to become the—the—che—he—he,—or rather that Mr. Whittaker was not going to che—he—marry her,—but that it was somebody else who was going to be a che—he—he—he,—that is, he was going che—he—he—he—he.

Poor Mrs. Highbury did not know whether to laugh or get angry, and, being in doubt, she took a middle course—she rocked herself. Her round face had a perplexed and injured look, as she waited for Miss Moore to explain herself.

"I do believe that I am che—he—he—he," said Miss Moore.

"I know you are, Rachel. Why can't you control yourself and tell a straight story. Who is Mr. Whittaker going to marry; you, or your mother? You say it's in your family."

"My mother! Oh! che—he—he. Not my mother, but my che—he—he."

"Your che—he—he! What do you mean?"

"Not my che—he mother, but my daughter, che—he—he."

"Your daughter! Why, Miss Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't mean my che—he daughter, but my che—he—he—he—hoo!"

By this time, little fat Mrs. Highbury was also laughing convulsively and screaming between her fits of laughter.

"What is—what is che—he, what is your che—he—he?"

"My che—he—my che—he step-daughter, that is to be."

Mrs. Highbury grew sober and began to wipe her eyes.

"You don't mean Roxy Adams?"

"Yes, I do."

Mrs. Highbury shut her pretty mouth tight. She didn't know whether she approved or disapproved of Roxy Adams. How could she tell what she thought until she heard Mr. Highbury's opinion. For Mrs. Highbury's rôle was that of echo. It might be that Roxy Adams would make a good Presbyterian. It might be that she would corrupt the church. She would wait until her husband spoke. Then she would give him back his own opinions with emphasis, and tell her friends that she had "told Mr. Highbury so." People were certain that the little Mrs. H. had great influence with the big Mr. H. Turned him round her little finger.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON'S ONLY SISTER.

The only daughter of Augustine Washington and his wife Mary Ball who lived to see her brother the leader and ruler of a new nation, is spoken of in the family record as "Betty," and not Elizabeth, as some modern writers have called her. Betty she calls herself in all of her letters, and "From Mrs. Betty Lewis," is General Washington's indorsement of the epistles addressed to him. There is therefore no foundation for supposing this a mere pet name or diminutive for Elizabeth. She married Colonel Fielding Lewis, who had left his childhood's home—Warner Hall, in Gloucester County, Virginia

—when quite young, to settle in Fredericksburg, then considered so remote from the center of civilization that his friends predicted he would be scalped by the Indians.

Mrs. Lewis's only daughter married a Mr. Carter, of Virginia. Her sons were Fielding, George Washington, Howell, Robert and Lawrence. Lawrence married the beautiful "Nelly Custis," daughter of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son by her first marriage. Robert was his uncle's favorite, and held the position of private secretary to the General, with the title of Major, until his marriage, when he had to resign; for

Washington, while President, refused this responsible office to married men. Although Robert had to give up his post of honor in the presidential mansion, he continued to act as his uncle's agent, collecting his rents, finding tenants for his farms and attending to various matters of business for him, until the day of his death. In the war of 1812, Robert was captain of an artillery company. In 1821 he was elected Mayor of Fredericksburg, and was holding that position when his friend La Fayette paid his last visit to the United States. He invited La Fayette to visit Fredericksburg, which he did, and Captain Lewis made the speech of welcome at the public reception. George Washington Lewis, the second son of Mrs. Betty Lewis, served as *aide-de-camp* to Washington during the revolutionary war. Fielding and Howell, the other sons, never held any public office.

I now copy, *verbatim*, some of the quaint letters from Mrs. Lewis to her distinguished brother:

"September 24th 1793

MY DEAR BROTHER: The sickness in my family has Prevented my Writing sooner my daughter Carter has been extremely ill but is at this time better and myself owing to great fatigue am scarcely able to attend them, Harriot wishes to know what time it will be convenient for you to send for her, was it convenient for me to keep her I know of none that I would sooner have to live with me but my Income is so small and few servants that I cannot afford it I am Obligated to Buy everything that I Eat with the addishon of sope Candles, &c., in short the most trifling things made use of in the House, and my Income so small that I find it a hard matter to live and keep out of debt it is a Confinement to me as I have only two Horses to my Carriage that I cannot go to visit at any distance as I have two grand Children living with me that I am obliged to carry with me—

I shall be glad to hear from you by the first stage as I intend as soon as my daughter Carter leaves this to go up the Country if this Place continues so sickly—The family all Join me in love to you and my sister Washington I am Dear Brother, your aff'ct Sister,
BETTY LEWIS."

The "Harriot" alluded to in this letter (so abundantly provided with capitals, and so destitute of commas and periods), I find from one of earlier date, was Harriet Parke, a niece of Mrs. Washington by her first marriage. She was doubtless an orphan, for Mrs. Lewis expresses herself as willing to take charge of her, at her brother's request, if he will keep her well provided with "clothing, shoes, &c." of which she was

then sadly in want, and not allow her to be too great an expense to her hostess.

It is evident from a second letter, written a few months later, that Harriet remained with Mrs. Lewis, in spite of her allusions to her poverty—though we cannot discover that any provision was made to increase her income. That the old lady had no idea of voluntarily resigning *her* slaves, is apparent from the following letter to the good brother to whom she goes for advice and comfort in all her troubles:

"FEBRUARY 3rd 1794

MY DEAR BROTHER your letter of the 3th of this month with your kind Present to Harriot came safe to hand she values it more as it comes from Philadelphia and Expects it is more fashionable—things in this Town is scarce and very dear she seems truly sensible of the many favors receiv'd and says that she will make it her hole study to deserve them, I can assure you she is truly deserving of the favours receiv'd, I am not acquainted with any One who takes more care of there things and turns them to greater advantage.

My Dear Brother I wish you to give Howell some advice how to Proceed in regard to two Negroes that Run a way from me a few days before Christmas two of the Principal hands on the Plantation I expect their intension is to get to Philadelphia as they have a thought in getting there they will be free, the hole Crop I made the last year was thirty Barrils of Corn and a Hundred and tenn Bushels of Wheat, if I am so unfortunate as not to get them again, I have no Chance to make anything the insuing year.

I am Joined by the girls in Love and good wishes for you all,

BETTY LEWIS."

I do not know whether or not Mrs. Lewis obtained her runaway negroes; but the presumption is that she did, for her loss is not again alluded to when writing of her poverty; and although Washington liberated his slaves at his death, it is very certain that he considered them lawful property, otherwise one of such strict moral integrity would never have kept them in bondage during his life-time. He doubtless felt, what all good masters in the South ever felt in regard to their servants, anxious lest they should fall into the hands of unkind owners, and families be separated in the division of a large estate.

Mrs. Lewis's constant reference to Harriet Parke interests us in that very natural young lady, who liked "fashionable" clothes, and could not go to a "birth-night ball without a new dress;" her old ones being considered by his devoted sister too shabby for a rela-

tive of Washington; and we read the account of her matrimonial intentions in the following with pleasure and curiosity. The object of her choice must have been an uncommonly fine young man to draw forth such praise from an old lady, who thought "Harriot" so superior to most of her sex—poor Harriet, whose entire dependence upon her aunt's generous husband made her anxious about her wedding dress. Mrs. Lewis, now in her sixty-fourth year, spells worse than ever in the last letter. I copy:

"JULY 5th, 1796.

MY DEAR BROTHER I receiv'd your Letters of 26th and 29th of June, the day after I wrote to you I was attack with the ague and fever which has lasted ever since I had never been clear of a fever since, I Expected your coming threw Baltimore that you would ascertain Mr. Parks fortune thoe I beleive he would not tell anything fals on the Occasion, Harriot's Brother Wrote her a letter from Baltimore and likewise one to Mr. Parks congratulating them on there Intended Union which he says he makes no dout will be a very happy one, Lawrence was here at the time that Mr. Parks first spoke to Harriot on the subject and I beg'd of him to make all the inquire he could but never hard from him untill the letter I have mention'd here and concluded from that he had Inquired and was well Pleas'd, when Mr. Parks ask'd my consent I told him I had nothing to say to it that you ware the Person to be appli'd to, I have never concern'd myself with it I think Harriot is Old Enough now to make choice for her self, and if they are not happy I beleive it will be her one falt, he bars the Best caracter of any young Person that I know,

I now my Dear Brother have to thank you for your good intention of sending me a mule if you had any to spare, but had no write to Expect you to Disfurnish your self,

I am much obliged to you for your invitation to Mount Vernon but it is utterly out of my Power to get up, I beleive I wrote to you last fall that I had but two old Horses and in Tenn [word left out] from that my stable was broken open and the best of them carri'd of and from that day to this I have not har'd a word of him that was the forth charriot Hors that I lost in Fredericks you may Believe I had no great Parsiallity for the Place, Harriot is Better and is gone to the forth of July in Town but I think she looks badly.

My Love to you and my Sister Washington concludes me your

Affectionate sister

BETTY LEWIS.

P.S.—I fear you will hardly make out this as I have a violent Headake and a horrid caught—I beleive Harriot is distressed to know how she is to be Provided with things for a Weding Dress."

This was probably the aged sister's last letter to her brother; for she entered into

rest early in March, 1797. Her portrait, taken in her youth, represents her as a tall, handsome woman, with brown hair and eyes—her head held proudly erect and her full lips firmly, almost haughtily compressed, as if she had just issued some positive command to her army of tall sons. The contrast between her appearance and her husband's is very striking. Colonel Fielding Lewis has a placid, gentle face, not lacking character and firmness, but the index of a calm and even temper, and a warm-hearted, affectionate disposition. He died of consumption during the revolutionary war; but in spite of his feeble health, had managed to render some service to his country; for, when too weak to ride on horseback, he drove in his chariot to the Court House to make a speech calling for recruits for the army—a speech that, it is said, induced many to volunteer.

Mrs. Lewis often repeated to her children and grandchildren, the following story of her husband's patriotism, and her own insubordination during the war for independence. Hearing of the destruction of the cargo of tea at Boston, Colonel Lewis immediately confiscated all that could be found in his house; and knowing his wife's fondness for her favorite beverage, locked it up carefully in his own desk, to keep her out of the way of temptation. Time rolled on, and the war seemed likely to last indefinitely. Mrs. Lewis grew tired of her privations. There was *tea* to be had, if nothing else in the shape of a table luxury could be found in the house, and a cup of it she was determined to have, and besides, to drink it sociably with a friend. She managed soon, by strategy, to obtain her husband's keys without his knowledge, helped herself to tea, and sending off for a lady friend to share her stolen treasure, the two enjoyed a charming evening together in Mrs. Lewis's private sanctum, drinking deep draughts of the fragrant tea, which seemed only to have improved with age. They fancied themselves quite safe from the wrath of the guardian of the family honor, but Colonel Lewis no sooner had occasion to go to his desk, than he noticed the decrease in the quantity of tea, and at once suspected the thief. Sternly he rebuked his wife's weakness, asking her how the sister of the commander-in-chief of the army could partake with pleasure of anything that had come from hated England bearing the stamp of a tyrannical government, from whose yoke they were even then struggling so desperately to rid themselves.

Mrs. Lewis meekly confessed her fault, pleading, child-like, that she "wanted it so much," and then promised not to offend again.

It would not be just to close this brief sketch of one of the fairest matrons of the past century, without paying a tribute of praise to her many virtues. Like her "Sister Washington," who preferred the quiet of Mount Vernon to the stately receptions and levees of the republican court, she loved her peaceful country home, and never sought to share the homage paid her brother and his wife in the presidential mansion. Her whole life was devoted to the care of her children and grandchildren, and to the management of her estate after her husband's death. That she was greatly beloved by Washington is evident from the regular correspondence kept up between them, and from his fondness for her children, especially Robert, who seems to have been a greater favorite even than George, who was named for him.

I subjoin a hitherto unprinted letter, written by Washington to his nephew, Robert Lewis (son of the subject of this sketch), in which the general expresses his opinion of slavery. This letter was written four months before the death of Washington:

"MOUNT VERNON, 17th Aug't, 1799.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 7th instant came duly to hand, but being received with many other letters, it was laid by and entirely forgotten until I came across it yesterday again. Mr. Ariss's draught on Mr. James Russell for £42 pounds shall be presented to him, but if he is indisposed to pay it, or wants time to do it, he has a good pretext for delay, as you have sent it without your Endorsement, although made payable to *you*—Of the facts related in the enclosed letter, relative to the loss of his crop by the Hessian fly, I know nothing—If it should appear to you evident that Kercheval has used his true endeavour to raise the means to discharge his Rent and is deprived thereof by an Act of Providence, I am willing, however illy I can afford to do it, to make some reasonable abatement therefrom, of w'ch you, from enquiry, will be the best judge—It is demonstratively clear, that on this estate [Mount Vernon], I have more working negroes by a full moiety, than can be employed to any advantage in the farming system; and I shall never turn Planter thereon. To sell the overplus I cannot, because I am principled against this kind of traffic in the human species—To hire them out is almost as bad, because they could not be disposed of in families to any advantage, and to disperse the families I have an aversion—What then is to be done? Something must or I shall be ruined; for all the money (in ad-

dition to what I raise by crops and rents) that have been received for Land sold within the last four years, to the amount of Fifty thousand dollars, has scarcely been able to keep me afloat.

Under these circumstances, and a thorough conviction that half the workers I keep on this Estate, would render me a greater *net* profit than I *now* derive from the whole, has made me resolve, if it can be accomplished, to settle Plantations on some of my other lands—But where?—without going to the Western Country, I am unable as yet to decide; as the *least* if not all the lands I have on the East of the Alligany are under Leases or some kind of incumbrance or another—But as you can give me correct information relative to this matter I now *early* apply for it.

What then is the State of Kercheval's lot and the others adjoining? Are they under Leases? If not is the Land good? and how many hands would it work to advantage? Have I any other good Land in Berkley that could be obtained on reasonable terms?—Is that small tract above the Warm Springs engaged for the ensuing year?—How much cleared land is there on it?—and what kind of buildings?—How many hands could be usefully employed thereon?

Information on these points, and any others relative thereto, would be acceptable to me.

The drought has been so excessive on this Estate that I have made no Oats—and if it continue a few days longer, shall make no Corn—I have cut little or no Grass; and my Meadows at this time are as bare as the pavement—of consequence no second Crop can be expected—These things will compel me, I expect, to reduce the mouths that feed on the Hay—I have two or three young Jacks (besides young Royal Gift) and several she-Asses that I would dispose of—Would Fauquier, or where else, be a good place to dispose of them?

I am glad to hear that your bro: Lawrence is so much amended as your letter indicates—whether it be from Sulphur applications or other causes: but if Doctr Baynham, under whose hands he was, was unable to effect a radical cure, I should not place much confidence in Voss's Spring, as the disorder must be deep rooted.

Your Aunt unites with me in best wishes for Mrs. Lewis, yourself and family, and

I am Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and

Affectionate Uncle

G WASHINGTON

P S—Since writing the foregoing, Mr. Anderson informed me that he saw you in Alexandria yesterday, and that you told him you were to be in Winchester on Monday or Tuesday next: being desirous that this letter should get to your hand as early as possible and especially while you were over the Ridge, I have put it under cover to Mr. Bush of Winchester with a request that if you should not be there to send it by Post to Fauquier Court House.

MR. ROBERT LEWIS."

LITTLE SIGRID.

A BALLAD.

LITTLE SIGRID, fresh and rosy, was a bonny maid indeed,
Like a blossom fair and fragile, peeping from the dewy mead.

Little Sigrid, fresh and rosy, stood before her father bold;
Blue her eyes were as the heavens, bright her hair like marigold:

"Father dear, 'tis drear and lonely for a maid as fair as I,
Here, unsought by gallant wooers, as a maid to live and die.

"Saddle then thy fleetest chargers, whether good or ill betide,
For a twelvemonth I must leave thee, and in haste to court will ride."

So they saddled steed and palfrey; glad in heart young Sigrid rode
By her merry train attended to the gallant king's abode.

"Little Sigrid," so the king spake, "here by Christ the White I swear,
Never yet mine eyes have rested on a maid so wondrous fair."

Little Sigrid, laughing gayly at the young king as he swore,
Blushed the while a deeper crimson than she e'er had blushed before.

Flushed with joy each day ascended from the sea and westward waned,
And in little Sigrid's bosom happiness and gladness reigned;

For she rode with knights and ladies to the chase at peep of morn,
While the merry woods resounded with the blare of fife and horn.

And the night was bright with splendor, music, dance and feast and play,
Like a golden trail that follows in the wake of parting day.

Quoth the king to little Sigrid,—hot was he with wine and glee:
"I do love thee, little Sigrid; thou must e'er abide with me."

And the foolish little Sigrid to the king made answer so:
"I'll abide with thee and love thee, share thy joy and share thy woe."

"And the day," the gay king whispered, "that to thee I break my troth,
May'st thou claim my soul, my life-blood, to appease God's righteous wrath."

And long days, from eastward rising, sank in blood beneath the west,
And the maid, once merry-hearted, bore a secret 'neath her breast.

"Hast not heard the merry tidings—how the king, whom weal betide,
Rode abroad through seven kingdoms, rode abroad to seek a bride?—

"How in baking and in brewing they more malt and meal have spent,
Than from Michaelmas to Christmas well might feed a continent?"

Sigrid heard the merry tidings; with a tearless, dimmed amaze
She beheld the young bride coming, saw the halls with lights ablaze,

And with hurried steps and breathless to the river-bank she sped,
Leaped into the silent billows, closing dumbly o'er her head.

Winter blew his icy breath and silvered all the earth with frost:
Spring arose warm-cheeked and blushing, followed by his flowery host,

And Sir Halfred, Sigrid's brother, straight bestrode his charger gray,—
Harp in hand, wild ditties singing, rode he to the court away.

Far and wide renowned that harp was for its strength and rich design;
It was wrought with strange devices from the earth and air and brine.

But the seventh night the weary charger at the river's side
Stumbled and the harp fell moaning down upon the darkling tide.

And the soul of little Sigrid, wandering homeless, seeking rest,*
 Slipped into its hollow chamber, hiding in its sounding breast.
 But Sir Halfred clasped it fiercely, and its tone rose on the breeze
 Like the voice of one that vainly would his wakeful woe appease.
 And the king with court assembled, heard the weird lamenting tone:
 "Summon swift that goodly harper to the threshold of my throne."
 Then they summoned young Sir Halfred, fair to see and tall was he,
 As he stood with head uplifted in that gallant company.



And he touched the harp with cunning; gently rose its tuneful breath.
 But the king sat mute and shivered, and his cheeks were pale as death.
 Halfred smote the harp with fervor, wildly rang its wail of grief—
 On his throne the young king quivered,—quivered like an aspen leaf.
 As the third time o'er the metal with a wary touch he sped
 Snapt each string with loud resounding—on his throne the king lay dead.
 Through the courtiers' ranks a shuddering, terror-haunted whisper stole:
 "It is little Sigrid coming back to claim his faithless soul."

* It is a very prevalent superstition in Norway and in many other countries, that the soul continues to haunt the place where the body rests, unless it is buried in consecrated ground.

THE MAJOLICA OF CASTELLI.



POLYPHEMUS PLAYING UPON THE PIPE, CONTEMPLATING THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA. BORDER: CUPIDS AND FLOWERS.
INSCRIPTION: POLIFEMO—L. G. P. (LIBORIO GRUE PINXIT).

It is with great satisfaction that I see that a number of writers of merit in America have published important studies on the history of ceramic art, taking as a basis for their observations my collection at present on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I have thought it better not to speak of the schools about which there has been the most talk, but intend to gossip a bit concerning the last period of majolica,—the period of the Abruzzi.

A visit that I recently made to the interesting artistic exposition of Naples affords occasion for what I am going to say; for there a wise provision had been made of a retrospective section intended to show the development of art in the southern provinces of Italy.

This retrospective department, which is now closed, embraces twenty-three rooms without counting those intended for private collections. In these one can admire reproductions of the most ancient frescoes of the catacombs and early churches; the bust of Sigelgaita Rufolo from the dome of Ravello

near Amalfi; the bust of Pietro delle Vigne and that of mediæval Capua which adorned the arch of Frederic II. in that city; the columns of Casteldelmonte; the parchments decorated in imitation from the celebrated abbeys of La Cava and Montecassino, as well as the works of Neapolitan masters from Colantonio del Fiore to the painters of the seventeenth century. The art of the Neapolitan provinces was completely represented, and the majolica of the Abruzzi together with the porcelains of Naples and Capodimonte occupied fifteen rooms.

The articles comprised between the numbers 328 and 338 of my collection* exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum come from the workshops of Castelli, province of Teramo, Abruzzi. They form examples of the last products of the history of faience in Italy, about which something has been written in Italy and elsewhere, but in a very confusing

* With one exception, these pieces are all reproduced in the accompanying engravings, with titles from Signor Castellani's catalogue.—EDITOR.

way. The pieces of faience from the Abruzzi, going for the most part into France and England, were at first attributed to Naples,



SMALL DISH.—LANDSCAPE. BORDER: CUPIDS AND FLOWERS. TINGED WITH GOLD. (CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

and at that time the belief obtained that Castelli was one of the suburbs of that city, while, in fact, it was separated from it by three provinces.

The traveler who comes from Ancona, while following the coast of the Adriatic, enters the southern provinces after having crossed, close to their mouths, the Tronto, the Vibrata, and the Tordino; there he comes at once upon the valley of the Vomano, whose bed is at this day occupied for the most part by green and tufted woods. On the summits of the surrounding hills, which probably at that day were covered with oaks and chestnuts, stood in its pride the town of Atri, the Hadria of the Piceni, a spot which contends, according to the erudite of the land, with the Venetian Hadria for the honor of giving a name to the sea which washes its coasts. At the back of this picture the scene is one of great variety; behind an infinite number of levels and undulations arises the majestic amphitheater of the Apennines, and from the center of the highest crags springs like a giant the Gran Sasso d' Italia, a peak cut clear down into the bosom of a deep valley. There run in tumultuous waves the cold waters of the Mavona and other torrents formed by the perpetual snow, all of them finally joining the river Vomano. Between two of these torrents, the Rio and the Leomagna, sits the little town of Castelli, which, almost in ruins, looks like an abandoned swallow's-nest, so devoid is it of vegetation on account of the banks of gravel and sand which support it.

At the beginning of this century the approach to Castelli was by a road that followed the outer circumference of the city,

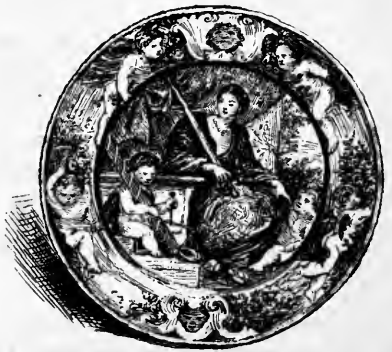
and by the small gates on the seaward side. At the present day the entrance is difficult; the violence of the torrents has continually cast down enormous blocks of stone. In 1834 the Church di San Pietro fell in ruins, and with it disappeared the tombs where the remains of those illustrious citizens were preserved who rendered the name of Castelli celebrated in the world.

In spite of her state of desolation, known to the government, but in no wise relieved



SMALL DISH.—SUMMER. BORDER: CUPIDS AMONG FLOWERS AND MASKS. (CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

by it, Castelli still possesses inhabitants desirous of preserving the old traditions; her majolica, painted in the very same *botteghe* where worked the famous masters, is sought for in the markets of Dalmatia and the Italian provinces. When the art of the majolica of the Abruzzi was at its apogee it was a fine sight to witness the return from the fair of Sinigaglia of the ceramic artists, their broad girdles full of gold. That prosperity continued up to the year 1820, when it



SMALL DISH.—JUSTICE. BORDER: CUPIDS, FLOWERS AND MASKS. (CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

was still the custom to deck the tables and dressers of the Signory with vessels painted in the style adopted by Gesualdo Fuina.

This painter, to whose pencil we owe the beautiful perfume vase of my collection (see engraving on page 517) donned the simple costume of the peasant and himself carried to the market the coffee-cups which he had decorated with flowers and human figures, in imitation of the porcelain ware of Naples. One day he went to Aquila, the capital of the Abruzzi, and asked to be admitted to an audience with the Marquis Dragonetti, who at that time held one of the highest places under the government. While the lackeys were repulsing Gesualdo in a rude and coarse manner, the illustrious

school, he would have had a double title to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens.

According to a monograph on the origin of the art of majolica in the Abruzzi, published by my friend Professor Felice Barnabei (*"Nuova Antologia,"* August, 1876), I understand that the most ancient monument of this art consists in a painting after the Faëntine style executed at Castelli in 1551, by Master Orazio Pompei. He was the first of that galaxy of artists, many in number, among whom the Grues were illustrious, and in whose biography all the history of the ceramics of Castelli lies condensed.



PLATE.—POLYPHEMUS THROWING STONES AT ACIS AND GALATEA. BORDER OF CUPIDS AND FLOWERS.
INSCRIPTION: POLIFEMO—L. G. P.

nobleman came out of his house, recognized him, embraced him with words of apology, and begged him to share his repast. At Castelli old men still exist who can remember the painter, Gesualdo Fuina. They tell how, when they were very young, they saw him shut himself up in a room on the ground floor, into which he allowed no one, not even his children, to enter, for fear the secrets of his art might be revealed. "Ceramists detest ceramists," is an ancient Greek proverb which found a wonderful confirmation in Fuina, and it is all the more to be regretted because, had he founded a

Francisco, son of Marco Truo (a family name transformed afterward into that of Grue), was born in the year 1618. He freed the art from the servile imitation of the manner of the schools of Northern Italy, and founded a new style carried to the highest perfection by Carantonio his son. His inspiration was drawn from the works of the Caracci, whose famous designs in the Farnese Palace at Rome he frequently repeated, and excelled chiefly in landscape, reproducing with admirable delicacy the etchings of Mariette, and adding to them outlines and high-lights of gold. Pieces done



PROFUMIERA VASE.—DECORATED WITH MEDALLIONS.

Subjects: The sacrifice of Isaac (here shown); Jesus found by his parents; Samson rending the lion; the Samaritan,—with sixteen others, both sacred and profane. Particularly fine are the medallions of the cover with costumes of the Eighteenth Century. Work of Gesualdo Fuina.

by his hand were eagerly sought. Among the documents in the lawsuit which took place among his sons in regard to his will, and on which the celebrated lawyer Vargas Macciucca pronounced a verdict at Naples, in 1729, there was one paper, still preserved in the archives of the Grue family at Atri, in which it is said:

"Carlantonio was so excellent and unique a workman in the art of painting vessels of earthenware, that perhaps,—and without a perhaps,—there was never his equal in the past, nor ever will be in the future. The pecuniary value of his work is revealed by the instrument drawn by the brothers in the lawsuit; for they give as the price of four cups and saucers due to the pencil of their father, twenty-four ducats, according to folio 16.

"The riches accumulated by him in his profession were exceedingly great, having had the honor of

serving the needs of his Holiness the deceased Pope Clement XI. and His Catholic Majesty the Emperor of Blessed Memory, besides other great Princes of Europe."

Having married Hippolyta Pompei, he had by her Francescantonio (6 March, 1686), and Anastasio (31 August, 1691). These children, having lost their mother, were confided to the care of Orsola Virgili, whom Carlantonio took for a second wife. From this marriage were born Aurelio (1699) and Liborio (1702). This last is the author of two plates in my collection representing the giant Polyphemus, after the pictures of Caracci in the Farnese Palace. Having a large family, the father wished to make a priest of Francescantonio and teach his other sons to follow his profession. The eldest resisted his father's desire for a long time, but at last he was compelled to yield, and having donned the ecclesiastical dress, was shut up in the seminary of Pennes. Having finished his Latin studies, which were of great assistance to him, and being wearied one fine day of religious life, he resolved to run away, and went to the house of one of his relatives to hide. Having been discovered by his father, he was sent to finish his theological studies at Elscoli; but when the time came for pronouncing the monastic vows he begged so hard and so effectually that he obtained permission to study medicine at Teramo, under the direction of Antonio Tattoni. At



PLATE.—ALLEGORICAL FIGURE: A WOMAN EMBRACING A WHITE UNICORN. (LIBORIO GRUE.)



PLATE.—VENUS AND ANCHISES, WITH CUPID IN VICINITY. (CARMINE GENTILE.)

the end of a year he abandoned medicine, went to Naples to study law, and afterward to Rome to perfect himself in canonical law. Later on we find him at Urbino under pretext of taking his degree at the univer-

tell more than what is related by the Chevalier S. Chambini, who reconstructed its history with the aid of the original documents used by him for his biography of the painter :

"Of all the feudal lords, that one who plunged Castelli into the greatest depths of woe was the Marquis Don Paolo Mendoza. In 1706 he wished to increase the taxes, but his vassals appealed to the viceroy and got a judgment in their favor. Mendoza, furious at the result, punished the principal authors of the complaints made to the vice-



CUP.—LANDSCAPE. (CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

sity, but really with the purpose of adding to his knowledge in the ceramic art. Having been proclaimed a doctor of philosophy and theology, he returned to Castelli in 1706. Somewhat later he moved to Bussi, a little district in the province of Aquila, with the intention of opening a factory of majolica ware and improving the local manufactures, which, after his departure, began once more to produce the common pottery which they fabricate to this day. He resided at Bussi from 1713 to 1715, and made while there certain paintings which at present are very rare and exceedingly prized. On account of the troubles that agitated his native region he returned to Castelli in 1716. Of what happened then I cannot

roy with prison and exile, and as if that were not sufficient to appease his wrath, he sent to Pietra Camela, another district under his lordship, to recruit forces in order to pillage and sack Castelli. These vile mercena-



CUP.—A YOUNG SHEPHERDESS TENDING HER FLOCKS. (CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

ries, commanded by two famous brigands, Ottavio Cappella and Carmine Magliocco, were vigorously repulsed and crushed by the townsfolk of Castelli, who, having come together at the mournful tolling of the tocsin, accomplished prodigies of valor and heroism."

In this skirmish the captain of the people of Castelli was our painter-ceramist, Francescantonio Grue.

The Marquis Mendozza instituted a severe tribunal in order to discover who were the ringleaders of the revolt, and fifty-four citizens were compromised. Among them Francescantonio Grue, recognized as the chief culprit, was put in chains and sent to the prison of La Vicaria in Naples. There he remained ten years, and employed that time partly in designing, partly in etching, and often in expressing his scorn in satirical poems.

When Carlantonio died in 1723, his son Francescantonio was still in prison at Naples. Hardly had he regained his freedom when he set to work in Naples itself, and probably he never would have returned to Castelli if he had not been recalled by important busi-

ness. So, in 1735, he made the return voyage to the Abruzzi, with the intention of returning to Naples as soon as possible, in order to be employed in the new factory which the new king wished to establish there. But his desire was not fulfilled. He never left his native town again, but died there on the 24th of August, 1746.

Carmine Gentile followed the school of Carlantonio Grue. He merits a place of honor among the painters of Castelli. His eldest son Giacomo Gentile died very young, and his youngest son Bernardino did not support the reputation of his father. One may say that the art of their country died with these artists and their families.

Saverio Grue, his son, who had accompanied him from Naples to the Abruzzi, returned to the capital of the kingdom in which he was born, and where he could make more money in the new porcelain industry of Capodimonte, the manufacture of which was founded and supported at the expense of the royal house. A little while after, these porcelains became the fashionable taste of the period, and took the place of majolica ware.



SMALL DISH.—ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.
BORDER: FLOWERS AND CUPIDS. TINGED WITH GOLD.
(CARLANTONIO GRUE.)



SMALL DISH.—ALLEGORICAL FIGURE.
INSCRIPTION: MANSVETUDO.
(CARLANTONIO GRUE.)

PEACE.

A KEEN wind gleams, and all the ground
Is bare and chapped with bitter cold;
The ruts are iron; fish are found
In ice encased as in a mold;
Now frozen hill-tops ache with pain,
And shudders tremble down each shy
Deep rootlet burrowing in the plain:
Now mark the sky!

She softly pulls a downy veil
Before her clear Medusa face;
This, falling slow, abroad doth trail
Across the wold a feathery trace
Beneath whose folds the moaning earth
Asleep him stretches dreamily,—
Forgot both pain and summer's mirth:
Soothed by the sky.

A WEDDING UNDER THE DIRECTORY.



IN the French Republic, second year,
About the first of May,
(It was Germinal, they say)
A wedding party went on their way
Under the newly budded trees
In the Garden of the Tuileries,
That was crowded far and near;
And old, and young,
They chatted, and sung,
For the wind was mild, and the weather was clear.

This newly wedded groom and bride
 Strolled slowly homeward side by side,
 He holding her reticule and fan,
 And counting himself a happy man,
 She thinking herself a happy wife,
 And Buddal the brightest season of life.
 Oh, she was fair in her long white dress
 Of silk, or satin—who cares which now?
 With her yellow curls low down on her brow,
 Under her flowing bridal veil,
 That made her look just a trifle pale,—
 Pure as the rose-bud in her breast,—
 (Ah, little bird, to have such a nest!)
 A picture of perfect loveliness!

What do you think of your Aucassin,
 O beautiful Nicolette?
 He is brave without, and good within,
 And he will never forget!
 Life is rosy with him to-day,
 As he struts along with your big bouquet,
 And his jaunty hat—no cockade there!
 (Does he think of the 13th Vendimaire?
 No, he lives, so he was away,
 Or was *not* in the Rue St. Honoré!)
 Do you guess what songs are singing within
 The half-turned head of your Aucassin?
 Hearken, and you will hear
 In your inner ear:
*“Ma-miè,
 Ma douce amie,
 Réponds à mes amours.
 Fidèle
 A cette belle
 Je l'aimerai toujours.”*

What do you think of your Nicolette,
 O Citoyen Aucassin?
 Without, a coy rose-bud coquette,
 She's as chaste as a lily within!
 The sprays above her are not so sweet,
 Nor the day so debonair,
 As she with her delicate, noiseless feet
 Tripping from stair to stair.
 You lucky fellow, you have on your arm
 A loving, confiding, perfect charm!
“Tra-la! tra-la!” her light heart goes
 As she trips and skips on the tip of her toes.
 Her slippers were made by Bourdon: her hair
 Was dressed by Léonard—*Peste!* Why do you smile?
 I know his style,
 And, as Buffon says, the style is the man,
 The Citoyenne's is *à la Persane*.
 Do you know what pretty chansonette
 Runs through the head of your Nicolette?
*“Je le veux; car c'est la raison
 Que je sois maître en ma maison.”*
 (That elderly person looking this way
 Wrote that *vieille ronde gauloise*—Beaumarchais;

He is lifting his hat. "*Merci, M'sieu.*")
 Such is the song she is singing to you:
 But deeper down, where her feelings are,
 She is crooning the dirge of the queen of Navarre,
 (See that she does it never!)

"*Je n'ay plus ny père, ny mère,
 Ny sœur, ny frère.*"
 Here she sighs,
 And looks in your eyes,
 And hopes you will love her forever!

What do you think of the happy pair,
 O saucy, pert Dorine?
 You only think that you are fair,
 And you know you love to be seen.
 You have no heart, but plenty of art,
 And you flatter yourself that you are smart—
 Don't be so quick,
 It is my vile English—"Tu est chic!"
 You are wearing a love of a hat, Dorine,
 And what dainty satin shoes!
 Whose miniature is that, Dorine,
 On your little white neck?
 Do you run at his beck?
 But remember you still have something to lose;
 She heeds me not—she is lost, not won,
 And is singing a song of Villon:
 "*Dictes moy, ou ne en quel pays
 Est Flora la belle Romaine,
 Archipiada, ne Thais
 Qui fut sa cousine germaine?*"

HE SINGS.

"*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
 Miron-ton, miron-ton miron-taine ;
 Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
 Ne sait quand reviendra,*"
 And Nicolette hummed the refrain,
 And Dorine went "*Tra-la-la.*"

(HIS FRIEND WARNS HIM.)

"What are you doing, and why so gay,
 Georges Cadoudal? A word in your ear.
 Barras and Carnot have seen you here,
Mon cher camarade at Savenay!
 O General Cadoudal, fly with your wife,
 Madame, beseech him to save his life!
 I warn you, *ami*, have nothing to do
 With Pichegru;
 For he is as rash as you are brave,
 Or you will fall in the Place de Grève,
 Riddled with bullets!" "We'll change the strain,"
 Said Cadoudal, "with a new refrain:
 '*Général Cadoudal est mort,
 Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;
 Général Cadoudal est mort,
 Est mort et enterré.*'"
 "*Fi donc,*" Dorine said. "*Mais il est fort.*"
 —And he was, on that terrible day.

A SUNDAY IN LIMEBURGH.

THERE is but one Limeburgh, and the Macintyres are its prophets. Gazetteer-makers will tell you that Limeburgh is a post-village—2,000 inhabitants—in Pennsylvania; but the inhabitants know that the world outside is a very narrow rim indeed—a mere saucer, that holds the cup of which they are the precious contents. After you have lived there awhile, you begin to feel that the creation of man, the flood, the signing of the Declaration, were all preparatory events, decreed by Providence with an eye to the Limeburghers.

The town was founded in the dim ages of American antiquity (when calashes were worn, and estates were tomahawk claims) by a Macintyre and a Macintosh. They intermarried; they have apparently lived and gone on intermarrying ever since. The first pair who built a house on the limestone hill were Scotch-Irish,—sandy-skinned, hawk-faced, highly genteel people. You may find them duplicated now in every one of the village shops or houses,—a hook-nosed, pale-eyed folk. A certain kind of gentility and a certain kind of piety have reproduced themselves from generation to generation, in the habits and manners of the villagers. Strangers, coming within these cast-iron limits, always report, at first, that they have found a most refined and godly community, but they presently complain of a torpor of brain, as if the air had been breathed too often, and go away as fast as they can.

On this Sunday morning, Limeburgh repaired, with its customary inexorable purpose, to meeting, in spite of a rising storm. The streets were full of icy puddles, and a fierce wind was blowing down the gorge, but the long procession paced sedately as usual down the road to where the square meeting-house glared a bright yellow among the shivering black trees. A dry fine snow was falling and lay on the top ridges of the stubble. The slope of meadow from the road to the woods was a sheet of even whiteness, as the snow had begun before dawn.

Under a dead pine-tree which stood in the meadow about a hundred feet from the road, there lay a queer oblong heap, quite covered by snow, except for a tuft of foxy-looking cloth or fur which thrust itself out. People glanced curiously at it as they went by, but the Sabbath was no time for idle curiosity. The boys looked at it, resolving to play hookey to-night and root it out.

The Rev. John Knapp, the young minister from Coketown, was in Limeburgh that day, and he, too, caught a glimpse of it, and, like the boys, had half a mind to jump the fence and to pull it out. But he was with Judge Macintyre's wife and daughters, and could not go. Miss Susy's rose-colored plumes blew airily across his shoulder. A strange thing happened to him just then. Looking beyond the plumes at the unsightly lump, he saw the melancholy bare woods, the stormy sky, and on, farther and farther, the broad, solitary mountains stretching to the horizon. He was a man easily impressed by sights or sounds. The vastness and dreariness about him suddenly belittled himself and his idle, joking talk. He walked on in silence. Dreadful forces which he did not understand were present at work about him and pressed him down. Was this Nature, or was it God? He felt himself suddenly to be weak and small. To think how awful a thing it was to stand up on this earth,—alive, or to lie down in it,—dead! For a moment, with this electric flash of reality upon him, he thought he must cry out to these people, tell them that Death was close at hand,—Death and God.

But he held his tongue and paced into the little meeting-house, and when he was in the pulpit read the weekly notices. What else could he do? But he did not join in the routine prayer and the routine hymn. It seemed such surface work to him; this life or death, or whatever it was that had touched him without, was terrible and actual. Meanwhile, the heap lay motionless under the pine-tree, slowly whitening—whitening.

The stoves heat the church comfortably. The elders are all out to-day,—the judge and the two store-keepers, and the grocer, with the rank and file between; tall, lean men in baggy trowsers, and high beaver hats, which they set in a row outside of the pew doors. Their wives wear their black silks, lately altered to suit the new fashion which Mrs. Judge Macintyre has brought on. They eye each other slightly as they seat themselves, and lean over to whisper, "Ah, a stormy Sabbath never keeps *you* at home!" or that "the doctor is sure of full pews on a bad day," and then, sure of an approving Heaven and a polonaise shirred precisely as if it had been done in New York, settle themselves complacently to hear the sermon.

No danger of new, distracting doctrines there! Joshua Mackintosh, D. D., is not the man to admit the revolutionary ideas which are creeping into so many churches nowadays. He takes for his theme "that lax, weak sentimentalism which under the name of charity finds a good word to say, even for the heathen, and shakes hands with the devil before it fights him." The matrons exchange significant, solemn glances. Everybody knows who the doctor means. Young Knapp, who has the mission church among the coal-diggers at Coketown, is in the pulpit with him. No doubt he would like to get up and defend the undignified talks which he calls sermons, and his club coffee-room, where singing and reading the newspapers and playing back-gammon go on every night. He is ready enough with his tongue! It is well known that the young man fellowships with the Methodist parson and the Papist priest at the other end of the county,—has had them both at his club to talk to the men.

But John Knapp, who is a burly, ruddy fellow, does not defend himself; he only grows red, and looks as if he wanted to laugh. Some of the young girls listen indignantly to the doctor's attack; they toss their heads contemptuously. *They* know how noble are Mr. Knapp's efforts! Is he not sacrificing his talents, his health, life itself, to these wretched miners? Why, his salary was less than he could earn as a shop clerk! Susy Macintyre's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. She was an heiress in her own right. If she could only give over to him the six thousand dollars which Uncle Bob left her, for the service of the Lord! Suppose he never asked her to marry him? What did it matter for her? *He* would be happy. She sobbed a little behind her lace veil.

"Let us consider, now," said the doctor, "the fundamental doctrine of adoption."

When he was on this safe ground the congregation relaxed; the sexton threw fresh wood in the stove; the elders nodded; their wives summed up the coming jobs of soap-boiling or candle-making, or thoughtfully lived over again the mild dissipation of Wednesday last, when the Mite Society met at Mrs. Judge Macintyre's. Her canned oysters (fried) were certainly unapproachable. So was the hostess, for that matter. Nothing but the fact that she was a Macintyre could justify such pride in a church member. She had snubbed Mr. Knapp, pointedly; it was quite clear she

did not approve of the match for Susan. When he missed Bessy Corbitt, she had told him: "Miss Corbitt comes to my house as a sempstress, not as a guest. She is not in Society."

It never had occurred before to them or to anybody to think of Bessy as a sempstress. She had always been a personage, child as she was, in the village, which their own daughters were not. They glanced askance now to the pew under the window where she sat in her damp water-proof and faded felt hat. Elizabeth really ought not to expect to be in society. Mrs. Macintyre was right.

Young Mr. Knapp in the pulpit, frowning over his folded arms and crossed legs, was apparently following the doctor's argument. But he was busy with another argument which racks the brain of every hot-blooded, affectionate young fellow, whether he be layman, preacher, or priest.

How could he bring her into his life?

He glanced furtively now and then down into the church. There were Susy's damp blue eyes always turned pensively up to his, and the rosy plumes waving about the baby face. The young man shrugged his broad shoulders. Her blue eyes and soft cheeks, and yielding laughs and yielding sighs, affected him with a smothering sense of flabbiness and discomfort. "A woman ought to be something else than a warm poultice!" he said to himself, angrily.

His furtive glances passed over her to the pew by the window where sat an erect little figure in a patched water-proof, a knot of cherry-colored ribbon at her throat. Elizabeth was looking out, watching the snow beat against the window. What a wonderful courage and youth was in the child's face! Whenever she led the hymn, too, he noticed with what spirit the people followed, the old women seeming to grow happier as they sang. It was not the sweetness of her voice that moved them, but the youth and joy in it that would not be quiet. "What it is to be young!" they would say as they shut their hymn-books and looked at her.

The longer John Knapp looked at her, the more he felt what it was to be young. If they two could go out hand in hand into the world—go out to-day—leave these miserable complications in Coketown and Limeburgh behind them! How he could work for her—the soft palm in his, the eager face making a light about him. He moved uneasily in the pulpit. The doctor, clinching his argument, little guessed what hot

fervors thrilled the young brother beside him.

But what folly it was! Knapp's strong mother-wit was always ready to throw wet chills on his fervors. He knew the facts of the case. If he married, and took his wife out into the world, he could earn enough at any kind of work to live like other men; but he had resolutely, two years ago, given himself to work for God among the miners; and he believed he had already been of use. He would not draw back from it. No, not even for Elizabeth. Knapp was by no means the ideal priest. He was like other young fellows, used to be a good judge of wine, was a good judge of cigars still, liked his own way, and was sharp enough in proving his own way to be right. But God had been an actual power in his life. When he gave up his college plans to work for Him, he had been sincere, as sincere as now in his love for Elizabeth.

Out of his salary he barely paid his board at the Coketown tavern, where he ate at the table with the coal-diggers and slept in a bare closet 8x10. In two years he had not been able to buy himself a new coat. Sometimes the Board did not pay his salary for months, and then he was no better off than a pauper living on the charity of the tavern-keeper. How could he clothe and feed Elizabeth and her mother on nothing? Absolutely nothing? Facts were facts.

If he threw up this work, he could marry in a month.

But no, he would not throw it up! The doctor was finishing the services with a fluent supplication for the heathen, the Jews, etc. John did not hear a word. His head was buried in his hands. "God help me!" he said. He would make this sacrifice now, and it should be for life. No more walks with Elizabeth home down through the gorge, where they talked or kept silent as the mood suited them. There never was anybody whose moods kept pace with his own, as did that little girl's. Thank God, she cared nothing for him! It would cost her nothing if he never came near her again. And he never would. At that, Mr. Knapp looked down at her with a sudden ill-temper breaking in on his high passion of resolve.

The congregation was dismissed. Some friends stopped Elizabeth in the aisle. What right had she to be so light-hearted? Her face sparkled when she spoke. She carried herself with a delicate grace that did not befit a girl who could not know where to-morrow's

meals would come from. Did she forget how miserably poor she was? Only last week she had told him that she could get no more work in Limeburgh, this winter. Was she marching on to starvation, laughing? A poor sempstress with a helpless mother and a drunken father, wandering, God knows where, in the world—nobody had harder lines than Bessy; she ought to have been pale and haggard, miserably conscious of her old cloak and damp hat; yet there she was, ready to laugh with everybody, holding a sort of court. Everybody stopped to speak to her, as usual, though they glanced askance at Mrs. Macintyre; yet still there was a certain peculiar deference in their manner. Elizabeth was different from them, and they always had known it.

People did not leave the meeting-house. It was the custom on stormy days, to give but an hour's intermission between the services. Nobody went home. A Sabbatical luncheon was eaten decorously in the basement, and then the afternoon sermon was preached.

Mrs. Macintyre rose like a pillar of black velvet and silk before Mr. Knapp as he came down the pulpit stairs.

"The clergymen always lunch with us," she said, graciously.

Susy's pleading blue eyes were lifted to his, the rosy plumes floated up into his face. What did it matter? He was done with her forever. Why not take the best that was left? He smiled down on Susy, but his eyes followed an erect little head in the crowd, covered with bright brown hair and an old felt hat. One day a curl of the hair had blown loose, and he had touched it.

He stopped, dropped Susy's arm, and pushed through the crowd.

Elizabeth held out her hand.

"I was waiting for you," she said, simply.

Susy passed them with her pretty chin in the air. She talked in the lecture-room of "low-bred coquetry." But Elizabeth was no coquette. She was the most direct of human beings.

"I have something to tell you," she said before them all to Mr. Knapp, "as soon as we are alone."

"Some fresh trouble?"

"Yes."

"It shall all come right, Elizabeth. I'll make it come right."

"Your will is strong enough, but ——"

"But what?"

"This is a matter of money. Do you see that man? Yonder, by the door."

"That snuffy, scoundrelly looking fellow? I observed him during the sermon. What right has he to watch you as he does?"

She did not reply at once; the congregation had passed down the stairs to the basement, and there came up a mild cackle of jokes, and odor of cheese and pumpkin-pie. The stranger was left alone with them in the church; he lingered, glanced sharply at Mr. Knapp, and then went down to join the others.

Bessy took up a package from her pew.

"Shall we go down? This is my lunch. Are you as horribly hungry as I?"

"Yes. But I know a better place than that smothering basement." He ran up the steps to the choir loft. He had meant to avoid her—to turn his back on her forever. He had forgotten that now, and was quite red with triumph at his little maneuver, by which he had secured an hour alone with her.

The little gallery was warm, carpeted; there were cushioned chairs here and there. Elizabeth brought two of them close to the window, and another between them for a table.

"Oh, how cozy it is!" she cried, flushing like a child when it is pleased.

"But the man?"

"Never mind the man, now."

She opened her package; made a great show of setting the table. There were a handful of dried cherries, and some little white biscuits which he had told her a year ago he liked.

"You thought I would eat lunch with you to-day, Bessy?"

"Yes;" and then seeing that he had a biscuit in his hand, she grew suddenly hot and silent.

"Mother is very fond of these little cakes," she said, hastily. "I left her table beside the fire, and her tea and 'Jay's Devotions' on it, so she is just as happy as we are. I am reading 'Vanity Fair' to her now. She hopes for the best for Becky. Last night, after I thought she was asleep, she said, 'She'll make an excellent housekeeper, at any rate, take my word, Bessy.' Mother would not say anything worse of the devil himself than—'poor fellow!'"

"Then you have time to read?"

"All the time," with a laugh and a shrug.

"No work?"

"None at all. But we have plenty of bread and milk, and do you mean to say that Dobbin and Rawdon are not better diet than turkey or beef?" she asked, biting a biscuit with a critical air

"She is her mother's daughter, and will see only the best side of the devil, or the devil's luck," thought Mr. Knapp. But he fancied, in spite of the laughing eyes, that he could see traces of actual want and hunger in the delicate lines of the face before him. He sat moodily silent.

"What has this man to do with you, Elizabeth?" he said abruptly.

"It's a miserable business, but there must be some way out of it. He holds a mortgage for three thousand on the house, and will foreclose and sell it next week."

"Next week? Impossible! The law in Pennsylvania is altogether in favor of the tenant; there must be a delay of months——"

"Oh, this matter has been going on for a year. I said nothing about it. What was the use? I could not raise the money."

"Three thousand dollars?"

"Yes. Take some cherries."

He turned on her impatiently. Yet she had not been contented to starve in idleness; the nipped cold fingers that held out the cherries were hard and scarred with work.

"I want no cherries. Do you understand that you will be homeless in a few days?"

"No, I do not understand it. Why, we have no place to go, Mr. Knapp. I could find work as a servant, but mother is helpless, as you know. There would be no place for her but the alms-house."

"Well?"

"She must stay in her own house. She was born there. Her father gave it to her. The debt on it is for—for liquor. Do you think the Lord will let her be turned out in her old age to die, that her home may go for liquor? No, never!"

"How will the Lord satisfy the mortgage?" was on Knapp's tongue, but he did not say it. He had as much faith as most men, but he hardly expected his Maker to interfere in sheriff's sales and tavern-keepers' bills. "Do you know any way of satisfying the mortgage?" he amended his question.

"None at all. I have done all I could this year. There seems to be a sort of prejudice against me in town lately." She stopped, coughed, her eyes filled slowly. "So I think ——" but even to him she did not say what she thought, that the Lord had taken her trouble out of her hands into His own.

"What, Bessy?"

"Oh, I know it will all come right. Mother will not be driven out of her old home. And now, don't let us be miserable any more," with a quick change into her

usual tones. "She knows nothing about it, and she is having her cup of tea now, and is just as happy as can be. And it is so warm and snug here, and ——"

"There is no reason why we should not be happy too?"

"No." She poured the last of the cherries into his hand with a beaming little nod, and settled herself comfortably in her chair to watch the storm. Mr. Knapp looked out over her shoulder. The snow fell steadily, heaping itself to the farthest horizon, white and still. He felt in it that great, inexplicable calm with which it has quieted so many miserable souls since the world began. But he soon turned to Elizabeth. There was a latent joy in the girl's face, ready to kindle in a moment. Mr. Knapp tried to be critical about her. It was her young blood that made her always so obstinately happy and good-humored. It was the volatile foolishness of youth. In time she would learn that ——. Then he found himself watching how the warm blood tinged her neck under the dark rings of hair. From where he stood he could see the breath come and go in the slow motion of her throat and full bosom. She moved suddenly, and the hand, chapped and worn by hard work, almost touched his own.

He caught it passionately, leaning over her shoulder.

"There is no reason why we should not be happy together. And we will be, so help me God! You shall come to me, Bessy."

She started to her feet, scared.

"To you? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you shall marry me this week. I'll force things to come right. I'm tired of seeing you starve while you trust in the Lord and I work for the souls of the miners. It is my duty to care for you. The miners must find some other apostle."

He tore off the shabby glove, held the thin hand to his lips, his breast. Elizabeth watched him, half frightened.

"Marry you? Then you——"

"Love you, Elizabeth? Oh, surely you saw that long ago!"

"I—I hoped so." The shy little figure, warmed, bent toward him. He laughed triumphantly.

"There never was anybody so down-right! Hoped so?" He drew her to his breast, but she stood suddenly back.

"One minute! I have no breath!"

They stood silent. The snow beat sharply on the windows; in the steeple overhead they could hear the flutter of the pigeons.

"I see how it is," she said at last. "I am a temptation of the devil to you. You shall not give your work up for me."

"It is my first work to take care of the woman that I love. I can have no better."

"You said nothing of your love for me until you were driven to it by dreadful pity. You offer yourself in place of the alms-house."

"You talk absurdly. Like a woman," angrily. "Elizabeth——"

"No, don't touch me! I'll not hear a word. You shall go on your way and I shall go on mine, and God will take care of us."

"I will marry you this week."

He wrenched her hand and left her. The sexton, coming up to stir the fires, saw Miss Corbitt alone in the gallery, and the minister going out of the door into the driving storm. He plowed down through the snow, his soul raging within him. Was he to leave this girl to starve? Was he to throw up his work? Or what did it matter? Was there any one above that dead gray sky who cared what he did? In old times men fought for their love, or were burned at the stake for God. Easy enough to do that. But to have soul and life barred in by lack of money—of dollars and cents! A liquor-bill was to drive him and this girl this way and that on the roads to death and hell. He did not believe God had anything to do with the matter. How could he have any connection with these nagging difficulties which drove him mad,—the price of board, or the size of his own wretched salary?

Down in the basement, too, money-matters were discussed, in solemn whispers, out of deference to the day,—God having, of course, nothing to do with these affairs. He belonged to the doctor's sermon, to the faith once delivered to the saints.

The stranger had shared Mrs. Macintyre's pie and cake.

"Mr. Watterson, my dear," the judge had said, presenting him. Likely to be a neighbor. Thinks of moving to Limeburgh and of—of purchasing the Corbitt property."

"Ah? We shall be glad to have neighbors there whom we can visit," replied Mrs. Judge, bowing loftily, and cutting the pie. "The Corbitts are—well, unrefined."

"Old man regular bummer," munched Mr. Watterson, with his pie. "Everybody in our county knows old Corbitt. Hung around the tavern for years. It was from Stiles, the tavern-keeper, I bought my claim on this property, in fact."

Mrs. Macintyre shortly after whispered to Susy, and in five minutes all the women

knew that the Corbitts had sold their house for a good round sum. Bessy had been one of their own kin, in her water-proof and patched shoes, but all her faults came to view in the light of her new prosperity.

"Why, I thought they were in actual need!" cried Miss Driggs. "I gave the old lady a cap, last week, and I meant to throw many a job in Bessy's way."

"Oh, that girl has other notions in her head than sewing," said Mrs. Macintyre. "She actually has detained young Knapp all this time upstairs for a flirtation. Upon the Sabbath day! In the very church loft! Her manner is grossly forward—considering her social position."

"Now, old Corbitt," said Watterson confidentially to the judge, "come originally from our township. Hezn't been seen for three years. The old Corbitt property was considerable. There wur one patch, about seven acre of it, stood in his name until about that time, three years ago. It was said as he'd sold it. Know ef that's so, Jedge?"

"I believe it is. He disposed of it to a party in this town. Drank the money. He drank all he had—horses, cows, stock——"

"Yes, he had a big swallow, sure. D'ye know what he got, now, for that patch?" with a keen glance over his pie, for he had heard the judge was the purchaser of it.

"Small sum, sir, hill-land, not even pasture. It is most time for service." He had no mind to open out his business affairs to Watterson, least of all this matter of Corbitt's patch.

He had bought it of the old man at five dollars the acre. After a year, finding how worthless the land was, he had met Corbitt half drunk one day, just after he had sold his last cow, and persuaded him to buy it back for the money he had in his pocket. Corbitt never had any deed made, however, and the land still stood in the judge's name. He suspected that Watterson knew of the transaction and meant to jeer at him for his stupidity in bargaining.

"I ought to have realized the vally I gave, at least, but it's none of Watterson's business, any how," thought the judge as he stood at the foot of the stairs, motioning the flock to ascend. He made a big, ponderous figure-head for the church, opposing to strangers an aggressive display of well-laundried linen, and glossy broadcloth; later than these, came into notice his bald head, heavy horse-like jaws, and small eyes which might have belonged to the head of an ox or pig,—any animal with honest intentions but limited intellect.

Watterson, to his annoyance, stuck to him mumbling in an undertone as the grave matrons and giggling girls defiled past him.

"Now, I heard it was a Job Macintyre who bought that property? I thought it might be you, Jedge?"

"Property? I'd hardly give such a name to a half-dozen acres of gravelly hill-side. We'll go up to meeting now, Mr. Watterson."

"I hoped it *was* you, an' that' you'd want to sell. But you're not likely to do that now, eh?" chuckling.

"Why not?"

"Haven't you heerd? Plimsoll's derricks are on that hill-side; *he* struck ile a month ago. They're pumpin' thousands of gallons a day, a stone's throw from that gravelly patch you bought. For it *was* you bought it, Jedge, eh? There's been a good deal of speckilation about it down our way, and the talk goes that it stands in your name."

"Yes. It stands in my name yet," gulped the Judge as they went up the stairs.

"You haint pairted with it, then?" catching his sleeve. But they had reached the upper room, and the judge strode up the carpeted aisle and dropped heavily into his seat. His florid face was oddly changed and his dull eyes stared vacantly at the doctor through the whole sermon. Sudden fortunes were outside of the order of life of Limeburghers. They saved their pennies or dollars in tea-pots, or clock-tops, until they could cautiously invest them. But that a Limeburgher should in any way reach great wealth, and that Limeburgher old Corbitt, took the judge's breath. The old drunkard rich, fat, dressed in stylish broadcloth and high hat, was his first clear idea; and that was absurd enough. Then he began to reckon his probable wealth.

"If there's a well that'll yield like Plimsoll's—Plimsoll's counted a millionaire. Corbitt had better sell out and go to Pittsburg and put his money in an iron mill. He'll have his country-seat and drive his carriage, next." Oil to the judge was an unknown quantity, but the Pittsburg ironman sat aloft secure in the heaven of prosperity. "And I sold this chance for the vally of an old cow!" He remembered the hot July afternoon when he met Corbitt half drunk, and persuaded him to take back the land. Being half sober, however, Corbitt had fought against paying away the cow-money. "The land aint worth a damn, Judge. And I promised Ann to bring her back this money. Baker's pressin' her with his bill, and I haven't had a drink out of it

yet." If they had not been alone, he could not have nagged Corbitt into doing it. But they had been alone.

There was a sudden change in the judge's countenance; he swung the pew-door to and fro nervously and glanced furtively about him. *They had been alone.* No human being knew of the sale. Corbitt, with the trifle left him, went off on a beastly spree, and his wife thought all of the money had gone in it. He had not been seen in Limeburgh now for two years; most likely was dead; and if he ever did turn up again, would surely have washed out all recollection of the thing in bad whisky.

They stood up to sing. The judge rose with the rest. The brain back of his low, retreating forehead ached as from a sudden blow. It had been used to honesty hitherto. "It stands in my name yet," rang in his ears instead of "Old Hundred." "*I may sink derricks instead of Corbitt. I can go to Pittsburg and run an iron-mill. What 'd old Havens think if I'd walk into his bank a millionaire?*" Then he glanced about the church. "Yes, sir. I could buy and sell all Limeburgh," bending his head to pray. The prayer did not touch the level of his thoughts. The "Supreme and Omnipotent Being, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," whom the doctor invoked, had no connection with the gravelly patch, or Corbitt's cow-money, —at least, the judge found none. Watterson hurried up to him as they left the church.

"You're a made man, an I reckon you got that land ridicolously cheap. Some folks hes that luck, now. You'd better go over to Cross Creek to-morrow. I'll drive you in my buggy."

The judge smiled. The new deference in the tone pleased him.

"I may go over with you, thank you, Watterson," from the heights of a manufacturer in iron. It was ridiculous to call the disposal of that patch for the value of a cow a sale. He could easily make up the amount now to Bessy and her mother, and let the whole affair pass as a mistake.

Elizabeth had not stayed for the afternoon service. She could not leave her mother so long, and her mind was so full of a few words which Mr. Knapp had spoken, that it had no room for the doctor's learned discourse. "*I love you, Elizabeth!*" The whole snowy world without was alive with her new hope and passion; the church stifled her.

She ran, wrapping the thin cloak about her, the snow almost to her knees, but her cheeks were as red as the bit of cherry-col-

ored ribbon at her throat; and she sang scraps of songs, and laughed to herself when the wet gusts flapped in her face. She would not marry him. Never. But—" *I love you, Elizabeth!*" Never was there such a delightful wet race home; never shone such wonderful silvery splendor in cloud or glittering peaks.

But when she came into the house there was no fire anywhere but in the kitchen, and there her mother sat over the dying ashes, crying quietly.

"What is it, little mother? No, I can't touch you; I'm dripping wet."

"Hester Brown was here and told me the house was to be sold next week. Oh, Bessy, why did you hide it from me?"

"Hester Brown is—well, never mind! It will not be sold, take my word for it," trying to blow the embers into a flame.

"Then you know some way to renew the mortgage! I thought if it had been a sure thing you would have told me."

"No, I don't know any way. But the Lord wont let the house be sold."

"Oh! The Lord?" Mrs. Corbitt fell back in her chair and began to cry again feebly.

Bessy looked up startled, her hands full of charred sticks. Her mother did not think of this help, neither had Mr. Knapp.

"I'm sure I didn't know there was any mortgage on the property," moaned Mrs. Corbitt. "I'll go to the alms-house. I'll not be a burden on you, Bessy."

"You shall never go to the alms-house!" leaning on her knee. "I am strong enough to do something else than sew. We'll go to Pittsburg. These Limeburgh people shall not drive us to starvation," with a strange dark flood of bitterness rising in her soul. In two more days they would be turned out on the road. These Limeburgh people had lately been hard—hard with her. Her father, she remembered, had taught them all when he was the village school-master—a kindly, gentle soul. Now he was "Old Corbitt." The very dogs barked at him; his wife and daughter might starve, and there was not a friendly hand held out to them. Elizabeth would not have been half so bitter if she had been warm and well fed; but as she knelt over the cold hearth to blow the back-log her petticoats clung wet to her knees, she was miserably hungry, and she knew there was nothing in the bare house but dry bread and milk.

"That will do, Bessy. It won't burn, so what's the use? Go out and see what ails Crummles. Oh dear! dear! She's been moaning for an hour."

Bessy went out to the stable. The cow was lying on her side; her eyes shut; she was dying, as it seemed to the girl, out of sheer perverseness.

She straightened her head and took it on her lap, her hands trembling—

"As if there wasn't enough! Crummles, what on earth does ail you? We haven't anything but you! I didn't think you'd—you'd —"

A man stepped into the little stable, breaking the icicles from the door.

"My child, you certainly have something else than a cow to turn to,—me, for instance," and the Reverend Doctor Macintosh, long and gaunt and black in his Sunday broadcloth, kneeled down beside her. "Why, the cow's choking. She —" promptly barring his arm and plunging it into Crummles' throat. "Only a cob. There; come into the house, Elizabeth."

Was this the tedious dogmatic of the wooden pulpit yonder? This was a tender father who stood before her, his old eyes full of pity, his hand held out. The tears began to well up to Bessy's eyes.

"Who are those people yonder?"

Crowds of dark figures were crossing the snow-fields and coming to the house.

"They are your neighbors. You have many friends, my child, and One who never fails you. I am afraid you forgot them and Him a little while ago."

"I thought they all had failed me. What brings them here now?" suspiciously.

"They know you are in trouble and come to help you."

"I? More trouble?"

* * * * *

The boys had not waited until night to unearth the mystery in the meadow. When the people came out of church, the dark oblong heap had been uncovered from the snow, and the boys, white and scared, had left it alone.

The long procession from the church stopped, gathered about it.

"Corbitt!"

"Frozen to death!"

There was a terrible pause. There were the silent white fields, the rolling splendor of clouds, the dead face turned to meet them. They had dozed or gossiped with their own little souls, while the doctor preached; now it was as if God himself called "Halt" to them, on their journey of life.

Mrs. Judge Macintyre herself kneeled down in the snow and put her hand inside of his shirt. She waited a moment, and then

shook her head; there was a strange twitching about her solid jaws.

"He was best man at my wedding," she said. "Poor Tom!"

They all agreed that he looked just as in those early days. The features had lost their bloated look, and sunk into gentle, quiet lines.

"I will go myself to break the news to Ann. Come with me Susy. Poor Bessy will need a friend."

Then somebody told the true story of Watterson's errand, and that Bessy and her mother would not have a roof over their heads by next Sunday.

"Does the man know that Ann is a cripple?" cried Mrs. Macintyre. "This is outrageous! Where is the judge? This must be stopped at once!"

The judge was coming, a long way behind, his hands clasped behind him. Nobody could wait for him. The men ran for a doctor, a stretcher, others hurried with the women to Bessy and her mother, the old minister first of all, as we have seen. The Limeburghers had their meannesses and little spites in every-day life; but when death stood in their midst they were all kinsfolk, side by side, warm-hearted and zealous.

When Elizabeth had been told what had happened, by the old doctor, and came into the kitchen, she found Mrs. Macintyre on her knees before her mother, with the poor cripple's head on her breast.

"There, there, Ann! Trouble has to come to all of us. I don't forget how good you were to me when my poor Dave died. It seems only yesterday since we were girls in the grammar class together. But Mr. Corbitt always was easier on you than the rest of us. We used to say he loved you when you were a little toddling thing."

"And he loves you yet, you know," said another woman, holding the widow's hand. "It's only a little while till you'll meet him where there'll be no parting."

They all believed it, though yesterday they would have said that old Corbitt was going straight to perdition.

"It is frightfully cold here," whispered Mrs. Macintyre. But she was too late. The neighbors had found out the dreadful poverty of the house, and ran with shocked faces to their own houses. In a few minutes, fires were blazing in the empty chimneys. Susy was making a cup of tea, and a savory smell of dinner cooking filled the house. Sick people and mourners were always well fed, according to the Limeburgh code.

There was a hush in the kitchen when

young Mr. Knapp came in and sat down by Mrs. Corbitt, as everybody supposed, to administer spiritual consolation. The widow turned her white face toward him; she was a patient little body, and very fond of John.

"I only wanted to tell you," said John, very gently, taking her hand, "that Bessy promised to be my wife next week, before this—this happened. I hope you will let the marriage take place just the same. I want, as soon as possible, to try and fill his place to you, as well as I can."

There was absolute silence. Mrs. Macintyre nodded approvingly. Susy slipped out of the back door, and did not come back to draw the tea.

Mrs. Corbitt sat up, trembling very much. "This does not seem quite fair to you, John. You have your own work to do, and to support two women ——"

"I'll do both. I'll manage it," he said, quietly, taking Bessy's hand in his.

"Elizabeth!" cried her mother. "What shall we do?"

"Whatever John says, mother." All the spirit had been driven out of the girl by pain.

* * * * *

As Judge Macintyre came down the road, not knowing what had happened, Watterson hurried up behind him.

"I'm glad you never parted with the land, Judge. You'll run the thing briskly. Or, if you choose to start a company for workin', shares kin be set as high as ——"

"This is not a subject for the Sabbath!" with an embarrassed cough. "But I may say that my own preference is to invest capital in iron. I think of realizing on—on my real estate and going to Pittsburg ——"

"All your real estate? This patch you bought from Corbitt, too ——What's this?"

The judge stopped. Corbitt, the man he was robbing, lay there at his feet, dead; the fixed eyes stared up at him from the snow; one hand raised and frozen stiff, seemed to point at him reproachfully. "Great God!"

"Who is it, eh? Help me to raise him. Why, it, isn't the old man himself?" cried Watterson, his teeth chattering a little.

Some of the neighbors came running back with the stretcher and stopped respectfully.

"It's poor Tom Corbitt, Judge."

"Yes, yes, I see," taking off his hat and wiping his forehead. "I—stop one moment. Mr. Watterson and I were speaking just now of a business transaction between Corbitt and me,"—talking thick and fast, his eyes fixed on those of the dead man. "I wish to state that I sold the property back

to him. There's no record of it, no deed. But I sold it back. Whatever it's worth, it's not mine; it belongs to his wife and child. Cover his face, can't you, Gannett? For God's sake, cover his face!"

The judge joined the other neighbors that evening at Mrs. Corbitt's. He did not go into the room where it lay, nor speak to the widow or Elizabeth. But he took the lead as usual, and had never seemed more friendly or better satisfied with himself. Somehow the story of the land was buzzed about; Watterson even broached it in his hearing.

"Ther' warn't the least occasion for the judge to say a word; nobody knew of it but him and Corbitt."

"You don't take me for a thief, eh?"

"Of course not. Don't mistake me, now! Any of us would have done the same. But it was the manner of it, gentlemen! I call it confoundedly high-toned! Why, that ther' property may be worth a million!"

"Not likely," said Ford, curtly. "I know all about that land and Plimsoll's wells. Greatly overrated! If it is sold, with the chances for oil, it will yield a comfortable income, but no more."

After he heard that, there was a certain genial complacency in the judge's manner which diffused a friendly glow all around. He went in immediately and spoke to Mrs. Corbitt, shaking hands with her cordially.

"Count on us, count on us, Ann," he said. "We are old friends, you know."

The meek little woman nodded and cried silently. The whole world had warmed and grown friendly to her to-day. Even her husband was not so dead to her as he had been for years. That was the lover of her youth who lay there with his gentle, irresolute face. He had only gone home a little before her.

Old Doctor Macintosh, having said good-bye, pulled on his overcoat with a perplexed, anxious visage. This finding of dead men, and giving in marriage, and settling of oil claims, was hardly Sabbatical work. He looked at the quiet sleeper, at the busy friendly folk outside, and then went to the room where Elizabeth stood by the window alone, the red flush of the sunset about her. There was a new meaning in the girl's young eyes, which somehow made the old man's heart beat more quickly. He went out. A soft, steady splendor burned in the west, lighted the wide, white stretches of snow and touched the far-off peaks. He felt a quiet, a great peace in the very air, as though some holy Presence had verily stood that Sunday in Limeburgh.

THE NEW RUDDER GRANGE.

It is quite a long time ago* that I told how my wife and myself, assisted by an eccentric servant girl and a very practical boarder, kept house on a superannuated canal-boat and how we called our dwelling Rudder Grange; and how, by the force of circumstances and the wreck of the boat, we were compelled to move in a great hurry and take up our residence on land.

I will now tell the story of a new dwelling, how we got it and how our housekeeping prospered in it.

I have, before, given some account of the difficulties we encountered when we started out house-hunting, and it was this doleful experience which made Euphemia, my wife, declare that before we started out on a second search for a residence, we would know exactly what we wanted.

To do this we must know how other people live, we must examine into the advantages and disadvantages of the various methods of house-keeping, and make up our minds on the subject.

When we came to this conclusion we were in a city boarding-house, and we were entirely satisfied that this style of living did not suit us at all.

At this juncture I received a letter from the gentleman who had boarded with us on the canal-boat. Shortly after leaving us the previous fall, he had married a widow lady with two children, and was now keeping house in a French flat in the upper part of the city. We had called upon the happy couple soon after their marriage, and the letter, now received, contained an invitation for us to come and dine, and spend the night.

"We'll go," said Euphemia. "There's nothing I want so much as to see how people keep house in a French flat. Perhaps we'll like it. And I must see those children." So we went.

The house, as Euphemia remarked, was anything but flat. It was very tall indeed—the tallest house in the neighborhood. We entered the vestibule, the outer door being open, and beheld, on one side of us, a row of bell-handles. Above each of these handles was the mouth of a speaking-tube,

and above each of these, a little glazed frame containing a visiting-card.

"Isn't this cute?" exclaimed Euphemia, reading over the cards. "Here's his name and this is his bell and tube! Which would you do first, ring or blow?"

"My dear," said I, "you don't blow up those tubes. We must ring the bell, just as if it were an ordinary front-door bell, and instead of coming to the door, some one will call down the tube to us."

I rang the bell under the boarder's name, and very soon a voice at the tube said:

"Well?"

Then I told our names, and in an instant the front door opened.

"Why, their flat must be right here," whispered Euphemia. "How quickly the girl came!" And she looked for the girl as we entered. But there was no one there.

"Their flat is on the fifth story," said I. "He mentioned that in his letter. We had better shut the door and go up."

Up and up the softly carpeted stairs we climbed, and not a soul we saw or heard.

"It is like an enchanted cavern," said Euphemia. "You say the magic word, the door in the rock opens and you go on, and on, through the vaulted passages——"

"Until you come to the ogre," said the boarder, who was standing at the top of the stairs. He did not behave at all like an ogre, for he was very glad to see us, and so was his wife. After we had settled down in the parlor and the boarder's wife had gone to see about something concerning the dinner, Euphemia asked after the children.

"I hope they haven't gone to bed," she said, "for I do so want to see the dear little things."

The ex-boarder, as Euphemia called him, smiled grimly.

"They're not so very little," he said. "My wife's son is nearly grown. He is at an academy in Connecticut, and he expects to go into a civil engineer's office in the spring. His sister is older than he is. My wife married—in the first instance—when she was very young—very young indeed."

"Oh!" said Euphemia, and then after a pause, "And neither of them is at home now?"

"No," said the ex-boarder. "By the way, what do you think of this dado? It is a portable one; I devised it myself.

* See "Rudder Grange" and "The Girl at Rudder Grange," SCRIBNER for Nov., 1874, and July, 1875.

You can take it away with you to another house when you move. But there is the dinner-bell. I'll show you over the establishment after we have had something to eat."

After our meal we made a tour of inspection. The flat, which included the whole floor, contained nine or ten rooms, of all shapes and sizes. The corners in some of the rooms were cut off and shaped up into closets and recesses, so that Euphemia said the corners of every room were in some other room.

Near the back of the flat was a dumb-waiter, with bells and speaking-tubes. When the butcher, the baker, or the kerosene-lamp maker, came each morning, he rang the bell, and called up the tube to know what was wanted. The order was called down, and he brought the things in the afternoon.

All this greatly charmed Euphemia. It was so cute, so complete. There were no interviews with disagreeable trades-people, none of the ordinary annoyances of house-keeping. Everything seemed to be done with a bell, a speaking-tube, or a crank.

"Indeed," said the ex-boarder, "if it were not for people tripping over the wires, I could rig up attachments by which I could sit in the parlor, and by using pedals and a key-board, I could do all the work of this house without getting out of my easy-chair."

One of the most peculiar features of the establishment was the servant's room. This was at the rear-end of the floor, and as there was not much space left after the other rooms had been made, it was very small; so small, indeed, that it would accommodate only a very short bedstead. This made it necessary for our friends to consider the size of the servant when they engaged her.

"There were several excellent girls at the intelligence office where I called," said the ex-boarder, "but I measured them, and they were all too tall. So we had to take a short one, who is only so so. There was one big Scotch girl who was the very person for us, and I would have taken her if my wife had not objected to my plan for her accommodation."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I first thought of cutting a hole in the partition wall at the foot of the bed, for her to put her feet through."

"Never!" said his wife, emphatically. "I would never have allowed that."

"And then," continued he, "I thought of turning the bed around, and cutting a

larger hole, through which she might have put her head into the little room on this side. A low table could have stood under the hole, and her head might have rested on a cushion on the table, very comfortably."

"My dear," said his wife, "it would have frightened me to death to go into that room and see that head on a cushion on a table——"

"Like John the Baptist," interrupted Euphemia.

"Well," said our ex-boarder, "the plan would have had its advantages."

"Oh!" cried Euphemia, looking out of a back-window. "What a lovely little iron balcony! Do you sit out there on warm evenings?"

"That's a fire-escape," said the ex-boarder. "We don't go out there unless it is very hot indeed, on account of the house being on fire. You see there is a little door in the floor of the balcony, and an iron ladder leading to the balcony beneath, and so on, down to the first story."

"And you have to creep through that hole and go down that dreadful steep ladder every time there is a fire?" said Euphemia.

"Well, I guess we would never go down but once," he answered.

"No, indeed," said Euphemia; "you'd fall down and break your neck the first time," and she turned away from the window, with a very grave expression on her face.

Soon after this our hostess conducted Euphemia to the guest-chamber, while her husband and I finished a bed-time cigar.

When I joined Euphemia in her room, she met me with a mysterious expression on her face. She shut the door, and then said in a very earnest tone:

"Do you see that little bedstead in the corner? I did not notice it until I came in just now, and then, being quite astonished, I said, 'Why here's a child's bed; who sleeps here?' 'Oh,' says she, 'that's our little Adele's bedstead. We have it in our room when she's here.' 'Little Adele!' said I, 'I didn't know she was little—not small enough for that bed, at any rate.' 'Why, yes,' said she, 'Adele is only four years old. The bedstead is quite large enough for her.' 'And she is not here now?' I said, utterly amazed at all this. 'No,' she answered, 'she is not here now, but we try to have her with us as much as we can, and always keep her little bed ready for her.' 'I suppose she's with her father's people,' I said, and she answered, 'Oh yes,' and bade me good-night. What does all this mean?"

Our boarder told us that the daughter is grown up, and here his wife declares that she is only four years old! I don't know what in the world to make of this mystery!"

I could give Euphemia no clue. I suppose there was some mistake, and that was all I could say, except that I was sleepy, and that we could find out all about it in the morning. But Euphemia could not dismiss the subject from her mind. She said no more,—but I could see—until I fell asleep—that she was thinking about it.

It must have been about the middle of the night, perhaps later, when I was suddenly awakened by Euphemia starting up in the bed, with the exclamation:

"I have it!"

"What?" I cried, sitting up in a great hurry. "What is it? What have you got? What's the matter?"

"I know it!" she said, "I know it. Our boarder is a *grandfather*! Little Adele is the grown-up daughter's child. He was quite particular to say that his wife married *very* young. Just to think of it! So short a time ago, he was living with us—a bachelor—and now, in four short months, he is a grandfather!"

Carefully propounded inquiries, in the morning, proved Euphemia's conclusions to be correct.

The next evening, when we were quietly sitting in our own room, Euphemia remarked that she did not wish to have anything to do with French flats.

"They seem to be very convenient," I said.

"Oh yes, convenient enough, but I don't like them. I would hate to live where everything let down like a table-lid, or else turned with a crank. And when I think of those fire-escapes, and the boarder's grandchild, it makes me feel very unpleasantly."

"But the grandchild don't follow as a matter of course," said I.

"No," she answered, "but I shall never like French flats."

And we discussed them no more.

For some weeks, we examined into every style of economic and respectable house-keeping, and many methods of living in what Euphemia called "imitation comfort" were set aside as unworthy of consideration.

"My dear," said Euphemia, one evening, "what we really ought to do is to build. Then we would have exactly the house we want."

"Very true," I replied; "but to build a house, a man must have money."

"Oh no!" said she, "or at least, not much. For one thing, you might join a building association. In some of those societies I know that you only have to pay a dollar a week."

"But do you suppose the association builds houses for all its members?" I asked.

"Of course I suppose so. Else why is it called a building association?"

I had read a good deal about these organizations, and I explained to Euphemia that a dollar a week was never received by any of them in payment for a new house.

"Then build yourself," she said; "I know how that can be done."

"Oh, it's easy enough," I remarked, "if you have the money."

"No, you needn't have any money," said Euphemia, rather hastily. "Just let me show you. Supposing, for instance, that you want to build a house worth—well, say twenty thousand dollars, in some pretty town near the city."

"I would rather figure on a cheaper house than that, for a country place," I interrupted.

"Well then, say two thousand dollars. You get masons and carpenters, and people to dig the cellar, and you engage them to build your house. You needn't pay them until it's done, of course. Then when it's all finished, borrow two thousand dollars and give the house as security. After that, you see, you have only to pay the interest on the borrowed money. When you save enough money to pay back the loan, the house is your own. Now, isn't that a good plan?"

"Yes," said I, "if there could be found people who would build your house and wait for their money until some one would lend you its full value on a mortgage."

"Well," said Euphemia, "I guess they could be found, if you would only look for them."

"I'll look for them, when I go to heaven," I said.

We gave up for the present, the idea of building or buying a house, and determined to rent a small place in the country, and then, as Euphemia wisely said, if we liked it, we might buy it. After she had dropped her building projects she thought that one ought to know just how a house would suit before having it on one's hands.

We could afford something better than a canal-boat now, and so we were not so restricted as in our first search for a house. But, the one thing which troubled my wife

—and, indeed, caused me much anxious thought, was that scourge of almost all rural localities—tramps. It would be necessary for me to be away all day,—and we could not afford to keep a man,—so we must be careful to get a house somewhere off the line of ordinary travel, or else in a well-settled neighborhood, where there would be some one near at hand in case of unruly visitors.

“A village I don’t like,” said Euphemia; “there is always so much gossip, and people know all about what you have, and what you do. And yet it would be very lonely, and perhaps dangerous, for us to live off somewhere, all by ourselves. And there is another objection to a village. We don’t want a house with a small yard and a garden at the back. We ought to have a dear little farm, with some fields for corn, and a cow, and a barn and things of that sort. All that would be lovely. I’ll tell you what we want,” she cried, seized with a sudden inspiration; “we ought to try to get the end-house of a village. Then our house could be near the neighbors, and our farm could stretch out a little way into the country beyond us. Let us fix our minds upon such a house and I believe we can get it.”

So we fixed our minds, but in the course of a week or two we unfixed them several times to allow the consideration of places, which otherwise would have been out of range; and during one of these intervals of mental disfixment we took a house.

It was not the end-house of a village, but it was in the outskirts of a very small rural settlement. Our nearest neighbor was within vigorous shouting distance, and the house suited us so well in other respects, that we concluded that this would do. The house was small, but large enough. There were some trees around it, and a little lawn in front. There was a garden, a small barn and stable, a pasture field, and land enough besides for small patches of corn and potatoes. The rent was low, the water good, and no one can imagine how delighted we were.

We did not furnish the whole house at first, but what mattered it? We had no horse or cow, but the pasture and barn were ready for them. We did not propose to begin with everything at once.

Our first evening in that house was made up of hours of unalloyed bliss. We walked from room to room; we looked out on the garden and the lawn; we sat on the little porch while I smoked.

“We were happy at Rudder Grange,” said Euphemia; “but that was only a canal-boat, and could not, in the nature of things, have been a permanent home.”

“No,” said I, “it could not have been permanent. But, in many respects, it was a delightful home. The very name of it brings pleasant thoughts.”

“It was a nice name,” said Euphemia, “and I’ll tell you what we might do: Let us call this place Rudder Grange—the New Rudder Grange! The name will do just as well for a house as for a boat.”

I agreed on the spot, and the house was christened.

Our household was small; we had a servant—a German woman; and we had ourselves, that was all.

I did not do much in the garden; it was too late in the season. The former occupant had planted some corn and potatoes, with a few other vegetables, and these I weeded and hoed, working early in the morning and when I came home in the afternoon. Euphemia tied up the rose-vines, trimmed the bushes, and with a little rake and hoe she prepared a flower-bed in front of the parlor-window. This exercise gave us splendid appetites, and we loved our new home more and more.

Our German girl did not suit us exactly at first, and day by day she grew to suit us less. She was a quiet, kindly, pleasant creature, and delighted in an out-of-door life. She was as willing to weed in the garden as she was to cook or wash. At first I was very much pleased with this, because, as I remarked to Euphemia, you can find very few girls who would be willing to work in the garden, and she might be made very useful.

But, after a time, Euphemia began to get a little out of patience with her. She worked out-of-doors entirely too much. And what she did there, as well as some of her work in the house, was very much like certain German literature—you didn’t know how it was done, or what it was for.

One afternoon I found Euphemia quite annoyed.

“Look here,” she said, “and see what that girl has been at work at, nearly all this afternoon. I was upstairs sewing and thought she was ironing. Isn’t it too provoking?”

It *was* provoking. The contemplative German had collected a lot of short ham-bones—where she found them I cannot imagine—and had made of them a border

around my wife's flower-bed. The bones stuck up straight a few inches above the ground, all along the edge of the bed, and the marrow-cavity of each one was filled with earth in which she had planted seeds.



THE HAM-BONE GIRL.

"These," she says, "will spring up and look beautiful," said Euphemia; "they have that style of thing in her country."

"Then let her take them off with her to her country," I exclaimed.

"No, no," said Euphemia, hurriedly, "don't kick them out. It would only wound her feelings. She did it all for the best, and thought it would please me to have such a border around my bed. But she is too independent, and neglects her proper work. I will give her a week's notice and get another servant. When she goes we can take these horrid bones away. But I hope nobody will call on us in the meantime."

"Must we keep these things here a whole week?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't turn her away without giving her a fair notice. That would be cruel."

I saw the truth of the remark, and determined to bear with the bones rather than be unkind.

That night Euphemia informed the girl of her decision, and the next morning, soon after I had left, the good German appeared with her bonnet on and her carpet-bag in her hand, to take leave of her mistress.

"What!" cried Euphemia. "You are not going to-day?"

"If it is goot to go at all it is goot to go now," said the girl.

"And you will go off and leave me with-

out any one in the house, after my putting myself out to give you a fair notice? It's shameful!"

"I think it is very goot for me to go now," quietly replied the girl. "This house is very loneful. I will go to-morrow in the city to see your husband for my money. Goot morning." And off she trudged to the station.

Before I reached the house that afternoon, Euphemia rushed out to tell this story. I would not like to say how far I kicked those ham-bones.

This German girl had many successors, I am sorry to say, and some of them suited as badly and left as abruptly as herself; but Euphemia never forgot the ungrateful stab given her by this "ham-bone girl," as she always called her. It was her first wound of the kind, and it came in the very beginning of the campaign when she was all unused to this domestic warfare.

It was a couple of weeks, or thereabouts, after this episode that Euphemia came down to the gate to meet me on my return from the city. I noticed a very peculiar expression on her face. She looked both thoughtful and pleased. Almost the first words she said to me were these:

"A tramp came here to-day."

"I am sorry to hear that," I exclaimed. "That's the worst news I have had yet. I did hope that we were far enough from the line of travel to escape these scourges. How did you get rid of him? Was he impertinent?"

"You must not feel that way about all tramps," said she. "Sometimes they are deserving of our charity, and ought to be helped. There is a great difference in them."

"That may be," I said; "but what of this one? When was he here, and when did he go?"

"He did not go at all. He is here now."

"Here now!" I cried. "Where is he?"

"Do not call out so loud," said Euphemia, putting her hand on my arm. "You will waken him. He is asleep."

"Asleep!" said I. "A tramp? Here?"

"Yes. Stop, let me tell you about him. He told me his story, and it is a sad one. He is a middle-aged man—fifty perhaps—and has been rich. He was once a broker in Wall street, but lost money by the failure of various railroads—the Camden and Amboy, for one."

"That hasn't failed," I interrupted.

"Well then it was the Northern Pacific, or some other one of them—at any rate I



MY PACKAGE IS HOISTED INTO THE CAR.

know it was either a railroad or a bank,—and he soon became very poor. He has a son in Cincinnati, who is a successful merchant, and lives in a fine house, with horses and carriages, and all that; and this poor man has written to his son, but has never had any answer. So now he is going to walk to Cincinnati to see him. He knows he will not be turned away if he can once meet his son, face to face. He was very tired when he stopped here,—and he has ever and ever so far to walk yet, you know,—and so after I had given him something to eat, I let him lie down in the outer kitchen, on that roll of rag-carpet that is there. I spread it out for him. It is a hard bed for one who has known comfort, but he seems to sleep soundly.”

“Let me see him,” said I, and I walked back to the outer kitchen.

There lay the unsuccessful broker fast asleep. His face, which was turned toward me as I entered, showed that it had been many days since he had been shaved, and his hair had apparently been uncombed for about the same length of time. His clothes were very old, and a good deal torn, and he wore one boot and one shoe.

“Whew!” said I. “Have you been giving him whisky?”

“No,” whispered Euphemia, “of course not. I noticed that smell, and he said he had been cleaning his clothes with alcohol.”

“They needed it, I’m sure,” I remarked as I turned away. “And now,” said I, “where’s the girl?”

“This is her afternoon out. What is the matter? You look frightened.”

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“Oh, I’m not frightened, but I find I must go down to the station again. Just run up and put on your bonnet. It will be a nice little walk for you.”

I had been rapidly revolving the matter in my mind. What was I to do with this wretch who was now asleep in my outer kitchen? If I woke him up and drove him off,—and I might have difficulty in doing it,—there was every reason to believe that he would not go far, but return at night and commit some revengeful act. I never saw a more sinister-looking fellow. And he was certainly drunk. He must not be allowed to wander about our neighborhood. I would go for the constable and have him arrested.

So I locked the door from the kitchen into the house and then the outside door of the kitchen, and when my wife came down we hurried off. On the way I told her what I intended to do, and what I thought of our guest. She answered scarcely a word, and I hoped that she was frightened. I think she was.

The constable, who was also coroner of our township, had gone to a creek, three miles away, to hold an inquest, and there was nobody to arrest the man. The nearest police-station was at Hackingford, six miles away, on the railroad. I held a consultation with the station-master, and the gentleman who kept the grocery-store opposite.

They could think of nothing to be done except to shoot the man, and to that I objected.

“However,” said I, “he can’t stay there;” and a happy thought just then striking me, I called to the boy who drove the village



“JUST GIVE HIM A GOOD LICKIN’.”

express-wagon, and engaged him for a job. The wagon was standing at the station, and to save time, I got in and rode to my house. Euphemia went over to call on the grocery-man's wife until I returned.

I had determined that the man should be taken away, although, until I was riding home, I had not made up my mind where to have him taken. But on the road I settled this matter.

On reaching the house, we drove into the yard as close to the kitchen as we could go. Then I unlocked the door, and the boy—who was a big, strapping fellow—entered with me. We found the ex-broker still wrapped in the soundest slumber. Leaving the boy to watch him, I went upstairs and got a baggage-tag which I directed to the chief of police at the police station in Hackingford. I returned to the kitchen and fastened this tag, conspicuously, on the lappel of the sleeper's coat. Then, with a clothes-line, I tied him up carefully, hand and foot. To all this he offered not the slightest opposition. When he was suitably packed, with due regard to the probable tenderness of wrist and ankle in one brought up in luxury, the boy and I carried him to the wagon.

He was a heavy load, and we may have bumped him a little, but his sleep was not disturbed. Then we drove him to the express office. This was at the railroad station, and the station-master was also express agent. At first he was not inclined to receive my parcel, but when I assured him that all sorts of live things were sent by express, and that I could see no reason for making an exception in this case, he added my arguments to his own disposition, as a house-holder, to see the goods forwarded to their destination, and so gave me a receipt, and pasted a label on the ex-broker's shoulder. I set no value on the package, which I prepaid.

"Now then," said the station-master, "he'll go all right, if the express agent on the train will take him."

This matter was soon settled, for, in a few minutes, the train stopped at the station. My package was wheeled to the express car, and two porters, who entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, hoisted it into the car. The train-agent, who just then noticed the character of the goods, began to declare that he would not have the fellow in his car; but my friend the station-master shouted out that everything was all right,—the man was properly packed, invoiced and paid for, and the train, which was behind time, moved away before the irate agent could

take measures to get rid of his unwelcome freight.

"Now," said I, "there'll be a drunken man at the police-station in Hackingford in about half-an-hour. His offense will be as evident there as here, and they can do what they please with him. I shall telegraph, to explain the matter and prepare them for his arrival."

When I had done this, Euphemia and I went home. The tramp had cost me some money, but I was well satisfied with my evening's work, and felt that the township owed me, at least, a vote of thanks.

But I firmly made up my mind that Euphemia should never again be left unprotected. I would not even trust to a servant who would agree to have no afternoons out. I would get a dog.

The next day I advertised for a fierce watch-dog, and in the course of a week I got one. Before I procured him I examined into the merits, and price, of about one hundred dogs. My dog was named Pete, but I determined to make a change in that respect. He was a very tall, bony, powerful beast, of a dull black color, and with a lower jaw that would crack the hind-leg of an ox, so I was informed. He was of a varied breed, and the good Irishman of whom I bought him said he had fine blood in him, and attempted to refer him back to the different classes of dogs from which he had been derived. But after I had had him awhile, I made an analysis based on his appearance and character, and concluded that he was mainly blood-hound, shaded with wolf-dog and mastiff, and picked out with touches of bull-dog.

The man brought him home for me, and chained him up in an unused wood-shed, for I had no dog-house as yet.

"Now then," said he, "all you've got to do is to keep 'im chained up there for three or four days till he gets used to ye. An' I'll tell ye the best way to make a dog like ye. Jist give him a good lickin'. Then he'll know yer his master, and he'll like ye iver afterward. There's plenty of people that don't know that. And, by the way, sir, that chain's none too strong for 'im. I got it when he wasn't mo'n half grown. Ye'd bether git him a new one."

When the man had gone, I stood and looked at the dog, and could not help hoping that he would learn to like me without the intervention of a thrashing. Such harsh methods were not always necessary, I felt sure.

After our evening meal—a combination

of dinner and supper, of which Euphemia used to say that she did not know whether to call it dinner or supper—we went out together to look at our new guardian.

Euphemia was charmed with him.

"How massive!" she exclaimed. "What splendid limbs! And look at that immense head! I know I shall never be afraid now. I feel that that is a dog I can rely upon. Make him stand up, please, so I can see how tall he is."

"I think it would be better not to disturb him," I answered, "he may be tired. He will get up of his own accord very soon. And indeed I hope that he will not get up until I go to the store and get him a new chain."

As I said this I made a step forward to look at his chain, and at that instant a low growl, like the first rumblings of an earthquake, ran through the dog.

I stepped back again and went for the chain. The dog-chains shown me at the store seemed all too short and too weak, and I concluded to buy two chains used for hitching horses and to make one long one of them. I wanted him to be able to come out of the wood-shed when it should be necessary to show himself.

On my way home with my purchase the thought suddenly struck me, How will you put that chain on your dog? The memory of the rumbling growl was still vivid.

I never put the chain on him. As I approached him with it in my hand, he rose to his feet, his eyes sparkled, his black lips drew back from his mighty teeth, he gave one savage bark and sprang at me.

His chain held and I went into the house. That night he broke loose and went home to his master, who lived fully ten miles away.

When I found in the morning that he was gone I was in doubt whether it would be better to go and look for him or not. But I concluded to keep up a brave heart, and found him, as I expected, at the place where I had bought him. The Irishman took him to my house again and I had to pay for the man's loss of time as well as for his fare on the railroad. But the dog's old master chained him up with the new chain and I felt repaid for my outlay.

Every morning and night I fed that dog, and I spoke as kindly and gently to him as I knew how. But he seemed to cherish a distaste for me, and always greeted me with a growl. He was an awful dog.

About a week after the arrival of this

animal, I was astonished and frightened on nearing the house to hear a scream from my wife. I rushed into the yard and was greeted with a succession of screams from two voices, that seemed to come from the vicinity of the wood-shed. Hurrying thither, I perceived Euphemia standing on the roof of the shed in perilous proximity to the edge, while near the ridge of the roof sat our hired girl with her handkerchief over her head.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Euphemia. "Climb up here! The dog is loose! Be quick! Be quick! Oh! he's coming, he's coming!"

I asked for no explanation. There was a rail-fence by the side of the shed and I sprang on this, and was on the roof just as the dog came bounding and barking from the barn.

Instantly Euphemia had me in her arms, and we came very near going off the roof together.

"I never feared to have you come home before," she sobbed. "I thought he would tear you limb from limb."

"But how did all this happen?" said I.

"Och! I kin hardly remimber," said the girl from under her handkerchief.

"Well, I didn't ask you," I said, somewhat too sharply.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Euphemia. "There was a man at the gate and he looked suspicious and didn't try to come in, and Mary was at the barn looking for an egg, and I thought this was a good time to see whether the dog was a good watch-dog or not, so I went and unchained him——"

"Did you unchain that dog?" I cried.

"Yes, and the minute he was loose he made a rush at the gate, but the man was gone before he got there, and as he ran down the road I saw that he was Mr. Henderson's man, who was coming here on an errand, I expect, and then I went down to the barn to get Mary to come and help me chain up the dog, and when she came out he began to chase me and then her; and we were so frightened that we climbed up here, and I don't know, I'm sure, how I ever got up that fence; and do you think he can climb up here?"

"Oh no! my dear," I said.

"An' he's just the beast to go afther a stip-ladder," said the girl, in muffled tones.

"And what are we to do?" asked Euphemia. "We can't eat and sleep up here. Don't you think that if we were all to shout out together, we could make some neighbor hear?"



"WE CAME VERY NEAR GOING OFF THE ROOF TOGETHER."

"Oh yes!" I said, "there is no doubt of it. But then, if a neighbor came, the dog would fall on him ——"

"And tear him limb from limb," interrupted Euphemia.

"Yes, and besides, my dear, I should hate to have any of the neighbors come and find us all up here. It would look so utterly absurd. Let me try and think of some other plan."

"Well, please be as quick as you can. It's dreadful to be——who's that?"

I looked up and saw a female figure just entering the yard.

"Oh, what shall we do?" exclaimed Euphemia. "The dog will get her. Call to her!"

"No, no," said I, "don't make a noise. It will only bring the dog. He seems to have gone to the barn, or somewhere. Keep perfectly quiet, and she may go up on the porch, and as the front door is not locked, she may rush into the house, if she sees him coming."

"I do hope she will do that," said Euphemia, anxiously.

"And yet," said I, "it's not pleasant to

have strangers going into the house when there's no one there."

"But it's better than seeing a stranger torn to pieces before your eyes," said Euphemia.

"Yes," I replied, "it is. Don't you think we might get down now? The dog isn't here."

"No, no!" cried Euphemia. "There he is now, coming this way. And look at that woman! She is coming right to this shed."

Sure enough, our visitor had passed by the front door, and was walking toward us. Evidently, she had heard our voices.

"Don't come here!" cried Euphemia. "You'll be killed! Run! run! The dog is coming! Why, mercy on us! It's Pomona!"

And sure enough it was. There stood our old servant-girl, of the canal-boat, with a crooked straw bonnet on her head, a faded yellow parasol in her hand, a parcel done up in newspaper under her arm, and an expression of astonishment on her face.

"Well, truly!" she ejaculated.

"Into the house, quick!" I said. "We have a savage dog!"

"And here he is!" cried Euphemia. "Oh! she will be torn to atoms."

Straight at Pomona came the great black beast, barking furiously. But the girl did not move; she did not even turn her head to look at the dog, who stopped before he reached her and began to rush wildly around her, barking terribly.

We held our breath. I tried to say "get out!" or "lie down!" but my tongue would not form the words.

"Can you get up here?" gasped Euphemia.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

The dog now stopped barking, and stood looking at Pomona, occasionally glancing up at us. Pomona took not the slightest notice of him.

"Do you know, ma'am," said she to Euphemia, "that if I had come here yesterday, that dog would have had my life's blood."

"And why don't he have it to-day?" said Euphemia, who, with myself, was utterly amazed at the behavior of the dog.

"Because I know more to-day than I did yesterday," answered Pomona. "It was only this morning that I read something, as I was coming here on the cars. This is it," she continued, unwrapping her paper parcel, and taking from it one of the two books it contained. "I finished this part just as the cars stopped, and I put my scissors in the place; I'll read it to you."

Standing there with one book still under her arm, the newspaper half unwrapped from it, hanging down and flapping in the breeze, she opened the other volume at the scissors-place, turned back a page or two, and began to read as follows:

"Lord Edward slowly san-ter-ed up the broad ances-tral walk, when sudden-ly, from out a cop-se, there sprang a fur-i-ous hound. The marsh-man, con-ce-al-ed in a tree, expected to see the life's blood of the young nob-le-man stain the path. But no, Lord Edward did not stop nor turn his head. With a smile, he strode stead-i-ly on. Well he knew that if, by be-traying no em-otion, he could show the dog that he was walking where he had a right, the bru-te would re-cog-nize that right and let him pass un-sca-thed. Thus in this moment of peril his nob-le courage saved him. The hound, abashed, returned to his cov-ert, and Lord Edward pass-ed on.

"Foi-led again," mutter-ed the marsh-man.

"Now then," said Pomona, closing the book, "you see I remembered that, the minute I saw the dog coming, and I didn't betray any emotion. Yesterday, now, when

I didn't know it, I'd 'a' been sure to betray emotion, and he would have had my life's blood. Did he drive you up there?"

"Yes," said Euphemia; and she hastily explained the situation.

"Then I guess I'd better chain him up," remarked Pomona; and advancing to the dog she took him boldly by the collar and pulled him toward the shed. The animal hung back at first, but soon followed her, and she chained him up securely.

"Now you can come down," said Pomona.

I assisted Euphemia to the ground, and Pomona persuaded the hired girl to descend.

"Will he grab me by the leg?" asked the girl.

"No; get down, gump," said Pomona, and down she scrambled.

We took Pomona into the house with us and asked her news of herself.

"Well," said she, "there aint much to tell. I staid awhile at the institution, but I didn't get much good there, only I learned to read to myself, because if I read out loud they came and took the book away. Then I left there and went to live out, but the woman was awful mean. She throwed away one of my books and I was only half through it. It was a real good book, named 'The Bridal Corpse, or Montregor's Curse,' and I had to pay for it at the circulatin'



POMONA READS ABOUT LORD EDWARD.

library. So I left her quick enough, and then I went on the stage."

"On the stage!" cried Euphemia. "What did you do on the stage?"

"Scrub," replied Pomona. "You see that I thought if I could get anything to do at the theayter, I could work my way

up, and so I was glad to get 'scrubbin'. I asked the prompter, one morning, if he thought there was any chance for me to work up, and he said yes, I might scrub the galleries, and then I told him that I didn't want none of his lip, and I pretty soon left that place. I heard you was a-keepin' house out here, and so I thought I'd come along and see you, and if you hadn't no girl I'd like to live with you again, and I guess you might as well take me, for that other girl said, when she got down from the shed, that she was goin' away to-morrow; she wouldn't stay in no house where they kept such a dog, though I told her I guessed he was only cuttin' 'round because he was so glad to get loose."

"Cutting around!" exclaimed Euphemia. "It was nothing of the kind. If you had seen him you would have known better. But did you come now to stay? Where are your things?"

"On me," replied Pomona.

When Euphemia found that the Irish girl really intended to leave, we consulted together and concluded to engage Pomona, and I went so far as to agree to carry her books to and from the circulating library to which she subscribed, hoping thereby to be able to exercise some influence on her taste. And thus part of the old family of Rudder Grange had come together again. True, the boarder was away, but, as Pomona remarked, when she heard about him, "You couldn't always expect to ever regain the ties that had always bound everybody."

Our delight and interest in our little farm increased day by day. In a week or two after Pomona's arrival I bought a cow. Euphemia was very anxious to have an Alderney,—they were such gentle, beautiful creatures,—but I could not afford such a luxury. I might possibly compass an Alderney calf, but we would have to wait a couple of years for our milk, and Euphemia said it would be better to have a common cow than to do that.

Great was our inward satisfaction when the cow, our *own* cow, walked slowly and solemnly into our yard and began to crop the clover on our little lawn. Pomona and I gently drove her to the barn, while Euphemia endeavored to quiet the violent demonstrations of the dog (fortunately chained) by assuring him that this was *our* cow and that she was to live here, and that he was to take care of her and never bark at her. All this and much more, delivered in the earnest and confidential tone in which

ladies talk to infants and dumb animals, made the dog think he was to be let loose to kill the cow, and he bounded and leaped with delight, tugging at his chain so violently that Euphemia became a little frightened and left him. This dog had been named Lord Edward, at the earnest solicitation of Pomona, and he was becoming somewhat reconciled to his life with us. He allowed me to unchain him at night and I could generally chain him up in the morning without trouble if I had a good big plate of food with which to tempt him into the shed.

Before supper we all went down to the barn to see the milking. Pomona, who knew all about such things, having been on a farm in her first youth, was to be the milk-maid. But when she began operations, she did no more than begin. Milk as industriously as she might, she got no milk.

"This is a queer cow," said Pomona.

"Are you sure that you know how to milk?" asked Euphemia anxiously.

"Can I milk?" said Pomona. "Why of course, ma'am. I've seen 'em milk hundreds of times."

"But you never milked, yourself?" I remarked.

"No, sir, but I know just how it's done."

That might be, but she couldn't do it, and at last we had to give up the matter in despair, and leave the poor cow until morning, when Pomona was to go for a man who occasionally worked on the place, and engage him to come and milk for us.

That night as we were going to bed I looked out of the window at the barn which contained the cow, and was astonished to see that there was a light inside of the building.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Can't we be left in peaceful possession of a cow for a single night?" And, taking my revolver, I hurried down-stairs and out-of-doors, forgetting my hat in my haste. Euphemia screamed after me to be careful and keep the pistol pointed away from me.

I whistled for the dog as I went out, but to my surprise he did not answer.

"Has he been killed?" I thought, and, for a moment, I wished that I was a large family of brothers—all armed.

But on my way to the barn I met a person approaching with a lantern and a dog. It was Pomona, and she had a milk-pail on her arm.

"See here, sir," she said, "it's mor'n half



"THIS IS A QUEER COW," SAID POMONA.

full. I just made up my mind that I'd learn to milk—if it took me all night. I didn't go to bed at all, and I've been at the barn fur an hour. And there aint no need of my goin' after no man in the mornin'," said she, hanging up the barn key on its nail.

I simply mention this circumstance to show what kind of a girl Pomona had grown to be.

We were all the time at work in some way, improving our little place. "Some day we will buy it," said Euphemia. We intended to have some wheat put in in the fall and next year we would make the place fairly crack with luxuriance. We would divide the duties of the farm, and, among other things, Euphemia would take charge of the chickens. She wished to do this entirely herself, so that there might be one thing that should be all her own, just as my work in town was all my own. As she wished to buy the chickens and defray all the necessary expenses out of her own private funds, I could make no objections, and, indeed, I had no desire to do so. She bought a chicken-book, and made herself mistress of the subject. For a week, there

was a strong chicken flavor in all our conversation.

This was while the poultry yard was building. There was a chicken-house on the place, but no yard, and Euphemia intended to have a good big one, because she was going into the business to make money.

"Perhaps my chickens may buy the place," she said, and I very much hoped they would.

Everything was to be done very systematically. She would have Leghorns, Brahmas, and common fowls. The first, because they laid so many eggs; the second, because they were such fine, big fowls, and the third, because they were such good mothers.

"We will eat, and sell the eggs of the first and third classes," she said, "and set the eggs of the second class, under the hens of the third class."

"There seems to be some injustice in that arrangement," I said, "for the first class will always be childless; the second class will have nothing to do with their offspring, while the third will be obliged to bring up and care for the children of others."

But I really had no voice in this matter.

As soon as the carpenter had finished the yard, and had made some coops and other necessary arrangements, Euphemia hired a carriage and went about the country to buy chickens. It was not easy to find just what she wanted, and she was gone all day.

However, she brought home an enormous Brahma cock and ten hens, which number was pretty equally divided into her three classes. She was very proud of her purchases, and indeed they were fine fowls. In the evening I made some allusion to the cost of all this carpenter work, carriage-hire, etc., besides the price of the chickens.

"Oh!" said she, "you don't look at the matter in the right light. You haven't studied it up as I have. Now, just let me show you how this thing will pay, if carried on properly." Producing a piece of paper covered with figures, she continued: "I begin with ten hens—I got four common ones, because it would make it easier to calculate. After a while, I set these ten hens on thirteen eggs each; three of these eggs will probably spoil,—that leaves ten chickens hatched out. Of these, I will say that half die, that will make five chickens for each hen; you see, I leave a large margin for loss. This makes fifty chickens, and when we add the hens, we have sixty fowls at the end of the first year. Next year I set these sixty and they bring up five chickens each,—I am sure there will be a larger proportion than this, but I want to be safe,—and that is three hundred chickens; add the hens, and we have three hundred and sixty at the end of the second year. In the third year, calculating in the same safe way, we shall have twenty-one hundred and sixty chickens; in the fourth year there will be twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty, and at the end of the fifth year, which is as far as I need to calculate now, we shall have sixty-four thousand and eight hundred chickens. What

do you think of that? At seventy-five cents apiece,—a very low price,—that would be forty-eight thousand and six hundred dollars. Now, what is the petty cost of a fence, and a few coops, by the side of a sum like that?"

"Nothing at all," I answered. "It is lost like a drop in the ocean. I hate, my dear, to interfere in any way with such a splendid calculation as that, but I would like to ask you one question."

"Oh, of course," she said, "I suppose you are going to say something about the cost of feeding all this poultry. That is to come out of the chickens supposed to die. They won't die. It is ridiculous to suppose that each hen will bring up but five chickens. The chickens that will live, out of those I consider as dead, will more than pay for the feed."

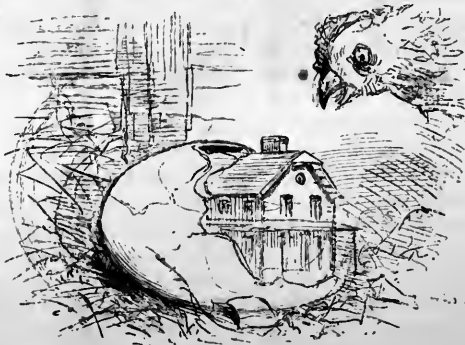
"That is not what I was going to ask you, although of course it ought to be considered. But you know you are only going to set common hens, and you do not intend to raise any. Now, are those four hens to do all the setting and mother-work for five years, and eventually bring up over sixty-four thousand chickens?"

"Well, I *did* make a mistake there," she said, coloring a little. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll set every one of my hens every year."

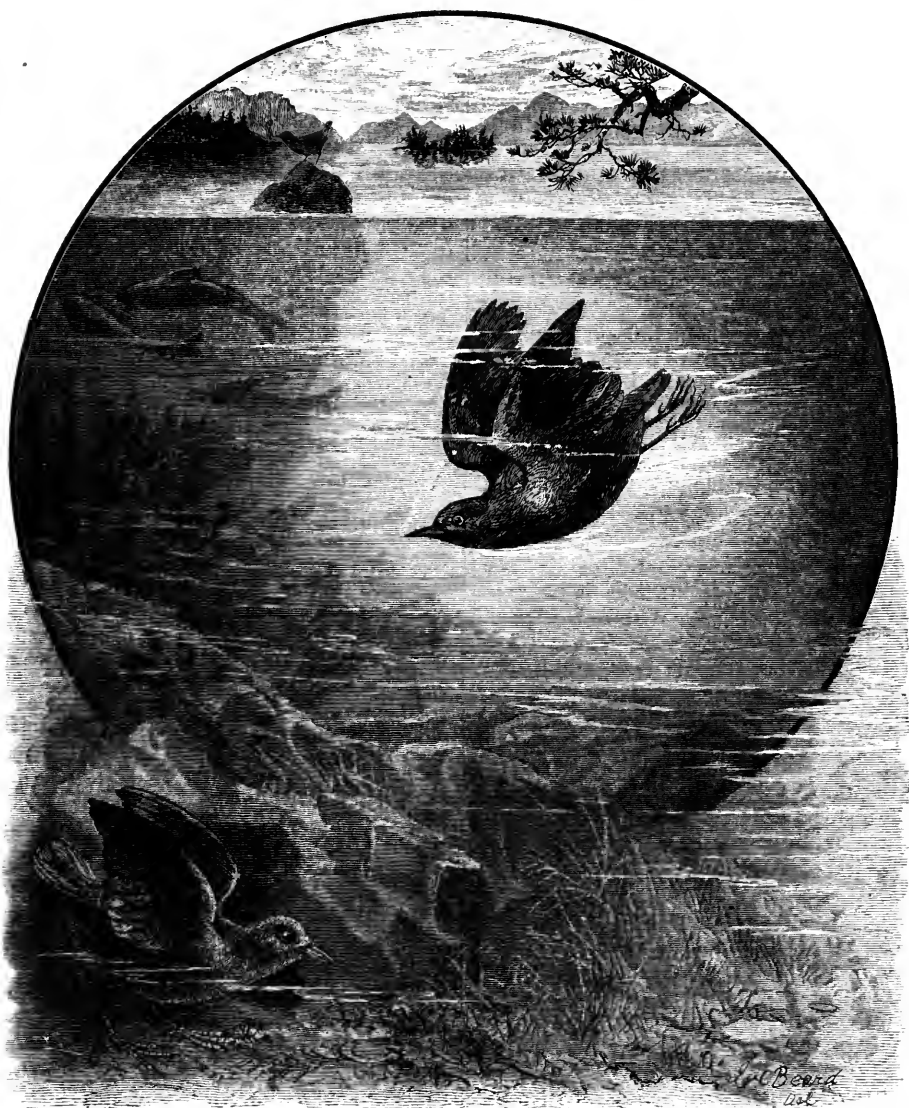
"But all those chickens may not be hens. You have calculated that every one of them would set as soon as it was old enough."

She stopped a minute to think this over. "Two heads are better than one, I see," she said, directly. "I'll allow that one-half of all the chickens are roosters, and that will make the profits twenty-four thousand three hundred dollars—more than enough to buy this place."

"Ever so much more," I cried. "This Rudder Grange is ours!"



THE HUMMING-BIRD OF THE CALIFORNIA WATER-FALLS.



WATER-OUZEL DIVING AND FEEDING.

THE water-falls of the Sierra Nevada are frequented by only one bird, the ouzel or water-thrush (*Cinclus Mexicanus*, Sw.). He is a singularly joyous and lovable little fellow, about the size of a robin, clad in a plain water-proof suit of a blackish, bluish gray, with a tinge of chocolate on the head and shoulders. In form he is about as smoothly

plump and compact as a pot-hole pebble; the flowing contour of his body being interrupted only by his strong feet and bill, and the crisp wing-tips, and up-slanted wrenish tail.

Among all the countless water-falls I have met in the course of eight years' explorations in the Sierra, whether in the icy Alps, or warm foot-hills, or in the profound Yose-

mitic cañons of the middle region, not one was found without its ouzel. No cañon is too cold for him, none too lonely, provided it be rich in white falling water. Find a fall, or cascade, or rushing rapid, anywhere upon a clear crystalline stream, and there you will surely find its complementary ouzel, flitting about in the spray, diving in foaming eddies, whirling like a leaf among beaten foam-bells; ever vigorous and enthusiastic, yet self-contained, and neither seeking nor shunning your company.

If disturbed while dipping about in the margin shallows, he either sets off with a rapid whir to some other feeding-ground up or down the stream, or alights on some half-submerged rock or snag out in the foaming current, and immediately begins to nod and courtesy like a wren, turning his head from side to side and performing many other odd dainty manners as if he had been trained at some bird dancing-school.

He is the mountain streams' own darling,—the humming-bird of blooming waters, loving rocky ripple-slopes and sheets of foam, as a bee loves flowers,—as a lark loves sunshine and meadows. Among all the mountain birds, none has cheered me so much in my lonely wanderings,—none so unfailingly. For winter and summer he sings, independent alike of sunshine and love; requiring no other inspiration than the stream on which he dwells. While water sings, so must he; in heat or cold, calm or storm, ever attuning his voice in sure accord; low in the drouth of summer and drouth of winter, but never silent.

During the golden days of Indian summer the mountain streams are feeble,—a succession of silent pools, linked together with strips of silvery lace-work; then the song of the ouzel is at its lowest ebb. But as soon as the winter clouds have bloomed, and the mountain treasures are once more replenished with snow, the voices of the streams and ouzels begin to increase in strength and richness until the flood season of early summer. Then the glad torrents chant their noblest anthems, and then too is the flood-time of our songster's melody. But as to the influence of the weather, dark days and sun days are the same to him. The voices of most song-birds, however joyous, suffer a long winter eclipse; but the ouzel sings on around all the seasons, and through every kind of storm. Indeed no storm can be more violent than those of the water-falls in the midst of which he delights to dwell. At least, from whatever cause,

while the weather is darkest and most boisterous, snowing, blowing, cloudy or clear, all the same he sings, and never a note of sadness. No need of spring sunshine to thaw *his* song, for it never freezes. Never shall you hear anything wintry from *his* warm breast; no pinched cheeping, no wavering notes between sadness and joy; his mellow, fluty voice is ever tuned to downright gladness, as free from every trace of dejection as cock-crowing.

It is pitiful to see wee frost-pinched sparrows, on cold mornings, shaking the snow from their feathers, and hopping about as if anxious to be cheery, then hastening back to their hidings out of the wind, puffing out their breast feathers, and subsiding among the leaves, cold and breakfastless, while the snow continues to fall, and no sign of clearing. But the ouzel never calls forth a single touch of pity; not because he is strong to endure, but rather because he seems to live a charmed life beyond the reach of every influence that makes endurance necessary.

One wild winter morning, when Yosemite Valley was swept from west to east by a cordial snow-storm, I sallied forth to see what I might learn and enjoy. A sort of gray, gloaming-like darkness was kept up by the storm, and the loudest booming of the falls was at times buried beneath its sublime roar. The snow was already over five feet deep on the meadows; making very extended walks impossible without the aid of snow-shoes. I found no great difficulty, however, in making my way to a certain ripple on the river where one of my ouzels lived. He was at home as usual, gleaning his breakfast among the pebbles of a shallow portion of the margin, and apparently altogether unconscious of anything extraordinary in the weather. Presently he flew out to a stone against which the icy current was beating, and turning his back to the wind, sang delightfully as a lark in spring-time.

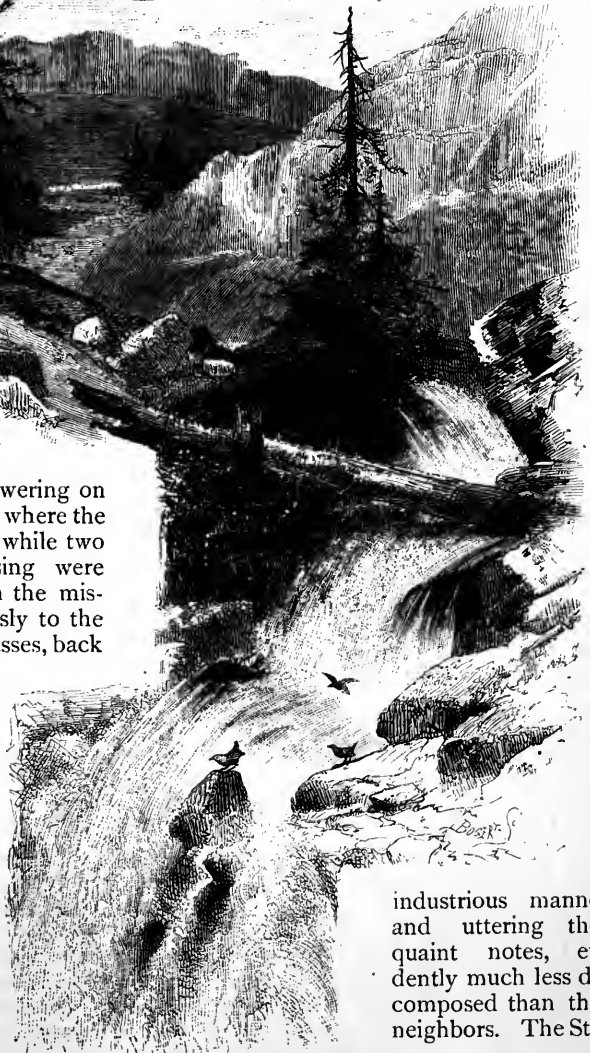
After spending an hour or two with my favorite, I went plodding through the drifts, to learn as definitely as possible how the other birds were spending their time. The Yosemite birds are easily found during the winter, because all excepting the ouzel are restricted to the sunny north side of the valley, the south side being constantly eclipsed by the great frosty shadow of the wall. And because the Indian Cañon groves from their peculiar exposure are the warmest, all the birds congregate there, more especially in severe weather.



numbered insects, joined now and then by a robin weary of his unsuccessful attempts upon the snow-covered berries. The brave woodpeckers were clinging to the snowless sides of the larger boles and overarching branches of the camp trees, making short flights from side to side of the grove, pecking and chattering aimlessly as if unable to keep still, yet evidently putting in the time in a very dull way, like storm-bound travelers at a country tavern. The hardy nut-hatches were threading the open furrows of the bark in their usual

I found most of the robins cowering on the lee side of the larger branches where the snow could not fall upon them, while two or three of the most enterprising were making desperate efforts to reach the mistletoe berries by clinging nervously to the under side of the snow-crowned masses, back downward, like woodpeckers. Every now and then they would dislodge some of the loose fringes of the snow-crown which would come sifting down upon their heads and send them screaming back to camp, where they would subside among their companions with a shiver, muttering in low, querulous chatters like hungry children.

Some of the sparrows were busy at the foot of the larger trees gleaning seeds and be-



industrious manner, and uttering their quaint notes, evidently much less discomposed than their neighbors. The Stel-

ler's jays were of course making more noisy stir than all the other birds combined; ever coming and going with loud bluster, screaming as if each had a lump of melting sludge in his throat, and taking very good care to improve the favorable opportunity afforded by the storm to steal from the acorn stores of the woodpeckers. I also noticed one solitary gray eagle braving the storm on the top of a tall pine stump just outside the main grove. He was standing bolt upright with his back to the wind, and with a tuft of snow piled on his square shoulders, the very type of passive endurance. Thus every snow-bound bird seemed more or less uncomfortable if not in positive distress. The storm was reflected in every gesture, and not one cheerful note, not to say song, came from a single bill; their cowering, joyless endurance offering a most striking contrast to the spontaneous, irrepressible gladness of the ouzel, who could no more help exhaling sweet song, than a rose sweet fragrance. He *must* sing if the heavens fall. I remember noticing the distress of a pair of robins during the violent earthquake of the year 1872, when the pines of the valley, with strange movements, flapped and waved their branches, and beetling rock-brows came thundering to the meadows in fiery avalanches. It did not occur to me in the midst of the excitement of other observations to look for the ouzels, but I doubt not they were singing straight on through it all, regarding its terrible thunders as fearlessly as they do the booming of the water-falls.

What may be regarded as the separate songs of the ouzel are exceedingly difficult of description, because they are so variable and at the same time so confluent. I have been acquainted with my favorite for eight years, and though, during most of this time I have heard him sing nearly every day, I still detect notes and strains that are quite new to me. Nearly all of his music is very sweet and tender, lapsing from his round breast like water over the smooth lip of a pool, then breaking farther on into a rich sparkling foam of melodious notes, which glow with subdued enthusiasm, yet without expressing much of the strong, gushing ecstasy of the bobolink or sky-lark.

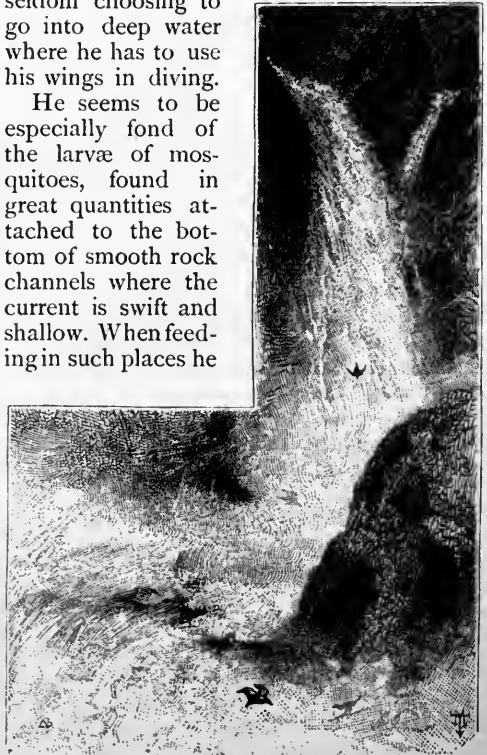
The more striking strains are perfect arabesques of melody, composed of a few full, round, mellow notes, embroidered with a great variety of delicate trills which fade in long slender cadences like the silken fringes of summer clouds melting in the

azure. But as a whole, his music is that of the stream itself, infinitely—organized, spiritualized. The deep booming notes of the falls are in it, the trills of rapids, the swirling and gurgling of pot-holes, low hushes of levels, the rapturous bounce and dance of rocky cascades, and the sweet tinkle of separate drops oozing from the ends of mosses and falling into tranquil pools.

The ouzel never sings in chorus with other birds, nor with his kind, but only with the streams. And like flowers that bloom beneath the surface of the ground, some of our favorite's best song-blossoms never rise above the surface of the heavier music of the water. I have oftentimes observed him singing in the midst of beaten spray, his music completely buried beneath the water's roar; yet I knew he was surely singing by the movements of his bill.

His food consists of all kinds of water insects, which in summer are chiefly procured along shallow margins. Here he wades about ducking his head under water, and deftly turning over pebbles and fallen leaves with his bill, seldom choosing to go into deep water where he has to use his wings in diving.

He seems to be especially fond of the larvæ of mosquitoes, found in great quantities attached to the bottom of smooth rock channels where the current is swift and shallow. When feeding in such places he



OUZEL ENTERING A WHITE CURRENT.

wades up-stream, and oftentimes while his head is under water the swift current is deflected upward along the glossy curves of his neck and shoulders, in the form of a clear, crystalline shell, which fairly incloses him like a bell-glass, the shell being constantly broken and re-formed as he lifts and dips his head; while ever and anon he sidles out to where the too powerful current carries him off his feet, and sweeps him rapidly down-stream; then he dexterously rises on the wing and goes gleaning again in shallower places.

But during the winter, when the stream-banks are all deeply embossed in snow, and the streams themselves are chilled nearly to the freezing point, so that the snow falling into them in stormy weather is not wholly dissolved, but forms a thin blue sludge, thus rendering the current opaque—then he seeks the deeper portions of the main rivers, where he may dive to clear portions of the channel beneath the sludge. Or he repairs to some open lake or mill-pond, at the bottom of which he feeds in perfect safety.

When thus compelled to betake himself to a lake, he does not plunge into it at once like a duck, but always alights in the first place upon some rock or fallen pine along the shore, then flying out thirty or forty yards, more or less, according to the character of the bottom, he alights with a dainty glint on the surface, swims about, looks down, finally makes up his mind and disappears with a sharp stroke of his wings. After feeding for two or three minutes he suddenly re-appears, showers the water from his wings with one vigorous shake, and rises abruptly into the air as if pushed up from beneath, comes back to his perch, sings a few minutes and goes out to dive again; thus coming and going, singing and diving at the same places for hours.

I once observed three thus spending a winter morning in company, upon a small glacier lake, on the Upper Merced, about 7,500 feet above the level of the sea.

A storm had occurred during the night, but the morning sun shone unclouded, and the shadowy lake, gleaming darkly in its setting of fresh snow, lay smooth and motionless as a mirror.

My camp chanced to be within a few feet of the water's edge, opposite a fallen pine, some of the branches of which leaned out over the lake. Here my three dearly welcome visitors took up their station, and at once began to embroider the frosty

air with their delicious melody, doubly delightful to me that particular morning, as I had been somewhat apprehensive of danger in breaking my way down to the lowlands.

The portion of the lake bottom selected for a feeding-ground lies at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, and is covered with a short growth of algæ and other aquatic plants,—facts I chanced to be able to determine by having previously floated over it on a raft and made soundings.

After alighting on the glassy surface, the birds would occasionally indulge in a little play, chasing each other round about in small circles; then all three would suddenly dive together, and come ashore and sing. They are usually found singly, however, rarely in pairs excepting during the breeding season, and *very* rarely in threes or fours.

They seldom swim more than a few yards on the surface, for, not being web-footed, they make rather slow progress, but by means of their strong, crisp wings they swim, or rather fly, with great celerity under the surface, often to considerable distances.

But it is in withstanding the force of rushing torrents that their strength of wing in this respect is most strikingly manifested. The following may be regarded as a fair illustration of their easy, unconscious powers of sub-aquatic flight. One winter morning, when the Merced River was blue and green with unmelted snow, I observed one of my ouzels perched on a snag out in the midst of a swift rushing rapid. He sang cheerily, as if everything was just to his mind, and while I stood on the bank admiring him, he suddenly plunged into the sludgy current, leaving his song broken abruptly off. After feeding a minute or two at the bottom, and when one would suppose he must inevitably be swept far down-stream, he emerged just where he went down, alighted on the same snag, showered the water beads from his feathers, and at once continued his unfinished song, splicing it together as if it had suffered no interruption.

The ouzel alone of all birds dares to enter a white torrent. And though strictly terrestrial in structure, no other is so inseparably related to water, not even the duck, or bold ocean albatross, or storm-petrel. Ducks go ashore when they have done feeding in undisturbed places, and frequently make long overland flights from lake to lake or from field

to field. The same is true of most other aquatic birds. But our ouzel, born on the very brink of a stream, seldom leaves it for a single moment. For, notwithstanding he is often on the wing, he never flies overland, but whirs with rapid, quail-like beat above the stream, tracing all its winding modulations with great minuteness. Even when the stream is quite small, say from five to ten feet wide, he will not try to shorten his flight by crossing a bend, however abrupt it may be; and even when disturbed by meeting some one on the bank, he prefers to fly over one's head, to dodging out over the ground. When therefore his flight along a crooked stream is viewed endwise, it appears most strikingly wavered—an interpretation of every curve inscribed with lightning-like rapidity on the air.

The vertical curves and angles of the most precipitous Alpine torrents he traces with the same rigid fidelity. Swooping adown the inclines of cascades, dropping sheer over dizzy falls amid the spray, and ascending with the same fearlessness and ease, seldom seeking to lessen the steepness of the acclivity by beginning to ascend before reaching the base of the fall. No matter how high it may be, he holds straight on as if about to dash headlong into the throng of booming rockets, then darts abruptly upward, and, after alighting at the top of the precipice to rest a moment, proceeds to feed and sing. His flight is solid and impetuous without any intermission of wing-beats,—one homogeneous buzz like that of a laden bee on its way home. And while thus buzzing freely from fall to fall, he is frequently heard giving utterance to a long outdrawn train of unmodulated notes, in no way connected with his song, but corresponding closely with his flight, both in sustained vigor, and homogeneity of substance.



THE OUZEL AT HOME.

Were the flights of every individual ouzel in the Sierra traced on a chart, they would indicate the direction of the flow of the entire system of ancient glaciers, from about the period of the breaking up of the ice-sheet until near the close of the glacial winter; because the streams which the ouzels so rigidly follow, are, with the unimportant exceptions of a few side tributaries, all flowing in channels eroded for them out of the solid flank of the range by the vanished glaciers,—the streams tracing the glaciers, the ouzels tracing the streams. Nor do we find so complete compliance to glacial conditions in the life of any other mountain bird, or animal of any kind. Bears frequently accept the path-ways laid down by glaciers as the easiest to travel; but then, they often leave them and cross over from cañon to cañon. So also, most birds found in rocky cañons at all usually fly across at right angles to the courses of

the vanished glaciers, because the main forests of these regions to which they come and go are growing upon the lateral moraines which always stretch along the tops of the cañon walls.

The ouzel's nest is one of the most extraordinary pieces of bird architecture I ever beheld; so odd and novel in design, and so perfectly fresh and beautiful, and in every way so fully worthy of the genius of the little builder. It is about a foot in diameter, round and bossy in outline, with a neatly arched opening near the bottom, somewhat like an old-fashioned brick oven, or Hot-tentot's hut. It is built almost exclusively of green and yellow mosses, chiefly the beautiful fronded hypnum that covers the rocks and old drift-logs in the vicinity of water-falls. These are deftly interwoven, and felted together into a charming little hut; and so situated that many of the outer mosses continue to flourish as if they had not been plucked. A few fine silky-stemmed grasses are occasionally found interwoven with the mosses, but, with the exception of a thin layer lining the floor, their presence seems accidental, as they are of a species found growing with the mosses and are probably plucked with them. The site chosen for this curious mansion is usually some little rock-shelf within reach of the spray of a water-fall, so that its walls are kept green and growing, at least during the time of high water.

No harsh lines are presented by any portion of the nest as seen *in situ*, but when removed from its shelf, the back and bottom, and sometimes a portion of the top, is found quite sharply angular because it is made to conform to the surface of the rock, upon which and against which it is built; the little architect always taking advantage of slight crevices and protuberances that may chance to offer, to render his structure stable, by means of a kind of gripping and dovetailing.

In choosing a building spot, concealment does not seem to be taken into consideration at all; yet notwithstanding the nest is so large, and so guilelessly exposed to view, it is far from being easily detected, chiefly because it swells forward like any other bulging moss-cushion growing naturally in such situations. This is more especially the case where the nest is kept fresh by being well sprinkled. Sometimes these romantic little huts have their beauty enhanced by tasteful decorations of rock-ferns and grasses, that spring up around

the walls or in front of the door-sill, all dripping with crystal beads.

Furthermore, at certain hours of the day when the sunshine is poured down at the required angle, the whole mass of the spray enveloping the fairy establishment is brilliantly irised; and it is through so glorious a rainbow atmosphere as this that some of our blessed ouzels obtain their first peep at the world.

Ouzels seem so completely part and parcel of the streams they inhabit, they scarce suggest any other origin than the streams themselves; and one might almost be pardoned in fancying they come direct from the living waters like flowers from the ground,—a kind of winged water-lily. At least, from whatever cause, it never occurred to me to look for their nests until more than a year after I had made the acquaintance of the birds themselves, although I found one the very day on which I began the search. In making my way from Yosemite to the glaciers of the adjacent Alps, I camped in a particularly wild and romantic portion of the Nevada cañon where in previous excursions I had never once failed to enjoy the delightful company of my favorites, who were attracted here, no doubt, by the extraordinary abundance of white water. The river, for miles above and below, consists of a succession of small falls from ten to sixty feet in height, connected by flat, plume-like cascades that go flashing from fall to fall, free and channelless, over waving folds of glacier polished granite.

On the south side of one of the falls, that portion of the precipice which is bathed by the spray, presents a series of little shelves and tablets caused by the development of planes of cleavage in the granite, and the consequent fall of masses through the action of the water. "Now *here*," said I, "of all places, is the most charming spot for an ouzel's nest." Then carefully scanning the fretted face of the precipice through the spray, I at length noticed a large, yellowish moss-cushion, growing on the edge of a level tablet within five or six feet of the outer folds of the fall. But apart from the fact of its being situated exactly where one acquainted with the lives of ouzels would fancy an ouzel's nest ought to be, there was nothing in its appearance visible at first sight, to distinguish it from other bosses of rock-moss, similarly situated with reference to perennial spray; and it was not until I had scrutinized it again and again, and had removed my

shoes and stockings and crept along the face of the rock within eight or ten feet of it, that I could decide certainly whether

sing water songs, for they hear them all their lives, and even before they are born.

I have oftentimes observed the young



YOSEMITE BIRDS, SNOW-BOUND AT THE FOOT OF INDIAN CAÑON.

it was the nest I was so eagerly seeking or a natural growth.

In these moss huts are laid, three or four eggs,—white, like foam bubbles; and well may the little ouzels hatched from them

just out of the nest making their odd gestures, and seeming in every way as much at home as their experienced parents,—like young bees in their first excursions to the flower fields. No amount of familiarity

with people and their ways seems to change them in the least. To all appearance their behavior is just the same on seeing a man for the first time, as when seeing him every day.

On the lower reaches of the rivers where mills are built, they sing on through the din of the machinery, and all the concomitant confusion of dogs, cattle, and workmen. On one occasion, while a wood-chopper was at work on the river-bank, I observed one cheerily singing within reach of the flying chips. Nor does any kind of unwonted disturbance put him in bad humor, or frighten him out of calm self-possession. In passing through a narrow gorge, I drove one ahead of me from rapid to rapid, disturbing him four times in quick succession, where he could not very well fly past me on account of the narrowness of the channel. Most birds under similar circumstances fancy themselves pursued, and become suspiciously uneasy; but, instead of growing nervous about it, he made his usual dippings, and sang one of his most tranquil strains. When observed within a few yards their eyes are seen to express remarkable gentleness and intelligence; but they seldom allow a sufficiently near approach. On one occasion, while rambling along the shore of a mountain lake, where the birds, at least those born that season, had never seen a man, I sat down to rest upon a large stone close to the water's edge, upon which it seemed the ouzels and sandpipers were in the habit of alighting when they came to feed on that part of the shore, and some of the other birds also, when they came down to wash or drink. After I had sat a few minutes, along came a whirring ouzel and alighted on the stone beside me, within reach of my hand. Then observing me, all at once he stooped nervously as if about to fly on the instant, but as I remained motionless as the stone, he gained confidence, and looked me steadily in the face for about a minute, then flew quietly to the outlet and began to sing. A sandpiper came next and gazed at me with much the same guileless expression of eye as the ouzel. Lastly, down with a swoop came a Steller's jay out of a fir-tree, probably with the intention of moistening his noisy throat. But instead of sitting confidingly as my other visitors had done, he rushed off at once, nearly tumbling heels over head into the lake in his suspicious confusion, and with loud screams roused the neighborhood.

Love for song-birds, with their sweet hu-

man voices, appears to be far more universal and unailing than love for flowers. Everyone loves flowers, to some extent at least in life's fresh morning, attracted by them as instinctively as humming-birds and bees. Even the young Digger Indians have sufficient love for the brightest of those found growing on the mountains to gather them and braid them as decorations for the hair. And I was glad to discover, through the few Indians that could be induced to talk on the subject, that they have names for the wild rose and the lily, and other conspicuous flowers, whether available as food or otherwise. Most men, however, whether savage or civilized, become apathetic toward all plants that have no other apparent use than the use of beauty. But fortunately one's first instinctive love of song-birds is never wholly obliterated, no matter what the influences upon our lives may be. I have often been delighted to see a pure, spiritual glow come into the countenances of hard business men, and dissipated old miners, when a song-bird chanced to alight near them. Nevertheless, the little mouthful of meat that swells out the breasts of some song-birds is too often the cause of their death. Larks and robins in particular are brought to market in hundreds. But fortunately the ouzel has no enemy so eager for his little body as to follow him into the mountain solitudes. I never even knew him to be chased by hawks.

An acquaintance of mine, a sort of foot-hill mountaineer, had a pet cat, a great, dozy, overgrown creature, about as broad-shouldered as a lynx. During the winter while the snow lay deep, the mountaineer sat in his lonely cabin among the pines, smoking his pipe, and wearing the dull time away. Tom was his sole companion, sharing his bed, and sitting beside him on a stool, with much the same drowsy expression of eye as his master.

The good-natured bachelor was content with his hard fare of soda bread and bacon, but Tom, the only creature in the world acknowledging dependence on him, must needs be provided with fresh meat. Accordingly, he bestirred himself to contrive squirrel traps, and waded the snowy woods with his gun, making sad havoc among the few winter birds, sparing neither robin, sparrow, nor tiny nut-hatch, and the pleasure of seeing Tom eat them was his great reward.

One cold afternoon, while hunting along the river-bank he noticed a plain-feathered

little bird skipping about in the shallows, and immediately raised his gun. But just then the confiding little songster began to sing, and after listening to his rare summery melody, he turned away, saying, "Bless your little heart, I can't shoot *you*, not even for Tom."

The species is distributed all along the mountain ranges of the Pacific coast from Alaska to Mexico, and east to the Rocky Mountains. Nevertheless, it is as yet but little known, even among naturalists. Audubon and Wilson did not meet it at all. Swainson was, I believe, the first to describe a specimen from Mexico. Specimens were shortly afterward procured by Drummond near the sources of the Athabasca River, between the fifty-fourth and fifth-sixth parallels; and it has been collected by

nearly all of the numerous exploring expeditions undertaken of late through our western states and territories; for it never fails to engage the attention of naturalists in a very particular manner.

Such, then, is the life of our little cinclus, beloved of every one who is so happy as to know him. Tracing on strong wing every curve of the most precipitous torrent, from one extremity of the Californian Alps to the other; not fearing to follow them through their darkest gorges, and coldest snow-tunnels; acquainted with every waterfall, echoing their divine music; and throughout the whole of their beautiful lives interpreting all that we in our unbelief call terrible in the utterances of torrents, as only varied expressions of God's eternal love.

TWENTY-SIX HOURS A DAY.

I.—HOW TO GET THEM.

"WELL," exclaims tired Mrs. Motherly, "if anybody needs twenty-six hours a day, I am sure I do, and ten days a week into the bargain. The days are not half long enough, and when night comes, the thought of the things I ought to have done but couldn't, tires me more than all I have done. This very day, when I expected to do so much sewing, has slipped away, while I have trotted around after the children, washing faces, brushing tangled hair, putting on rubber boots and taking them off again in fifteen minutes, and picking up blocks and playthings, scarfs and mittens over and over again. I have mended unexpected tears in jackets and dresses, put court-plaster on 'skatched finders,' settled twenty quarrels between the baby and the next older, threaded needles for 'make-believe sewings,' and all the time been trying to sew, or dust, or sweep, or make gingerbread, till I feel as if I were in a dozen pieces, and every piece trying to do something different. At night I am so tired that all I ask for is a place to crawl into and sleep if I can, and even that must be with one eye open to see that the baby doesn't get uncovered. Yet there *are* people so unfeeling as to say I ought to try to get time to read and all that!"

Not so fast, my little mother. It is all true, every word of it, but let us see if it isn't

possible to save a little time out of even these busy, wearying days for something higher than mere physical needs.

In order to find out how to save it, let us see what we do with it. Suppose we sort over our work as we do our work-baskets, and see if we cannot make a little time by saving it.

The first and most important of our duties is the care of the children, including, of course, their physical, moral and intellectual training.

Next comes the housekeeping, *i. e.*, the literal keeping the house in order, looking after its cleanliness and general pleasantness.

Then, cooking or preparing and serving the food, including the care of the table and all that pertains to it. This is really another part of the housekeeping, and perhaps ought to be included in it, except that in some households the details are given over entirely to servants, while in others they are in greater or less degree the work of the lady of the house.

And lastly, the sewing.

As regards the care of the children it is almost impossible that there can be any superfluities. To every true mother, their welfare is first and foremost. Better that cobwebs festoon our parlor-walls, and dust lie inch deep on our books, than that

we neglect our children for anything, no matter how good that thing in itself may be. Missionary meetings at one end of the scale, and balls and fashionable society at the other, are all blameworthy, if on account of them the children suffer. When "culture" turns them over to the tender mercies of servants, it becomes only a refined form of selfishness.

By caring for the children, I do not mean providing them with plenty of wholesome food and warm, clean clothing merely, but I would also include that indefinable something which, for want of a better word, I must call "mothering." It consists in acts of loving, motherly attention, such as taking up the tired baby toward night-fall, and nestling him in your arms for a little rest, and in calling the equally tired older child from her too-absorbing play, and by quiet conversation soothing her busy brain into a condition for restful sleep, instead of leaving it to toss the weary body through hours of uneasy dreaming. It will lead you cheerfully to lay down the interesting book or fascinating sewing to cover Tommy's ball or to loop up the refractory overskirt on Bessie's doll, and patiently to restore order after your dining-room has been turned into Pandemonium on a Saturday afternoon by Harry and "the boys." It will help you to teach both plaintiff and defendant in a family quarrel something about the rights of both persons and property, and to show them that there can be honor among children as well as among thieves. These things take time, and plenty of it, but they are a part of a child's birthright.

But some mothers "mother" their children too much, don't they? To be sure they do; there's a difference in hens, even; some cluck and scratch and bustle about, with so much maternal eagerness and ignorance as to tread the life out of half their chicks, while others go clucking around in an amiable, comfortable fashion, always spreading their wings at just the right moment to shelter their brood from every real or imaginary danger. These are the hens farmers keep to "set." They are such "good mothers," and their chickens always turn out well. So it is with children. Where every want is anticipated, where a child seldom does anything for itself, is dressed and undressed, rocked and amused long past babyhood, is never allowed to try experiments and make failures, the mother becomes a slave and the child a helpless doll.

There is such a thing as judicious neglect

in the care of children. By this I mean a careful carelessness which allows them to look out for themselves as far as they safely can, but yet is always ready to step in at just the right moment. To be sure, their clothes will get soiled and their heads bumped oftener, but they will grow up more sturdy and self-reliant than where they are constantly watched. At first the mother will not save much time by this sort of training. Indeed, it is a good deal easier to do everything for a child than to direct him in his awkward efforts to help himself. For instance, the four-year-old boy wants to wash his own hands, brush his teeth, and button his boots. You know he'll let the water run up his sleeves and spill it on the floor and the wash-stand, but you let him try. He is so proud to think he is helping mamma, that you haven't the heart to tell him he has hindered more than he has helped. And when you find that he has carefully washed the inside of his hands, which were clean enough before, while the backs of them are as dirty as ever, and that his boots are on the wrong feet, you use some ingenious pretext to remedy defects, and then quietly laugh to hear him shout to somebody, "I'm 'most a big boy; I d'essed myself all alone." But what a relief it is, when he is six or seven years old, to have him able to do these things for himself!

But if we cannot save much time from the care of the children, perhaps there is some unnecessary work in our housekeeping. Haven't you ever thought, after some domestic upheaval, such as house-cleaning or a "thorough sweeping"—"I don't believe it pays, after all. It don't *look* much cleaner than it did before?" But when your husband mildly suggested the same thing, did you not, my dear little hypocrite, fiercely declare that men never did appreciate woman's work? How would he like his house to be as dirty as a barn? A sweet little lady, one of these model housekeepers, once said to me, "I have just cleaned my spare-room, and, honestly, I don't suppose there have been six people in it since last fall. But, then, I know it's clean, and that's something."

Think of the paint-scrubbing, spring and fall, in places where a fly wouldn't dare to set his foot, and couldn't if he dared, and the sweeping and dusting on regular days, not because the rooms need it, "but, then, you know, it's time for it." I suppose I shall be misunderstood. Neat housekeep-

ers will look aghast, and say, "Well, I can't abide *dirt* anyway," intimating that *dirt* (not dust, that's too mild,—but real, unmitigated, horrible dirt) would lie in shovelfuls all about, if they didn't throw soul and body into the search after it. On the other hand, Aunt Easybody, who "runs in" for an hour's gossip with her neighbor in the morning before she dusts her sitting-room, and Fanny Meander, who sits down to alter the trimming on her spring hat, with her bed unmade and her room in disorder, will each sweetly smile and say, "That's just my doctrine." But I don't mean either of you, nor Mrs. Aimless, who devours "Mrs. Southworth" and calls it "culture," while her children make mud-pies in the street. I am talking to these particular, conscientious housekeepers who are working and worrying (principally worrying) themselves into early graves, for fear every nook and corner from attic to cellar will not be in immaculate, speckless, dustless order. It is beautiful to have it so, you say, thinking of Mrs. A.'s exquisite housekeeping. But Mrs. A. has a corps of well-trained, faithful servants, a house so large and well arranged that all the actual work-rooms are snugly tucked out of sight. The laundry has marched away from the kitchen, the sewing-room bidden good-bye to the family sitting-room, and the nursery and play-room has slyly walked upstairs into a place by itself. Yet some, either alone or with the aid of a "cheap" Irish girl, try in their inconvenient, crowded houses to reproduce Mrs. A.'s results. It would be a disgrace to her if she didn't do it,—it is almost as much of a disgrace to them that they do; for what costs her only money costs them vitality, and leaves them neither time, strength, nor thought for anything else.

Again, while some of us burden ourselves through superfluous neatness, others do the same thing through excessive elaboration in their housekeeping. You have been ushered into some of these delightful parlors, where blossoming plants, and ivies in brackets, singing-birds and pictures and bronzes are arranged in beautiful profusion. Now, some one must dust the statuettes, and water the plants, arrange the flowers, and take care of the birds. There are many ladies who are not so occupied with other duties but that they can find time for these things and for reading and study too. Occasionally a servant may be found who can be trusted to do all this. But there are busy mothers of little children whose minutes are so taken up, that

the time thus used may be all that can be spared from imperatively necessary work. Now, for the sake of a greater good, may it not be better for such persons to deny themselves these things,—or, at least, to substitute for them something simpler? Don't suppose, for an instant, that I would counsel empty, barn-like rooms; home should be made just as attractive as possible. But among the host of elegant things there are some which almost take care of themselves. You will see at once the difference between pictures on the walls and those on easels; ferneries, and stands; of growing plants; hanging baskets of autumn leaves and clematis, and those which need to be taken down to be watered every day. These things are meant to express culture and refinement in their owners. There may be times when even these must be put one side, that the mistress may possess the substance of which they are but the shadow.

Now, let us look at the third division of our work, viz., that of cooking. In some households this means frying doughnuts, making pies, and cooking the greater part of the meals even where a servant is kept, because some one fancies that no one can suit him but "mother." In others it is the preparation of the syllabubs, and meringues and cake—the "fancy-work" of cooking. To save time here you will have to make an ally of your husband. He can help or hinder more than anybody else. Husbands are usually quite ignorant concerning the time and strength it takes for all this cooking. At heart, they wish their wives to have the best opportunities, but they see them frittering their time away on other things and cannot understand why they should not cook to please them as well as dress to please themselves. For this ignorance and thoughtlessness the mothers of the men are somewhat responsible, and many wives, instead of enlightening their husbands, increase the mischief, often out of their very desire to please them and "make home happy." Because the husband has had a hard day's work in his office, study or shop, his affectionate wife, anxious to give him pleasure on his return home, carefully prepares some marvelous bit of cookery,—a chicken-pie, a Neapolitan pudding, a salad, or a frosted cocoa-nut cake—on the principle of counter-irritation, I presume. And the man eats the tempting, indigestible dainty, thinking what a good wife he has. She enjoys it, too, with that mild and genial glow which

a benevolent mind, conscious of a good deed, always feels. Some years hence, when he groans under the torments of dyspepsia, neither of them will ever think of laying the blame to the dainty dishes prepared at the sacrifice of so much time and strength. "But he has always been brought up to have such things, and likes them." That settles the question. Certainly, people must always have what they like, and what they have been used to! But wouldn't it be well for the *children* to have a different diet? What sort of stomachs will they have if they eat such things? For eat them they will, you may be sure, if they are on the table, even if other food is prepared for them, which few mothers will take the trouble to do. Besides, they will be grown up some day, and then they must have these things because they have "been brought up to have them," etc.

Perhaps if any one article could stand as a representative of all those things which it is difficult to make well, and which are good-for-nothing, physiologically, when they are made, it would be that curious Americanism—*pie*. I never could understand the peculiar fascination which these geometrical compounds have for the masculine palate, but the man or boy who can resist the blandishments of a piece of pie would be a natural curiosity. The under-crust may be "soggy;" that's no matter, there's the top-crust and the "filling." The one may be leathery, the other full of all the untold indigestible horrors of molasses and mince-meat, citron and cinnamon, cloves and cider, apples and allspice, butter and brandy, sugar and suet, wine and raisins,—but it's *pie*, and that's enough. For the sake of the next generation of wives, mothers of growing boys ought to educate them into a better taste, lest by and by "a piece of pie like that my mother used to make" be the dreadful will-o'-the-wisp to lure the poor wife into a slough of despond. And you, tired housewife, by occasional desserts of fruit and puddings, introduce your husband into the boundless supply of wholesome and toothsome things that we neglect for the sake of pie. He may speak scornfully of your *blanc-manges* and custards, or, as the dessert comes on, raise his eyebrows and say significantly, "Nothing but apples?" or "Oh! it's rice again." But do not press your "reform" unreasonably; remember the defects of his early education, and if you can convince him that it really saves your time and strength, and if your puddings and custards are good, he will soon be willing to accept

the substitute for a part of the time at least.

As we all know, there are some women who are natural cooks. The "natural depravity of inanimate objects" seems charmed away when they get hold of bowl and spoon. Their ovens always bake on both top and bottom. Soups never scorch, nor biscuits sour. They always carry their recipes in their heads. With what exasperating indefiniteness do they answer you when you ask them how they make any particular thing,—muffins, for instance.

"Dear me, I never have much of a rule about such things."

"But can't you give me a little idea? John has so often spoken of your muffins since we took tea with you, and I really should like to learn how to make them."

"Well, I stir up a pretty stiff batter; depends something on how many folks I have to tea."

"Do you use milk?"

"Yes, if I have it; if not, I take water."

"Any eggs?"

"Well, if eggs are cheap, I break in a couple, if they are dear, I don't always."

"You use some butter?"

"Oh yes! a piece about as big as an egg."

She pauses, as if that were all. You timidly suggest—

"Cream tartar or soda?"

A look of surprise creeps over her face, as if she would say, "What does the woman mean by asking so many questions?" but she says—

"Well, if I have sour milk, I don't use cream tartar; if the milk's sweet, I put in a couple of spoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda."

You wish you dared ask whether it's table or tea spoonfuls she means, but if you are a novice, think it must be table-spoonfuls, the muffins are so very light.

She evidently now considers the thing complete.

"You haven't said anything about the flour?" you inquire—with inward trembling; but you really do wish to please John.

The look of surprise changes to a wide-eyed amazement.

"Flour? Why, I supposed any goose would know about that. A good bowlful, of course. I always use my own judgment about the flour."

You retire from the field discomfited, but not being easily discouraged, try to follow these "directions." The result is something

very different from Mrs. Handy's delicate muffins. John breaks one open very suspiciously, and, after a minute's inspection, pushes back his plate,—with that expression of huge patience which men assume when they want to say something severe but don't,—and says:

"Haven't you any bread, Mary? Don't let the children touch these. They are as tough as leather. Why don't you ask Mrs. Handy how she makes her muffins? They're something like."

You nerve yourself and pleasantly ask if he would n't like a slice of dry toast. (Such a comfort as dry toast is under such circumstances!) In a week or two, after a series of experiments, you finally evolve from your "inner consciousness," and flour and eggs, some very creditable muffins,—but you don't call your experience judgment.

There are many cases where it is a woman's duty to prepare the food herself,—as, for instance, when the fickle appetite of the invalid husband, or delicate child, or aged parent, needs the persuasion of the unmistakable flavor which "mother's" practiced hand alone can give. Where, for any reason, the lady "does her own work," this is a necessity. However, I am speaking of superfluous, not of necessary labor, and very often even in these cases, simple dishes would be more healthful and quite as palatable.

Busy as these departments of our daily labor keep us, I think we shall find on examination that our sewing lays upon us the most unnecessary as well as the heaviest burdens. The difference between dresses simply made and those loaded with trimming represents hours of labor which minister to no one's health or happiness. Our children are just as well off if their underclothing is innocent of tucks and ruffles. "Yes," I hear half a dozen say at once. "But I do like to see children handsomely dressed, and I like to wear pretty dresses myself." To be sure, it is perfectly right to gratify our feminine *penchant* for pretty things, within reasonable limits. But it depends something on what it costs. Mrs. Easy-money is able to pay for the making of all the elaborate garments she wears, but it is a different matter when poor Mrs. Struggle-hard attempts to make all these fine things herself, and to do a good share of housework besides. And isn't there another side to it? May not simpler things be actually prettier, if they were only the fashion? Have you never turned your head to look at a lady passing

you on the street, the elegant simplicity of whose dress was positively refreshing, and then gone home and worked over your yards of trimming as blindly and vigorously as ever? Just think of the hours we have spent and must spend wearily sewing together, and sewing on, what next year's *dictum* will say take off, and put on higher or lower, upside down or downside up. And the thought and the talk it takes! Is not a new dress a thing to be dreaded? First there is the question of the material and the color, even to what is the fashionable shade. Then the cost and the "wear" of the particular kind of cloth we decide upon; next the bewildering inquiry of how to make it up. Some ladies spend hours settling this question alone, aside from the actual work itself. Lest you may think I exaggerate, let me repeat to you a conversation which actually took place in a dress-maker's room in Boston, where the ladies are popularly supposed (by those who don't live there) to be far above such things. This dialogue was reported to me *verbatim* by the victim who saw one hour and a quarter of her precious time go drifting by as she waited in the anteroom while this lady discussed with the dress-maker the comparative merits of polonaises and overskirts, fringes and knife-plaiting, and this was the *finale*:

Lady. What would you have up the front?

Dress-maker. Bows are pretty.

L. Yes, so they are; but they've been worn so long. Can't you think of something newer?

D. Not that would be so suitable for your material.

L. Would you have the bows of ribbon or of silk?

D. Just as you like about that.

L. If I have ribbon, would it be prettier to have the ends pointed or square?

D. It doesn't make much difference.

L. Now, don't you really think that silk is more stylish than ribbon?

D. Perhaps, as your trimmings are silk, silk would look better.

L. How do you make silk bows this season?

D. Last year we fringed a great many; we don't do it so much this season. I have run the silk together and turned it for some, and the effect is very pretty.

L. How many would you have—five or six?

D. Five is enough. You are not very tall.

L. I wish you would tell me what a *French* bow is?

D. I don't believe I can describe it. It doesn't differ much from any other bow.

L. I saw some bows on an elegant suit at Chahdler's, yesterday, and I thought they must be French bows.

D. Very likely.

L. There seemed to be something stiff in the middle of the bow to keep it up.

D. Yes, we have to put something there, or they would soon "flat" down.

L. Well, isn't there something you can put into the middle that will make them keep their place and yet not be so stiff.

D. I don't know of anything else.

F. Well, I think I'll have about five French bows, and if I see anything different that I like better, I'll send you word. Good morning!

It does not follow, of course, that every elaborately dressed lady is perforce a slave to her needle. There are natural sempstresses whose deft fingers, out of common materials, will conjure garments almost as magically as the fairy godmother changed Cinderella's rags into a beautiful ball-dress. Their artistic gift ekes out scanty purses, and they are elegant in apparel which costs little in time or money. Sewing is a pastime to them; after two or three hours' work they are as fresh as daisies, and will accomplish more in half a day than their less gifted sisters will in a week. They never can understand what a torment sewing is for those who don't like it, who plod along, dreadingly sticking the needle in and out, invariably doing everything the hardest way, forgetting what they are about, and sewing the wrong pieces together, and having to rip the work out, just as they imagine it completed.

It will not do to judge harshly from appearances. Mrs. R.'s dainty ruffles may not cost her any more time and strength than Mrs. W.'s plain folds do her. Still, if these skillful fingers could only be satisfied to do plainer work, how much time their quickness might save their fortunate owners, and how much of those who try to "keep up" with them.

But I hear Mrs. Motherly exclaim, half indignantly: "I don't see how all this applies to me. I never had an elegant dress in my life, and I am sure I don't take one needless stitch in my children's clothes. But when you think how the knees and elbows push through, how the skirts and sleeves grow short, and how the old material, which I must use for economy's sake, wears out before its time,—you see the *necessary* sewing

for three or four little children is a great burden. If I could only afford to hire some of it done!"

System accomplishes as much in house-keeping as in anything else. It is a great help to have a plan for each day thought out the evening before or early in the morning. By this I don't mean a cast-iron, inflexible frame, in which you and your family are uncomfortable, but a judicious, practicable idea of what you wish to do that particular day,—a plan flexible enough to allow for unforeseen emergencies, yet firm enough to keep you steadfast to your purpose. I once heard a lady describe her dress-maker as such a wasteful cutter, "because she cut right into the whole cloth for everything, without the least attempt to see if she could do anything with the pieces." A great many women use their time in just the same way. They fill up whole mornings with little, unimportant things that might as well be crowded into odd minutes, and start their large enterprises just when they cannot finish them without serious interruption and delay. A wise foresight will have always ready some light sewing to "catch up" when your neighbor runs in for an afternoon's chat, or your husband wants to read you something from the last magazine. Your fingers can be busy while your mind is free to listen. It is the half hours of enforced or voluntary idleness that makes the "drive" and overwork when you are crowded into a corner.

There is yet another superfluity to be given up, if we would gain time by saving it, which can hardly come under the head of *work*, viz., much of so-called "society"—not simply fashionable society; those who are absorbed in that have little time or thought for personal culture, except to furnish material for the evening's "small talk." But there is a good deal of aimless running back and forth, many of these little evening gatherings and tea-parties, where nothing more important is discussed than Mrs. Smith's new baby, or whether polonaises are to be worn or not. These all take time without rendering any equivalent for it.

No one more than a mother of little children, who is tied to a never-ending routine of distracting cares, needs the refreshment which comes from an occasional neighborly call on some congenial friend. It is a change, as well as an interchange, of thought. They compare experiences, and she goes back to her duties with clearer eyes for having taken an outside view of her

home as well as an inside view of other people's. Even ceremonious calls are very useful as an expression of courtesy to newcomers, and a means of keeping up a half-formal acquaintanceship between those who wish for that and nothing more. We must give some time to other people besides our own families, or we shall grow narrow and selfish; but it ought to be in such a way that both we and they are the better for it.

Can't you remember the mental and moral exasperation with which you have felt the priceless minutes of an especially busy morning slide forever away, while politeness forced you to sit helpless, listening to the aimless chatter of some voluble acquaintance? The smell of burning cookery may come up from the kitchen, or the sound of the baby's fretting from the nursery; but, like the "wedding guest" held by the "cold, glittering eye" of the "Ancient Mariner," you

"Cannot choose but hear."

Women are singularly slow to comprehend that their time is worth anything in dollars and cents. How they will fritter it away, and how abused they feel if they are brought to an account for it! This disregard on our part of the value of time is one reason for men's contempt of women's work.

It requires resolution and steady perseverance to withdraw ourselves, day by day, from the petty things that crowd up for notice, and to bestow our attention upon mental culture. You must expect to be misunderstood sometimes and criticised often. Somebody will be sure to say, "Oh, she's strong-minded," or, "I believe she affects literature." And one of these same critical somebodies will be sure to "run in" to your sitting-room some unlucky morning when Bridget hasn't returned from her cousin's wake, and you are wrestling with the breakfast dishes in the kitchen, getting the children ready for school, binding up the baby's burnt fingers, and trying to trade with the rag-man all at once. Of course your husband's dressing-gown and slippers and morning paper lie just where he dropped them (he is the best man in the world, but he cannot be taught to see any disorder in leaving his occasional articles of wearing-apparel anywhere and everywhere) and of course the children have just raced through the room, leaving muddy "tracks" and cracker-crumbs and all the doors open behind them. Perhaps your visitor, if she be inclined to say severe things, will close

her description to her friends with, "Oh well, the rest of us could get time for reading and all that, if we should let things go at sixes and sevens, as some people do!"

Console yourself by thinking that some of our most able literary women have been excellent housekeepers. Remember how Charlotte Brontë stopped in the midst of some of the most exciting passages in "Jane Eyre" to go out into the kitchen and take the black specks out of the kitchen toes, unknown to poor old "Tabby," the potato than hurt her sensitive feelings by ordering the younger servant to do it.

It is one phase of the popular undervaluation of women, even in these liberal days, that it regards literary women as necessarily neglectful of household affairs, in the face of well-known facts to the contrary. A man of undoubted genius may be never so absent-minded, his financial affairs may get into the wildest confusion, and people only smile and say, "Well, one man can't be everything." But if it is a woman, no matter how great her ability, if her parlor-table is dusty, or if occasionally the buttons are off her children's boots, people shake their heads solemnly, and say, "Oh, these literary women!" Perhaps the secret of the prejudice is, that there are those who affect the eccentricities of genius without the genius itself, which alone makes the eccentricities endurable. De Quincey, speaking of his mother, says, "Though unpretending to the name and honors of a literary woman, I presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman." So, although leaving household duties neglected in order to write weak articles for still weaker papers may be the fault of a so-called literary woman, it is not a characteristic of one who is either intellectual or womanly. The popular verdict is right, so far as this, that a mother's first duty is to her family, and nothing which conflicts with and forces her to neglect that, is either womanly or proper. Be very sure that your family are contented and comfortable; that your husband finds your intelligent sympathy and counsel an aid to him in his work; that the children's place in the mother's heart is warm and ample; in a word, that your culture is but a gathering up of precious things to be poured out for their benefit, and you can snap your fingers at what your neighbors say and think.

After all, these things are relative. What to one family is a luxury, to another may be the most pressing of necessities. The society in which we move, the reasonable demands

and wishes of our nearest friends, our own tastes and abilities must all be considered before any one of us can answer the question, "How can I gain more time for my own personal culture, without neglecting

any essential item of my daily duties?" In this matter of "time," there are no patent rights, and no monopolies. We each have all the time there is; our mental and moral status is determined *by what we do with it.*

FEBRUARY RAIN.

O LONELY day! No sounds are heard
Save winds and floods that downward pour,
And timid fluting of a bird,
That pipes one low note o'er and o'er.

Before the blast the bare trees lean,
The ragged clouds sail low and gray,
And all the wild and wintry scene
Is but one blur of driving spray.

O day most meet for memories,
For musing by a vacant hearth
On that which was and that which is,
And those who walk no more on earth!

And yet this dark and dreary day
Some brighter lesson still can bring,
For it is herald of the May,
A faint foretoken of the spring.

Beneath the ceaseless-beating rain
Earth's snowy shroud fast disappears,
As sorrow pressing on the brain,
Fades in a flood of happy tears.

And thus in darkness oft is wrought,
Through lonely days of tears and grief,
The gradual change by which is brought
To shadowed lives some sweet relief.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN.*

DURING the presidential campaign of 1856 I lived in Northern Illinois. As one who dabbled a little in politics and a good deal in journalism, it was necessary for me to follow up some of the more important mass meetings of the Republicans. At one of these great assemblies in Ogle County, to which the country people came on horseback, in farm-wagons, or afoot, from far and near, there were several speakers of local

celebrity. Dr. Egan of Chicago, famous for his racy stories, was one, and "Joe" Knox of Bureau County, a stump speaker of renown, was another attraction. Several other orators were "on the bills" for this long-advertised "Fremont and Dayton rally," among them being a Springfield lawyer who had won some reputation as a shrewd, close reasoner and a capital speaker on the stump. This was Abraham

Lincoln, popularly known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." In those days he was not so famous in our part of the state as the two speakers whom I have named. Possibly he was not so popular among the masses of the people; but his ready wit, his unflinching good-humor, and the candor which gave him his character for honesty, won for him the admiration and respect of all who heard him. I remember once meeting a choleric old Democrat striding away from an open-air meeting where Lincoln was speaking, striking the earth with his cane as he stumped along and exclaiming, "He's a dangerous man, sir! a d——d dangerous man! He makes you believe what he says, in spite of yourself!" It was Lincoln's manner. He admitted away his whole case, apparently, and yet, as his political opponents complained, he usually carried conviction with him. As he reasoned with his audience, he bent his long form over the railing of the platform, stooping lower and lower as he pursued his argument, until, having reached his point, he clinched it (usually with a question), and then suddenly sprang upright, reminding one of the springing open of a jack-knife blade.

At the Ogle County meeting to which I refer, Lincoln led off, the raciest speakers being reserved for the later part of the political entertainment. I am bound to say that Lincoln did not awaken the boisterous applause which some of those who followed him did, but his speech made a more lasting impression. It was talked about for weeks afterward in the neighborhood, and it probably changed votes; for that was the time when Free-soil votes were being made in Northern Illinois. I had made Lincoln's acquaintance early in that particular day; after he had spoken, and while some of the others were on the platform, he and I fell into a chat about political prospects. We crawled under the pendulous branches of a tree, and Lincoln, lying flat on the ground, with his chin in his hands, talked on, rather gloomily as to the present, but absolutely confident as to the future. I was dismayed to find that he did not believe it possible that Fremont could be elected. As if half pitying my youthful ignorance, but admiring my enthusiasm, he said, "Don't be discouraged if we don't carry the day this year. We can't do it, that's certain. We can't carry Pennsylvania; those old Whigs down there are too strong for us. But we shall, sooner or later, elect our president. I feel confident of that."

"Do you think we shall elect a Free-soil president in 1860?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. Everything depends on the course of the Democracy. There's a big antislavery element in the Democratic party, and if we could get hold of that, we might possibly elect our man in 1860. But it's doubtful,—*very* doubtful. Perhaps we shall be able to fetch it by 1864; perhaps not. As I said before, the Free-soil party is bound to win, in the long run. It may not be in my day; but it will in yours, I do really believe."

Of course, at this distance of time, I cannot pretend to give Lincoln's exact words. When I heard them, the speaker was only one of many politicians of a limited local reputation. And if it had not been for Lincoln's earnestness, and the almost affectionate desire that he manifested to have me, a young newspaper writer, understand the political situation, I should not have remembered them for a day. Four years afterward, when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, his dubious speculations as to the future of his party, as we lay under the trees in Ogle County, came back to me like a curious echo. If he was so despondent in 1856, when another man was the nominee, would he not be still more so in 1860, when he, with his habit of underrating his own powers, was the candidate?

Soon after the campaign of 1856, I went to California, and was conducting a Republican newspaper in the interior of that state when he was first nominated for the presidency. His previous campaign with Douglas had given him national reputation, but he was not much known in California. The few Republicans of that state favored Seward's nomination. I did not see Lincoln again, until 1862, when I went to Washington as a newspaper correspondent for California.

When Lincoln was on the stump, in 1856, his face, though naturally sallow, had a rosy flush. His eyes were full and bright, and he was in the fullness of health and vigor. I shall never forget the shock which my first sight of him gave me in 1862. I took it for granted that he had forgotten the young man whom he had met five or six times during the Fremont and Dayton campaign. He was now president, and was, like Brutus, "vexed with many cares." Shown into the gallery of Dr. Gurley's church, in Washington, I could not see the President; but, on coming out I had a close view of him. The change which a few years had made

was simply appalling. His whiskers had grown, and had given additional cadaverousness to his face, as it appeared to me. The light seemed to have gone out of his eyes, which were sunken far under his enormous brows. But there was over his whole face an expression of sadness, and a far-away look in the eyes, which were utterly unlike the Lincoln of other days. I was intensely disappointed. I confess that I was so pained that I could almost have shed tears. Of course, this distressful impression gradually wore off. By and by, when I knew him better, his face was often full of mirth and enjoyment; and, even when he was pensive or gloomy, his features were lighted up very much as a clouded alabaster vase might be softly illuminated by a light within. But the transformation which his face had undergone during the lapse of years was most surprising to me. I am bound to say that the Lincoln of 1862 did, in appearance, better become the presidential office than the Lincoln of 1856 could have done. His form, always angular, was fuller and more dignified; and that noble head, which is to this day the despair of painters and sculptors, appeared far nobler than when I first saw him in Illinois.

It was not long before Lincoln heard that I was in Washington and sent for me to come and see him. He recollected the little conversation we had had together, and had not forgotten my name and occupation. And he recalled with great glee my discomfiture when he had dispelled certain rosy hopes of Fremont's election, so many years before. It seemed quite wonderful. But, as I afterward observed, Lincoln's memory was very retentive. It only needed a word or a suggestion to revive in his mind an accurate picture of the minutest incidents in his life. A curious instance of this happened at our very first interview. Naturally, we fell to talking of Illinois, and he related several stories of his early life in that region. Particularly, he remembered his share in the Black Hawk war, in which he was a captain. He referred to his share of the campaign lightly, and said that he saw very little fighting. But he remembered coming on a camp of white scouts, one morning just as the sun was rising. The Indians had surprised the camp, and had killed and scalped every man.

"I remember just how those men looked," said Lincoln, "as we rose up the little hill where their camp was. The red light of the morning sun was streaming upon them

as they lay, heads toward us, on the ground. And every man had a round red spot on the top of his head, about as big as a dollar, where the red-skins had taken his scalp. It was frightful, but it was grotesque, and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over." Lincoln paused, as if recalling the vivid picture, and added, somewhat irrelevantly, "I remember that one man had buckskin breeches on."

During the winter of 1862-3 I met Lincoln quite often, very few weeks passing in which I did not see him. Our brief acquaintanceship of old days was renewed with great readiness on my part, of course, and as I never had any "ax to grind," and never bothered him with questions about the war, my intercourse with him was on the most cordial and friendly basis. Up to the very day of his death I had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, and his death only defeated a plan which he had formed for keeping me near him as secretary. This much I may be allowed to say in order to explain why I write any personal reminiscences of Lincoln. And if I shall use the personal pronoun in the first person, singular, with more profuseness than is seemly, the reader will remember that it is well-nigh impossible for one's private recollections to find place on paper, even in this desultory and disconnected manner, without that blemish.

I have just noted Lincoln's retentive memory. Probably many people who heard him during the war repeat long passages from stories, or comical articles, which he had seen in print, wondered how he ever found time to commit such trifles to memory. The truth was that anything that he heard or read fastened itself into his mind, if it tickled his fancy. On several occasions I have held in my hand a printed slip while he was repeating its contents to somebody else, and the precision with which he delivered every word was marvelous. Several of the humorous contributions of Orpheus C. Kerr and Petroleum V. Nasby to the literature of the time were among the amusing things with which the President frequently favored his visitors.

When the war had caused a large migration of negroes to the free states bordering on Mason and Dixon's line, Nasby, then writing at "Wingert's Corners, Ohio," issued a letter on the subject. The writer deplored the President's "evident intershun of kolonizin on em in the North and the heft on em in Wingert's Corners," and called on his

fellow-citizens to "rally." The feeling of the anti-war and ultra-conservative men was so capitally travestied that Lincoln, after laughing over the letter, carried the slip containing it in his pocket and repeated it to his friends with great delight. One evening, long after this publication, while the Lincoln family were at their summer-house, the Soldiers' Home, I went out with the President to stay overnight. Several visitors came in, and the conversation fell upon the condition of the freedmen in the border states. The President, standing before the fire-place, recited the whole of Nasby's letter, then displaced by later productions. The last part, which Lincoln said was specially good, ran thus: "Arowse to wunst! Rally agin Conway! Rally agin Sweet! Rally agin Hegler! Rally agin Hegler's family! Rally agin the porter at the Reed House! Rally agin the cook at the Crook House! Rally agin the nigger widder in Vance's addishun! Rally agin Missis Umstid! Rally agin Missis Umstid's childern by her first husband! Rally agin Missis Umstid's childern by her sekund husband! Rally agin all the rest uv Missis Umstid's childern! Rally agin the nigger that kum yisterday! Rally agin the saddle-kulurd gal that yoost 2 be hear! Ameriky fer white men!" Lincoln used to quote these rallying-cries, at intervals, long after other men had read and forgotten them.

One of the visitors that evening—a sedate New England judge—expressed his surprise that the President should find time to commit such things to memory. "Oh," said Lincoln, "I don't. If I like a thing, it just sticks after once reading it or hearing it." On the same occasion he told, with evident enjoyment, a story of Orpheus C. Kerr's, in which a dying sailor was represented as asking the attendants in a hospital that his aged grandmother might be brought to him. The point in the story was that a messenger was sent to the navy department to implore Secretary Welles to personate the grandmother for this occasion only, and that he declined with regret, giving as his excuse that he was very busy examining a model of Noah's ark, with a view to its introduction into the United States Navy. Having told this anecdote, Lincoln turned to me and said, "I hope Mr. Welles will never hear that I told this story on him." Somewhat nettled by his manner, I said, good-humoredly, "It will not be your fault, Mr. President, if he does

not hear of it, for I have heard you tell it at least a dozen times." He laughed and said, "Well, I can't resist telling a good story." After the company were gone, he apologized for his marked caution to me, and said, "I was only using you as an old friend. I was afraid Judge P. would go and tell that I had been repeating that."

Lincoln particularly liked a joke at the expense of the dignity of some high civil or military official. One day, not long before his second inauguration, he asked me if I had heard about Stanton's meeting a picket on Broad River, South Carolina, and then told this story: "Gen. Foster, then at Port Royal, escorted the secretary up the river, taking a quartermaster's tug. Reaching the outer lines on the river, a picket roared from the bank, 'Who have you got on board that tug?' The severe and dignified answer was, 'The secretary of war and Major-General Foster.' Instantly the picket roared back, 'We've got major-generals enough up here—why don't you bring us up some hard-tack?'" The story tickled Lincoln mightily, and he told it until it was replaced by a new one.

Anything that savored of the wit and humor of the soldiers was especially welcome to Lincoln. His fondness for good stories is a well-accepted tradition, but any incident that showed that "the boys" were mirthful and jolly in all their privations seemed to commend itself to him. He used to say that the grim grotesqueness and extravagance of American humor were its most striking characteristics. There was a story of a soldier in the army of the Potomac, carried to the rear of battle with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pie-woman hovering about, asked, "Say, old lady, are them pies sewed or pegged?" And there was another one of a soldier at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips a crockery mug which he had carried, with infinite care, through several campaigns. A stray bullet, just missing the coffee-drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments and left only its handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, the soldier angrily growled, "Johnny, you can't do that again!" Lincoln, relating these two stories together, said, "It seems as if neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier."

Lincoln's shrewdness is well known; sometimes it almost seemed like cunning. But

with all of this, there was a certain element of simplicity in his character which was child-like. Unless very much preoccupied, he never heard any reference to anything that he did not understand without asking for further information. "What do you suppose makes that tree grow in that way?" he would ask, and he was not satisfied until he had found out. Or he would take one of his boys' toys to pieces, find out how it was made, and put it together again. "Tad," as his youngest boy was called, on more than one occasion, had cause to bewail, loudly, his father's curiosity. One day we were looking at a photograph of the President, taken in a sitting position, with the legs crossed. Lincoln's attention was attracted to the foot of the leg which was crossed above the other, and he said, "Now, I can understand why that foot should be so enormous. It's a big foot, anyway, and it is near the focus of the instrument. But why is the outline of it so indistinct and blurred? I am confident I did not move it." I studied it for a moment, and told him that probably the throbbing of the large arteries inside of the bend of the knee caused an almost imperceptible motion. The President, very much interested in the discovery, as he called it, immediately took the position of the figure in the picture, and, narrowly watching his foot, exclaimed, "That's it! that's it! Now, that's very curious, isn't it." Similarly, when somebody told him of the somewhat fantastic derivation of a word, he said, "Now, that is very queer, and I shall never say capricious again without thinking of the skipping of a goat."

The photograph to which allusion has just been made, and which is reproduced in these pages, has a history. One Saturday night, the President asked me if I had any objection to accompanying him to a photographer's on Sunday. He said that it was impossible for him to go on any other day, and he would like to have me see him "set." Next day, we went together, and as he was leaving the house he stopped and said, "Hold on, I have forgotten Everett!" Stepping hastily back, he brought with him a folded paper, which he explained was a printed copy of the oration that Mr. Everett was to deliver, in a few days, at Gettysburg. It occupied nearly the whole of two pages of the "Boston Journal," and looked very formidable indeed. As we walked away from the house, Lincoln said, "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say some-

thing that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"So it is written, is it, then?" I asked.

"Well, no," was the reply. "It is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. I have written it over, two or three times, and I shall have to give it another lick before I am satisfied. But it is short, short, short."

I found, afterward, that the Gettysburg speech was actually written, and rewritten a great many times. The several draughts and interlineations of that famous address, if in existence, would be an invaluable memento of its great author. Lincoln took the copy of Everett's oration with him to the photographer's, thinking that he might have time to look it over while waiting for the operator. But he chatted so constantly, and asked so many questions about the art of photography, that he scarcely opened it. The folded paper is seen lying on the table, near the President, in the picture which was made that day.

So far as I know, this was the last time Lincoln ever sat for his photograph. Unfortunately, the negative plate was broken after a few impressions had been printed from it, and though Lincoln promised to give the photographer another sitting, he never found time. The illustration which forms the frontispiece of this magazine is the first engraving which has ever been made from the sun-picture. Mr. Wyatt Eaton has reproduced with great fidelity and with loving conscientiousness the sentiment and the details of this admirable likeness.

Lincoln always composed slowly, and he often wrote and rewrote his more elaborate productions several times. I happened to be with him often while he was composing his message to Congress, which was sent in while Sherman was on his march through Georgia. There was much speculation as to where Sherman had gone, and the mystery was very well preserved. The President hoped, from day to day, that Sherman would be heard from, or that something would happen to give him an opportunity to enlighten "and possibly congratulate the country," as he put it. But December came and there were no tidings from Sherman, though everybody was hungry with expectation, and feverish with anxiety. The President's message was first written with pencil on stiff sheets of white pasteboard, or box-board, a good supply of which he kept by

him. These sheets, five or six inches wide, could be laid on the writer's knee, as he sat comfortably in his arm-chair, in his favorite position, with his legs crossed. One night, taking one of these slips out of his drawer, with a great affectation of confidential secrecy, he said, "I expect you want to know all about Sherman's raid?" Naturally I answered in the affirmative, when he said, "Well, then, I'll read you this paragraph from my message." The paragraph, however, was curiously non-committal, merely referring to "General Sherman's attempted march of three hundred miles directly through the insurgent region," and gave no indication whatever, of the direction of the march, or of the point from which news from him was expected. Laying the paper down, and taking off his spectacles, the President laughed heartily at my disappointment, but added, kindly, "Well, my dear fellow, that's all that Congress will know about it, anyhow."

It was while he was composing that message, that is to say, during the early part of the winter of 1864-5, that he sent for me "to hear a story." It was written on one of his pasteboard sheets, in pencil, and after I came into the room, he asked me to wait until he had finished it, as it was not quite all written. Although the anecdote has once before been printed, I give it here as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST, SHORTEST, AND
BEST SPEECH.

ON Thursday of last week two ladies from Tennessee came before the President asking the release of their husbands held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off till Friday, when they came again and were again put off to Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday the President ordered the release of the prisoners, and then said to the lady: "You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread on the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven!"

A. LINCOLN.

"Now!" said he, when he had read it. "It occurred to me that that was worth printing. What do you think?" Having received the answer that he expected, he went on to say that he wanted it copied and printed in the "Chronicle." "Don't wait and send it to California in your correspond-

ence," he added. "I've a childish desire to see it in print right away." So I carried off the sheet, and the story duly made its appearance in the "Chronicle." Lincoln showed a surprising amount of gratification over this trifle and set his signature at the bottom of the page of manuscript, at my suggestion, in order to authenticate the autograph. It will be noticed in the facsimile, printed on page 568, that he did not "capitalize" the name of the day of the week. So far as I know, he never did. After the phrase, "You say your husband is a religious man," Lincoln inserted a semicolon, and calling my attention to it, he said, "Is that the correct punctuation mark, or should that sentence be set off by itself with a full stop?" Re-assured on that point he added, "With educated people, I suppose, punctuation is a matter of rule; with me it is a matter of feeling. But I must say that I have a great respect for the semi-colon; it's a very useful little chap."

As a rule, Lincoln wrote his most important letters with his own hand. Some of these, perhaps most of them, were read over to confidential friends and were corrected, or modified, before being sent. He kept copies of all letters of moment, and even some of these copies he made himself with painstaking care. In his office in the public wing of the White House was a little cabinet, the interior divided into pigeon-holes. The pigeon-holes were lettered in alphabetical order, but a few were devoted to individuals. Horace Greeley, I remember, had a pigeon-hole by himself; so did each of several generals who wrote often to him. One compartment, labeled "W. & W.," excited my curiosity, but I never asked what it meant, and, one night, being sent to the cabinet for a letter which the President wanted, he said, "I see you looking at my 'W. & W.' Can you guess what that stands for?" Of course it was useless to guess. "Well," said he, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, "that's Weed and Wood—Thurlow and Fernandy." Then he added with an indescribable chuckle, "That's a pair of 'em!"

A remarkable and highly characteristic letter of Lincoln's was one which he wrote to General Hooker, just after the latter had taken command of the army of the Potomac. It was quite long, occupying nearly four pages of large letter paper, and written entirely in the President's own hand. In this letter the good Lincoln advised Hooker

in the most kindly, even affectionate manner, not in respect of military affairs, but as to his personal conduct, alluding particularly to certain traits of character which, the President gently intimated, became faults when made too prominent. It was just such a letter of loving counsel as a father might write to a son,—a letter to be forever prized by its recipient. Some weeks after this was written, I accompanied the President to the army of the Potomac, then lying at Falmouth. We were entertained at Hooker's head-quarters. One night, Hooker and I being alone in his hut, the General standing with his back to the fire-place, alert, handsome, full of courage and confidence, said, laughingly, "B——, the President says you know about that letter he wrote me on taking command." I acknowledged that the President had read it to me. The General seemed to think that the advice was well-meant, but unnecessary. Then he added, with that charming assurance which became him so well, "After I have been to Richmond, I am going to have that letter printed." It was a good letter; it is a pity that it never was printed.

The same care which Lincoln bestowed on his messages and letters was given to his speeches, though it is not likely that any one of these was elaborated as much as the Gettysburg address. He was afraid, it seemed to me, of being betrayed into using undignified expressions when called out without due preparation. Once, being notified that he was to be serenaded, just after some notable military or political event, he asked me to come to dinner, "so as to be on hand and see the fun afterward," as he said. He excused himself as soon as we had dined, and, while the bands were playing, the crowds cheering, and the rockets bursting, outside the house, he made his re-appearance in the parlor, with a roll of manuscript in his hand. Perhaps, noticing a look of surprise on my face, he said, "I know what you are thinking about. You think it mighty queer that an old stump-speaker like myself should not be able to address a crowd like this outside without a written speech. But you must remember I am, in a certain way, talking to the country, and I have to be mighty careful. Now, the last time I made an off-hand speech, in answer to a serenade, I used the phrase, as applied to the rebels, 'turned tail and ran.' Some very nice Boston folks, I am grieved to hear, were very much outraged by that phrase,

which they thought improper. So I resolved to make no more impromptu speeches if I could help it." Subsequently, I learned that it was Senator Sumner who had given voice to the complaint of "the nice Boston folks," and with considerable emphasis.

Hearing that speech from the inside of the White House was like seeing a play from behind the scenes. The immense concourse in front of the house was illuminated with fire-works. The air was rent with the noise of cheers, music, and exploding rockets and bombs. Just as we went upstairs, an unusual yell, mingled with laughter and cheers, caused the President to pause and ask what that might be. Little Tad, then about eleven years old, delirious with excitement, had seized a captured rebel flag which had been given him, and leaning as far out of the window as possible, was waving it with might and main, to the wonder and delight of the crowd beneath. At that moment old Edward, the faithful door-keeper, in great consternation, seized the lad by the ampler portion of his small trousers and plucked him from the window-sill. Howling with anger, he fled to his father, who had scarcely composed his laughing features when he advanced to the large, open window over the main entrance. When Lincoln began to read his speech, he held a candle in his left hand and his manuscript in his right hand, but, speedily becoming embarrassed with the difficulty of managing the candle and the speech, he made a comical motion with his left foot and elbow, which I construed to mean that I should hold his candle for him, which I did. As he read, he dropped his slips of manuscript on the floor, and Tad, scurrying about, gathered them up as they drifted away, like big butterflies, from the President's hand. After the speech was over, and the crowds were cheering tremendously, the President, who continued to stand at the window, said, addressing his candle-bearer, "That was a pretty fair speech, I think, but you threw some light on it."

Lincoln's kindness and goodness of heart have been celebrated by all who knew him. But it seems to me that few people have noticed his thoughtfulness in very small things. In money matters, for example, he was very exact, and he insisted on re-imbursing any person who had expended even the least sum for him. On several occasions, he requested me to send dispatches on business which concerned himself, and when this was done, he invariably

The President's last, shortest, and best
speech.

On Thursday of last week two ladies from Tennessee came before the President asking the release of their husbands held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off till Friday, when they came again; and were again put off to Saturday. At each of the interviews one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday the President ordered the release of the prisoners, and then said to the lady "You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him, that I say I am not aware of a power of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently keep some men to set their hands on the sweat of other man's face, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven!"

A. Lincoln.

claimed the right of paying the telegraph tolls, unless, as was sometimes the case, the dispatches were sent from the war department. In the midst of his multifarious and oppressive cares, he never forgot the comfort and enjoyment of those about him. He would frequently, even on his busiest days, send a messenger to some friend, who was not a public or important personage, and invite him to go with him on a little excursion, or to come to the White House to hear the music, or to meet some famous person.

One very snowy night in March, 1863, just after the adjournment of Congress, a messenger came to my lodgings, saying that the President desired me to come to the White House forthwith, if possible. Arriving at the house, I found Lincoln somewhat disturbed by the information that the three California representatives had left Washington a little miffed at the manner in which several important appointments had been filled. The President was tramping up and down the room, swinging his long

arms and talking to the gentleman who had communicated this bit of gossip. "Tell me," he demanded, stopping in his walk as I entered, "are those California men angry because the San Francisco mint and custom-house appointments were agreed on without their consent?" The reply was that that was my understanding.

"But the appointments are not agreed on. Nothing is agreed on. Governor Chase told me that he had agreed on so-and-so, and I got from him the impression that the California congressmen were consulted, and were satisfied."

It was explained to him that the list of proposed appointments by Secretary Chase, had been shown to the representatives, and they had been told that everything was settled.

"Were they very mad when they went away?" demanded the President.

"Not very," I replied with some amuse-

ment. "But, naturally, they didn't like the way they were treated." The President asked if it were possible to send dispatches and call them back, and when told that one of the representatives had sailed from New York and that the other two were at different places in New England, he said:

"Now what I want you to do is to send dispatches to those two men, right away, and get them back. I don't care much what you say; but get them back." This I agreed to do and departed. Lincoln ran after me, and, calling me back, said: "Let me know what replies you get from them, and be sure and keep a memorandum of the cost of the dispatches and I'll pay the bill." It may be added that the representatives returned, that the treasury department "slate" was broken, and that Lincoln "paid the bill" with the most scrupulous exactness.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

RECENT CHURCH DECORATION.



"THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE." BASS-RELIEF BY BARTHOLOI ON THE TOWER OF THE BRATTLE STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

In reading the accounts, in lives of artists or histories of art, of the building of some now famous church, or the covering of some now sacred walls with frescoes, the thought must have slipped into many a mind—Did the people who lived in Rome or Florence, in Padua or Assisi, in those days, take at all to heart what was going on about them? Did the citizens and strangers who strayed in and out the little chapel

of the Arena, over whose walls Giotto and his pupils were weaving the fair tapestry of the frescoes painted

"In honor of our blissful lady free,"

feel stirring within their hearts the wonder due to the new birth of painting in Italy, of which that chapel was the most striking sign? Or, did citizens and strangers stray in and out at all? Was there any public

curiosity in what was going on? Did anybody, outside the immediate circle of Giotto's friends and the company of knights who built the chapel and paid for the frescoes, care very much for the great work that was going on in the plain, barn-like chapel at the bottom of the "careless-ordered garden" in old Padua, a garden that probably looked as careless six hundred years ago with maize, and pumpkins, and straggling vines, as it does to-day?

Or, the gates of Ghiberti—did the town proper, did "society," the "world," care for them? The guild of merchants who gave the commission and paid for the work generously were willing to wait twenty years for the sculptor to finish his task, and waited another twenty years for the second pair of gates, and the gates of Ghiberti have done their fair share in paying the town taxes during the four centuries that have elapsed since they were set up by the crowds they have helped to bring to Florence. But, did Florence know what they were when they were a-making? We can see to-day what they are; but could the eyes of fifteenth century Florence see what they were, or her people read the prophecy of revolution inscribed on those wonderful tables? Doubtless, we must answer these questions in the negative. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation, and all good things are distilled like the dew. It may be that the Florentines were quicker than the people of other countries, whether of their own day or of ours, to recognize excellence, but no one can read Vasari's book with any heed and not see how much of all that in his pages is of the highest interest to those of us who care for the world of art concerned only a small part of the Florentine people, and is seen by us in a false light, and out of its due proportion. To-day, in America, a revolution is slowly taking place in the world of our art, and we are almost as unconscious of what is going on about us as the old Italians were of what was being accomplished among them. It would be to want perception to compare the work that is being done for us, and the work of Giotto or Nicola, or Ghiberti. It is true we cannot judge it fairly any more than the men of that day could judge of the painting and sculpture of their own artists; it was too near, and they were as badly off for standards as we are ourselves. But we have standards outside of ourselves, an advantage they did not possess, since for these Italians there was no art outside of Italy;

and judging the work by these standards, we know something of its shortcomings. But these shortcomings, whatever they may be, are of no importance in the light of the main fact that at length here, in America, art is being set at tasks worthy of her.

For the first time in the history of the country, in the decoration of Trinity Church, in Boston, and of the chancel of St. Thomas's Church, in New York,—both works executed under the direction of Mr. John La Farge,—an artist has been called on for the highest service art can render, and his assistants in the work have also been artists. Before these enterprises were undertaken, the art of painting had never, so far as this writer is informed, been given a share in the decoration of any church building in the United States. The house-painter and artist-in-fresco have thus far "disfigured wall" in our churches and public buildings, and the day when art was to be restored to her rightful place and allowed to take her ancient part in the adornment of the temple, seemed to the most of us so far away that it was unlikely to come in our time.*

The reason why we have had no painting in our churches has less to do with what is called Puritanism than is supposed. It lay as much, or more, in the fact that the English people, from whom we come, like the northern people generally, had not been accustomed at any time to see painting employed in their churches, except as mere decoration proper, the painting of members and moldings and the filling up of spandrels with simple patterns. The reason back of this was the nature of the architecture of the northern churches, which, even in the Romanesque buildings,—owing to the necessity for large windows,—offered no large wall-space for painting. As everybody knows, the spaces which in Italy are covered with pictures are in northern churches filled up with painted windows. The Arena Chapel in Padua is a long parallelogram, having on one side six narrow slits of windows filled with white glass, while the whole of the opposite wall is covered with the frescoes of Giotto as if it were hung with tapestry. The Sainte Chapelle at Paris, on the other hand,

* A step of importance was taken in placing in a church a piece of sculpture like the effigy of Mr. Bird in St. Michael's in Philadelphia, by H. K. Brown, or the Bird monument in the same church, also designed by Mr. Brown, but executed by Schwanthaler. Such works as these stood alone, however, and creditable as they are, seem never to have moved any one to follow the example there set.

seems within to have no wall-space at all. The windows are so broad and so tall that they appear to be themselves the wall. One walks about as in a tent of jewels, and if it were worth while in the heart of such an unearthly splendor to ask the why and the wherefore, one might wonder how the roof (and a stone roof at that) is upheld at all. Plainly, in the Sainte Chapelle is no place for painting, and as plainly in the Arena Chapel is no place for stained glass.

Boston made a beginning with church decoration of importance in the bass-reliefs placed, and absurdly placed, about the upper part of the tower of the Brattle Street Church,—designs executed by Mr. Bartholdi and representing the Divine Sacraments. One would think that at this late day, and with all the discomfort of the ancient example before us as a warning, the mistake might have been avoided of putting sculpture where it cannot be seen by any one but pigeons and sparrows. Whatever may be the value of the work, which certainly cannot be rated very high, it is lost as effective decoration no less than as effective teaching.

After one has heard the talk that still lingers in the clubs and parlors over Mr. La Farge's decoration of Trinity Church, there is a little natural disappointment on visiting the church to find how small a part as yet Mr. La Farge's individual work plays in the interior. Starting fair with an architect (Mr. H. H. Richardson) who designed the church with a view to its ultimate decoration,—knowing it could never be all he wanted it to be without the crowning grace of art,—there came to our help at the right moment a decorator in the person of Mr. Daniel Cottier, who, beside an intimate knowledge of the technics of his profession, and the control of assistants made adepts in the mixing and applying of colors by long experience, is a man of very uncommon power of perception, of first-rate judgment and, what is not always the companion of these qualities, an inexhaustible enthusiasm and love for art. It was a great thing for us that such a miracle should be wrought as that a board of trustees and a church committee should soberly put the decoration of their church into the hands of an accomplished artist like Mr. La Farge; but it was no less a generous thing in fortune to give such a free-handed turn to her wheel, as to send the artist, all unpracticed in the technics of wall-painting, such a right-hand helper as Mr. Daniel Cottier. It surely is no fault of Mr. La Farge that the

debt we owe to Mr. Cottier in this church has never been as much as hinted at in any thing that has been printed about this church. The truth is, the debt owed to him is not at all to be reckoned. When all the panels, spandrels, and wall-spaces shall have been filled with the pictures that now are in such a slim minority, the obligation to Mr. Cottier will be more plain than ever. The pattern of the ceiling of the nave and transepts is wholly due to Mr. Lathrop, and if it could have been left free to work its own effect it would have given to the roof that height in which it is now seriously wanting. Instead of soaring free, it comes down upon our heads,—a fault partly owing to the color, but more, as it seems to the writer, to certain defects in the treatment of the upper portion of the interior, which, taken with the failure in the tone of the ceiling, are reasons why the building does not get credit for its real size. A small matter, but one of great importance in its consequences, is the suspension of small gaseliers from the cusps of the arches, which, by arresting the eye at a series of perpendicular lines inside the lines of the wall (and with the eye, a small thing, the smallest, may suffice for a wrong or a right impression), removes the span of the vaulting and takes away from its effectiveness. Another mistake is the unwieldy brass corona which hangs in the middle of the church suspended from the roof of the tower. The design of this corona is good and the execution free and manly, but it is spoiled by being made so large that it cannot be seen, and it prevents the church from being seen as well. Of course such a lump of brass as this, suspended midway between the roof and the floor, must pull the ceiling down. If the church must be lighted at all, the only way to do it artistically is by a great number of small branches suspended from various points in the roof like stars in the sky. The old Venetians used to light their great saloon not with one bouquet of flower-like lamps, but—

"A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers, looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark"—

and use and beauty were once more one. Then, again, we object to the stretchers of wood that span the vaults and arches of the roof and of the transept-square. What is their use? They look like tie-beams, and yet their slightness forbids us to interpret that they are such. What, then, is their

use? For, certainly, they have no beauty. Do the arches need bracing? If they did, science would hardly teach us to depend upon wood as a resistance to the proverbially sleepless disposition of the arch! No; these straps of turned wood are merely concessions to the spirit of the time that ornaments even the inside of its tooth-pick, and sets the butcher at carving patterns on the surfaces of its sides of mutton. These straps make the arches look weak and low after thousands of dollars have been spent in making them lofty and strong! It is true that one does often see in Italy arches braced by rods of iron, and these in buildings of the best time; but it is a device most frequently employed in small arcades where the agglomerated thrust of the succession of arches does not find at the angles an adequate resistance, and the iron rods are employed to make up the deficiency. But, however we may come to like this device from its association with beloved places or beautiful pictures, there can be no doubt it is a fault, and one that, while we may excuse it in a miniature work, can have no reasonable excuse for being in a massive work like that of Trinity. A third objection is one that applies to the decoration,—namely, the emphasis given to the ribs of the vaulting and of the domes of the chancel, which are relieved in dark upon the gold ground. The gilding of the chancel-apse is certainly a great addition to the beauty of the church; but this beauty is much diminished by the marking of the ribs, which, besides being somewhat insignificant in size, make the gold look thin and metallic by the way in which they are treated. Gold is so precious in its color, that it bears almost nothing so well as itself in the way of decoration. Its only value as decoration is its color, and its soft glow ought never to suggest that it is metal, least of all should its intrinsic value make any part of its appeal.

Of course, there is a certain unfairness in criticising a building that is so unfinished as Trinity, but the things we are speaking of are things that can be mended or modified if ever it shall seem fit to those in authority. We may naturally take it for granted that in the good time coming the last touch of cheapness and provincialism will be removed from a building that has been overheard to call itself a basilica, by the substitution of a mosaic, marble, or tile floor for the present Brussels carpeting. A basilica carpeted with a Brussels carpet is something to make the judicious grieve, and they could prove their

judiciousness by giving good reasons for their grieving. There is a legend to the effect that the cohorts of the carpet-dealers descended on the sheep-fold of the Trinity trustees with their bids, and contracts, and sample-books before the church was begun, and that the order for the carpet was filling in the factories before the order of the architecture was determined on.

A carpet stretched over a floor, no matter how rich the carpet may be (and this carpet in Trinity is neither rich nor handsome), always suggests a poor floor underneath, else why cover it up? No carpet, however rich, could ever look well stretched over these chancel-steps, which should be of marble and remain uncovered. The spirit of this church being opposed to splendid ritualistic services and to the pomp of the high altar, there is no relief from its present bareness, except by giving to the necessary objects all the richness of which they are capable. The present reading-desk and lecterns and altar-table are of the thinnest; many an unpretending wooden country church has solidier. Why not return to the marble mosaic and elaborate *ambones* of the primitive church and hang the hemicycle of the choir with rich tapestries—a good work for the ladies of the church?

The most sensible, as well as the most beautiful floor for such a noble church as this would be of marble, and if carpets were desirable anywhere for warmth or added richness, Eastern rugs are at hand in plenty, and at least the chancel might in part be relieved of its up-country bareness by spacious rugs, such as one sees in the choirs of some of the cathedrals—in Nôtre Dame de Paris, for instance.

The decoration proper of Trinity is so incomplete, has been carried so little way; it is not possible to form a reasonable opinion as to what it will be when finished. It seems to have been taken up at the wrong end; the impression is that there is no plan, that these figures form no part of a connected scheme of illustration, such as we find in all the great historic examples. Here is no Sistine epic, no Chigi dome, no "History of the Cross," or "Life of St. Francis," no rich painted poem of the time here as in the Riccardi Palace Chapel. In the spandrels of the arches that surround the transept-square we find the figures of David and Moses, Peter and Paul, Isaiah and Jeremiah. High up in the tower and out of sight are the symbols of the evangelists; a few panels contain figures of angels, and on the



PART OF PILASTER IN CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY. DESIGNED BY JOHN LA FARGE.
THE ENGRAVING BY HENRY MARSH.

wall of the nave a single picture (Mr. La Farge's "Christ and the Woman at the Well") seems to promise at some distant day a connected series of pictures illustrating some central theme. But there is no such connection as yet, nor is there, it must be confessed, any imaginative treatment of the themes taken in hand. The great figures in the spandrels are certainly disappointing, and one feels that Mr. La Farge is not at home in such sublimities, and does not paint like himself until he reaches a subject such as the one above named. If it shall be objected that the personages symbolized in these gigantic figures are treated here as symbols, and after the fashion agreed upon since an early period, we may demur that no one of the great painters ever did accept the symbols exactly as they were handed down to him, but was always free to put his own thought into his presentation of the subject.

Mr. La Farge's "Moses" is simply the old Moses of the middle age; he is muffled up, and holds his table almost exactly as he is figured in the Fountain in Perugia made by Nicola Pisano; but a nineteenth century man ought to give us Moses as known to us of the nineteenth century, especially when he had to create him for a free and unmuffled church like Trinity, where the Moses as he was would have been justly welcome. We want to see, not Moses the magician, not Moses the mysterious dweller upon Sinai, not Moses the priest, but the man of learning who used his learning to free the people; the man of moral insight who lifted a whole nation up from a brutal state to a lofty ideal; the heroic soul who sacrificed himself and all that such a man must have held dear for the enslaved and the ignorant, for tribes that in the nature of things he could not hope wholly to save, and who could not reward him; the great forerunner of Prometheus and Socrates, worthy to be the prototype of Jesus himself. It is impossible at this time to accept for such a glorious character, whose story grows richer and fuller with all discoveries and all research, the muffled and conventional image which Mr. La Farge has painted. Nor do we find the others more satisfactory. They all have a lack of purpose; they are not created, they are accepted, and give us no new thought of the persons they stand for. So much for their significance; but it follows as a matter of course that they cannot be strongly

painted nor original in their composition, because these qualities only go with sincerity and definite intention, and to our thinking no one of these figures is born of any clear thinking on the artist's part as to the character of the person he has offered to represent. In the "Woman at the Well," on the other hand, Mr. La Farge is in his own field, and here he has shown a power that belongs to him peculiarly, among all the artists of our time, of investing simple incidents in the Bible story with intense dramatic feeling. If he were to fill up all the panels like this one with such subjects as he is really capable of treating, we should have a collection of pictures such as does not anywhere exist, such as could not have existed before our own time, and that would give an impetus to religious painting such as it sorely needs, and such as no one of us could have hoped to see given to it in this time. In treating the great figures of the transept-square, Mr. La Farge was not only out of his just domain, but he worked under the disadvantage of not being able to carry out with his own hands his own ideas. The artists who worked with him, Messrs. Millet and Maynard and Francis Lathrop, had also to work in the dark, carrying out Mr. La Farge's sketches in their own way, to be afterward retouched and mended by him, so that the result could not be satisfactory. Add that the treatment of the background gives the figures too much the look of being cut out of cardboard and laid upon the walls, in only one case, that of the "David," in which Mr. Millet has carried out Mr. La Farge's drawing literally, do we have a sense of unity; the others are all more or less uncertain. The symbols of the evangelists painted on the upper part of the tower walls are also complete in their way, if we could fairly see them and enjoy them. The subjects were distributed by lot, and the eagle fell to Mr. Maynard, the ox to Mr. Millet, the lion to Mr. La Farge, and the angel to Mr. Lathrop.

In the task assigned him of decorating the chancel of St. Thomas's Church in New York, Mr. La Farge found himself working under conditions very different from those he met with in Trinity, and far less fortunate. In our opinion there is no church in this city so unhappy, so meaningless in its design as St. Thomas's. It follows no recognized church plan, and its eccentricity seems not to have been necessary to serve any especial need of its service or its congregation. So far as can be made out, it is

the fruit of mere whim, or, if it had a reason for being, perhaps that reason was the one the town, in its frivolity, gave,—that it was designed so that every Easter bonnet might see and be seen. Its plan, however, only concerns us at present, because it is so inimical to the arts, which find no hospitality in these cross-lights, these cramped corners, these elbowing angles, and irreconcilable windows. Add that the construction is of the thinnest, most pasteboard kind, while it simulates the solid and meaning methods of the Gothic, and it will be seen that the artist has had to work under the most disadvantageous condition.

The decoration of this chancel is due to the pious wish of Mr. C. H. Housman, a member of the parish, to keep in mind and memory the name of his mother, a lady of excellent virtues, who, albeit unknown in life to those outside the circle in which that life was inclosed, must now be gratefully known to a larger world, who, Sunday after Sunday and all through the holy years, will enjoy the beautiful memorial with which her son has enriched this church.

The form of the choir is seven sided and the decoration is confined to five of these sides. The design, which belongs wholly to Mr. La Farge, though the carrying out of the sculptured portion is due to Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, is a sculptured adoration of the cross by angels, with paintings on each side representing scenes in the life of Christ immediately following the resurrection. Only one of these pictures is finished, and the effect of the whole cannot, of course, be judged until the vacant space is filled. But the picture already painted—representing, on the left, the tomb, with the angel sitting upon it and the sleeping guards at the side, while at the right Mary Magdalene throws herself at the feet of the Savior—has many points of interest and picturesqueness, its chief want being solidity in the painting and an uncomfortable sense of want of healthiness in the general conception. The best figures are those of the angel on the tomb and the Christ; Mary Magdalene suggests too much Mr. La Farge's own powerful "Bishop Hatto in the Rat-tower" to be altogether agreeable or welcome here. The wings of the angel, too, are neither wings nor no wings; but, then, we do wrong to criticise at all a mere unfinished sketch like this. Here are all the elements of a good picture. The composition is clear and sufficient. There is dignity and repose, and the landscape promises to be charming in its suggestion of the early dawn. We hope that in carrying it

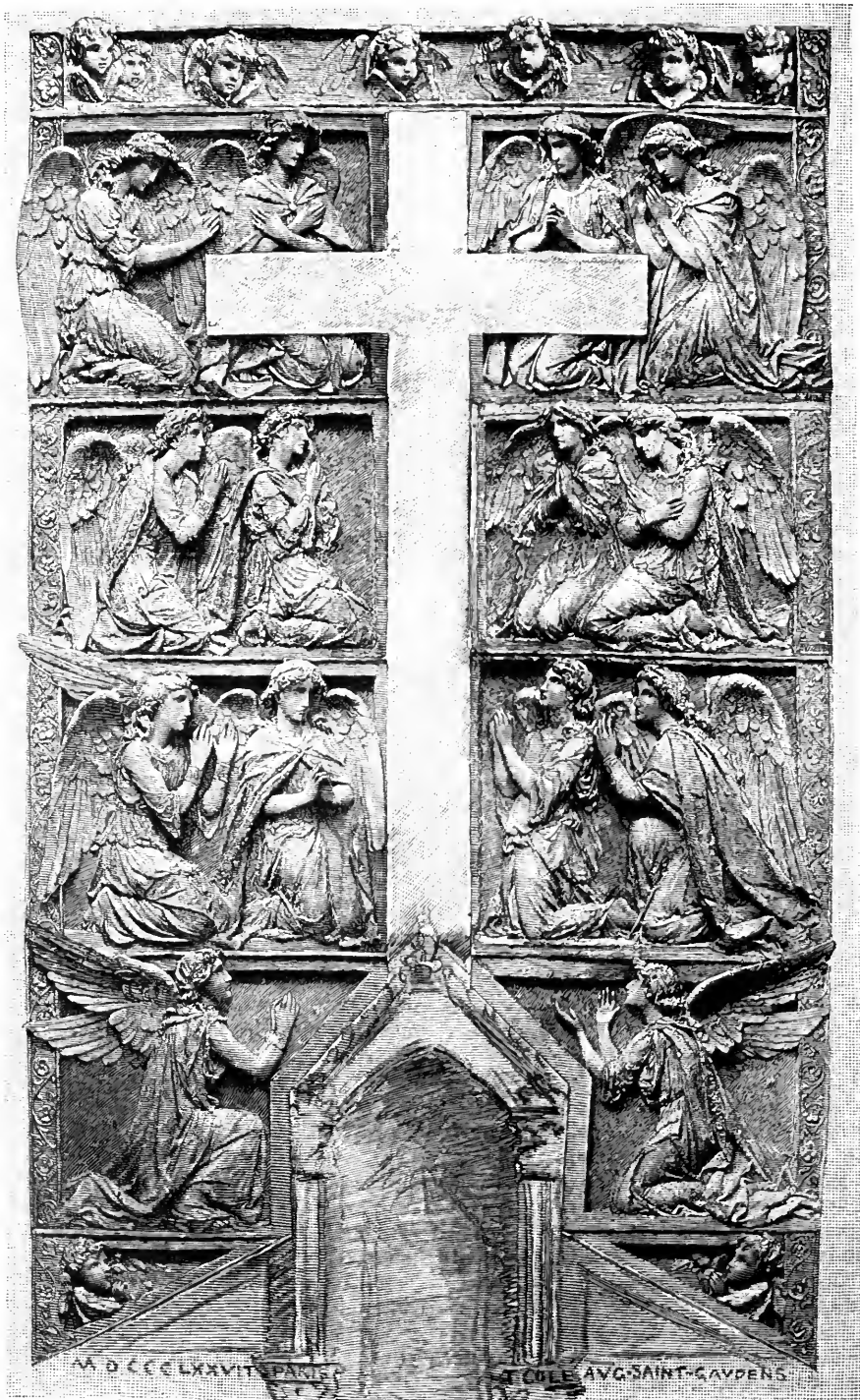
out Mr. La Farge will not lose the effect it has of tapestry; it unites with great skill this decorative charm with the pleasure that belongs only to a painting.

At present, however, the center of all eyes must be Mr. St. Gaudens' part of this interesting work, the "Adoration of the Cross by Angels." A large cross, which it is intended later to decorate, and thus take away from its somewhat staring character, rises directly above the bishop's chair (for here again we are in a church where ritualism is tabooed), and on either side arranged in four rows are kneeling angels who adore the sacred symbol. A large crown is suspended above this cross, and beneath it is a row of cherubic heads. The whole is inclosed between two rich pilasters, designed and in great part executed by Mr. La Farge himself. The engraving on page 576 reproduces the angels and the cross, but not the pilasters. The upper part of one of these is shown in Mr. Marsh's engraving on page 573. Mr. Cole's engraving of the angels, however, gives a very complete idea of the design, and he has secured with surprising success the details of the whole subject. It is a lovely record of a lovely thing. Mr. St. Gaudens comes for the first time before our public as a sculptor in this work, in which he expresses himself and his own aims, however slight and sketchy may be reckoned the execution of his work. It is not his work in its immediate conception; but the essential part, the whole spirit, sentiment and detail are his and his alone. The charm of Mr. St. Gaudens' work is not easy to express. It is, as near as our words can give tongue to our thinking, its harmonious interweaving of deep childlike religious fervor with a strong buoyant sense of delight in living and loving. Mr. La Farge's angel on the tomb is a sad, worn, patient angel, whose ministry lies about the sick-bed and the chamber of death. Her wings are woven of the vapors that in the moonlight hover like sad wraiths about the grave; her eyes see the hope of the living, but they cannot smile for long looking upon a world of hopes left unfulfilled. She cannot run like Mary and cling to the feet still fragrant after death with the precious ointment distilled upon them in life, because her place has been so long a watcher by unopened tombs. But Mr. St. Gaudens' angels are full of joy and cheer, and they bow and bend before the symbol that unites heaven with earth, in healthy happiness as

birds that soar and sing to greet the risen sun. It is true the young sculptor's work suggests the early Italian sculpture, but only as one spring-time suggests another. There is no slavish imitation, nor anything out of date nor out of time. Art can never deny her lineage, and Mr. St. Gaudens' art is a shoot from a stock full of health and vigorous life, and strong enough to engraft a new branch upon with hope of happy fruit. What we especially welcome in this work of his, is the very fact that we have in it a return to a time and to models about which we in America know less than nothing—the art of the early Italian Renaissance—with which nothing since the Greeks can compare, and which is peculiarly suited to the feeling of our own day in its mixture of intellectual penetration with deep religious feeling.

One difficulty in the way of the success of such undertakings comes from the ignorance of church committees as to the nature of the artist's work and the condition under which it is produced. The true artist can no more force his work than the farmer can force the spring, or the shipman the tides. Properly speaking, there can be no business relation between artist and business men other than that the artist shall do his work to the best of his ability, and that the business man shall pay for it generously and promptly when it is done, and leave him absolutely free while he is doing it. But it is a fact that in every case where the work has not turned out well it is the committee men—the business men—who are to blame for its failure, not the artist. One of the pleasantest episodes in the history of church decoration in this country is the painting of certain panels of the chapel of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, by Mr. Francis Lathrop. Here, although the artist was not called on for a comprehensive scheme or subject to embrace the whole wall-space, yet so far as his work went he was left free to carry out his own ideas; and was allowed to work in the freedom that comes from sympathy and from a cordial, not a merely business, interest in the undertaking.

Artists need to remember that the old times to which they look back with so much longing—the golden age, the good old times—were, unhappily, not very different from the hard times they live in. Let the artist, when he is fretted with the bargaining spirit, —when his work is scrimped in its fair proportions,—when, in the collision between



"ADORATION OF THE CROSS BY ANGELS."—PANEL IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. MODELED IN HIGH RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. THE ENGRAVING BY T. COLE, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

Art and Poetry and the cheese-paring of rich congregations, his building is "telescoped," the tower flattened down, and the transepts shoved in, and the façade defaced, and the bodies of the poor muses that thought they were going to have a good time are dug out of the ruins disfigured beyond recognition—when all this happens to him, as it is all the time happening, let him, still, run to his Vasari, and he will find all his experience written down there. There he will find his Ghibertis ungenerously undermining Brunelleschis; his Bramantes laying snares for Michel Angelos in the interest of Raphaels, or out of pure jealousy; his monks grumbling at the time their church takes to be painted, and watching the artist to see whether he really uses all the ultramarine he makes them pay for; his Bardis generously proposing to pay Ghirlandajos handsome bonuses and then coolly backing out when the time comes to keep their word; in short, if it be any comfort to him to know it, he may know abundantly that all

the meanness, short-sightedness, professional jealousy, and all the impertinence of trustees and committee-men of to-day were of yesterday as well; and if he be of the true breed he will care just as little for all these things as the men of old cared; art will be a consolation to him in all his troubles as it was to them; it will be to him wings to bear him up above all the smoke and dust of the town; the songs of the angels he carves and paints will make him deaf to the croaking of committees, or the iterated katy-did and katy-didn't of trustees. And when the Bardi of to-day, sitting in his counting-house and counting out his money, asks to be excused from paying the artist who has painted his chapel with pictures by which alone his family name is to be remembered among men, the poor two hundred ducats he promised him when his work should be done; let him proudly remember Ghirlandajo's answer: that fame and the consciousness of having done well were more to him than money.

FOLLOWING THE HALCYON TO CANADA.

THE halcyon, or king-fisher, is a good guide when you go to the woods. He will not insure smooth water or fair weather, but he knows every stream and lake like a book, and will take you to the wildest and most unfrequented places. Follow his rattle and you shall see the source of every trout and salmon stream on the continent. You shall see the Lake of the Woods, and far off Athabaska and Abbitibbe, and the unknown streams that flow into Hudson's Bay, and many others. His time is the time of the trout, too, namely, from April to September. He makes his subterranean nest in the bank of some favorite stream and then goes on long excursions up and down and over woods and mountains to all the waters within reach, always fishing alone, the true angler that he is, his fellow keeping far ahead or behind, or taking the other branch. He loves the sound of a water-fall, and will sit a long time on a dry limb overhanging the pool below it and, forgetting his occupation, brood upon his own memories and fancies.

The past season, my friend and I took a hint from him, and when the dog-star began to blaze, set out for Canada, making a

big detour to touch at salt water and to take New York and Boston on our way. The latter city was new to me and we paused there and angled a couple of days, and caught an editor, a philosopher and a poet, and might have caught more if we had had a mind to, for these waters are full of 'em, and big ones too.

Coming from the mountainous regions of the Hudson, we saw little in the way of scenery that arrested our attention until we beheld the St. Lawrence,—little, if we except the view we had of Lake Memphremagog. This lake is an immense trough that accommodates both sides of the fence, though the larger and longer part of it by far is in Canada.

The first peculiarity one notices about the farms in this northern country is the close proximity of the house and barn, in most cases the two buildings touching at some point,—an arrangement doubtless prompted by the deep snows and severe cold of this latitude. The typical Canadian dwelling-house is also presently met with on entering the Dominion,—a low, modest structure of hewn spruce logs, with a steep roof (containing two or more dormer win-

dows) that ends in a smart curve, a hint taken from the Chinese pagoda. Even in the more costly brick or stone houses in the towns and vicinity this style is adhered to. It is so universal that one wonders if the reason of it also be not in the climate, the outward curve of the roof shooting the sliding snow farther away from the dwelling. It affords a wide projection, in many cases covering a veranda, and in all cases protecting the doors and windows without interfering with the light. In the better class of clap-boarded houses the finish beneath the projecting eaves is also a sweeping curve, opposing and bracing that of the roof.

A two-story country house or a Mansard roof I do not remember to have seen in Canada, but in places they have become so enamored of the white of the snow that they even whitewash the roofs of their buildings, giving a cluster of them the impression at a distance of an encampment of great tents.

As we neared Point Levi, opposite Quebec, we got our first view of the St. Lawrence. "Iliad of rivers!" exclaimed my friend. "Yet unsung!" The Hudson must take a back seat now, and a good ways back. One of the two or three great water-courses of the globe, and perhaps the oldest of them all, is before you. No other river, I imagine, carries such a volume of pure cold water to the sea. Nearly all its feeders are trout and salmon streams, and what an airing and what a bleaching it gets on its course! Its history, its antecedents, are unparalleled. The great lakes are its camping-grounds; here its hosts repose under the sun and stars in areas like that of states and kingdoms, and it is its waters that shake the earth at Niagara. Where it receives the Saguenay it is twenty miles wide, and where it debouches into the Gulf it is a hundred. Indeed it is a chain of Homeric sublimities from beginning to end. The great cataract is a fit sequel to the great lakes; the spirit that is born in vast and tempestuous Superior takes its full glut of power in that fearful chasm. If paradise is hinted in the Thousand Islands, hell is unveiled in that pit of terrors.

Its last escapade is the great rapids above Montreal, down which the steamer shoots with its breathless passengers, after which, inhaling and exhaling its mighty tides, it flows calmly to the sea.

The St. Lawrence is the type of nearly all the Canadian rivers, which are strung

with lakes, and rapids, and cataracts, and are full of peril and adventure.

Quebec, or the walled part of it, is situated on a point of land shaped not unlike the human foot, looking north-east, the higher and bolder side being next the river, with the main part of the town on the northern slope toward the St. Charles. Its toes are well down in the mud, where this stream joins the St. Lawrence, while the citadel is high on the instep and commands the whole field. The grand Battery is a little below, on the brink of the instep, so to speak, and the promenader looks down several hundred feet into the tops of the chimneys of this part of the lower town, and upon the great river sweeping by north-eastward like another Amazon. The heel of this misshapen foot extends indefinitely toward Montreal. Upon it, on a level with the citadel, are the plains of Abraham. It was up its high, almost perpendicular, sides that Wolfe clambered with his army, and stood in the rear of his enemy one pleasant September morning over a hundred years ago.

To the north and north-east of Quebec, and in full view from the upper parts of the city, lies a rich belt of agricultural country, called the Beauport Slopes. Beyond rise the mountains. Our eyes looked wistfully toward them, for we had decided to penetrate the Canadian woods in that direction.

One hundred and twenty-five miles from Quebec, as the loon flies, almost due north over unbroken spruce forests, lies Lake St. John, the cradle of the terrible Saguenay. On the map it looks like a great cuttle-fish with its numerous arms and tentacula reaching out in all directions into the wilds. It is a large oval body of water thirty miles in its greatest diameter. The season here, owing to a sharp northern sweep of the isothermal lines, is two or three weeks earlier than at Quebec. The soil is warm and fertile, and there is a thrifty growing settlement with valuable agricultural produce, but no market nearer than Quebec, two hundred and fifty miles distant by water, with a hard, tedious land journey besides. In winter the settlement can have little or no communication with the outside world.

To relieve this isolated colony and encourage further development of the St. John region, the Canadian government is building a wagon-road through the wilderness from Quebec directly to the lake, thus economizing half the distance, as the road when completed will form with the old

route, the Saguenay or St. Lawrence, one side of an equilateral triangle. A railroad was projected a few years ago over nearly the same ground and the contract to build it given to an enterprising Yankee, who pocketed a part of the money and has never been heard of since. The road runs for one hundred miles through an unbroken wilderness and opens up scores of streams and lakes abounding with trout, into which until the road-makers fished them, no white man had ever cast a hook.

It was a good prospect and we resolved to commit ourselves to the St. John road. Mr. Walters, of York street, first put us upon this scent. We applied to him for supplies, proposing to do our fishing and camping somewhere in the region laid open by the Intercolonial Railway, perhaps in the valley of the Matapedia.

"But these are salmon-streams," said Mr. Walters, "and those New Brunswick fellows would want but the shadow of an excuse to snap up you Yankees. Here you run no risks except of being utterly disgusted with trout in less than two days, or of having your tackle smashed by a ten-pounder the first afternoon."

We were not long in concluding that the "tackle smashing" was really what we wanted, and that a surfeit of trout could be better borne with than detention by the jealous piscatorial guardians.

But we did not get off without some tribulation. The right man was hard to find, and after many failures we were finally compelled to take Joe, who had been hanging about all the time, and who had a good horse, but whose knowledge of woodcraft was about on a par with his skill in English. He had driven a calash, the Hansom-cab of Quebec, since his boyhood, which was not long, for he had but just passed his majority. But he proved to have two valuable accomplishments for the camper-out,—he could eat and sleep through thick and thin.

After a delay of twenty-four hours we were packed upon a Canadian buck-board with hard-tack in one bag and oats in another, and the journey began. It was Sunday, and we held up our heads more confidently when we got beyond the throng of well-dressed church-goers. For ten miles we had a good stone road and rattled along it at a lively pace. In about half that distance we came to a large brick church, where we began to see the rural population or *habitans*. They came mostly in two-

wheeled vehicles, some of the carts quite fancy, in which the young fellows rode complacently beside their girls. The two-wheeler predominates in Canada, and is of all styles and sizes. After we left the stone road, we began to encounter the hills that are preliminary to the mountains. The farms looked like the wilder and poorer parts of Maine or New Hampshire. While Joe was getting a supply of hay of a farmer to take into the woods for his horse, I walked through a field in quest of wild strawberries. The season for them was past, it being the 20th of July, and I found barely enough to make me think that the strawberry here is far less pungent and high-flavored than with us.

We passed several parties of men, women and children from Quebec picnicking in the "bush." Here it was little more than a "bush;" but while in Canada we never heard the woods designated by any other term.

This fondness for the "bush" at this season seems quite a marked feature in the social life of the average Quebecker, and is one of the original French traits that holds its own among them. Parties leave the city in carts and wagons by midnight, or earlier, and drive out as far as they can the remainder of the night, in order to pass the whole Sunday in the woods, despite the mosquitoes and black-flies. Those we saw seemed a decent, harmless set, whose idea of a good time was to be in the open air, and as far into the "bush" as possible.

The post-road, as the new St. John's Road is also called, begins twenty miles from Quebec at Stoneham, the farthest settlement. Five miles into the forest upon the new road is the hamlet of La Chance (pronounced La Shaunce), the last house till you reach the lake, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Our destination the first night was La Chance's; this would enable us to reach the Jacques Cartier River forty miles farther, where we proposed to encamp, in the afternoon of the next day.

We were now fairly among the mountains, and the sun was well down behind the trees when we entered upon the post road. It proved to be a wide, well-built highway, grass-grown, but in good condition. After an hour's travel we began to see signs of a clearing, and about six o'clock drew up in front of the long, low, log habitation of La Chance. Their hearth-stone was out-door at this season, and its smoke rose through the still atmosphere in a frail column toward the sky. The family was

gathered there and welcomed us cordially as we drew up, the master shaking us by the hand as if we were old friends. His English was very poor and our French was poorer, but with Joe as a bridge between us, communication, on a pinch, was kept up. His wife could speak no English; but here true French politeness and graciousness was a language we could readily understand. Our supper was got ready from our own supplies, while we sat or stood in the open air about the fire. The clearing comprised fifty or sixty acres of rough land in the bottom of a narrow valley, and bore indifferent crops of oats, barley, potatoes and timothy grass. The latter was just in bloom, being a month or more later than with us. The primitive woods, mostly of birch, with a sprinkling of spruce, put a high cavernous wall about the scene. How sweetly the birds sang, their notes seeming to have unusual strength and volume in this forest-bound opening! The principal singer was the white-throated sparrow, which we heard and saw everywhere on the route. He is called here *le siffleur*,—the whistler,—and very delightful his whistle was. From the forest came the evening hymn of a thrush, the olive-backed, perhaps, like, but less clear and full than, the veery's.

In the evening we sat about the fire in rude home-made chairs, and had such broken and disjointed talk as we could manage. Our host had lived in Quebec and been a school-teacher there; he had wielded the birch until he lost his health, when he came here and the birches gave it back to him. He was now hearty and well, and had a family of six or seven children about him.

We were given a good bed that night, and fared better than we expected. About one o'clock I was awakened by suppressed voices outside the window. Who could it be? Had a band of brigands surrounded the house? As our outfit and supplies had not been removed from the wagon in front of the door, I got up and, lifting one corner of the window paper, peeped out; I saw in the dim moonlight four or five men standing about engaged in low conversation. Presently one of the men advanced to the door and began to rap and call the name of our host. Then I knew their errand was not hostile; but the weird effect of that regular alternate rapping and calling ran through my dream all the rest of the night. Rat-tat, tat, tat,—“La Chance!” Rat-tat, tat,—“La Chance!” five or six times repeated,

before La Chance heard and responded. Then the door opened and they came in, when it was jabber, jabber, jabber, in the next room till I fell asleep.

In the morning, to my inquiry as to who the travelers were and what they wanted, La Chance said they were old acquaintances going a-fishing and had stopped to have a little talk.

Breakfast was served early and we were upon the road before the sun. Then began a forty-mile ride through a dense Canadian spruce forest over the drift and bowlders of the paleozoic age. Up to this point the scenery had been quite familiar,—not much unlike that of the Catskills,—but now there was a change; the birches disappeared except now and then a slender white or paper birch, and spruce everywhere prevailed. A narrow belt on each side of the road had been blasted by fire and the dry white stems of the trees stood stark and stiff. The road ran pretty straight, skirting the mountains and threading the valleys, and hour after hour the dark silent woods wheeled past us. Swarms of black flies—those insect wolves—waylaid us and hung to us till a smart spurt of the horse, where the road favored, left them behind. But a species of large horse-fly, black and vicious, it was not so easy to get rid of. When they alighted upon the horse we would demolish them with the whip or with our felt hats, a proceeding the horse soon came to understand and appreciate. The white and gray Laurentian bowlders lay along the road-side. The soil seemed as if made up of decayed and pulverized rock, and doubtless contained very little vegetable matter. It is so barren that it will never repay clearing and cultivating.

Our course was an up grade toward the highlands that separate the water-shed of St. John Lake from that of the St. Lawrence, and as we proceeded the spruce became smaller and smaller till the trees were seldom more than eight or ten inches in diameter. Nearly all of them terminated in a dense tuft at the top beneath which the stem would be bare for several feet, giving them the appearance, my friend said, as they stood sharply defined along the crests of the mountains, of cannon swabs. Endless, interminable successions of them, each just like its fellow, came and went, came and went, all day. Sometimes we could see the road a mile or two ahead, and it was as lonely and solitary as a path in the desert. Periods of talk and song and jollity were succeeded by long stretches

of silence. A buck-board upon such a road does not conduce to a continuous flow of animal spirits. A good brace for the foot and a good hold for the hand is one's main lookout much of the time. We walked up the steeper hills, one of them nearly a mile long, and clung grimly to the board during the rapid descent of the other side.

What did we see? Not much; occasionally a solitary pigeon—in every instance a cock—leading a forlorn life in the wood, a hermit of his kind, or more probably a rejected and superfluous male. We came upon two or three broods of spruce-grouse in the road, so tame that one could have knocked them over with a pole. We passed many beautiful lakes; among others the Two Sisters, one on each side of the road. At noon we paused at a lake in a deep valley, and fed the horse and had lunch. I was not long in getting ready my fishing tackle, and upon a raft made of two logs pinned together, floated out upon the lake and quickly took all the trout we wanted.

Early in the afternoon, we entered upon what is called *La Grande Brûlure*, or Great Burning, and to the desolation of living woods succeeded the greater desolation of a blighted forest. All the mountains and valleys, as far as the eye could see, had been swept by the fire, and the bleached and ghostly skeletons of the trees alone met the gaze. The fire had come over from the Saguenay, a hundred or more miles to the east, seven or eight years before, and had consumed or blasted everything in its way. We saw the skull of a moose, said to have perished in the fire. For three hours we rode through this valley and shadow of death. In the midst of it, where the trees had nearly all disappeared, and where the ground was covered with coarse wild grass, we came upon the Morancy River, a placid yellow stream twenty or twenty-five yards wide, abounding with trout. We walked a short distance along its banks and peered curiously into its waters. The mountains on either hand had been burned by the fire until in places their great granite bones were bare and white.

At another point we were within ear-shot for a mile or more of a brawling stream in the valley below us, and now and then caught a glimpse of foaming rapids or cascades through the dense spruce,—a trout-stream that probably no man had ever fished, as it would be quite impossible to do so in such a maze and tangle of woods.

We neither met, nor passed, nor saw any travelers till late in the afternoon, when we descried far ahead a man on horseback. It was a welcome relief. It was like a sail at sea. When he saw us he drew rein and awaited our approach. He too had probably tired of the solitude and desolation of the road. He proved to be a young Canadian going to join the gang of workmen at the far end of the road.

About four o'clock we passed another small lake, and in a few moments more drew up at the bridge over the Jacques Cartier River, and our forty-mile ride was finished. There was a stable here that had been used by the road-builders, and was now used by the teams that hauled in their supplies. This would do for the horse: a snug log shanty built by an old trapper and hunter for use in the winter, a hundred yards below the bridge, amid the spruces on the bank of the river, when rebedded and refurnished would do for us. The river at this point was a swift black stream from thirty to forty feet wide, with a strength and a bound like a moose. It was not shrunk and emaciated like similar streams in a cleared country, but full, copious and strong. Indeed, one can hardly realize how the lesser water-courses have suffered by the denuding of the land of its forest covering, until he goes into the primitive woods and sees how full and athletic they are there. They are literally well fed and their measure of life is full. In fact a trout-brook is as much a thing of the woods as a caribou or deer, and will not thrive well in the open country.

Three miles above our camp was Great Lake Jacques Cartier, the source of the river, a sheet of water nine miles long and from one to three wide; fifty rods below was Little Lake Jacques Cartier, an irregular body about two miles across. Stretching away on every hand, bristling on the mountains and darkling in the valleys was the illimitable spruce woods. The moss in them covered the ground nearly knee deep, and lay like newly fallen snow, hiding rocks and logs, filling depressions, and muffling the foot. When it was dry one could find a most delightful couch anywhere.

The spruce seems to have colored the water, which is a dark amber color, but entirely sweet and pure. There needed no better proof of the latter fact than the trout with which it abounded, and their clear and vivid tints. In its lower portions near the St. Lawrence, the Jacques Cartier River is a salmon-stream, but these fish have never

been found as near its source as we were, though there is no apparent reason why they should not be.

There is perhaps no moment in the life of an angler fraught with so much eagerness and impatience as when he first finds himself upon the bank of a new and long-sought stream. When I was a boy and used to go a-fishing I could seldom restrain my eagerness after I arrived in sight of the brook or pond, and must needs run the rest of the way. Then the delay in rigging my tackle was a trial my patience was never quite equal to. After I had made a few casts, or had caught one fish, I could pause and adjust my line properly. I found some remnant of the old enthusiasm still in me when I sprang from the buck-board that afternoon, and saw the strange river rushing by. I would have given something if my tackle had been rigged so that I could have tried on the instant the temper of the trout that had just broken the surface within easy reach of the shore. But I had anticipated this moment coming along, and had surreptitiously undone my rod-case and got my reel out of my bag, and was therefore a few moments ahead of my companion in making the first cast. The trout rose readily, and almost too soon we had more than enough for dinner, though no "rod-smashers" had been seen or felt. Our experience the next morning, and during the day, and the next morning in the lake, in the rapids, in the pools, was about the same; there was a surfeit of trout eight or ten inches long, though we rarely kept any under ten; but the big fish were lazy and would not rise; they were in the deepest water and did not like to get up.

The third day, in the afternoon, we had our first and only thorough sensation in the shape of a big trout. It came none too soon. The interest had begun to flag. But one big fish a week will do. It is a pinnacle of delight in the angler's experience that he may well be three days in working up to, and once reached, it is three days down to, the old humdrum level again—at least it is with me. It was a dull rainy day; the fog rested low upon the mountains, and the time hung heavily upon our hands. About three o'clock the rain slackened and we emerged from our den, Joe going to look after his horse, which had eaten but little since coming into the woods, so disturbed was the poor creature by the loneliness and the black-flies; I, to make preparations for dinner, while my companion lazily took his rod and stepped to the edge of the

big pool in front of camp. At the first introductory cast, and when his fly was not fifteen feet from him upon the water, there was a lunge and a strike, and apparently the fisherman had hooked a bowlder. I was standing a few yards below engaged in washing out the coffee-pail, when I heard him call out:

"I have got him now!"

"Yes; I see you have," said I, noticing his bending pole and moveless line; "when I am through, I will help you get loose."

"No; but I'm not joking," said he; "I have got a big fish."

I looked up again, but saw no reason to change my impression, and kept on with my work.

It is proper to say that my companion was a novice at fly-fishing, he never having cast a fly till upon this trip.

Again he called out to me, but deceived by his coolness and his unchanged tones, and by the lethargy of the fish, I gave little heed. I knew very well that if I had struck a fish that held me down in that way I should have been going through a regular war-dance on that circle of bowlder-tops, and should have scared the game into activity, if the hook had failed to wake him up. But as the farce continued I drew near.

"Does that look like a stone or a log?" said my friend, pointing to his quivering line, slowly cutting the current up toward the center of the pool.

My skepticism vanished in an instant, and I could hardly keep my place on the top of the rock.

"I can feel him breathe," said the now warming fisherman; "just feel of that pole?"

I put my eager hand upon the butt and could easily imagine I felt the throb or pant of something alive down there in the black depths. But, whatever it was moved about like a turtle. My companion was praying to hear his reel spin, but it gave out only now and then a few hesitating clicks. Still the situation was excitingly dramatic, and we were all actors. I rushed for the landing-net, but being unable to find it, shouted desperately for Joe, who came hurrying back, excited before he had learned what the matter was. The net had been left at the lake below, and must be had with the greatest dispatch. In the meantime, I skipped about from bowlder to bowlder as the fish worked this way or that about the pool, peering into the water to catch a glimpse of him, for he had begun to yield a

little to the steady strain that was kept upon him. Presently, I saw a shadowy unsubstantial something just emerge from the black depths, then vanish. Then I saw it again, and this time the huge proportions of the fish were faintly outlined by the whiter facings of his fins. The sketch lasted but a twinkling, it was only a flitting shadow upon a darker background, but it gave me the profoundest Ike Walton thrill I ever experienced. I had been a fisher from my earliest boyhood. I came from a race of fishers; trout-streams gurgled about the roots of the family tree, and there was a long accumulated and transmitted tendency and desire in me that that sight gratified. I did not wish the pole in my own hands; there was quite enough electricity overflowing from it and filling the air for me. The fish yielded more and more to the relentless pole, till, in about fifteen minutes from the time he was struck he came to the surface, then made a little whirlpool where he disappeared again. But presently he was up a second time and lashing the water into foam as the angler led him toward the rock upon which I was perched, net in hand. As I reached toward him, down he went again, and taking another circle of the pool came up still more exhausted, when, between his paroxysms I carefully run the net over him and lifted him ashore, amid, it is needless to say, the wildest enthusiasm of the spectators. The congratulatory laughter of the loons down on the lake showed how even the outsiders sympathized. Much larger trout have been taken in these waters and in others, but this fish would have swallowed any three we had ever before caught.

"What does he weigh?" was the natural inquiry of each; and we took turns "hefting" him. But gravity was less potent to us just then than usual, and the fish seemed astonishingly light.

"Four pounds," we said; but Joe said more. So we improvised a scale: a long strip of board was balanced across a stick, and our groceries served as weights. A four-pound package of sugar kicked the beam quickly; a pound of coffee was added; still it went up; then a pound of tea, and still the fish had little the best of it. But we called it six pounds, not to drive too sharp a bargain with fortune, and were more than satisfied. Such a beautiful creature! marked in every respect like a trout of six inches. We feasted our eyes upon him for half an hour. We stretched him upon the ground and admired him; we laid him

across a log and withdrew a few paces and admired him; we hung him against the shanty and turned our heads from side to side as women do when they are selecting dress goods, the better to take in the full force of the effect.

He graced the board or stump that afternoon and was the sweetest fish we had taken. The flesh was a deep salmon color and very rich. We had before discovered that there were two varieties of trout in these waters irrespective of size,—the red-fleshed and the white-fleshed and that the former were best.

This success gave an impetus to our sport that carried us through the rest of the week finely. We had demonstrated that there were big trout here and that they would rise to a fly. Henceforth big fish were looked to as a possible result of every excursion. To me, especially, the desire at least to match my companion, who had been my pupil in the art, was keen and constant. We built a raft of logs and upon it I floated out upon the lake, whipping its waters right and left, morning, noon and night. Many fine trout came to my hand and were released because they did not fill the bill. The lake became my favorite resort, while my companion preferred rather the shore or the long still pool above, where there was a rude make-shift of a boat, made of common box-boards.

Upon the lake you had the wildness and solitude at arm's length, and could better take their look and measure. You became something apart from them; you emerged and had a vantage ground like that of a mountain peak, and could contemplate them at your ease. Seated upon my raft and slowly carried by the current or drifted by the breeze, I had many a long, silent look into the face of the wilderness, and found the communion good. I was alone with the spirit of the forest-bound lakes and felt its presence and magnetism. I played hide-and-seek with it about the nooks and corners and lay in wait for it upon a little island, crowned with a clump of trees that was moored just to one side the current near the head of the lake.

Indeed there is no depth of solitude that the mind does not endow with some human interest. As in a dead silence the ear is filled with its own murmur, so amid these aboriginal scenes one's feelings and sympathies become external to him, as it were, and he holds converse with them. Then a lake is the ear as well as the eye of a forest.

It is the place to go to listen and ascertain what sounds are abroad in the air. They all run quickly thither and report. If any creature had called in the forest for miles about I should have heard it. At times I could hear the distant roar of water off beyond the outlet of the lake. The sound of the vagrant winds purring here and there in the tops of the spruces reached my ear. A breeze would come slowly down the mountain, then strike the lake and I could see its footsteps approaching by the changed appearance of the water. How slowly the winds move at times, sauntering like one on a Sunday walk! A breeze always enlivened the fish; a dead calm and all pen-nants sink; your activity with your fly is ill-timed and you soon take the hint and stop. Becalmed upon my raft I observed as I have often done before, how the life of nature ebbs and flows, comes and departs in these wilderness scenes; one moment her stage is thronged and the next quite deserted. There is a wonderful unity of movement in the two elements, air and water. When there is much going on in one, there is quite sure to be much going on in the other. You have been casting, perhaps, for an hour with scarcely a jump or any sign of life anywhere about you, when presently the breeze freshens and the trout begin to respond, and then of a sudden all the performers rush in; ducks come sweeping by, loons laugh and wheel overhead, then approach the water on a long gentle incline, plowing deeper and deeper into its surface until their momentum is arrested, or converted into foam; the fish-hawk screams, the bald-eagle goes flapping by, and your eyes and hands are full. Then the tide ebbs and both fish and fowl are gone.

Patiently whipping the waters of the lake from my rude float, I became an object of great interest to the loons. I had never seen these birds before in their proper habitat, and the interest was mutual. When they had paused on the Hudson during their spring and fall migrations, I had pursued them in my boat to try to get near them. Now the case was reversed; I was the interloper now, and they would come out and study me. Sometimes six or eight of them would be swimming about watching my movements, but they were wary and made a wide circle. One day, one of their number volunteered to make a thorough reconnoissance. I saw him leave his comrades and swim straight toward me.

He came, bringing first one eye to bear upon me, then the other. When about half the distance was passed over he began to waver and hesitate. To encourage him, I stopped casting, and taking off my hat began to wave it slowly to and fro, as in the act of fanning myself. This started him again,—this was a new trait in the creature that he must scrutinize more closely. On he came, till all his markings were distinctly seen. With one hand I pulled a little revolver from my hip pocket, and when the loon was about fifty yards distant and had begun to sidle around me, I fired: at the flash I saw two webbed feet twinkle in the air, and the loon was gone! Lead could not have gone down so quickly. The bullet cut across the circles where he disappeared. In a few moments he reappeared a couple of hundred yards away. "Ha-ha-ha-a-a," said he, "ha-ha-ha-a-a," and "Ha-ha-ha-a-a" said his comrades, who had been looking on; and "Ha-ha-ha-a-a," said we all, echo included. He approached a second time, but not so closely, and when I began to creep back toward the shore with my heavy craft, pawing the water first upon one side, then upon the other, he followed, and with ironical laughter witnessed my efforts to stem the current at the head of the lake. I confess it was enough to make a more solemn bird than the loon laugh, but it was no fun for me, and usually required my last pound of steam. The loons flew back and forth from one lake to the other, and their voices were about the only notable wild sounds to be heard.

One afternoon, quite unexpectedly I struck my big fish in the head of the lake. I was first advised of his approach by two or three trout jumping clear from the water to get out of his lordship's way. The water was not deep just there, and he swam so near the surface that his enormous back cut through. With a swirl he swept my fly under and turned. My hook was too near home, and my rod too near a perpendicular to strike well. More than that, my presence of mind came near being unhorsed by the sudden apparition of the fish. If I could have had a moment's notice, or if I had not seen the monster, I should have fared better and the fish worse. I struck, but not with enough decision, and before I could reel up, my empty hook came back. The trout had carried it in his jaws till the fraud was detected, and then spat it out. He came a

second time and made a grand commotion in the water, but not in my nerves, for I was ready then, but failed to take the fly and so to get his weight and beauty in these pages. As my luck failed me at the last I will place my loss at the full extent of the law, and claim that nothing less than a ten-pounder was spirited away from my hand that day. I might not have saved him, netless as I was upon my cumbrous raft; but I should at least have had the glory of the fight, and the consolation of the fairly vanquished.

These trout are not properly lake-trout, but the common brook-trout (*S. fontinalis*). The largest ones are taken with live bait through the ice in winter. The Indians and the habitants bring them out of the wood from here and from Snow Lake on their tobogans, from two and a half to three feet long. They have kinks and ways of their own. About half a mile above camp we discovered a deep oval bay to one side the main current of the river—like an aneurism of an artery—that evidently abounded in big fish. Here they disported themselves. It was a favorite feeding-ground, and late every afternoon the fish rose all about it, making those big ripples the angler delights to see. A trout, when he comes to the surface, starts a ring about his own length in diameter; most of the rings in the pool, when the eye caught them, were like barrel hoops, but the haughty trout ignored all our best efforts; not one rise did we get. We were told of this pool on our return to Quebec, and that other anglers had a similar experience there. But occasionally some old fisherman, like a great advocate who loves a difficult case, would set his wits to work and bring into camp an enormous trout taken there.

Mr. Watters had said I would not see a bird in the woods, not a feather of any kind. But I knew I should, though they were not numerous. I saw and heard a bird nearly every day on the tops of the trees about, that I think was one of the cross-bills. The kingfisher was there ahead of us with his loud clicking reel. The osprey was there too, and I saw him abusing the bald eagle, who had probably just robbed him of a fish. The yellow-rumped warbler I saw, and one of the kinglets was leading its lisping brood about through the spruces. In every opening the white-throated sparrow abounded, striking up his clear sweet whistle at times so loud and sudden that one's momentary impression was that some farm boy was approach-

ing, or was secreted there behind the logs. Many times, amid those primitive solitudes, I was quite startled by the human tone and quality of this whistle. It is little more than a beginning; the bird never seems to finish the strain suggested. The Canada jay was there also, very busy about some important private matter.

One lowery morning as I was standing in camp I saw a lot of ducks come swiftly down by the current around the bend in the river a few rods above. They saw me at the same instant and turned toward the shore. On hastening up there I found the old bird rapidly leading her nearly grown brood through the woods, as if to go around our camp. As I pursued them they ran squawking with outstretched stubby wing, scattering right and left, and seeking a hiding-place under the logs and *débris*. I captured one and carried it into camp. It was just what Joe wanted; it would make a valuable decoy. So he kept it in a box, fed it upon oats and took it out of the woods with him.

On Friday we made an excursion to Great Lake Jacques Cartier, paddling and poling up the river in the rude box-boat. It was a bright still morning after the rain, and everything had a new, fresh appearance. Expectation was ever on tiptoe as each turn in the river opened a new prospect before us. How wild, and shaggy, and silent it was! What fascinating pools, what tempting stretches of trout-haunted water! Now and then we would catch a glimpse of long black shadows starting away from the boat and shooting through the sunlit depths. But no sound or motion on shore was heard or seen. Near the lake we came to a long shallow rapid, when we pulled off our shoes and stockings and with our trowsers rolled above our knees, towed the boat up it, wining and cringing amid the sharp, slippery stones. With benumbed feet and legs we reached the still water that forms the stem of the lake and presently saw the arms of the wilderness opened and the long deep-blue expanse in their embrace. We rested and bathed, and gladdened our eyes with the singularly beautiful prospect. The shadows of summer clouds were slowly creeping up and down the sides of the mountains that hemmed it in. On the far eastern shore near the head, banks of what was doubtless white sand shone dimly in the sun, and the illusion that there was a town nestled there haunted my mind constantly. It was like a section of the Hudson below the High-

lands, except that these waters were bluer and colder, and these shores darker than even those Hendrik first looked upon; but surely, one felt, a steamer will round that point presently, or a sail drift into view! We paddled a mile or more up the east shore, then across to the west, and found such pleasure in simply gazing upon the scene that our rods were quite neglected. We did some casting after awhile, but no fish of any consequence rose till we were in the outlet again, when they responded so freely that the "disgust of trout" was soon upon us.

At the rapids, on our return, as I was standing to my knees in the swift, cold current and casting into a deep hole behind a huge boulder that rose four or five feet above the water amidstream, two trout, one of them a large one, took my flies, and finding the fish and the current united too strong for my tackle I sought to gain the top of the boulder, in which attempt I got wet to my middle and lost my fish. After I had gained the rock I could not get away again with my clothes on without swimming; which, to say nothing of wet garments the rest of the way home, I did not like to do amid those rocks and swift currents; so after a vain attempt to communicate with my companion above the roar of the water, I removed my clothes, left them together with my tackle upon the rock, and by a strong effort stemmed the current and reached the shore. The boat was a hundred yards above, and when I arrived there my teeth were chattering with the cold, my feet were numb with bruises, and the black-flies were making the blood stream down my back. We hastened back with the boat, and by wading out into the current again and holding it by a long rope, it was swung around with my companion aboard and was held in the eddy behind the rock. I clambered up, got my clothes on and we were soon shooting down-stream toward home; but the winter of discontent that shrouded one half of me made sad inroads upon the placid feeling of a day well spent that enveloped the other, all the way to camp.

That night something carried off all our fish,—doubtless a fisher or lynx. Joe had seen an animal of some kind about camp

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When a particularly fine piece of hard-tack was secured they would spin off to their den with it somewhere near by.

Caribou abound in these woods but we saw only their tracks. Of bears, which are said to be plentiful, we saw no signs.

Saturday morning we packed up our "traps" and started on our return, and found that the other side of the spruce-trees and the vista of the lonely road were about the same going south as coming north. But we understood the road better and the buck-board better, and our load was lighter, hence the distance was more easily accomplished.

I saw a solitary robin by the road-side and wondered what could have brought this social and half-domesticated bird so far into these wilds. In La Grande Brûlure, a hermit thrush perched upon a dry tree in a swampy place and sang most divinely. We paused to listen to his clear silvery strain poured out without stint upon that unlistening solitude. I was half persuaded I had heard him before on first entering the woods.

We nooned again at No Man's Inn on the banks of a trout-lake, and fared well and had no reckoning to pay. Late in the afternoon, we saw a lonely pedestrian laboring up a hill far ahead of us. When he heard us coming he leaned his back against the bank; he was lighting his pipe as we passed. He was an old man, an Irishman, and looked tired. He had come from the far end of the road, fifty miles distant, and had thirty yet before him to reach town. He looked the dismay he evidently felt, when in answer to his inquiry we told him it was yet ten miles to the first house, La Chance's. But there was a roof nearer than that, where he doubtless passed the night, for he did not claim hospitality at the cabin of La Chance. We arrived there betimes, but found the "spare bed" assigned to other guests; so we were comfortably lodged upon the hay-mow. One of the boys lighted us up with a candle and made level places for us upon the hay.

La Chance was one of the game wardens, or constables, appointed by the government to see the game laws enforced. Joe had not felt entirely at his ease about the duck he was surreptitiously taking to town, and when, by its "quack, quack," it called upon La Chance for protection, he responded at once. Joe was obliged to liberate it then and there, and to hear the law read and expounded, and be threatened till he turned pale beside. It was evident that they follow the home government in the absurd practice of enforcing their laws in Canada. La Chance said

he was under oath not to wink at or permit any violation of the law, and he seemed to think that made a difference.

We were off early in the morning, and before we had gone two miles, met a party from Quebec who must have been driving nearly all night to give the black-flies an early breakfast. Before long a slow rain set in; we saw another party who had taken refuge in a house in a grove. When the rain had become so brisk that we began to think of seeking shelter ourselves, we passed a party of young men and boys—sixteen of them in a cart turning back to town, water-soaked and heavy (for the poor horse had all it could pull), but merry and good-natured. We paused a while at the farmhouse where we had got our hay on going out, were treated to a drink of milk and some wild red cherries, and when the rain slackened drove on, and by ten o'clock saw the city eight miles distant, with the sun shining upon its steep tinned roofs.

The next morning we set out per steamer for the Saguenay, and entered upon the second phase of our travels, but with less relish than we could have wished. Scenery-hunting is the least satisfying pursuit I have ever engaged in. What one sees in his necessary travels, or doing his work, or going a-fishing, seems worth while, but the famous view you go out in cold blood to admire, is quite apt to elude you. Nature loves to enter a door another hand has opened; a mountain view, or a water-fall, I have noticed never looks better than when one has just been warmed up by the capture of a big trout. If we had been bound for some salmon-stream up the Saguenay, we should perhaps have possessed that generous and receptive frame of mind—that open house of the heart—which makes one "eligible to any good fortune," and the grand scenery would have come in as fit sauce to the salmon. An adventure, a bit of experience of some kind is what one wants when he goes forth to admire woods and waters,—something to create a draught and make the embers of thought and feeling brighten. Nature, like certain wary game, is best taken by seeming to pass by her intent on other matters.

But without any such errand, or occupation, or indirection, we managed to extract considerable satisfaction from the view of the lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

We had not paid the customary visit to the falls of the Montmorency, but we shall see them after all, for before we are a

league from Quebec they come into view on the left. A dark glen or chasm there at the end of the Beaufort Slopes seems suddenly to have put on a long white apron. By intently gazing one can see the motion and falling of the water, though it is six or seven miles away. There is no sign of the river above or below but this trembling white curtain of foam and spray.

It was very sultry when we left Quebec, but about noon we struck much clearer and cooler air, and soon after ran into an immense wave or puff of fog that came drifting up the river and set all the fog-guns booming along shore. We were soon through it into clear, crisp space, with room enough for any eye to range in. On the south the shores of the great river appear low and uninteresting, but on the north they are bold and striking enough to make it up—high, scarred, unpeopled mountain ranges the whole way. The points of interest to the eye in the broad expanse of water were the white porpoises that kept rolling, rolling in the distance, all day. They came up like the perimeter of a great wheel, that turns slowly and then disappears. From mid-forenoon we could see far ahead an immense column of yellow smoke rising up and flattening out upon the sky and stretching away beyond the horizon. Its form was that of some aquatic plant that shoots a stem up through the water, and spreads its broad leaf upon the surface. This smoky lily-pad must have reached nearly to Maine. It proved to be in the Indian country in the mountains beyond the mouth of the Saguenay, and must have represented an immense destruction of forest timber.

The steamer is two hours crossing the St. Lawrence from Rivière du Loup to Tadoussac. The Saguenay pushes a broad sweep of dark blue water down into its mightier brother, that is sharply defined from the deck of the steamer. The two rivers seem to touch, but not to blend, so proud and haughty is this chieftain from the north. On the mountains above Tadoussac one could see banks of sand left by the ancient seas. Naked rock and sterile sand are all the Tadoussacker has to make his garden of, so far as I observed. Indeed, there is no soil along the Saguenay until you get to Ha-ha Bay, and then there is not much, and poor quality at that.

What the ancient fires did not burn the ancient seas have washed away. I overheard an English resident say to a Yankee

tourist, "You will think you are approaching the end of the world up here." It certainly did suggest something apochryphal or anti-mundane—a segment of the moon or of a cleft asteroid, matter dead or wrecked. The world-builders must have had their foundry up in this neighborhood, and the bed of this river was doubtless the channel through which the molten granite flowed. Some mischief-loving god has let in the sea while things were yet red hot and there has been a time here. But the channel still seems filled with water from the mid-Atlantic, cold and blue-black, and in places between seven and eight thousand feet deep (one and a half miles). In fact the enormous depth of the Saguenay is one of the wonders of physical geography. It is as great a marvel in its way as Niagara.

The ascent of the river is made by night, and the traveler finds himself in Ha-ha Bay in the morning. The steamer lies here several hours before starting on her return trip, and takes in large quantities of white birch wood, as she does also at Tadoussac. The chief product of the country seemed to be huckleberries, of which large quantities are shipped to Quebec in rude board boxes holding about a peck each. Little girls came aboard or lingered about the landing with cornucopias of birch-bark filled with red raspberries; five cents for about half-a-pint was the usual price. The village of St. Alphonse, where the steamer tarries, is a cluster of small humble dwellings dominated, like all Canadian villages, by an immense church. Usually the church will hold all the houses in the village; pile them all up and they would hardly equal it in size; it is the one conspicuous object, and is seen afar; and on the various lines of travel one sees many more priests than laymen. They appear to be about the only class that stir about and have a good time. Many of the houses were covered with birch bark—the canoe birch—held to its place by perpendicular strips of board or split poles.

A man with a horse and a buck-board persuaded us to give him twenty-five cents each to take us two miles up the St. Alphonse river to see the salmon jump. There is a high saw-mill dam there which every salmon in his upward journey tries his hand at leaping. A race-way has been constructed around the dam for their benefit, which it seems they do not use till they have repeatedly tried to scale the dam. The day before our visit three dead fish were found in the pool below, killed by too much jump-

ing. Those we saw had the jump about all taken out of them; several did not get more than half their length out of the water, and occasionally only an impotent nose would protrude from the foam. One fish made a leap of three or four feet and landed on an apron of the dam and tumbled helplessly back; he shot up like a bird and rolled back like a clod. This was the only view of salmon, the buck of the rivers, we had on our journey.

It was a bright and flawless midsummer day that we sailed down the Saguenay, and nothing was wanting but a good excuse for being there. The river was as lonely as the St. John's road; not a sail or a smoke-stack the whole sixty-five miles. The scenery culminates at Cape Eternity, where the rocks rise sheer from the water to a height of eighteen hundred feet. This view dwarfed any thing I had ever before seen. There is perhaps nothing this side the Yosemite chasm that equals it, and emptied of its water, it would far surpass that famous cañon, as the river here is a mile and a quarter deep. The bald eagle nests in the niches in the precipice secure from any intrusion. Immense blocks of the rock had fallen out, leaving areas of shadow and clinging overhanging masses that were a terror and fascination to the eye. There was a great fall a few years ago, just as the steamer had passed from under and blown her whistle to awake the echoes. The echo came back, and with it a part of the mountain that astonished more than it delighted the lookers-on. The pilot took us close around the base of the precipice that we might fully inspect it. And here my eyes played me a trick the like of which they had never done before. One of the boys of the steamer brought to the forward deck his hands full of stones that the curious ones among the passengers might try how easy it was to throw one ashore. "Any girl ought to do it," I said to myself, after a man had tried and had failed to clear half the distance. Seizing a stone I cast it with vigor and confidence, and as much expected to see it smite the rock as I expected to live. "It is a good while getting there," I mused, as I watched its course; down, down it went; there, it will ring upon the granite in half a breath; no, down—into the water, a little more than half way! "Has my arm lost its cunning?" I said, and tried again and again, but with like result. The eye was completely at fault. There was a new standard of size before it to which it failed

to adjust itself. The rock is so enormous and towers so above you that you get the impression it is much nearer than it actually is. When the eye is full it says "here we are," and the hand is ready to prove the fact; but in this case there is an astonishing discrepancy between what the eye reports and what the hand finds out.

Cape Trinity, the wife of this Colossus, stands across a chasm through which flows a small tributary of the Saguenay, and is a head or two shorter as becomes a wife, and less rugged and broken in outline.

From Rivière du Loup, where we passed the night and ate our first "Tommy-cods," our thread of travel makes a big loup around New Brunswick to St. John, thence out and down through Maine to Boston,—a thread upon which many delightful excursions and reminiscences might be strung. We traversed the whole of the valley of the Matapedia and passed the doors of many famous salmon streams and rivers, and heard everywhere the talk they inspire; one could not take a nap in the car for the excitement of the big fish stories he was obliged to overhear.

The Matapedia is a most enticing-looking stream; its waters are as colorless as

melted snow; I could easily have seen the salmon in it as we shot along, if they had come out from their hiding-places. It was the first white-water stream we had seen since leaving the Catskills; for all the Canadian streams are black or brown, either from the iron in the soil or from the leechings of the spruce swamps. But in New Brunswick we saw only these clear, silver-shod streams; I imagined they had a different ring or tone also. The Metapedia is deficient in good pools in its lower portions; its limpid waters flowing with a tranquil murmur over its wide, evenly paved bed for miles at a stretch. The salmon pass over these shallows by night and rest in the pools by day. The Restigouché, which it joins, and which is a famous salmon-stream and the father of famous salmon-streams, is of the same complexion and a delight to look upon. There is a noted pool where the two join, and one can sit upon the railroad bridge and count the noble fish in the lucid depths below. The valley here is fertile, and has a cultivated, well-kept look.

We passed the Jacquet, the Belledune, the Nepissiquit, the Miramichi ("happy retreat") in the night, and have only their bird-call names to report.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Church Debts.

WE have already written what we think of church debts, and only allude to the topic again for the purpose of enforcing the moral of an event which has recently taken place in this city. It is known to a good many people that there is a new "evangelist" abroad, who assists in paying church debts, not by contributing of his own money, but by organizing efforts for getting it from the men who owe it. He goes into a pulpit—this very good and very sensible Mr. Kimball—and usually, before he comes out of it, the debt of the church and congregation which he addresses is all subscribed for. How he does it, we do not know; but he has done it again and again, in San Francisco, Chicago, and elsewhere. He has now invaded New York, and the first trial was made upon the Memorial Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson is pastor.

This church had built a large house, in a fine location; but unforeseen circumstances had militated against its prosperity, and it found itself burdened with a great debt. The best that could be done, after many sacrifices by a noble pastor and a generous people, was to whittle this debt down to one

hundred and ten thousand dollars. But the debt was a killing burden to carry, and Mr. Kimball volunteered to see what could be done with it. It took two Sundays to do the job, but it was done; and to-day the church, which was nigh unto death, is not only alive, but stronger than the most of its neighbors, in the fact that it owns all its pews. It has been lifted out of a position of harassing adversity into one of assured prosperity; and we very heartily congratulate its pastor and its people on the success they have achieved.

Now, the moral of this operation is not very far to seek. *If the Memorial Presbyterian Church of this city, after the great sacrifices it had already made, can pay its debt, any church in this city can pay its debt.* The experiment could not have been tried in a harder place, and it has settled the question of ability for every church in New York. It has proved that if these church debts, which are a disgrace to the church not only, but a hinderance to the progress of Christianity, are not paid, they will remain thus because the churches that owe them are not honest, or in earnest enough to pay them.

Now, let us go a little further than this. If what we have said about the churches of New York is

true, how about the rest of the country? The country has not been any more reckless in running into debt than the city, and it has the same ability to discharge its debts that the city has. We believe that there is not a church in this country that needs to be in debt a year from the date of this article. All that is necessary for freeing the churches everywhere from debt is the disposition and universal determination to pay. That will do the business.

Does anybody doubt this? Does the doubter mean to intimate that any church has incurred a debt that it cannot pay, and does not intend to pay? Does he mean to intimate that the Christians of to-day have intentionally loaded a debt upon posterity which they will not touch with so much as one of their fingers? Then what shall be thought of the honesty of this operation and this position? If the church can do a thing like this, why should it be thought strange that a church-member should manage his own business in the same way? Why should we be shocked by defalcations and repudiations in high places, when she who sits on the highest place repudiates her debts, and does her business on borrowed capital? Good friends, this is all wrong. We pray you to right it, at any sacrifice, and at once!

Stanley and his Reward.

WE remember two nights and a day passed between Leghorn and Naples, in a wild Mediterranean storm. The question whether the sturdy little steamer would live through the struggle was asked by a good many troubled hearts, whose continued beating depended upon the answer. Of the terrors and the wearinesses of those tempestuous hours, none can know save those who have had similar experiences. More vividly than these, however, we remember the change in the motion of the steamer, on the second morning out. The sun was rising; and it was evident that we were in new water and under a new influence. Hastily mounting to the deck, we saw that we were in the beautiful bay, with Vesuvius smoking upon the right, and Naples fronting us, bright with the sweet Italian sun. It was a memorable moment—a moment of triumph, of assured safety, of peace, of rapturous enjoyment in the presence of one of the most beautiful scenes the world has to show.

Not altogether unlike this experience must be the fortune of those brave men who go through a life of struggle, and slide, at last, into an old age of honor and peace. It so happens in this world that the men who do anything to modify society, to elevate the public morality, to destroy abuses, to abolish great public wrongs, to break through and break down the narrowness of party and sect, have always to pass through a great deal of obloquy. They are opposed, misunderstood, misrepresented, —all possible means are used to cheapen them, and bring them into contempt. If, however, they are in earnest, and have the right on their side, their time of triumph comes at last. The storm of detraction is hushed, the motion of their vessel begins to change, and they discover to their surprise the

city of their hope waiting for their feet, and even the dead mountains lifting incense to their praise.

We could easily go on and talk of Garrison, and Whittier, and of our ex-President, resting and feasting after his long military and political career among his admirers on the other side of the sea, and of a hundred others whose life of strife and tumult is ending in the beautiful bay of Old Age, while Vesuvius shakes its plumes in rejoicing, and Naples holds out her flags and opens her doors in welcome. But we started to write about Henry M. Stanley, who has conquered the world's respect and admiration by a series of the most remarkable achievements, and who now slides into still water. When it was announced some years ago that he had discovered Livingstone, in the interior of Africa, there were probably many more people who did not believe in the fact than there were who accepted it. It took several months and a snuff-box from the Queen to convince people that he was not a cheap newspaper liar and impostor. The universal popular consciousness of cowardice told against him. There were probably not twenty men in New York who were consciously brave enough to undertake the task he had performed, any more than there were twenty men in Boston who could have written Shakspeare. When he arrived in America, after his splendid feat,—than which none more heroic and daring has been performed during this century, except a later one by himself,—he was received with a small burst of enthusiasm, which soon died out, when it was found that he could not lecture, and would not be lionized. Nothing was forgiven to him on account of strangeness to society, and the social cold shoulder was turned toward him by all those who could neither tell a hero when they saw him, nor hold him at his superlative value when they had him in their hands.

Stanley lived in New York for some time, his social relations limited to a few congenial men and women, who revered his manhood, and believed in him. Then he went away, and, at last, we heard of him engaged in organizing a force to march across Africa. When he received the dispatch which summoned him to this task, it threw him into a violent fever. He knew what the undertaking was. No one else did; and for more than three years he has been engaged in the gigantic task of managing hundreds of wild men, in the midst of thousands of wilder men, in a passage through a wilderness thousands of miles in extent. He has had to pierce forests, thread rivers, cross lakes, tread morasses, and fight wild beasts and savage men by day and by night. His one will has directed and controlled everything. The strain upon him must have been terrible—three summers and three winters long. Can any one imagine his joy as he traced the Congo to the sea, and caught sight of the waves that connected him with his home?

We do not feel particularly interested in Mr. Stanley's discoveries. The geographers may have that part of it; but we are immensely interested in the hero, and shall be glad to see his face and take his hand once more. And if New York shall fail

to take and hold him at his value this time, she will do herself foul dishonor. This man who has done so much to honor the American name, and so much to illustrate the higher traits and capacities of human nature, should have a befitting welcome on his arrival home. It should not be a fitful and quickly forgotten affair; but after such tempestuous tossings upon the sea of his great enterprise, he should find himself in smooth water. The heroes of few battlefields have been worthier of lasting admiration and homage than he is, who will come to us from his latest achievement in African discovery. Let us give him the freedom of the city in the freedom of our homes.

"The Machine" in New England.

THERE is a thrifty manufacturing village, about five miles from Springfield, in Massachusetts, called Indian Orchard, and there is a Congregational church there, which, some months since, called to be its pastor the Rev. James F. Merriam, the son of an excellent orthodox deacon in Doctor Buckingham's church in Springfield. The church had known the young man from his youth up—known his history, his opinions, his influence. He had already had one settlement in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, where he had been much beloved. Mr. Merriam accepted the call of the Indian Orchard church, and a council of Congregational ministers was called together to go through the formalities of installation. It so happened, however, that the young man was an independent thinker, and could not state his orthodoxy exactly in terms satisfactory to the council, and that he was "shaky" on the dogma of everlasting punishment. So far as we are able to learn, the only other point of doubtful orthodoxy related to the atonement, and the following are Mr. Merriam's own words as to this: "While we may differ as to philosophical statements of it, I believe I am at one with our accepted interpretation as to the bottom truth, viz.: that God in Christ's death, suffered in his own divine nature for us, and that it signified God's free forgiveness to the repentant of their sins."

Well, the council voted eight to six, not to install the candidate,—mainly, we understand, because he was not sound on the subject of everlasting punishment. Six of the fourteen indicated by their votes either that, in their opinion, he was sound, or that his opinions concerning that dogma were not such as would interfere with his usefulness as a pastor and religious teacher. The council dissolved, having done what it could to shut the candidate's mouth and deprive the people of Indian Orchard of the pastor of their choice. Then the people, spurning the action of the council, engaged Mr. Merriam to supply their pulpit, and to become in all respects their pastor and teacher; and he, like a sensible man, accepted their invitation, protesting that there should be neither ill-feeling nor ill-speaking against the council which, he did not doubt, had performed its work most conscientiously. And it is noteworthy just here that the

pastor and delegate from Farmington, the seat of Mr. Merriam's former pastorate, voted for his settlement. The result of the action of the council has been the welding of all hearts in Indian Orchard into one for the support of Mr. Merriam, the increase of his influence, and the production of a local excitement and discussion, the results of which will not be reckoned up in many years.

We have noticed this case simply because it is an instructive indication of the drift of the times. It indicates:

First. That "the machine" is no longer identical with the church. The machine does its work in the regular way, and the church repudiates it, tramples on it, tears up its decisions and throws them away.

Second. That the machine itself is undergoing a process of disorganization. The vote in the council needed but one change to make it a tie, and but two changes to reverse the decision. Out of fourteen persons, six either harmonized with Mr. Merriam's views, or did not consider them of importance as hindrances to his usefulness. This is a tremendous change from the orthodoxy of the fathers, and shows very plainly that the orthodox creeds are in the future to have a more liberal interpretation, or that there will soon come, as a necessity, a restatement in a briefer or a materially modified form of the doctrines that make up the common opinion of the orthodox churches of the country. Our own judgment is that the votes given for Mr. Merriam were little else than demands for greater personal liberty in the interpretation of a creed. There must be this liberty if men are going to think at all, or else there must be self-stultification.

Third. That the action of the church at Indian Orchard, and the astonishingly wide and earnest sympathy with it manifested by the churches in the vicinity, are proofs that dogmatic theology is losing its old hold upon the popular mind. The people are in advance of the clergy in perceiving that the spirit of the Master, the heart filled with love and good-will and the life with unselfishness and purity, are of very much more importance than opinions and speculations upon the doctrine of everlasting punishment. To turn such a man as Mr. Merriam is universally conceded to be away from a field of usefulness, where his Christian spirit and sunny temper and helpful counsels and ardent love of men might be of the greatest use in helping souls to heaven, because he did not believe in the same sort of a hell that the council believed in, is not recognized by the churches as a wise—we had almost said a decent—thing to do.

We have seen nothing more hopeful in these later times than the result of this Indian Orchard business. It is not only a triumph of Christian liberty for to-day, but it amounts to a declaration that there is to be more liberty in the future. It amounts, too, to a declaration that the religion of the head is losing its prominence in the religion of the churches. We are lamenting almost every week the fall of some man from a high position in the church, and we are beginning to find out what it means. We

are beginning to learn that any form of organized Christianity which makes much of faith and little of works,—especially when that faith is made to cover long strings of dogmatic statements,—which insists rigidly on the possession of sound opinions and takes small note of an unsound heart, which discards ministers for heresy and hastens to cover up ministerial failures in morality and charity, which plants itself in the way of a true man because he cannot as a true man pronounce its shibboleth,—we say that we are beginning to learn that any form of organized Christianity which does all this, just as naturally produces untrustworthy Christians as the earth produces weeds. Why should it not?

Let the concluding paragraph of Mr. Merriam's

exposition of his faith, made before the Indian Orchard council be ours. He says:

"In conclusion, I would add that I believe Christianity has as yet made but a beginning of the great work it is to do. I anticipate a speedy and wonderful development; because as the race grows intellectually and morally, so do its conceptions of Christ and the priceless import of his teaching become more adequate. I not only believe in, but most urgently advocate, a constant recurrence to him in all our work as churches to learn what our God is, and what our life here should be,—and may be. When the church fully apprehends the tremendous power of the truths concerning Christ it upholds,—when it is great enough, good enough, to wield its own weapon,—I believe the progress of its redeeming work will be accelerated a hundred-fold."

THE OLD CABINET.

A YOUNG friend of mine who has just come back from studying art in Europe said the other day, in a complaining way which had a touch of the pathetic in it, that he was more mixed in his ideas about art than ever before in his life. "A fellow makes an experimental sort of a design," said he, "with a group of figures, and a nice tone to the whole thing; and he shows it to his friends when they drop in at the studio, and they say it's a pretty thing; but what *is* it? what is the story? When he replies that it isn't anything, and hasn't any 'story,' they shake their heads and seem to think that both painter and picture are very silly. The next time anybody asks him what scene his picture is intended to represent he promptly answers, 'Oh, that's the Vision of Ezekiel!' 'Indeed! Ah, yes, I see,—the Vision of Ezekiel, to be sure. Very fine, very fine. But pray may I ask where is Ezekiel?' 'Ezekiel? why he's supposed to be just outside, don't you know!' 'Just outside, certainly; very interesting picture,—fine conception,—the Vision of Ezekiel, to be sure,' and they go away with an idea that that young artist is, as they say in Paris, *arrivé*!—one of our young painters who have ideas!"

"I believe," said my friend, "that this is about the way that some of the great pictures have been made. First the picture, then the name,—and then come the critics and the public, who never dream but that the name and the picture were together from the first."

My friend appeared to be very much troubled by this. A good many other people, painters and not painters, are troubled in the same way. But after all it is a simple matter. Suppose that a great picture has been made without the artist deciding in his mind before finishing it, either the exact subject, or the exact title. Suppose even that all he has done is to paint from a model who had certain qualities that interested him. The picture may have been merely a "life study"—which he has called Moses, or David, or Delilah, or Venus, or the

Virgin Mary, or what not. The name that the great painter gives his picture the world accepts,—because the greatness that is, perforce, in every line and touch of his pencil is able to carry meanings deep and manifold. The painting is not only great technically,—it is great spiritually. The model from whom he paints is looked at with intelligent and serious eyes. He sees not only the individual character; he sees the deeper traits which belong to a common humanity. He sees not merely the human being before him; but he sees in this human being something which is reflected from the painter's own mind,—and the picture becomes and forever remains a type. The little painter may with careful forecasting, and painful historical accuracy, make us a picture of John the Baptist, but though he swear by all his gods that this in verity *is* John the Baptist, the world will never, never, never believe him!

WHILE writers are keenly discussing the utility of all this modern criticism, they still continue to write it; principally for the same reason that an Irishman mixes mortar, and a Chinaman sells cigars, because it is one way to make a living. The public demands houses, and cigars, and critical reviews. Meantime shall the critic be severe, complaisant, peppery, amusing, judicial, or genial? As a rule the critic has no profound prophetic stirring. There is no message pressing to be delivered. He is not quite sure of himself. He finds it most safe to be genial. In fact he often argues in his own mind in favor of the justice of geniality.

The point that I wish to make is, that often nothing is so unjust as geniality. In the first place it is unjust to other critics. Suppose that my cousin-in-law writes a dull novel, and I, being the regular reviewer for the "Evening Messenger," and a conscientious fellow withal, find no way of avoiding the issue; and so have to say, as mildly as possible,

that the novel by my cousin's husband is dull. That is a bad enough predicament to be in; but the trouble is made ten times worse when the genial critic of one of the "great dailies" (the "Evening Messenger," being only a two-penny affair after all) good-naturedly declares that the aforesaid novel is "a clever and an amusing performance, and betrays a talent which is as unique as it is extraordinary." The genial review of the "great daily" is of course snipped out by the enterprising publishers and used in all the advertisements and circulars put forth by the firm. By this time it is, of course, all up between me and my cousin's husband; which on some accounts may be more of a misfortune than at first might appear, considering the undoubted dullness of his book. Even if the novel was neither by a friend nor a relation, the author is sure to think the conscientious critic an ill-natured, carping fellow,—in view of the geniality of the able critic of the great daily.

In the second place, the genial criticism is unjust to its readers and to the public at large. The critic's unwonted bent toward the benignant and the easy-going leads him to a false estimate of values. He makes people buy a poor book. This is a culpable act, even if the persons injured never find it out. For if the man who reads a dull book on the recommendation of the "great daily" is so lacking in taste as to enjoy it, he is just the man who needed better guidance,—instead of getting which he is confirmed in his error by one whose duty it was to educate him. The person who, himself having taste in literary matters, merely loses ten minutes or an hour of time, and the price of the volume in money, such a person is, to be sure, egregiously swindled; but his taste has not been contaminated.

In the third place, the writer of the book has been unjustly dealt by. He has received a false estimate of himself; how can he help accepting it when the gift comes from such an honorable hand? It need not be said what a disadvantage it is to a writer to go through life with a false notion of his own capabilities.

In the fourth place, the genial criticism does harm to other writers. So far as it has any influence at all, it blocks the way of worthy books, making the publishers and the public content with inferior work.

An instance of unjust genial criticism has just come to hand. A well-known publisher in another city issued, in time for the late holidays, an illustrated edition of one of Tennyson's most popular poems. The pictures in that book are, it is safe to say, the worst things of the kind ever put forth under similar circumstances in this country. The cover is bad, but the pictures are childishly and ludicrously and grotesquely and irredeemably bad. But see what the genial critic of one of our leading journals told his readers at just the moment when they were looking about for something "pretty and tasteful" to smuggle home under their ulsters, and hide away in dark corners; the genial critic told them that "An illustrated edition of Tennyson's '——,' in large, thin octavo form, gilt edged

and bound in beveled boards, with dove-colored muslin cover, makes an extremely pretty and tasteful holiday book. The illustrations are of unequal merit, some of them being very good, while others are only moderately so. The typographical execution of the book, the press-work and the paper are unexceptionable." Putting the "illustrator" in the place of the "writer," this genial notice is flagrantly unjust under all four heads enumerated above.

SINCE going to "Antony and Cleopatra" the other night, I have thought that, after all, there is more enjoyment in hearing Shakspeare performed by an ordinary troupe, than in hearing a troupe of the same caliber play something better fitted to their powers. It was a great pleasure to hear those familiar lines given out from the stage, even though the giving out was faulty in the extreme. After all, Shakspeare was an actor; he understood the stage perfectly; he wrote *for* the stage. There is a delight in seeing how he avails himself of stage possibilities,—of stage tricks, if you choose to call them so. He uses theatrical necessities and opportunities in making his play, very much as a poet uses his measure and his rhyme. Instead of hampering him, they help him; they are full of suggestion to him. Lamb, we believe, does not mention this consideration in that subtle and profound essay "On the Tragedies of Shakspeare, Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation." (It is strange that the writer of an essay like that should be popularly known as a "humorist.") You may agree with every declaration in the essay, and yet you may not be willing to cut yourself off from hearing Shakspeare played. Indeed, Lamb himself does not argue that "Hamlet" should not be acted, "but how much 'Hamlet' is made another thing by being acted." He himself confesses a very high degree of satisfaction received from seeing for the first time a tragedy of Shakspeare's performed. "It seemed to embody and realize conceptions which had hitherto assumed no distinct shape." But he thinks that the price for such a juvenile pleasure is too high. "When the novelty is past, we find to our cost that, instead of realizing an idea, we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood. We have let go a dream, in quest of an unattainable substance."

In reading Lamb, we must bear in mind that the part of Hamlet is, probably, better played nowadays than it was in Lamb's time. There is less rant, and the character of Hamlet has been studied with especial care. Doubtless this very essay of Lamb's has helped to bring about a better method of representing "the melancholy Dane." I should hardly care to disassociate from the thought of Shakspeare's Queen Katherine and Othello, the memory of Charlotte Cushman in her old age, and of Salvini.

There is this to be said in favor of the stage representation of Shakspeare, that the more approaches you make to Shakspeare, the more opportunities you have of getting new views of his infinite thought. You must read him at all ages, in all

moods. You must *read* him; but you must see him played also, or else you lose some impression that will come to you only from the stage.

I am very sure that as I saw it the other night, as commonplace as was the performance throughout, and as ludicrous as was some of it,—I am sure that I felt parts of that most poetic, most profound, most majestic drama as I never had felt them before.

Not long since comment was made here on the fact that Shakspeare never despises his own characters. It is a thing to be observed, also, that his characters never despise themselves. They may be stricken with remorse; they may pour accusations without number upon their own heads—but always there is a saving tincture of nobility and of self-respect. With Shakspeare, nothing that is human is utterly ignoble. What could be more contemptible than Anthony's position before Cæsar? and yet see how the fellow comports himself:

Cæsar. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Anthony. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted. Then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæsar. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lepidus. Soft, Cæsar.

Anthony. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honor's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæsar. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Anthony. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lepidus. 'Tis nobly spoken."

When this perjured, this ruined and self-murdered man, falls dead at last at the feet of the dying Cleopatra, it is said of him by her who best knew him:

"Noblest of men, woo't die? * * *
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon."

Shakspeare—no less than the old Hebrew bards, the writers of the Christian Gospel, and the poets and philosophers of all ages—felt the tragedy of human life. Anthony was led to destruction by a woman; but she was the mightiest sorceress in all the world. He did wickedly; but he was born a man, not a god. He fell; but there was that in him which could move the world to reverence and the heavens to pity.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

How a Man Takes Care of his Baby.

IN spite of all the statements to the contrary, there are men who help take care of their children. They are the kindest and best husbands in the world. They do not wish to see their wives overburdened with care and worry, and they intend to help them a great deal, and actually do. Yet it cannot be denied, that their opinion concerning the value of their services and their wives' opinion on the same subject do not exactly coincide. One of these good husbands will help dress the children for breakfast, and speak of it with a grandly virtuous air, while the fact is that he only washed the face of one while his wife washed and dressed the other three. He helps get the children ready for church; that is, he buttons up Dick's boots, and helps Jenny put on her gloves after he has leisurely and comfortably dressed himself, while his wife ties sashes, and hunts up odd gloves, and puts on collars, and curls one child's hair and washes another's hands, and in the intervals "does up" her own hair, and saves the baby from the razor, and Jenny's best

bonnet from the baby. He stands patiently (?) in the hall as the bells begin to toll, and mildly calls, "It is getting late, Maria." Which fact Maria knows as well as he does, for her hands are trembling so with nervousness and haste that she can hardly put a single pin in its right place. Just as the last strokes of the bell are sounding, they hurry off to church, losing entirely the calming influence which comes from a leisurely walk on a fine Sunday morning. He takes the opportunity to remark, with just a shade of reproof in his gentle tones, "I can't understand why it takes you so long to get ready. It really does seem as if with as much as I do to help you, we need not be obliged to hurry so at the last minute. I don't like to see you go up the aisle with your face as red as a lobster,"—which of course, is very soothing to Maria's irritated nerves.

The father cares for the baby at night in very much the same fashion. The mother has lifted the child into her own bed, and back into its cradle again, in the vain hope that in one place or the

other he will go to sleep, has brought "drinks of water" for him, rocked the cradle and sung to its uneasy occupant softly and sleepily for an hour, till finally she thinks that if she is to be in this *semi-amphibious* state, half out of bed and half in, the air from the open window is too cool for her. She knows if she tries to shut it herself the little tyrant will instantly miss her presence and be ten times wider awake than ever, and all the hour's singing and rocking will be labor lost. So, with much regret, she softly asks John to get up and close the window. He has lain remarkably still and breathed rather heavily, and is somewhat difficult to arouse for a man who afterward declares he was wide awake all the time. But like the good husband he is, he cheerfully closes the window, and gets an extra blanket for the baby, and pleasantly asks, as he settles down into the pillows again, "What makes the baby so uneasy to-night?" He manifests a strange indifference to his wife's reply, and in fact nothing more is heard from him till morning, while his wife sleepily and painfully works away for an hour longer. But at breakfast, with what calm complacency does he speak of the trouble the baby made us last night, with an "us" fairly editorial in its comprehensiveness. The next night he goes into a room by himself to sleep. He "can't stand it to have his rest broken so," but adds generously, "I'll take care of him the next night." And so he does till about twelve o'clock, when the baby wakes and cries. For ten minutes he tries faithfully to get him to sleep again, and then ignominiously retreats and calls for "mamma."

But it is in traveling on a hot summer's day, with a year old baby, that the husband's virtues shine brightest. Mamma is tired and needs rest. They are going to spend a week with some friends a day's journey in the country. *She* is half inclined to leave the baby at home. Her mother will "come over" and look after him, and "it's only for a few days after all." But *he* says decidedly, "Oh! no, take him, by all means. Our cousins will all want to see him, and he is such a good little fellow. I'll help you to take care of him on the way, and there will always be somebody there who will want to amuse him."

She, being young and inexperienced, has not yet learned that *nobody* ever takes care of a baby to any extent, so long as its mother is near, for both mother and baby have notions of their own as to what "taking care of" means. Besides, she has a mother's instinctive desire to keep her child with her, and so says no more about it.

Then comes the usual ordeal of "getting ready," on which her husband makes the criticisms customary to men, who can not understand why women do not find a clean pocket-handkerchief and an extra collar sufficient additional wardrobe for a week, as they do. However, at last they are ready to start. There is the large traveling bag, with all sorts of mysterious appurtenances for the baby's toilet, the little traveling bag with the lunch, and some crackers and a silver cup for the baby, the shawl-strap bundle enormously swollen by a small pillow, also for the baby, for "he might go to sleep

in the cars, you know." (Alas, how the best laid schemes o' mice and mothers gang aft a-gley!) And lastly the baby, the largest and liveliest bundle of all.

The father sets out with the best of resolutions. *He* is going to take care of that baby all day. His wife needs the rest, and she shall have it. How little we realize what it will cost us to execute our good intentions. How different they look to us, when we are actually "under fire," from what they did, when in peace and quietness we made them! He places his wife in the most comfortable seat he can find, a bag at her feet, a shawl at her back, takes the baby in his lap, and the day's campaign begins. An hour goes by very pleasantly. The baby is amused by the novelty of the situation, and his father silently congratulates himself on the wisdom of his management. "Women wouldn't have half the trouble they do if they only knew how to manage," he says to himself. Just here, the news-boy appears with the morning papers. Secretly glad of a diversion, he buys a paper, and the baby goes to his mamma. The young rascal, by this time tired of sitting still, and missing too the steady support of his father's strong arms, begins to wriggle and twist. He slips down on the floor, his mother lifts him up again. He sits still two seconds and a half, and attracted by something outside, slips down again and stands tottering half a minute. Then she drags him back into her lap. Great, heavy fellow! how he pulls on her arms and shoulders. But she is used to it and only wonders what ails her arms and back that they get so tired every day. She is sure she doesn't do much but take care of that baby. Next, he "flops" over upon the opposite seat, in a few minutes "flops" back, slips down on his mother's lap, wriggles and twists awhile, gets a drink of water from the water-boy and spills it on his mother's clean cuffs and his own white dress, slips down again, and again she lifts him back. All this time, papa is calmly reading his paper. Having finished it and become convinced that the country is going to hold together a little longer, he hands the paper to his wife. (Did you ever see a man offer the paper to his wife before he had read it himself, especially if it was near election?) Yes, she would like to look at it, if he will see to the baby.

"Certainly," with the slightest shade of injured innocence in his tones, "haven't I done so all the morning? Besides, the baby will take care of himself, he is big enough."

Mamma is wisely silent, and begins to look over the paper. The young scamp, who never thought of touching it so long as his father had it, now begins a series of indiscriminate dashes at it, which, combined with the motion of the cars, makes reading a matter of difficulty.

"Let him have it," says the mother, "I am too sleepy to read."

"Why don't you take a nap? It would do you good," exclaims the husband. "Let me arrange a place for you."

And in a few minutes the shawls and bags are arranged into a very tempting resting-place for the

tired mother. She, who rose at five o'clock to get ready, willingly lays her head back on the shawl and closes her eyes. Just as the "chug-chug" of the cars begins to be a continuous "hum-m-m," she is startled by a scream from the baby, who has a suspicious-looking red spot over his eye. Papa looks a little confused, and explains:

"Why, you see, he sat so still, that I thought I could read the President's message, and the first thing I knew, he had tumbled off the seat."

But from the "big bag" mamma produces arnica and an old handkerchief, while papa wonders how she could have known he was going to get bumped, and thinks it is not such a bad thing to "get ready" after all.

"Never mind, he is all right now. You go to sleep again, and I'll devote myself to him."

So, once more, the weary eyes close, and this time everything fairly fades out of sight, and she is in that delightful state when one is asleep just enough to be conscious of the comfort of it, when her husband says:

"Maria, I am sorry to disturb you, but really I think this child is hungry, and I can't find his bottle of milk."

So she raises herself and feeds him. Of course, she has slept only enough to make it impossible for her to go to sleep again, but not enough to rest her very much.

By this time they have reached Springfield. Papa gets out, buys a cup of tea for mamma, walks up and down the platform, exchanges a hearty word or two with some one, jumps on again as the train moves off, and leisurely walks into the car just as she has worked herself into a frenzy of apprehension for fear he is left. The recollection of the fact that he has the tickets and the checks in his pocket, and that she has but fifty cents in hers, does not tend to calm her nerves. The possession of a little extra money is a wonderful sedative on such occasions, but men do not always think of that.

"What a rest it is to stop awhile!" says he, as he settles himself down into the seat again. She, shut up in the stifling car in the dingy and smoky depot, with the restless baby crawling into and out of her lap all the while, wonders why it has not seemed pleasant to her, but only wonders. A woman's mind is not generally given to analyzing sensations. Neither of them thought what a relief it would have been to both mother and child if he had taken the baby up and down the platform a few times.

"Now, let us have our lunch," he continues, and the lunch bag is opened. Mamma eats hers in the intervals of feeding the baby and rescuing her own food from his reckless grasp. As it is, he manages to tip over a cup of milk upon the only thing she really cares much about. Papa eats his with a vigorous appetite, and then says:

"Well, now, you have had your nap, and I guess I'll take mine," and forthwith he proceeds to sleep a good hour.

Meanwhile, mamma tries to get the wriggling baby to sleep. But no, the condensed quintessence of forty eels could not be livelier. He

is on the seats, down on the floor, and up again all at once, and her back and arms and shoulders ache again and again with lifting him. Presently, papa shows signs of returning consciousness. In sheer desperation, mamma says:

"Don't you believe you could take this child in your arms and get him to sleep?" adding, with a spice of worldly wisdom,—"He will be so cross when he gets there, if he loses his nap."

Papa's fatherly pride is touched, he does not want his baby to make a poor impression on his new friends. Besides, mamma looks tired, and isn't he taking care of that baby? So, with great cheerfulness, he takes the restless boy. The father's strong arms and broad chest are a pleasant contrast to mamma's unsteady grasp, and the child nestles close up to him. The tired little head leans heavily on his shoulder, the white lids drop over the blue eyes, and, in a little while he is fast asleep. Papa enjoys holding the precious bundle for awhile. There is a slight tinge of complacency in thinking of the ease with which he put him to sleep, after mamma had tried so long in vain. Presently, however, even his stout arms begin to ache, and he proposes to use the pillow which has made the shawl-strap bundle so bulky.

So mamma prepares a tempting bed, but no sooner does his lordship's pretty head touch it, than his eyes fly wide open.

The father feels as if he had done so well, that he deserves a little rest, and so says:

"There's a man in the next car I want to see. I guess I'll step in there for a few minutes."

So off he goes for half an hour, and talks politics and trade and the hard times till he feels quite refreshed. The baby is crosser than ever, slips down and is pulled up, bumps his head against the window and cries for water, but the water-boy has apparently gone down to the bottom of the Red Sea with Pharaoh after it, for he comes no more. Just as the mother's patience and temper are worn threadbare, the smiling father appears with an old army friend whom he has just discovered, and whom he wishes to introduce to his wife and baby.

Mamma instinctively feels, though she cannot see, that her bonnet is awry, her "crimps" all out, that the marks of baby's smutty fingers are on her cuffs and collar, neck-tie and bonnet-strings. As for the baby himself!—hair all sticky and standing, milk around his mouth, dust on his sleeves, cracker-crumbs in his lap, cinders sticking all over his moist little hands and face, and on every spot on his white dress where he has spilled milk or water,—he is a very different little fellow from the sweet-looking baby in his fresh white dress and brown sack who came into the cars in the morning. Mamma is so uncomfortably conscious of the baby's soiled dress and her own dilapidated appearance, and so vexed at John for bringing a stranger to see them, when they are in such a plight, that she is not very entertaining. John is dimly conscious that his family do not appear at their usual good advantage, and wonders where the baby got such a dirty face. The old army friend, being a bachelor, is a little surprised

at his comrade's enthusiasm over either wife or baby, but praises the child, more or less, according to the elasticity of his conscience, and does not prolong the interview beyond the demands of politeness.

However, everything must have an end, and this journey is no exception. Already passengers are beginning to gather up bags and parcels, and soon our travelers are seated in the coach which is to carry them up the "log hill" to the pleasant farm-house.

"I am so tired!" gasps the poor mother, and her face confirms the truth of her words. The father feels distressed, but only says:

"I am very sorry; but never mind, we are almost there," while he thinks,— "How little these women can endure! Here I have taken care of that child all the way up, and feel as fresh as can be, and she is all tired out with the journey. What a pity our American women haven't more stamina!"

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Woolsey's "Political Science."*

DR. WOOLSEY'S book is a contribution to the department of political science of the very first importance. English literature in this department is very weak in dogmatical or theoretical treatises, and nothing exists in the language which has any such pretensions or any such merits as the systematic treatise before us. It is encyclopedic in its scope. It does not, it is true, take up and exhaustively discuss all the questions which arise in this department. That is not to be expected. It does discuss the main subjects and questions in this wide domain. It brings to their discussion very wide and profound scholarship, offering a striking proof that the narrow and technical views of culture which prevail in some quarters are mean and inadequate even to the point of falsehood, at any rate for a student of social phenomena. We here see how rich stores of historical, philological, literary, and logical culture enlarge and strengthen the judgment against the time when study has to be bestowed on social, industrial, moral, civil and political phenomena, where judgment and sagacity are the most important powers to be applied. For political science is not a science in any strict sense of the term. There are no natural laws in politics; but politics consist of a series of adjustments to be brought about between men and their circumstances. The aim is never theoretical exactitude or perfection, but the best possible adjustment of means to ends under given circumstances. Here, then, we have at once practical questions on which opinions will differ, and in regard to which opinions will be of very different value. What are the ends to be aimed at? How shall they be selected? What standards of good ends do we recognize? As to the means: Are all means which will reach the ends to be adopted without further question? If not, why not? What shall be the reason for deciding which means are admissible and which not? Furthermore, which means will attain the ends? Here the reference to history and experience is most obvious and direct. We must go on, then, to inquire what the facts are with regard to the

character, tastes, traditions, prejudices etc., of the community in question, and with regard to their circumstances, and, finally, what adjustment will be wisest for reaching the ends chosen, by the means admitted, for the men in question, under the circumstances which exist. Such is the problem of political science in its broadest and most general statement. It is obvious that there is room at every step for wide divergence of opinion, as to the balance of good and evil, better and best. To say that opinions may differ, however, is a mere commonplace which leaves everything in solution. It is of the greatest practical importance to observe that no two opinions can be of equal value as to the separate steps of the inquiry, much less as to the grand summing up. Such is the justification of authority in matters of opinion, and it is certain that those are the matters in which men seek authority most eagerly.

Dr. Woolsey declares at the outset his standpoint, which in such an inquiry is of the first importance. "We hold most firmly to a system of final causes, running through the moral and social as well as, and more clearly than, through the physical system, which, in the plan of man's nature, appear in most wise and beneficent preparations for a good and just society." Throughout the work this standpoint is faithfully but unobtrusively held, and the theological conception of man and society is present from beginning to end. At the same time the most marked feature of the work is its fair-mindedness. It may be doubted if any writer or thinker of any school can claim that he has not been fairly represented, or that his views have not been discussed with ample generosity. Such firmness of conviction with such fairness in discussion is rare indeed, and this unconstrained generosity toward those of differing opinions is perhaps rarer still.

The work is divided into a theoretical and a practical division, of which the latter is by far the larger in extent. The former is subdivided into the theory of rights and the theory of the state. The author defines rights as "powers of free action," and gives a discussion of rights, and of equality of rights, which ought to be very useful in clearing up the crude and dogmatic conceptions on these subjects, which are now so prevalent. He abandons the theory of the English school, and leans to that

* Political Science; or, The State Theoretically and Practically Considered. By Theodore D. Woolsey, lately President of Yale College. Two vols. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

of the continental writers, according to which there are such things as natural rights, and they are the conditions of the fulfillment of the ends for which man exists. A difficulty arises here, which the author does not discuss, but which appears in his discussion of Mill on Liberty. What are the ends for which a man exists? On the one side it may be said, we do not know and do not care to inquire. The individual exists to develop the most and best there is in him,—his own individuality, in short, to its full measure. We cannot tell what it is until his career is ended. His "happiness" has no other sense than this development of what there is in him, together, perhaps, with his satisfaction in its attainment. This was Mill's idea; and he wanted liberty because he thought liberty essential to the development of the individual. In criticising it, Dr. Woolsey says: "The destination of man with which the conception of rights is closely connected, *the cultivation of the moral nature by the discipline of justice*, seem to be much higher ends in the scale of true value than the diversifying of individual life." Here then we have the suggestion of a standard of the sort of man to be developed, as given from somewhere outside of the science we are studying. What it is, and whence it comes, will, of course, be points of the first importance, and we need to understand the theory of rights as thus modified: natural rights are the conditions necessary for the development of the individual to the measure of some accepted standard. It is not necessary, even if this were the place, to go into any criticism of this. It would be easy to show that the continental writers who started from this assumption, under any of its modifications, have hopelessly entangled themselves in political metaphysics. Mr. Mill's charge against the theory that it compressed men to a pattern, and destroyed individuality, is just. The author is protected from such extremes by good sense and moderation, but this prevents him again from working out his theory to what seem to us to be inevitable deductions. We cannot see what notions can be understood under natural rights, except those dogmatic assumptions which men have made when they accepted propositions as true because they liked them, not because observation proved them, and when they tampered with the major premise in order to ward off disagreeable conclusions which they foresaw, and which they knew in their hearts that an unbiased inquiry would establish.

We should prefer to see rights discussed more as relations between individuals, or between individuals and the community. Man has no rights as against nature, and the isolated man cannot be said to have rights. Rights belong to the social state. They are an adjustment under the struggle for existence, in which men are competitors with one another while engaged in a common struggle against nature. Men make tacit or express treaties with one another, by which they form alliances against the common adversary, or agree to respect one another's conquests, or to act or abstain, as the case may be, not knowing, in advance, who will be the favored

party, but judging that such treaties and agreements will tend more to the good of all, in the long run, than painful and wasteful disputes. To every such right an obligation is joined as its complement. Whatever right one claims he must be ready to concede. These rights and obligations are, by their mutuality, the bond of social order.

It seems to us that this view of rights (which does not pretend to be a definition of them) has the advantage of bringing out their practical importance to society, and the reason why they play such a part in the modern state, but, more especially, that it throws a strong light on many political abuses. The great vice of democracies, which Dr. Woolsey criticises in various parts of his book with great fairness and acuteness, is that they destroy the balance between political rights and political duties. It is indeed the vice of all personal and class government. A tyrant looks upon the state as existing for him. He feels an exaggerated sense of his power and his rights. He forgets that he has any obligations or responsibilities. The same is true of an oligarchy, or an aristocracy. It is true, likewise, of a democracy, when power is transferred to the *demos*, and the vice is worse and more harmful here because it is harder to reach and cure it. The sovereignty is said to be in the people, and when "the people" are identified with the *demos*, or, more strictly, with a majority of the *demos*, then the sovereign is one to whom it is most difficult to bring home notions of responsibility and duty. Hence we have the tiresome cycle of personal and class government,—autocracy, oligarchy, aristocracy, democracy, ochlocracy, Cesarism, and so on over again. There is no stable equilibrium in the political system unless the governing and the governed are bound together, in every direction, by mutual relations of power and responsibility, rights and duties, burdens and privileges. Gneist's criticism on the constitution of Great Britain, which finds the explanation of its harmony and stability in the wide realization of these mutual relations, is undoubtedly correct. It is the best result which has been produced by all the study spent upon the history of the English constitution. We believe that this combination of rights and duties between different classes and organs of the state is the explanation of the success of "mixed" or limited governments.

The grounds on which he puts these various functions of the state may sometimes be open to question. Much will depend on the stand-point assumed by various persons. For instance, in regard to education, Dr. Woolsey thinks the state should educate, and seems to believe that education should be compulsory. This he advocates in the interest of the children. Among rights, as conditions necessary to the development of the individual, education is one. It will be observed that there is a different application of rights here to children from that observed as to adults. Have children a right to an education, in the sense of a claim on the community to give it to them? Dr. Woolsey very cogently points out that the right of life does not mean that the individual may claim from

the state medical attendance and medicine, and that the right of property does not mean that every man may demand to have some. Have, then, the children a right to education different from the rights of life and property? It seems to us that the right of education is just parallel to the other rights mentioned. It means the right to get an education, and as much education as one chooses to work for; that is, it is opposed to the notion which has often been held that the lower classes ought to have no education, or that the circumstances of one's birth enabled his pastors and masters to determine how much education was good for him. The duty of the state to educate must be shown upon other grounds. Just as in the case of every other function which the state assumes, the state must be put on the defensive to show its right or duty to assume that function, and it never can justify itself in any case save by showing that the public interest, the interest of the commonwealth, is involved. Thus, the reason why the state should collect taxes and spend the money in educating all children must be such as to justify the expenditure. The only justification for the expenditure of capital, especially when the capital is taken by taxation from those who produced and saved it, and spent by the state, is, that it pays in an economic and pecuniary sense. If, therefore, the children are made better producers, and the expenditure for education is productive in the sense that it causes an increase of capital from generation to generation, it is justifiable; if not, not. There will be little doubt as to the fact, certainly for primary education, and we have here, no doubt, also the reason why secondary, or advanced education, should not be supported by taxation.

Our author touches upon the popular notion that the state should educate in order to have good citizens, without rejecting it, or laying much stress upon it. This notion has two sides: 1, that what the state spends in schools it saves in prisons (no doubt this is, in a measure, true, and as far as it is true, this gain must be credited against the cost of education); 2, that a republican government requires educated citizens. This latter form of the notion is the most popular; but it would then be necessary to show that the republican form of government has specific advantages, and confers specific benefits, in excess of other forms of government, which justify this especial struggle to keep it up. Prussia educates better than we do. Is she not justified in this, at the bar of political science, because she is not a republic?

A part of the first volume and the whole of the second volume of Dr. Woolsey's book are devoted to practical politics. He here enters upon a wide range of very thorough and scholarly comparisons between political institutions, ancient and modern. He gives, with an implied apology, very full historical information about the institutions in question. His readers will not find it too full. Few of them will possess historical reading covering the whole field of the discussion. Those who do not will find here sufficient information to render the whole intelligible, whereas a reference to some institution,

assumed to be well known, would be lost upon them, if it did not positively throw off their interest and attention. Those even who are well read in political history will find it interesting and valuable to have the facts thus summarized for comparison. Some of these sections, such as those on Carthage, Venice, and Florence, present material with which very few are acquainted at all, or in any but the vaguest forms. We confess that our interest attached very much more to this third part of the work than to the two former. The method pursued in it is the one in which we have far more confidence than in the dogmatic method of the first two parts. It is the method toward which we are now turning. The materials for it must first be prepared and put into shape by the new history which studies institutions. It is surprising that so successful an enterprise in this direction could have been carried out, while the materials are in their present condition. The author does not venture on many generalizations from his historical summaries, and, as he says, the line between history and political science is not easily drawn, so that the reader is furnished with illustrations rather than generalizations. We regard this, however, as a new attempt in a very promising direction, which could not, at present, be carried further.

It is not too much to say, then, that this work fills a great gap in the literature of our language. The writer has profited by the great works of the continental publicists, who have done so much more, both for the dogmatic and the historical phases of political science, than the English, but he has produced a work fit to rank with the best of its kind in existence.

Warner's "Being a Boy,"*

MR. WARNER has an enviable reputation for writing books which consist of a series of essays, light and humorous, and ranged along on some slight thread of action. There is a certain amount of grim Puritanism to be detected in all he publishes, but the more evident quality of his style is humor. This is all the more effective for the harsh background on which it plays, just as the wit of that joker is the most telling who can show the while the most lugubrious face. "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-log Studies" proved this as well as his latest work, "In the Levant." Mark Twain does not furnish a very dissimilar example of the same, although with him the hand is coarser and the jokes generally more telling. He has to a higher degree the story-teller's gift. But both possess in their writings a singularly accurate reflection of the well-known physiognomy of the American joker,—harsh and often "homely" features suddenly lighting up with a gleam of wild fun, only to relapse again into stolid indifference or profound melancholy. This was one secret of the power over the laughing muscles of an audience exercised by the lamented Artemus Ward.

* *Being a Boy*. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated by Champ. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mouths that have been set for something good in the way of light, piecemeal literature, by reason of having tasted of earlier books of Mr. Warner, will not refuse this latest dish which he places before the public. "Being a Boy" exactly expresses the object of his disquisitions; only, to get a still closer title, he might have amended this to "Being a New England Boy." For we have hardly entered four pages into his delightful reminiscences of boy-life on a farm before we make the discovery that "John," the boy who has *being* in these chapters, taught his cows to answer to Latin names. Where else except in Massachusetts would such a thing be told? John was getting ready early against the possibility of going to the Boston Grammar School and having his brains extracted and their place refilled with rules of Latin syntax. However, if he was compelled to learn Latin, no one could keep him from learning nature, and Mr. Warner's "John" has noted the fresh savors and woody smells of New England pastures and forests with a keenness and delight that reacts on the style of this book. "We think, without being reminded, of Thoreau and Burroughs. "It is a wonder," says Mr. Warner, "that every New England boy does not turn out a poet, or a missionary, or a peddler. Most of them used to. There is everything in the heart of the New England hills to feed the imagination of the boy and excite his longing for strange countries. I scarcely know what the subtle influence is that forms him and attracts him in the most fascinating and aromatic of all lands, and yet urges him away from all the sweet delights of his home to become a roamer in literature and in the world—a poet and a wanderer. There is something in the soil and the pure air, I suspect, that promises more romance than is forthcoming, that excites the imagination without satisfying it, and begets the desire of adventure." Then he tells how "John" used to get into the top of a slender tree and have adventurous and poetical dreams. For the most part we hear of the more commonplace thoughts and instincts, as after this fashion:

"What John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin-pie; but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him then that mince would be better. The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin-pie has never been properly considered. * * * His elders say that the boy is always hungry; but that is a very coarse way of putting it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is on the whole a very short time in which to eat them; at least he is told, among the first information he receives, that life is brief. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides on an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years; but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes,—as to pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin."

Mr. Warner defends the farm-boy vigorously from aspersions cast upon him in respect to uselessness. He follows him to field with the cows and to school with pretty little "Cynthia Rudd." His first party and his vain attempts to join heartily in a "revival" are very amusing, and means, underneath all the comedy, something very serious in New England life. It strikes laughingly at the hypocrisy of

forcing people to beat their breasts and call themselves sinners when they have no special impulse so to do. It is a protest against religion grafted from outside,—in other words, against the fostering of cant in various forms. Finally, there is a contrast drawn to the New England boy in the person of a beautiful young chorister in a church of Italy. With this bit of high color from the land of art closes a very charming book.

Charles and Mary Lamb's "Poetry for Children."

THIS is a reprint of a little book about which the more celebrated of its two authors wrote in 1827: *It is not to be had for love or money.* Charles and Mary Lamb had neglected to keep copies of their book of poetry for children, and notwithstanding its popularity, and the rapid sale at the time of its appearance, none could be found. It was printed in 1809, and three years afterward an American edition was issued at Boston, of which the Lambs remained profoundly ignorant. Charles Lamb collected his writings in 1818, and inserted a few of the contributions to the early volume, but nothing was heard of that small literary venture for some fifty years. Late, as it may be remembered, a copy of the book turned up in Australia, and has given the present editor, Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, a chance to tell how the work originated, and to sift out the contributions which belong severally to Mary Lamb and her more illustrious brother.

Lamb himself left on record that his share in these songs was only one-third. Of this one-third several have been reprinted in his works and are therefore beyond question, while from internal evidence, both as to style and contents, the editor is quite certain as to the authorship of the rest of the one-third. Having settled this matter in the preface, he adds to the poems, as they originally appeared, Charles Lamb's "Prince Dorus; or Flattery Put Out of Countenance," a poetical version of an ancient tale which was published in 1811, with nine engravings and was "printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner street."

This M. J. Godwin, the editor informs us, was no other than the second wife of William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," and father of the second Mrs. Shelley. William Godwin, true to his reforming principles, established a Juvenile Library from which to issue a series of books for children which should please as well as instruct. One volume in this library by Charles Lamb was his "Tales from Shakspere," with designs by Mulready, engraved by no less ingenious a hand than William Blake's, and published in 1807. In 1809 appeared "Mrs. Leicester's School," consisting of ten stories in prose, of which three were written by Charles and seven by Mary Lamb. The encouragement this received was such that in 1809 appeared two tiny 18mo volumes, entitled "Poetry for Children, entirely Original. By the Author of 'Mrs.

* Poetry for Children. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited, Prefaced and Annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Leicester's School.' " This we now have in a neat, legible volume, with the addition of "Prince Dorus," and several other hitherto [*i. e., thitherto*] uncollected pieces by Charles Lamb.

The scope of these original poems can be seen from the titles of some; such as "Crumbs to the Birds," "Discontent and Quarrelling," "The New-born Infant," "The First Tooth," "Cleanliness," "Going into Breeches," etc., etc. On cleanliness Mary Lamb lectures pleasantly after this fashion :

"Come, my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here—
Who that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine

* * * * *
Overlaid with so clear skin,
You may see the blood within,
And the curious palm, disposed
In such lines, some have supposed
You may read the fortunes there
By the figures that appear—
Who this hand would choose to cover
With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it looked in hue and shape
Like the forefoot of an ape?"

Charles Lamb is the author of a simple but forcible little poem to a river in which a child was drowned, beginning—

"Smiling river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sunbeams play;
Though they're fleeting and retreating
Thou hast more deceit than they."

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the excellence of verses by Charles Lamb and his sister. As specimens of poetical art they do not rank high, but with children that is a very secondary matter. What is wanted in children's poems is clearness, lightness of heart and sweetness, and all these qualities will be found in the volume. Mr. Shepherd hazards a parallel between the poetry of Blake and Lamb, but only the extreme enthusiasm of an editor can so confuse the relative position of the two men on that ground. Prose was the only field for Charles Lamb. But his ingenuous verses also contain a great deal of that charm which makes his prose at this day almost classical.

Reminiscences of Froebel.*

THOSE who have become interested in that very strange educational poem, or poetic education,—the kindergarten, have always been curious to know the history of the man whose unselfish life and philosophical training found a practical expression in devices for the development of little children. The best exposition, not alone of the inner life of the apostle of infancy, but of his spiritual simplicity and his intellectual movement, is to be found in the "Reminiscences of Froebel," by the Baroness Von Bülow, his intimate friend, disciple and interpreter. These reminiscences have been translated by Mrs. Horace Mann, who was one of the earliest champions of the Froebel system in this country. We

could wish there were somewhat less of mysticism in the book; the Frau Von Bülow is rather speculative. None the less is this the best exposition of the theory of Froebelism that we have, and the details of the noble school-master's life, among devoted disciples and loving pupils, contending with persecutions and misunderstandings, is a leaf out of the world's Book of Worthies, and reads more like a poem than a biography. He must indeed have been a rare spirit who could win such love and secure a discipleship so passionate from those who were in daily contact with him.

Dr. Trafton's Sketches.*

MANY years ago some random, spicy letters from Europe, written by the Rev. Mark Trafton, attracted much attention. There was a fire and heartiness about them that made good reading. In the present book Dr. Trafton tells of many curious incidents in a checkered life. He lets us into the life of one who was a poor boy on the Penobscot, a Methodist circuit-preacher in Maine, a city minister, an antislavery and temperance speaker, and a member of Congress. The author evinces everywhere the skill of a racy story-teller, who has often interested crowds of people with pointed anecdotes; and he has the genial egotism of a man who has fought his way in life right heartily, and who loves to recount his battles. It is the kind of a book that the historian of a people will be delighted to get hold of; it gives a picture of life inside the Methodist denomination in New England, and inside the ranks of the antislavery reformers. For ourselves, we have heartily enjoyed these naïve and racy sketches of life, such as one is not likely to find in more pretentious attempts at book-making.

New English Books.

LONDON, Dec. 10.

AMONG the sights promised for the Christmas holiday-makers one of the most interesting will be that of the famous Trojan relics, disinterred on the site of ancient Troy by the enterprising Dr. Schliemann, as related in his book, "Troy and its Remains." After long and tedious contests with the Turkish authorities, the explorer was able to secure these invaluable fragments of a primeval civilization in safety, beyond the reach of grasping pachas, and he is now engaged in arranging a selection of the choicest specimens, including, of course, the famous "treasure of King Priam" at the South Kensington Museum, where they will shortly be open for inspection. As the discoveries at Troy, and the more recent explorations at Mycenæ, illustrate each other in many points, the time of this exhibition coincides, fortunately, with the appearance of Dr. Schliemann's long-looked-for book. The name of South Kensington Museum is so identified with the application of the fine arts to industrial purposes,

* Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel, by B. Von Marenholz-Bülow. Translated by Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

* Scenes in My Life, occurring during a Ministry of nearly Half a Century in the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Mark Trafton, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

that the mention of a work destined to be a standard one on ceramics naturally follows. For the study of a subject so vast and extensive, excellent general guides exist in the works of Jacquemart, Marryat, and Chaffers. These, indeed, furnish a general map or chart of the whole ceramic world; but when they are mastered, the eager collector demands a more detailed account of its separate regions or provinces. Such an one will be found in the recently published "*History of the Ceramic Art in Great Britain, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day*," by Llewellynn Jewitt, F. S. A.—two volumes, royal octavo, with nearly two thousand illustrations. For the subject it treats of Mr. Jewitt's work is an exhaustive one, and as the productions of the English potteries come more readily within the reach of collectors in America than those of other countries, its interest and utility are manifest. Commencing with the earliest known British and Anglo-Saxon pottery as discovered in burrows and sepulchral interments, Mr. Jewitt furnishes a general view of his subject until the beginning of the last century is reached, as at that time the great improvements in artistic manipulation and the practical chemistry of materials were gradually introduced, and the establishment and progress of each separate seat of manufacture becomes of importance. His method is, then, a combination of local and chronological treatment, tracing each pottery or porcelain work now known to us, by its products, from its small beginning to its present state of prosperity, or to (what has too frequently happened to the ingenious and inventive artisan) its extinction in failure and commercial loss. In this way are brought before the reader, and most amply illustrated by the wood-engraver, the spirited and artistic statuettes of Bow; the tasteful and richly ornamented vases and groups in the "soft paste" of Chelsea (now approaching in value to the masterpieces of Sèvres itself); the gorgeous gilding and coloring of the old Worcester china,—the famous white transparent ware of Derby, produced by some secret process now lost, from whence sprung our modern Parian; the classic forms and admirable workmanship of Wedgwood, who rivaled the works of ancient Greece in the Stafford ware; Etruria, and the very rare and highly prized productions of the extinct establishments of Bristol, Plymouth, Nantgarow, Lowestoft, etc.

A really beautiful monograph of another branch of the same subject is furnished by M. Harvard, whose "discovery" of the old cities of Holland, as charmingly described by himself, will be recollected by readers. His new work is "*Histoire de la Faïence de Delft*." That town was one of the earliest seats of ceramic art in Europe, and its porcelain is known to rival the Oriental in its body and surpass it in ornamentation. The richly illustrated book of M. Harvard completely exhausts the subject under every possible head.

Of "*The New Republic*," of which I wrote last month, the "*Quarterly Review*" says: "It has disgusted some readers, puzzled many, and amused more;" nor can this be wondered at, as the work

is a brilliant and telling attack on the fashionable style of philosophizing, and the current scientific theories, now so boldly propagated in defiance of the old standard of belief. The scene is laid at a country house, near town, where the guests are assembled to spend a Sunday. Under fictitious names, they comprise most of the literary and scientific notabilities of the day, who may be recognized, not by unwarrantable personal allusion, but by an amazingly correct and spirited reproduction of their various sentiments and views on great social, theological, and scientific questions, often rising to true eloquence. A reader familiar with modern literature will have no difficulty in discovering under their pseudonyms, Mr. Ruskin, Dean Stanley, Mr. Singleton ("*Violet Fane*"), Professors Clifford, Huxley, Tyndall, Doctor Pusey, Mr. Swinburne and many others. Nor is the book merely dry discussion on the great question—the true end of life; the dialogue and accompanying incidents are managed with so much life and charm that the attention is constantly excited, and the reader is beguiled into a higher style of thought almost unconsciously. Altogether, the book is a remarkable one, as the reception it has met with fully proves.

Among the volumes brought out by some of the various reproductive processes is the facsimile of the first sketch of "*The Christian Year*," by Rev. John Keble. The book is an exact copy of the beautiful MS. of the author, presented to a friend. It contains about forty of the poems as originally written without a single interlineation or correction. To make the volume a perfect representation of Mr. Keble's MS., the prefatory matter, including an interesting comparison of the subsequent changes and various readings of the poem, is printed separately, so that in the book itself the purchaser possesses identically the highly prized gift of its almost sainted author, from whose posthumous papers a valuable "*Commentary on the First Chapter of St. John's Gospel*" has also just been published.

Though inferior in interest to Dr. Schliemann's book, the work of General Cesnola on "*Cyprus*" forms a very handsome and richly illustrated volume. The other great antiquarian works promised, as Wilkinson's "*Egyptians*," Dennis's "*Etruria*," and Brugsch's "*History of Egypt*," are slightly delayed in their appearance, and will not be brought out until the spring.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, formerly of the "*New York Times*," and now London correspondent of the "*New York World*," has exchanged his task of tracking the devious course and crooked pathways of "the Ring," for more pleasant wanderings in "*Field Paths and Green Lanes in Surrey and Sussex*." The record of these excursions makes a very delightful book, showing how much that is virtually remote and strange to the dweller in cities lies within his reach, and what scenes of the picturesque are available even in a few hours' holiday.

The literary veteran, Dr. Doran, has poured the contents of his well-filled commonplace book into a discursive book—"London in the Jacobite Times,"

two volumes full of the gossip so dear to the lovers of the last century and its literature as exemplified in the writings of Horace Walpole.

"Democracy in Europe, a History," by Sir Thomas Erskine May, is a book that will live in our libraries. In it the author endeavors to trace the fortunes of democracy and political liberty throughout the history of Europe, both ancient and modern. Commencing with the political history of Greece and Rome, he follows the light of the torch of freedom through the dark ages to the establishment of the Italian, Swiss, and Dutch republics, to the development of constitutional freedom in England.

The new volume of Professor Ihne's "History of Rome" leaves the conquering people masters of Italy and prepared to try their strength against the

rest of the world. His book is a very important one, and by many good authorities it is considered as likely to rival or supersede that of Professor Mommsen on the same subject.

"The Life of Pius IX.," by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, just published in two volumes, 8vo, possesses claims to notice from the author's great familiarity with Italian history and long residence in that country.

The new volume (third) of the "Life of the late Prince Consort," by Theodore Martin, carries the narrative through the period of the Crimean war, and shows a profuse employment of private papers and documents relative to current events and living persons quite new to history, and not altogether commendable.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Portable Battery.

A NEW galvanic battery employing paper as a vehicle for the liquid has been brought out. It is made on the plan of the Daniell cell and consists of a circular disk of zinc and another of copper, the two being placed one over the other, and separated by a number of disks of paper. These paper disks are first bound together in a mass, and are then soaked in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, care being taken to wet only one-half of the bundle. The bundle of disks is then turned over and the other half is soaked in a solution of sulphate of zinc. When well saturated the liquid is allowed to drain away, the paper retaining enough of the solution to carry on the work. The zinc disk is placed at the end of this mass of paper next the part soaked in the zinc solution, and the copper disk is placed at the other end. A copper rod, insulated from the paper and the zinc, passes through the bundle to the copper disk and serves to keep the whole in position. The rod also passes through the slate cover of the glass vessel in which the battery is kept and makes one of the poles. This battery, depending only on the moisture held in the paper, is portable and is reported to remain constant for a year. When needing renewal, it is only necessary to re-soak the lower part of the paper in sulphate of copper, or to put in new zinc or fresh paper. The battery has been found useful in medical applications, and as a battery for field telegraphing.

Appliance for Locating Obstructions in Tubes.

PNEUMATIC transmission has always labored under the objection that the carriers sometimes become wedged and stuck in the tubes so that they cannot be moved, and all the traffic is, for the time, at a stand-still. The chief difficulty in such cases is not in the removal of the carrier, but in locating the position of the obstruction in the tubes. To deter-

mine accurately the location of such obstructions, a pistol and an electric chronograph are now employed. The pistol is fired at the open end of the tube, and the resulting sound wave travels through the tube toward the obstruction. At the same instant, the firing of the pistol is electrically recorded on a very sensitive chronograph. The pulsation of sound meets the obstruction in the tube and is at once reflected, and, traveling back to the open end of the tube, meets a delicate diaphragm, and thus records its return by means of the chronograph. The temperature of the tube having been found, the exact speed of the sound wave may be ascertained, and by comparison of the speed of the wave with the time recorded by the chronograph, the precise distance the sound wave traveled may be found in centimeters. Half of the distance over which the sound moved is the distance of the obstruction from the end of the tube. To insure accuracy, the sound is allowed to re-echo from the diaphragm and to make excursions to the obstruction and back till it is exhausted, and the successive measurements thus made give greater precision to the work. The location of the obstruction having been determined, it is easy to cut the tubes at the right place.

Improved Method of Sinking Tube Wells.

THE tube wells so much used in this country are usually sunk in the ground by means of heavy blows, from a pile driver, delivered near the top of the pipe. By this plan it sometimes happens that when the point of the tube meets an obstruction the tube is bent, or it acts as a spring, and the power is thus wasted. A new method of driving such wells employs a long iron weight that may be dropped in the interior of the pipe. The pipe with its steel point having been started in the usual way, a tripod is set up over the well to hold the pipe in place, and above this is an upright, carrying a wheel over

which a rope may be passed to sustain the weight. By this arrangement the blows are delivered on the inside of the pipe at the bottom, just where they are needed. Another plan is to inclose the lower part of the weight with a circular casing, to keep out sand and dirt, the weight moving freely in the casing, and, by means of a shoulder, bringing it to the surface when the work is finished. Another method employs a smooth, steel-pointed pipe, 130 centimeters long and somewhat smaller than the well tube. This is driven first, and the tube with the perforations is screwed on above it. The weight or hammer used is made of two iron pipes placed one within the other. The annular space between them is filled with lead, and at the bottom is a packing to act as a piston. At the top is a valve opening upward. On letting this weight fall in the interior of the tube, the air is driven out of the long hammer through the valve and a blow is struck at the bottom of the well. On raising the hammer a partial vacuum is formed, and when it again falls the pressure of the atmosphere is joined to the weight of the hammer, thus adding to the force of the blow. By all of these methods the tube is saved from injury, as only the steel point receives the force of the blows needed to sink the well. While these methods are more complicated than those usually employed in this work, they have the merit of being founded on correct principles, and the advantage of preventing waste of time and material.

Plaiting Machines.

THE free use of "plaits" in making up all kinds of dress goods has led to the manufacture of a number of appliances for facilitating the work of plaiting. The most simple of these machines is a flat board on which the fabric may be laid and folded in various ways over and under a number of long steel needles. To keep these needles in place there is a raised edge on both sides of the board, and the needles are dropped into slots cut in these edge-pieces. To facilitate the work the needles are secured by means of eyes at the ends to one of these edge-pieces to keep them in reach till laid down on the fabric, and to assist in removing them when the work is finished. In using the plaiter the needles are first turned back out of the way and the fabric is laid down on the board. A fold is then made by hand, and a needle is laid down to hold it in place. Then another plait is made and more needles are put in position over the work. In this manner, box, side, knife, rose, and other varieties of plaits may be quickly and easily laid out and secured in place by the needles, and when the board is covered, a hot iron is passed over the work to fix the cloth in its new shapes. The needles may be then withdrawn by removing the edge-piece to which they are fastened. Another form of plaiter uses both sides of the board, one side being smooth for ordinary work and the other cut in parallel grooves for "cord plaiting." The needles are hinged on a movable edge that may be turned round so that the needles may be used on either side of the board. Suitable locking appli-

ances are provided for holding the movable edges in place, and by means of an extra set of holes in the edge-piece, additional needles may be used if desired. Every form of plait may be made with this apparatus by simply adjusting the needles to the requirements of the work. Another form of plaiting machine dispenses with the needles and uses a knife mounted on a frame and having a reciprocating movement imparted to it by simple machinery. The fabric is passed under the knife, and is pushed forward at each movement, and is thus folded and doubled into the required shape. The length of the stroke of the knife decides the width of the plaits, and, as this may be adjusted within certain limits, any width of plaits may be continuously produced as long as the machine is kept in motion. This machine measures the width of the plaits automatically, and performs the work quickly and accurately, and with only the power needed to turn a small hand-crank. A larger and more effective plaiting machine, designed for the use of wholesale dress-makers, combines the reciprocating knife for forming the plait and a device for pressing the fabric as it passes through the machine. This apparatus is secured to a bed-plate of iron that may be fastened to the table by means of clamps. At the front of the machine, is a knife hinged at each end and having a handle at the back. The cloth is passed under the knife, and by means of the handle, a forward and backward, combined with a vertical, motion is given to the knife, and the cloth is pushed and folded into the required plaits, and is then pushed under the heater. The heater is a cast-iron box containing a hot iron, and supplied with an adjustable weight. Each movement of the plaiting knife lifts the heater and pushes a plait under it. The knife is then withdrawn to make a new plait. The next movement lifts the heater, pushes out the plait under it, and inserts a fresh one. By this arrangement the speed of the work regulates the time the plait is under the pressure of the hot-box. Appliances are added for adjusting the width of the plaits, and the pressure of the hot-box and the machine will plait any kind of fabric, thick or thin, with hemmed or plain edges. Simple plaiting of narrow material may be done on this machine at the rate of a yard a minute, and for general work it is a useful invention as it combines both plaiting and pressing in one apparatus.

Memoranda.

To loosen a hard, tenacious clay on the bottom of a bay to enable a steam-dredge to work with ease in deepening the water, a plow has been used with advantage. Steam power was supplied from the shore, and by means of a wire-rope the plow was dragged over the bottom of the water. A diver walked behind the plow to guide it, and to supply him with air, a boat with the air-pumps followed the plow. At the end of the row the plow and wire were taken over the water and the next row was started from the shore. It was found that the diver could work in 6.30 meters (twenty feet) of water in

ease and safety, and that the plowing materially assisted the work of dredging. The same plan might be useful in removing sand-bars in rivers wherever the current is sufficiently strong to carry away the loosened drift and sand.

In sheathing iron ships with wood to prevent the corrosion of the iron, efforts have long been made to find some means of securing the wooden planking to the iron that would not set up a galvanic action and thus injure the iron. This has now been accomplished by the use of wooden bolts, having iron heads, and driven from the inside of the iron skin of the ship. These bolts are reported to be strong and durable, and to be entirely free from galvanic action. Yellow metal sheathing is applied over the wooden planking precisely as in wooden ships.

A convenient apparatus for the sick-room where cold drinks are wanted is recommended by "Les Mondes." It is made by placing two vessels (presumably of glass), one within the other, and filling the inner vessel with a solution of nitrate of ammonia. The outer vessel may be a goblet, and the inner vessel is formed in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, and has a cover that is large enough to cover the goblet. For a goblet of water 150 grammes of the nitrate of ammonia are placed in the inner vessel, and water is added till it is filled. To hasten the action, the solution should be stirred as the water is put in. The water in the goblet is soon reduced about 22 degrees Fahr., when the inner vessel may be removed. To use the solution again it is only necessary to spread it in the sun till the water evaporates and the nitrate recrystallizes.

The waste scraps of gutta percha, so often thrown away as useless, may be formed into caps for bottles by dissolving them in benzole. Dissolve the gutta percha in benzole over a gentle heat till a moderately thick fluid is formed, and then add vermilion or other coloring matter to suit the fancy. The corked bottles are then dipped in the mixture, as in making caps in hot sealing-wax. This method of making capsules is reported to give capsules that are impervious to air and all ordinary liquids, and the process has the merit of being simple, easy and cheap.

The new alloy, known as manganese bronze, has been made the subject of some recent experiments to test its strength. A cold rolled rod sustained a strain of 34,000 kilograms (34 tons) before stretching, and displayed an ultimate strength of 40,000 kilograms per 6 square centimeters (1 square inch), with an elongation of only 11.6 per cent. of its length. This places the alloy on a par with steel, and in its elastic limit somewhat above it. The alloy has been made in the form of wire, plates and tubes, and in all these forms it is reported to be superior to brass, and as it retains its qualities under great heat, it would seem to be valuable for boiler and condenser tubes.

The search for tannin materials has been rewarded by the discovery and application, upon a commercial scale, of the valuable properties of the wild "sweet fern," so abundant in New England. This hitherto useless product affords a good extract of tannin, and a manufactory has been erected to utilize the crop of fern in Maine.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Autre Temps, Autre Mœurs.

POISED upon a budding spray
On a morning of the May,
Love, with fickle wings unfurled,
Half decides to fly away.
Stay, Love, stay!
Now, when skies are blue and clear,
You have grown so dear, so dear!
Stay, Love, stay!

Clinging to a withered bough
That the wind beats to and fro,
Love, his bruised wings folded close,
Trembles 'mid the falling snow.
Go, Love, go!
Since the summertime has gone,
All your pretty songs are done—
Go, Love, go!

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

A Visit to the Asylum for Literary Lunatics.

WHEN I entered the asylum—as a visitor merely, not as a patient, I assure you—a cheery little man came to meet me and in a cheery little voice—a

voice doubtless made to order, it fitted him so well—he introduced himself as Mr. Keesir, the warden, and expressed his willingness to show me around at once. While I was investigating he answered all my questions briskly.

"What are literary lunatics?" he replied to a query of mine, "That's easy to say. They are monomaniacs. And their one weak point is in some way literary. They have a passion for the collection or creation of the trifles of literature, the curiosities of letters. There are men here who make and collect macaronics, echo-verses, anagrams, chronograms, telegrams, epigrams, epitaphs, palindromes, centos, acrostics, impromptus, *bouts-rimés*, inscriptions, paronomasia, puzzles, and other curious quips and quirks. Walk into our parlor and I'll introduce you to some of our patients with pleasure."

But few of the patients were in the handsome apartment used as a sitting-room. Some of them were reading and apparently studying at the tables. Others were walking up and down, to and fro

with stolid regularity; these seemed to be thinking out deep problems, for now and then they would stop and jot a line or two in their note-books.

"Here is one of our most curious cases," said Mr. Keesir cheerily, pointing to a thin young man, pacing along alone with an air of melancholy abstraction and now advanced toward us. "He is a paronomasiast, a punster. It's a confirmed case, I fear. Ah, Mr. Pughney, gentleman would like to talk with you."

Mr. Pughney gravely approaching replied solemnly:

"Talc! Do you ask for sermons in stones?"

Humoring him the warden cheerily answered: "We did expect a sermon from a Living-stone."

"Indeed?—Now that Stanley is in Africa so long I suppose the natives call him Sahara's young man," rejoined Mr. Pughney sadly.

This was staggering even to cheery little Mr. Keesir.

"Stanley," continued the monomaniac, "has by this time met the Simple Simoon of the desert, and perhaps they have discussed together the works of Madame Sand."

We both drew a breath of relief as the paronomasiast gravely withdrew. Even the cheery little warden seemed chilled by Mr. Pughney's solemnity. "It's nothing to what I have to undergo sometimes," and pointing toward another patient, diligently conning and comparing books at a table near by, he said, "Here is a rarer and more disagreeable form of literary lunacy. Mr. Quin Siddons is a plagiarist-detector."

"A what?" I asked, as we walked toward Mr. Quin Siddons, and the warden answered:

"A plagiarist-detector! That is, he thinks that every word that he hears or reads is stolen from some other speaker or writer. What makes us almost despair of curing him is his wonderful memory, which rarely permits us to catch him tripping. We have kept all the new books from him, however, for nearly two months, now, and he is beginning to recover. Indeed he has not had a single severe attack since he read 'The Wandering Heir,' of Mr. Charles Reade."

Mr. Quin Siddons rose at our approach, and Mr. Keesir introduced me, saying:

"If you converse with Mr. Quin Siddons on literary topics, you will soon find that he knows what's what!"

Mr. Quin Siddons bowed very politely to me, and then turned to the warden, remarking, hesitatingly:

"Allow me to suggest, Mr. Keesir, that your last remark about knowing what's what, is a reminiscence of 'Hudibras,' Part I, Canto I, Line 149."

The warden laughed cheerily, and rejoined:

"I won't attempt to argue with you. You are right, I suppose. I leave you the field. Discretion is the better part of valor."

"Ah!" Mr. Quin Siddons instantly ejaculated: "that proverb is first found in the play of Beaumont and Fletcher, 'A King and No King,' in the third scene of the fourth act."

The warden was here called off on business, leav-

ing me alone with the literary lunatic. I hardly knew what to say, but he quickly broke the silence saying:

"I suppose you too, sir, are annoyed by this perpetual stealing. This kidnapping of the thoughts of others, this everlasting never-ending pilfering. I suppose you, like me, are worn out in the struggle to detect and expose these brazen brokers in other men's originality. I can stand it no longer. I feel savage. I must cry out, or—ugh! I sometimes fear I shall do some one a fearful injury."

I condoled with him suggesting that there was a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. He started as I said this and rapidly rejoined,

"Ah! you quote from Burke? Of course! Ah, ha!" and he sighed plaintively, "Few writers have the originality of Burke. Ah, yes, nowadays there seems to be nothing new under the sun!"

I felt like suggesting that his last remark was a plagiarism from King Solomon, but I luckily refrained and in turned asked him for a few particulars as to the various forms of literary larceny, a subject about which I knew nearly nothing, and of which he appeared to be perfect master. He bowed as though refusing a compliment which he, however, felt to be justly his due, and offering me a chair, which I accepted, he remarked:

"Plagiarism may be of two kinds,—the purloiner either appropriates the whole of his predecessor's work, or he only takes a part. The first form is naturally but little used. It is too dangerous, because too easily detected. But it exists: witness 'Beautiful Snow' and 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.' I may remark that men of taste and judgment never employ this form of plagiarism. Pieces of disputed authorship are generally of little value. The second form of stealing—'convey, the wise it call'—I quote, you observe, from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—is far more common. A man may steal from a foreign author with little chance of detection, particularly if this writer lived in a former age. Some books now are only remembered because they have been so unmercifully plagiarized from. There are men who take a thought here and a thought there, wandering to and fro, culling flowers from every corner of the fertile field of literature, to make their own weak nosegay. There is not a line—not an idea—not an expression—not an epithet even, I assure you, in either Mr. Gray's 'Elegy' or Mr. Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' that cannot be found in the works of some of these gentlemen's predecessors. Some men seem to think themselves privileged to pilfer: even our friend Sheridan stole right and left, although he wrote in the 'Critic,' Scene I., Act I.: 'Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make them pass for their own.' And that figure itself is kidnapped from Churchill. They will not allow me to see any new books,—not even the new papers. I have not read a copy of 'Notes and Queries' for a month. I have no doubt that in the world without men are stealing thoughts and words, and plagiarists are daily exposed, and yet I am not able to participate in these joys. Here, in America,—in this free land, 'whose

merchants are princes,"—I quote from the Twenty-third of Isaiah,—here, in these free states, I am shut up, cribbed, cabined and confined, and not allowed to see a newspaper. Have you a book or a paper with you, sir? Please let me see it! I need something new,—I must have something fresh. I am sure I shall find something old in it. I beseech you, sir, take pity on me."

He looked so sad and so savage that I hastily felt my pockets, desiring to comply with his wish. Unfortunately the only printed thing about me was a small pocket reprint of Horace Walpole's letters, which I must have thrust into my coat-pocket unwittingly. The binding was modern and rather gaudy. I supposed that Mr. Quin Siddons would probably have read it, but still I drew the volume from my pocket, and handing it to him, I said, pleasantly:

"I am sorry that I have only this old book. I regret having nothing new, but I like old books; indeed, I think that I love everything that's old."

He had greedily taken the book from my hand and was already glancing at it as I said this but he looked up at once and hastily rejoined:

"Ah yes,—that's from Goldsmith. 'She Stoops to Conquer,' Scene 1. Act 1. Thank you, however, for the loan of the volume. I will see that it is returned to you. Good afternoon." And with a stately bow he left me, as a jaunty young man stepped up briskly and said:

"Has old Quin Siddons been talking to you about stealing the great thoughts of others, and plagiarizing, and all that sort of nonsense?"

I told the rather flippant young man that I had just heard a few admirable remarks from Mr. Quin Siddons on the subject of plagiarism, and that I—

"Yes—of course," interrupted the flippant young man, "of course—that's all very well—but after all plagiarism is only one form of parody!"

I suggested that perhaps parody was only one form of plagiarism.

"Of course," rejoined the flippant young man. "I see you have never studied the subject of parody. He is a mere plagiarist,—I should say he merely collects plagiarisms, while I not only gather parodies, the stray coins from the mint of genius, but I am also a parodist myself. It's a great thing, of course, to have a collection. But it is greater to be able to parody yourself."

I did not mention that this remark was susceptible of two meanings; I only said:

"Indeed?"

That was all he was waiting for; it was enough to open the sluice gates of his eloquence.

"Of course, I don't despise a collection. Why should I? Mine is the best in this country. Perhaps M. Octave Delepierre's is better—but I doubt it. Then of course mine is the best in the world. It cost a great deal of time and trouble to collect—and money. Cash covers a multitude of sins. That remark itself is a parody. I was in Wall street working hard, toiling and moiling for several years making the money to make my collection. And now I have made it it is of course the best in

the world. I have one hundred and seventeen parodies on Mr. Edgar Allan Poe's poem 'The Raven,'—No, no! now don't! please don't!"

I looked at the flippant young man in astonishment and said nothing.

"Ah, thank you. I am glad you didn't say the one hundred and seventeen authors were ravin' mad. I congratulate you. People generally say it. Very often they think it is an original joke. Poor things! To continue: I have of course all the parodies of the 'Heathen Chinese,'—over one hundred. No, no! now don't! please don't!"

Again I looked at the flippant young man in amazement, again the flippant young man thanked me for refraining.

"I am really very much obliged to you for not doing it. I congratulate you. When I speak of the hundred parodies of the original Ah Sin, people generally say there are a hundred a-sinine writers. And they think the poor puny pun original. Bah! To continue—I have also over fifty parodies of 'We are Seven', thirteen of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' including my own, which is of course the best, and twenty-one of 'To be or not to be.' At this moment I saw Mr. Keesir was coming toward me leading two boys by the hand.

"Well, how do you find them?" said the warden, coming up. "Curious folks, eh? But you have not seen the worst case. Here they are! These two boys are the only ones I ever knew who were afflicted at so young an age!"

The children, apparently twins, were about ten years old, and there seemed to be nothing remarkable about them.

"They are both afflicted," said the warden, "with palindromes!"

"Palindromes?"

"Yes, palindromes. A palindrome is a word or sentence that reads the same backward as forward. Whatever you may ask of these boys, their answer will be a palindrome. Mr. Pughney has suggested that being twins, they ought to be called the palindromios!"

"What are your names," I asked.

"Mat & Tam," immediately replied one of the afflicted urchins.

"Who brought you here?"

"Dad!"

"Do you like it?"

"O so-so!"

"Have you any other relatives?"

"Anna."

"That's their sister!" remarked Mr. Keesir, adding: "What has become of her?" and the twins immediately answered:

"Nun!"

"Have you no other relatives?"

"O, no!"

Every answer certainly was a palindrome. It was remarkable. I began to wonder if they could be asked any question to which they could not make answer in a palindrome.

"How did your father bring you here?"

"Gig."

"Is there anything that you desire?"
They hastily answered, both together:
"Pup!"

Suddenly I noticed Mr. Quin Siddons rushing rapidly toward us. He had an open book in his hand. He appeared excited, as though flushed by some great victory or discovery. As soon as he recovered his breath, he said to me:

"Ah, sir, I am glad you have not gone. I am really very happy to see you again, and to be able to tell you of a horrible outrage!"

"Has there been a murder?" I asked, and he gravely replied, "Not of anything merely corporeal, sir, but an outrage on the work of a great man; the brilliant thought of a great writer has been stolen. Worse even than theft, it is a 'murder most foul,'—of course I quote. Here in this book, which you were so good as to lend me,—here in the letters of this Walpole, I find a glaring plagiarism. Listen, gentlemen, listen, and I will prove it to you. This fellow has stolen the striking and original thought of Lord Macaulay about the New Zealander some day viewing the ruins of St. Paul's. And this petty plagiarist, this empty imitator copies this, steals this, alters this, mutilates this, and serves up this fine thought to his readers with his own weak sauce. Listen to Mr. Walpole," and Mr. Quin Siddons, raising the book, read as follows: "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra!" Then he paused and looked at us with evident self-satisfaction,

and his equanimity was not disturbed even when Mr. Keesir remarked, "I think there is a mistake!"

"Mistake?" ejaculated Mr. Quin Siddons. "Why, gentlemen, no mistake is possible. You all know Macaulay's New Zealander, and here you have just heard me read you this fellow Walpole's most impudent plagiarism."

"Excuse me, I think there must be some mistake," insisted the cheery little warden. "Lord Macaulay was born in the year 1800, and this letter of Mr. Walpole's is dated—please let me see the book."

Mr. Quin Siddons handed it to him, and after glancing at the open page, Mr. Keesir continued:

"And this letter of Mr. Walpole's is dated the 14th of November, 1774."

Mr. Quin Siddons was thoroughly astonished; he hesitatingly observed:

"I did not look at the date!"

"This paragraph of Walpole's," continued the warden, "was, therefore, written twenty-six years before Macaulay was born; so that, if plagiarism there be, the English historian is the plagiarist."

Mr. Quin Siddons was confounded; but suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him; he breathed a sigh of relief and said, hastily:

"Ah, well, I always did suspect that Macaulay of stealing, and now I know it!"

I wonder if Mr. Quin Siddons will ever see these lines, and I wonder if he has ever read of the visit Dr. Holmes once paid to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters? J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.



"Oh, Uncle George, aint that monkey good? He gives all his pennies to his papa."

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A TRIP TO CENTRAL AMERICA.



A LANCHA AT CHAMPERICO.

CONSIDERING the nearness of the Central American states to our own land, there is but little generally known of the people, climate, government, productions, and general characteristics of the country. Traveling there simply for pleasure or instruction is almost unheard of, and what little knowledge we have obtained of this beautiful and

interesting region has been gathered chiefly from the diplomatic representatives of our government, and a few merchants whose interests have made necessary occasional visits to that part of the world.

There are three ways of reaching Guatemala from New York, viz., by Pacific Mail steamers, via Aspinwall and Panama, to the

port of San José; by sailing vessel to Belize, steamer to Izabel, and thence overland to the capital; and overland to San Francisco, and thence down the Pacific by steamer or sailing vessel to San José or Champerico. The first is the most direct route and the one chosen by our party.

It was the morning of the 29th of November, 1875, when, after fourteen days of travel from New York and five days from Panama, we reached the port of San José de Guatemala. There was a good deal of bustle and commotion on board, as we steamed up to our anchorage, for, besides our own party and a few Spaniards, we had an opera-troupe with us also bound for Guatemala City. We were fortunate in getting ashore in the agent's boat rather sooner than the other passengers. A pier, nine hundred feet in length and forty feet high, runs out from the shore; but the steamers cannot lie alongside of it on account of the heavy surf which usually prevails there, as San José has no harbor but is simply an open roadstead. We men managed well enough, by watching our opportunity, to jump from the boat and scramble up the side of this pier by means of a little narrow iron ladder; for the ladies, this was of course out of the question, and we were rather curious to see how they would be able to land. We found on the pier forty nuns, who had been turned out of the country by the government, and were about to embark for California on the steamer which we had just left. To accommodate all these ladies, what they call "la silla" (the chair) was brought into requisition. This is a sort of open cage with four seats in the center and an iron rail running around to hold on by, and is worked by the small steam-engine which supplies the power for hoisting and lowering freight. It was indeed a strange and amusing sight; the tearful and somber-looking nuns entered the "chair" with evident misgiving, and clung to the iron rail in fear and trembling as they were gently let down into the lighter below, while the gayly clad sopranos, contraltos, danseuses, etc., of the opera-troupe, came up laughing and screaming by the return trip.

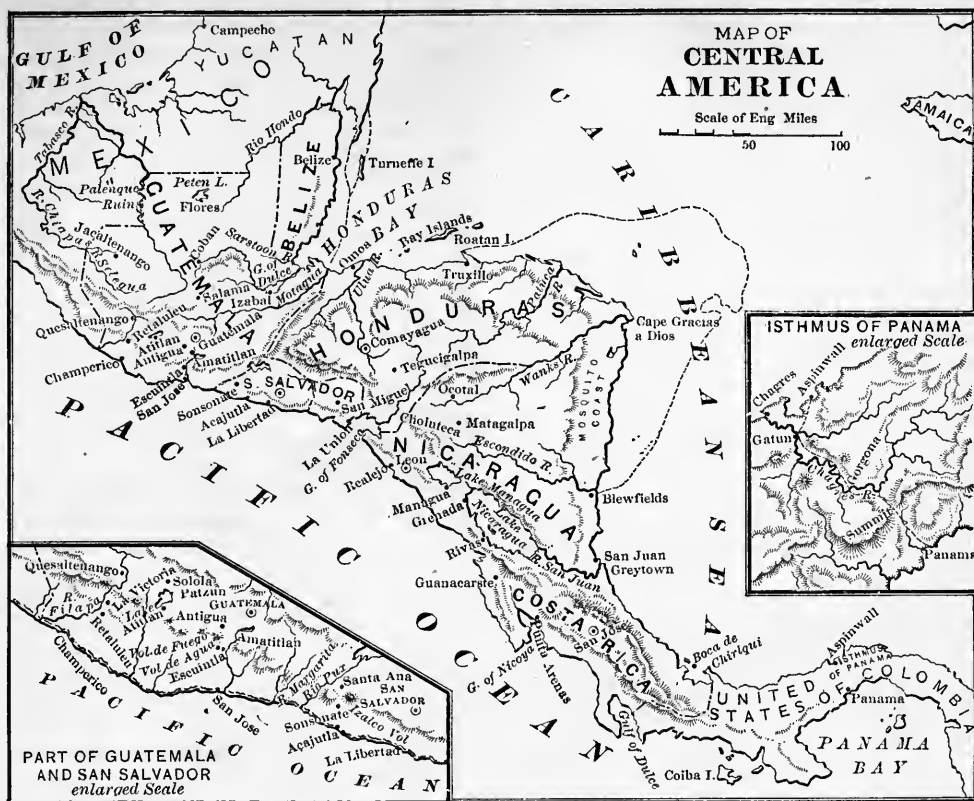
One's first impressions of Central America, as obtained at San José, are not very encouraging. The town consists of a few wooden houses, built down close to the beach, with one street running back three or four blocks from the shore. On either side of this street are native huts, made of bamboo-sticks, and covered with leaves

from the cocoa-nut tree. Back of this street are pools of stagnant water, constantly poisoning the air with miasma; the temperature is generally about 90° and the atmosphere is heavy and oppressive. The place is very sickly, and it is almost impossible for any foreigner to live there more than a few months at a time without seriously impairing his health.

We found the "captain" of the diligences was not willing to start for the capital until the following morning, and all the available mules were engaged to take up our baggage. Nearly fifty of us were packed for the night into a miserable little hotel, which had only accommodations for fifteen or twenty. We rose at three the next morning, but the eight diligences that were to convey us to the capital were not in readiness before seven. After much scrambling, pushing and fighting for seats, we finally got under way. The country near the coast is very flat, but the vegetation is rich, and tropical fruits and flowers abound. The road is good, but excessively dusty in the dry season. Jerking and jolting along all day in the rickety old diligence, through the dust and intense heat, we were very glad to reach Escuintla a little before sunset. The town is only about three hundred feet above the sea, but perceptibly cooler than San José, and comparatively healthy. It is a place of considerable size, and quite prettily situated in a valley about half way between the port and Guatemala.

We were on the road next day before sunrise; the morning dawned brightly, the air was fresh and pleasant, and our road now wound about among the mountains through a magnificent country, affording us some splendid views of the volcanoes of Agua and Fuego. As we continued to ascend, the air became clearer and cooler, and our spirits rose, with the change, to a full appreciation of the richness and beauty of the scenery about us. At noon the town of Amatitlan is pointed out, situated far below us, near a beautiful lake of the same name, in a rich valley about six leagues from Guatemala. As we wind down the mountain into the valley, past picturesque sugar-mills, and through cochineal plantations, with the glistening lake ever before us, and the sunlit town beyond, the scene is one of rare beauty, which could hardly fail to impress even the dullest mind. We rest here for an hour or so, and then begin the last stage of our journey to the capital.

Our road still wound about through the



mountains for a couple of hours, when we reached the summit of a high ridge, whence we obtained our first view of the great plain in which is situated the so-called "Paris of Central America." It was a beautiful scene, and one which I shall not soon forget. The city lay some distance below us, the domes and steeples of its many churches looming up in marked contrast to the rows of low white buildings gleaming in the slanting rays of the sinking sun. The surrounding hills were almost dazzling in their bright suit of green; and, here and there, what appeared at this distance to be clusters of rich foliage, indicated the locations of small coffee plantations and orange-groves in the suburbs. The great volcanoes to the westward were already casting long shadows toward the city, softening the general brightness of the scene, and thus completing a picture truly grand and beautiful. As we neared the city we passed long trains of pack-mules, laden with the produce of the surrounding country, which they were bringing for sale to the markets of the capital. We entered the gates just before sunset,

and, half an hour later, were comfortably quartered at the Grand Hotel.

The streets of Guatemala are tolerably clean, and the city is well laid out in blocks of about three hundred feet square. The houses are mostly white, with tiled roofs, and are very solidly built with thick walls of stone, or brick and plaster, and generally of only one story, being so constructed as a protection against the earthquakes which are sometimes very severe. There are no blinds or shutters, but the fact that almost every window in the town is carefully guarded by an iron grating, is somewhat suggestive of the character of the people. Most of the better-class dwellings are entered by heavy double wooden doors opening from the narrow sidewalk into a paved passage which leads into the "patio," or large court-yard, in the center of the building. These patios are always paved, and, in some few instances, borders of shrubs and flowers are planted around the edges. Facing the court-yard on every side are wide corridors, from which doors open into the various apartments of the dwelling. The



THE CATHEDRAL, GUATEMALA.

rooms are large and commodious, but, as a general thing, plainly furnished and without any attempt at extensive decoration; matting is spread loosely over the tiled floors in lieu of carpets, which are seldom seen.

The Plaza, which forms an important part of every Spanish town, is a paved square of about four hundred feet on each side with a curiously cut stone fountain in the center and a colonnade on three sides; on these three sides, stand the palace, cabildo, and other public buildings, and the fourth is occupied by the cathedral, an imposing edifice solidly constructed and beautifully finished in the interior, but not so richly decorated as many of the European churches.

The "Paseo" is a pretty little park with a fountain and large basin in the center, well-kept walks running through and around it, and seats ranged along these walks. Twice a week the government band plays there in the afternoon; the ladies generally appear in considerable numbers on these occasions, and the scene is quite a gay one.

The "Plaza de Toros" is a large amphitheater, which

stands at the end of the "Calle Real," and has a capacity for seating about six thousand people; it is devoted entirely to the exhibition of bull-fights, which, however, are not very exciting in Guatemala, as the killing of the bulls is prohibited by law.

The capital was moved to its present site in the year 1776. Previous to that time the old capital, situated about thirty miles distant, between the volcanoes of Agua and Fuego, had been repeatedly destroyed by earthquakes, so that it was finally abandoned by its inhabitants.

The climate of Guatemala is simply delightful. The tem-

perature ranges in the winter from 63° to 75° Fahrenheit, and in summer from 70° to 80°. The rainy season begins in March or April, and continues more or less through the spring and summer to about the middle of November; most of the rain falls between three in the afternoon and midnight, the mornings being generally bright and pleasant throughout the year. Between November and March the rain ceases almost entirely; during this period bright sunny days and cool, pleasant nights follow each other in regular succession, giving to Guatemala the very perfection of a winter climate.



NATIONAL THEATER, GUATEMALA.

From the time of its acquisition by Spain to the beginning of the present century, Guatemala had continued in a state of peace, the natives submitting quietly to the rule of the Spanish authorities and the divine right of the Romish Church being the supreme power in the land. Out of the declaration of independence of 1823, however, grew the Republic of the United States of Central America, which comprised Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. This confederacy was soon broken up; internal dissensions arose, suspicion and jealousy of one another

years; but even now the elections are a farce. The present government, in which the president and leading ministers are all natives, and actually Mestizos, is strongly opposed to the old Spanish or church party. They have broken up the convents and monasteries, and turned nearly all the Jesuits out of the country.

General Barrios, the president, is a man about forty years of age and a native of Guatemala. Like every other man occupying a high official position in these countries, he seems to be secretly feared and hated in some quarters while he en-

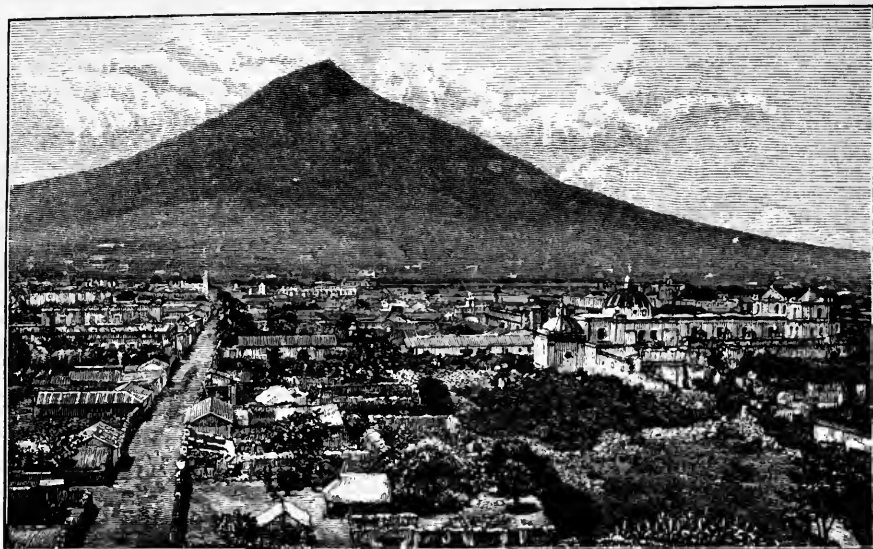


PUBLIC LAUNDRY OF THE CALVARIO, GUATEMALA.

manifested themselves in the different states, party spirit waxed strong and bitter, and revolution and bloodshed followed. The whole country was now thrown into a state of strife and anarchy, and many outrages were committed. From that time to this the so-called republic of Guatemala has never been in a really settled state; the governing party has always come into power by means of revolution, and, even during the periods of temporary peace, there has been a constant feeling of insecurity and dread of fresh outbreaks among the people. The state of things has improved slightly during the past few

joys a fair share of popularity with his own party.

The ministers of war and foreign relations, who have virtually as much power as the president, and in some matters more, are men of liberal education and considerable ability. These men have become rich during the few years they have been in power, but at the same time they have gained favor with many by their progressive ideas and their apparent desire to advance the interests of the people. While one condemns in the strongest terms many of the actions of the government, and deplores generally the state of things



ANTIGUA—VOLCAN DE AGUA IN BACKGROUND.

existing under their administration, one must not forget to give them credit for services actually rendered to the country. They have opened telegraphic communication with the neighboring republics, bettered the condition of the main roads through the state, raised the standard of the public schools, and made large appropriations for city improvements. But, in spite of all this progress, there is still always apparent a feeling of fear and insecurity among the people; the merchants, particularly, constantly dread the possible breaking out of a fresh revolution, and the consequent confiscation of their property.

Guatemala is the largest and most powerful of the Central American states, as well as the most advanced in general improvements. The present government is ambitious of more power, and seems to be quietly watching for some plausible excuse for declaring war against the neighboring republic of San Salvador, with a view of obtaining control of that state. The peace and tranquillity of to-day cannot probably last very long, and may be disturbed at any time by a revolution. The political outlook is certainly not very encouraging, and it does not seem probable now that the country will ever become thoroughly settled or prosperous until it falls into the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. There seems to be no likelihood of this at present, which is the more to be deplored because the country in itself is one of the richest and most pro-

ductive in the world, and capable of great development.

Some of the old Spanish families in Guatemala, although greatly fallen from their high estate since the church party went out of power, are most charming and cultivated people, and we were indebted to them for many civilities. The general character of the people, however, is far from elevated: they are suspicious, revengeful, indolent and fond of power, and, with but few exceptions, unable to grasp intelligently, and take a liberal view of any broad questions which do not seem at the first glance to affect their individual interests—characteristics in themselves inimical to permanent peace and prosperity.

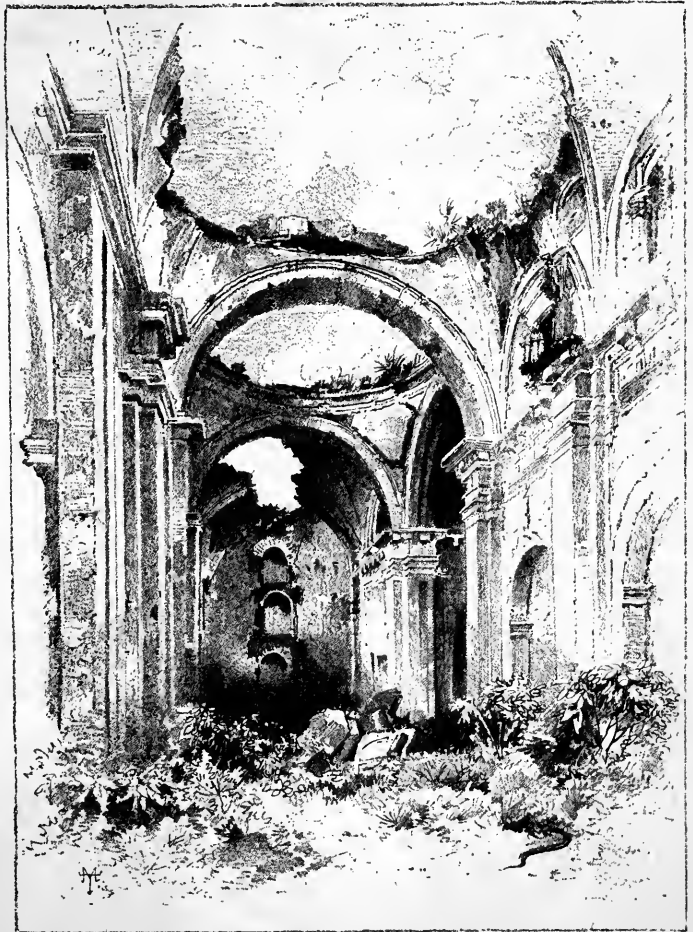
Having spent about a fortnight in the capital, business called me to the "Costa Granda,"—one of the great coffee-growing districts,—about sixty leagues distant. I purchased for this trip a "sombbrero" with a very wide brim, a pair of riding-boots with high tops, and a long India rubber coat. My good friend, Don Manuel Benito, one of the leading Spanish merchants of Guatemala, loaned me a comfortable saddle and a pair of formidable spurs, and assisted me in engaging my mules and "arriero." I had three mules,—one for my own use, one for the servant, and a third for my baggage. My only companion was the half Indian Rosendo, who, under the comprehensive name of "arriero," filled the duties of guide, muleteer, and general body-servant.

We turned into the Calle Real and rode up past the Paseo and the church of El Calvario, and around the great "pila" at the head of the street, out toward the gates of the city. These pilas are to be met with in almost every town of Central America, and consist of large, circular stone basins, with a stone fountain in the center, which keeps up a constant supply of water. Women carry thither great earthenware jugs, which they fill with water and place carefully upon their heads, returning to their houses with them in this position; sometimes, preferring to do their washing in the open air, they bring their bundles of linen to the fountain, and, using the edge of the stone basin as a wash-board, they rub away contentedly, quite indifferent to the fact that they are gradually reducing the unfortunate garments to a state of stringy pulp. The pilas are also used as public troughs for watering horses and cattle.

As we passed out of the gates the sun was just rising, casting his slanting rays far out upon the plain and lighting up the eastern slopes of the great volcanoes. About noon the wind rose and commenced howling among the mountains, sending terrible clouds of dust before it, which not only cut off all chance of any enjoyment of the scenery, but really almost blinded and suffocated us. After nearly four hours of wind and dust over a rough road, and constantly climbing and descending mountains, we finally came into view of La Antigua, delightfully situated in a rich valley entirely shut in by mountains, the grand volcanoes of Agua and Fuego towering up to an elevation of over 14,000 feet on either side of the city. Antigua was the former capital of Guatemala, and, although at one time rich and beautiful, may be

ranked among the most unfortunate cities in the world. It was founded in 1542, and during the two and a quarter centuries between that year and the date of the removal of the city to its present site it was thrice destroyed by earthquakes and many times visited by terrible epidemics and pestilences which swept away in a few weeks large numbers of the inhabitants.

On every side are evidences of the former wealth and beauty of the capital, and the ruins of churches, public buildings, and palatial residences, many of them now partially overgrown with grass and trees, are exceedingly interesting, bringing home to one, as



THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, ANTIGUA. DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE, 1774.

it were, a realization of the terrible disasters which have so frequently visited this lovely spot. The ruins of the immense cathedral, the walls of which are still standing, and of the once beautiful church of Santo Do-



ON A COCHINEAL PLANTATION, SAN MATEO.

mingo, are particularly striking. The country in the immediate vicinity of Antigua was at one time largely devoted to the cultivation of cochineal, and there are still several flourishing plantations. It has now, however, ceased to be an important article of export, owing to its great depreciation in value in all the markets of the world, other and cheaper dyes being substituted, and many plantations in different parts of the state have been destroyed in order to turn the soil to better account in the production of sugar and coffee. The cochineal is a small insect, and is cultivated on a species of cactus-plant. The plants are set out in rows in the field, and are generally from three to five feet in height. The young of these insects, as soon as they begin to have life, are placed in great numbers on every leaf of the plants; they soon fasten upon the leaf and feed, never moving until they are carefully brushed off and dried at the proper season; they are then packed in hide seroons or bags and shipped. A few of the insects are saved every year for seed. The crop was formerly very valuable. It has to be carefully collected before the end of the dry season: as there is always the risk of its being destroyed by an early rain.

After a good night's rest at Antigua, we renewed our journey at sunrise the next morning. Our road led us through a mountainous country during the afternoon, and we crossed many rivers of pure, sparkling water and passed through several small Indian villages, reaching Patzún at five o'clock. Here we passed the night, leaving the village well behind us by six o'clock the next morning. We breakfasted at

Godines and soon after leaving that village came out upon the lofty table-land bordering the lake of Atitlán. The scene which now opened to our view was magnificent in the extreme, and one which, as far as my feeble pen is concerned, certainly beggars description. For four hours we descended along the borders of this beautiful lake, the ever-changing combinations of lake and mountains, and light and shadow, constantly presenting new views, each one of which seemed to surpass the others in grandeur and magnificence. On reaching the plain we passed through the village of San Andrés, by a road delightfully shaded by large trees, many of which were covered with beautiful flowers. After a long ascent, during which the lake was hidden from our view, we came out upon it again and passed for a short distance along its shore before entering upon the very steep zigzag path leading up toward Solola. The road was very bad in places, and the ascent very severe upon our jaded beasts. The afternoon was now getting advanced, and the shadows cast by the mountains and volcanoes heightened the effect of the magnificent scenery through which we were passing; a cataract was rushing down the side of the mountain within a short distance of our path, and now plunging over the rocks, and again gurgling and muttering beneath them, kept up a continual roar as we slowly ascended.

The road from Solola, where we passed the night, to Quezaltenango, by the way of Naguala, leads up and down long "cuestas," through a wild but picturesque country. Sometimes from a high barren bluff or exposed mountain summit, where the sharp

wintry wind was howling about us, we would obtain beautiful glimpses of rich green valleys, with silvery streams flowing through them, and here and there a cluster of Indian huts, thousands of feet below us. The road is very rough, and in some places so steep



and narrow as to render it difficult for a loaded mule to make much progress.

The Indians have worn narrow paths all through these mountains, some of which are frightfully steep. We met hundreds of these natives in parties of from two to twenty, always walking in single file and with a steady, rapid gait. They are generally of medium stature and very tough, | stop in the road to let a traveler pass having great strength in their necks, | and salute him, hat in hand, with an

backs and legs ; in their arms, which they exercise very little, they are comparatively weak. They carry very heavy burdens on their backs for long distances, often as much as one hundred and fifty pounds. The women also carry lighter burdens on their backs, but more frequently upon the head, and when traveling they always carry their young children strapped to their backs. The Indians who are in the habit of visiting the coast or interior towns can, many of them, speak a little Spanish ; their own dialects vary greatly in different parts of the country. They are indolent and very superstitious, but generally docile and polite, and they always

COFFEE-PLANTING AT LAS NUBES.

"*A Dios, señor!*" In the warmer parts of the country the Indian men are, as a general thing, but little encumbered with clothing, and, in some districts a short skirt, from the waist to the knees, is the only garment worn by the women; among the more degraded tribes even this is sometimes dispensed with. The young children of both sexes are generally running about in a complete state of nudity. The Indians are very unreliable as laborers, having many saints-days and church holidays to observe; and often, much to the detriment of their employers' interests, they will absent themselves from work for several days together. They receive on the plantations from one "real" to three "reales" (twelve and a half to thirty-seven and a half cents) per day, according to the class of labor performed, and the planter is always under advances to them. They are strongly addicted to the use of "agua-diente," the rum of the country, and drunken Indians along the road are almost as common as trees. As we approached Quezaltenango we met numbers of intoxicated natives, both men and women, reeling, staggering, screaming and swearing, who had probably been celebrating some *fiesta* in the city.

Of Quezaltenango, though it is the second city in size and importance in the republic with a population of some fifteen thousand Indians and Mestizos, we saw but little in our one night's stay. It is situated at the end of a great plain about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is backed by a group of mountains in the center of which is a broken volcano which was last in active eruption nearly a century ago, although smoke still issues from the crater. As we passed on the next morning, this rent and broken mountain towered upon our left, the smoke curling slowly from its ragged edges into the still air, while beyond, the conical and symmetrical Volcan de Santa Maria reared its lofty peak among the clouds.

The new plain upon which our road soon brought us is peculiarly sterile, being entirely devoid of verdure, and its baked surface is scattered over with rocks thrown from the volcano many years ago. It is believed by many to have been formerly the bed of a lake, and its general appearance and surroundings certainly tend to confirm that supposition. It ends very abruptly, and from its edge, at an elevation of more than seven thousand feet, we enjoyed an exceedingly grand and extensive view, cover-

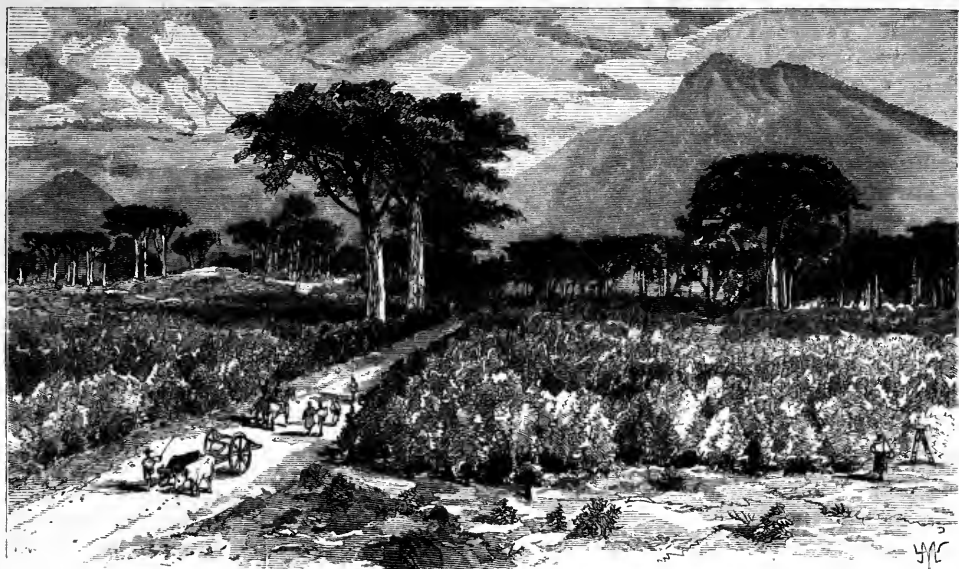
ing the whole country between us and the Pacific Ocean, whose glistening surface, at a distance of twenty leagues, was plainly visible. Our descent at first was very steep, and we were frequently obliged to dismount. The road is exceedingly rough, and in the rainy season very dangerous, and often quite impassable.

About mid-day we entered the beautiful district known as the Costa Granda. Here we experienced a wonderful change of scene. The air was deliciously soft and balmy, and laden with the fragrance of many fruits and flowers. Our road led us through highly cultivated coffee and sugar plantations; and here and there long hedges of lemon-trees divided one plantation from another.

At four o'clock we reached the gates of La Victoria, a beautiful "finca," or coffee-plantation, owned by Don Gregorio Revuelta, to whom I brought letters of introduction. He was expecting me, and received me with great cordiality. He at once turned Rosendo and the beasts over to the care of some of his people, and, presenting me to his "administrador," Señor Ximines, made the cheerful announcement that dinner would be ready in a few moments. Don Gregorio proved to be an exceedingly jolly host, and during my few days' stay at La Victoria, treated me with true Spanish hospitality.

Coffee culture is very interesting, and the growing crop is very beautiful. The trees at maturity are from five to eight feet high; they are well shaped and bushy, with a glossy dark-green foliage, and planted eight or nine feet apart. The flowers are in clusters at the root of the leaves, and are small, but pure white and very fragrant. The fruit has a rich color, and resembles a small cherry or large cranberry; it grows in clusters, close to the branches, and when it becomes a deep red is ripe and ready to be gathered. The trees are raised from seed, and do not begin to yield until the third year. In Central America they bear well for twelve or fifteen years, although, in exceptional cases, trees twenty years old will yield an abundance of fruit. The tree is particularly beautiful when in full bloom or when laden with ripe fruit.

The process of preparing coffee for market is as follows: the ripe berries when picked are at first put through a machine called the "despulpador," which removes the pulp; the coffee-grains, of which there are two in each berry, are still covered with



COFFEE PLANTATION AT LAS NUBES.

a sort of glutinous substance which adheres to the bean; they are now spread out on large "patios," made specially for this purpose, and left there, being occasionally tossed about and turned over with wooden shovels until they are perfectly dry. They are then gathered up and put into the "retrilla," a circular trough in which a heavy wooden wheel, shod with steel, is made to revolve, so as to thoroughly break the husk without crushing the bean. The chaff is separated from the grain by means of a fanning-mill, and the coffee is now thoroughly dry and clean. After this, it is the custom of some planters to have it spread out on long tables and carefully picked over by the Indian women and children, all the bad beans being thrown out. It only remains then to have it put into bags, weighed and marked, before it is ready for shipment to the port. On some of the larger plantations this process is greatly simplified, with considerable saving in time and labor, by the use of improved machinery for drying and cleaning the coffee.

After two more days of delicious dreamy idleness in this little paradise, I was obliged to go on as far as Retaluleu, about six leagues nearer the sea, and Don Gregorio, having business there, accompanied me. The road was cool and shady and almost level, there being a continuous but scarcely noticeable descent toward the ocean; and the entrance to the town is through a beautiful grove of cocoa-palms. Coffee, hides, and other produce are brought from the

interior to Retaluleu to be reweighed, marked, and cleared at the custom-house before being forwarded to the ports; it is, therefore, during the shipping season, a very busy and important little place. We spent the day and night there, and the next morning I set out for Champerico. Don Gregorio accompanied us for a short distance on our journey, and then bade us farewell. The heat now became rather oppressive, although the road was in excellent condition, and, for a considerable distance, thickly shaded. In many places the trunks and branches of the trees were hung or draped with vines and creepers, bearing flowers of the most brilliant colors. We passed many shapely orange-trees covered with bright fruit, and rode through several groves of plantains and cocoa-palms. The forests were full of parrots, macaws, cockatoos and other birds of beautiful plumage. There were quantities of iguanas or lizards, varying from a few inches to over three feet in length, running across the road or rustling among the leaves at either side; innumerable vultures were gracefully sailing about in the air, or swooping down and hopping about in a stealthy and repulsive manner. These disgusting birds are met with in large numbers in almost all parts of Central America; they are the natural scavengers of the country, and no doubt of great use in keeping off plagues and pestilences, specially from the "tierras calientes." A stringent law exists against molesting them in any way.

After a very hot ride of five hours, we began to feel a gentle breeze and to inhale the refreshing salt air from the sea. Soon we heard the great waves breaking on the shore, and presently descried the masts of two vessels riding at anchor, apparently hardly more than a stone's throw ahead of us. Pushing on over a slight elevation, we

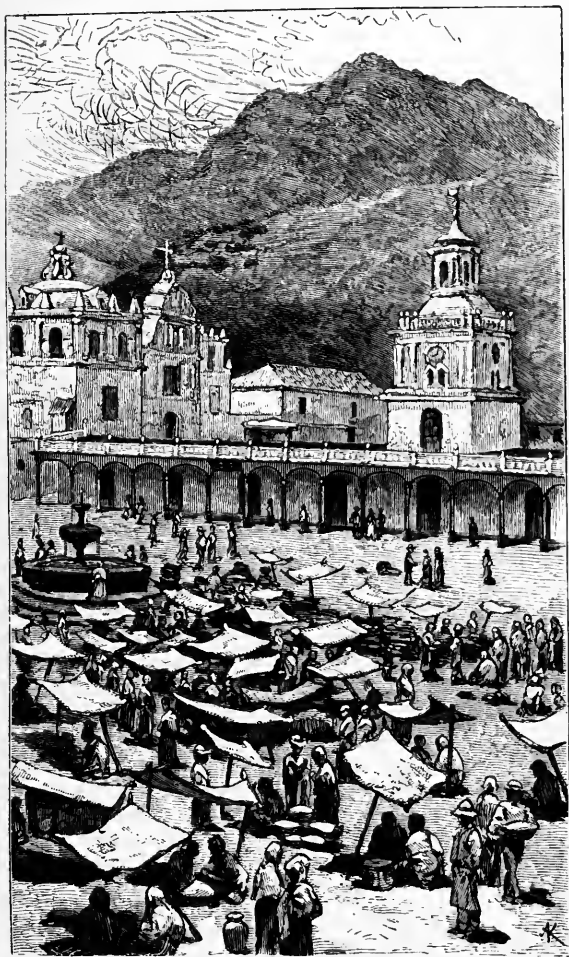
and freight, great "lanchas" are used, like the one in our first engraving.

On the morning of the third day after my arrival, the steamer "Costa Rica" came into port. I jumped into the first launch and went off to the steamer and shortly after daylight the next morning we cast anchor off San José and, immediately after breakfast, some of us went ashore. We found the people considerably excited, having just received the startling intelligence that a revolution had broken out in Honduras which was likely to involve some of the other states in war. It seemed that General Medino, a former president of Honduras, had made a revolution against Leive, the then president, to regain control of the government. It was stated that Medino was supported in this effort by General Barrios of Guatemala, and that the latter, fearing opposition from General Gonzalez, president of San Salvador (who was supposed to be in favor of Leive), had sent two thousand men to the frontier, and that war between the two republics was imminent. It gave us plenty to think about and speculate upon for the rest of the day, as such a war as was expected would materially affect the plans and interests of almost every passenger in the ship; we returned early to the steamer and got under way again before sunset.

At Acajutla, where we arrived next morning, I experienced some annoyance from the officials,—having no passport, and coming as I did from the then hostile state of Guatemala. Acajutla, the northernmost port of San Salvador, is a small town built on a high bluff which forms one of the few breaks in the long stretch of sand beach

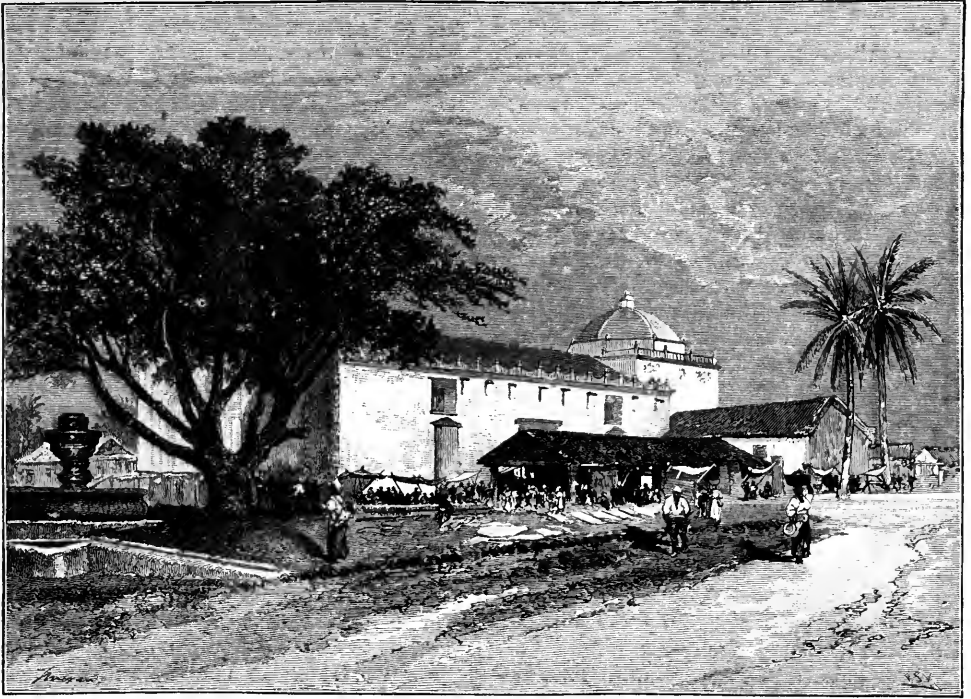
that extends almost uninterruptedly from San Benito in Chiapas to Punta Arenas in Costa Rica; it is the port of Sonsonate, a considerable town about five leagues from the coast.

I was free at last and was just crossing the street to the hotel when I met, most opportunely, Mr. Henry Jones, an Englishman residing in Sonsonate, to whom I had letters of introduction. He was the agent of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., and he had



CATHEDRAL PLAZA, QUEZALTENANGO.

found ourselves entering the town of Champerico, with the unruffled waters of the wide Pacific spread out before us, a white line of seething foam marking its shores as far as the eye could reach, and the grand roar of the surf thundering in our ears. Champerico is probably destined to be the chief port in Central America; it is at present the worst landing-place on the coast. There is no harbor and no pier, and to effect the embarking and disembarking of passengers



PLAZA AT RETALHULEU.

come down to the port to look after their interests. The weather being oppressively warm and the town itself presenting no special attractions, I spent most of the day in his office. At about three we took the "diligence" for Sonsonate. The road was very dusty and nearly level, and the surrounding country not quite so rich in vegetation as it is near the coast of Guatemala; there were, however, many beautiful trees and flowers, and we passed through a fine grove of cocoa-palms just before entering the town, which we reached about dusk.

As we received no fresh news of an alarming character on the day after my arrival, but, on the contrary, learned that the Salvadorean troops were concentrating in considerable force at Santa Ana, thus giving additional protection to Sonsonate, the people became more quiet and hopeful. Mr. Jones was obliged to go to the capital on the third day after my arrival, and very kindly offered to supply me with mules, if I would accompany him; this of course I was very glad to do. We were obliged to make a very early start the next morning, as we had a long journey before us, and while the moonlight was still struggling with the dawn the mules were brought out into the patio and everything was in readiness.

An hour's ride brought us out upon a sort of elevated plain at the farther end of which was the town of Izalco, and beyond rose the famous volcano, its brown sides covered with lava and light smoke issuing from the crater. The Volcan de Izalco is quiet at present, but it has been almost constantly in eruption for many years. This volcano has literally grown out of the earth within the past century. About eighty years ago a small opening in the ground appeared from which smoke issued and small quantities of earth and stones were thrown up by internal explosions. These eruptions have continued, and the pile, which was at first but little larger than an ant-hill, has accumulated from year to year until it has grown into its present form, a great conical mass which rises to an elevation of seven thousand feet.

It was almost dark when we entered the capital, having accomplished a distance of more than sixty miles. On the 6th of January, or "Twelfth-day," I attended the reception at the palace of President Gonzalez, and was duly presented to him. He rose from the sofa to receive me, and then introduced me, with a wave of his hand, to those immediately around him. He invited me to a seat beside him and

asked me questions about my country, being apparently greatly interested in my replies. He is a tall, military-looking man, about sixty years of age, a native of the country, like Barrios, but a man of higher stamp. He was surrounded by officers in full uniform, who were, as a whole, an intelligent and fine-looking body of men. The city was full of troops, and new detachments were coming in from different directions every day, and there was constant drilling in the plaza in preparation for the war, which now seemed to be inevitable. Business was almost entirely suspended, and the commercial and agricultural interests of the country were suffering greatly from the state of doubt and anxiety which existed, as well as from the scarcity of labor arising from the fact that many of the "mozos" had run away and hidden in the mountains to avoid being drafted. Meanwhile the two presidents were exchanging complimentary dispatches, continuing their preparations for war, and levying contributions or making forced loans to meet the heavy expenses for the equipment and maintenance of the two armies.

It was believed by some that Barrios had simply made an excuse of the Honduras affair to send his troops to the frontier, and that he was ambitious to get control of Honduras and San Salvador, with a view

ultimately to re-uniting the five states under one government, with himself as president. If that was the case, it seems that he either found Gonzalez better prepared than he had anticipated, or, for some other reason, concluded that the time had not yet come for so bold a stroke; for, from his dispatches, he appeared to be anxious to do everything in his power to prevent the impending war, and offered to disband his troops if Gonzalez would do the same or come to the frontier to have a personal conference with him. But the two governments were so suspicious of each other that it seemed very doubtful whether they would be able to come to any amicable agreement, although the trouble had really grown out of nothing and there was not even a plausible excuse for war.

The capital of San Salvador was formerly a rich and beautiful city, but it has suffered many times from severe earthquakes, and in April, 1854, was entirely destroyed. The present city has been built since then, and was fast growing to rival in beauty and prosperity the former capital, when, in 1873, another terrible earthquake occurred, which left more than half the city in ruins.

San Salvador is a rich and fertile state, although, owing to an imperfect tariff, together with losses from earthquakes and a serious decline in the price of indigo during



LABORERS GOING TO THE COFFEE-FIELDS.

the past few years, the government is to-day suffering from financial embarrassment. Indigo is the great staple of the country, and the crop at one time amounted to between two and three millions of dollars. Besides indigo, coffee and sugar are now produced in considerable quantities, especially in the vicinity of Santa Ana, and coal and iron have been discovered in different parts of the state. Sufficient tobacco also is raised for home consumption, though of rather an inferior quality. The gold and silver mines in the neighborhood of San Miguel have been worked, with more or less satisfactory results, for many years, and are no doubt still capable of much development.

Besides the capital and Sonsonate, Santa Ana and San Miguel are large and important towns; the great indigo fair is held in the latter place every year in the month of November. Besides Acajutla, San Salvador has two other ports, viz., La Libertad and La Union; the latter has one of the finest harbors on the coast, while the former is merely an open roadstead.

While I was still in doubt about making the trip to San Miguel, I received letters which decided me to give up all idea of further expeditions into the interior and return at once to Guatemala. So I determined to take the next steamer up the coast from La Libertad to San José. The port is twelve leagues from the capital and a diligence runs down to meet every steamer. My business obliged me, however, to remain in the city the next morning for several hours after the diligence had started. When at last I was free I succeeded in getting mules and an arriero to take me to the port.

We reached La Libertad before eight o'clock and found the "Honduras" already there. After a pleasant voyage of two days we anchored off San José at six o'clock in the evening, and, going ashore very early the next morning, I found that we had arrived a day earlier than was expected, and that there would be no diligence for the capital until the following day. I could not bear the idea of remaining in the port for twenty-four hours, so I commenced to look about for mules to take me up to the city. The only saddle-mule I could find had been already secured by a jeweler just arrived from Bolivia, who was bustling about with a well-satisfied air, preparing to depart immediately for Guatemala, ninety miles distant, while his less fortunate fellow-passengers (some twenty in number) stood about

watching him in a most disconsolate manner. I succeeded after a while in finding a very dilapidated-looking mustang and a hard, narrow Mexican saddle. We set out at eleven o'clock under a scorching sun, and our cavalcade doubtless made a most absurd appearance, our uncouth beasts raising clouds of dust as we trotted away toward the interior. We reached Escuintla at seven o'clock utterly exhausted, and, after partaking of some slight refreshment, went immediately to bed. We were in the saddle again at five the next morning, however, and reached the capital before two in the afternoon, arriving twenty-eight hours in advance of our fellow passengers. I found Guatemala full of troops in active preparation for war, just as they had been in San Salvador. A few days before I left the city the negotiations between the two governments resulted in an agreement to disband the troops on both sides, and thus a temporary peace was patched up. Within two months another revolution broke out which resulted in a decided victory for the Guatemaltecos.

Just before I left Guatemala, I received an invitation to a wedding in which the chief actors were both members of families of some prominence and distinction in that country. The bride's mother, now a widow, is an American, from Philadelphia, who married a Spanish gentleman and went with him to Guatemala about forty years ago. According to the custom of the country of solemnizing marriages early in the morning, the guests assembled at this lady's house soon after seven o'clock. After the usual delay of half an hour or so, the bride appeared and the whole party proceeded in carriages to the cathedral. Here the ceremony was very imposing and lasted fully an hour. We returned to the house to the wedding breakfast and then came dancing, an inspection of the bridal presents, and a tour of the bride's house, which adjoined her mother's. I enjoyed the day exceedingly, and shall not soon forget my kind hostess's last words to me as I was leaving the house. She had said good-bye and wished me a safe return home, etc., and, as I was descending the stairs, she called out to me in a slightly tremulous voice, with her pretty Spanish accent, "Remember me to my country!"

I cannot close without acknowledging my indebtedness to Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco, for offering me the use of his justly celebrated photographs to assist in illustrating this article.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK BEFORE THEM ALL."

CHAPTER XXI.

ORDERED AWAY.

BUT Mrs. Stubbs had no thought of sleeping. There was a weight upon her brain and a fire in her veins which made quiet, restful sleep-impossible; and yet there was a strange numbness stealing over her when she lay still. It dimmed her sight; the picture, like Blossom's face, waved and danced and blurred to indistinctness upon the wall before her. Was her hearing becoming dulled? She dared not lie there, lest she should float away into an unconsciousness from which there was no return.

She listened for some passing sound, and a burst of merry voices came from the parlor, with a happy vibration, as they died away, jarring upon her spirit. She rose heavily and left the bed. But she would not go in to them. She could not so soon meet the man who had deceived the child and her. They would not mark her absence. They did not need her to make their happiness complete. No one in all the world needed her now. No one wanted her, if the truth were told. Only a little while ago and her energies were strained to meet the demands upon them, and now the world seemed to move on and

she to be dropped by the way. Even her schemes, when nothing but schemes was left to her, had come to naught. All around her were signs of a life in which she had now no part—voices and laughter coming in at the open window, music sounding in the distance, people hurrying by. Some one passed in the twilight, gay in a sweeping gown with ribbons dangling and a shrill laugh cutting the air. It was Claudia Bryce with her new lover by her side. Ah! the young were easily consoled. Age and wrinkles and gray hairs only brought constancy—even in despair. She groped her way to the door and stole into the open air again, fearful lest Blossom should hear her. She longed for a breath of the wind that came tearing over the prairies at times like a troop of wild horses. But the air was still and sultry to-night. Doors and windows were thrown wide open to catch the occasional breeze cooled by its passage across the broad river. The notes of a bugle, faint and sweet, sounded from behind the barracks. There was running to and fro, cheery greetings and gossip at every corner. Was it her morbid fancy, or were these voices stilled at her approach? The door at her old home was ajar, the window of the little parlor was open and a troling, rollicking song came out as if to mock her as she went by. She had been the mistress here once. She had reigned like a queen. A poor kingdom it might seem to the fine ladies about her, but all her own, and she had gloried in it. Now she was crownless, deposed. She had grasped at something beyond this and lost all.

She wandered on. The cheerful, familiar sights and sounds which had rasped her irritated spirit were left behind. The fields of grain waved green about her, the river rolled by just beyond. There was something soothing in the murmur of its sweeping current. For how many years had it been the undertone to her busy life! Away in the distance—brought near by the haze of twilight—plain and sky met in a debatable land of shadow. She wondered, with a dull curiosity, about the world off there, of which she knew so little. With the great, calm sky above her and the quiet river flowing near, a measure of peace and hope returned. There might be something yet, in that unknown region from which the darkness was advancing in great strides, for the child and her if they could but push out boldly to seek it.

And then she remembered, with a pang

sharp as a pain, that the child was no longer her own to control. She had resigned her right to the girl. She had indeed lost her scepter and given away her crown!

She was glad when she turned back and gained the inclosure of the fort to find the way she had come over nearly deserted and the night fast closing in. No one in the still darkness heeded the black figure which seemed a part of itself as it hurried on. There was a light in the sutler's parlor, toward which her feet turned of themselves. For one brief moment she could fancy that the old days had come again. Once more she saw the room half full of smoke, the round table drawn up close to the fire where waited an impatient, familiar group. What kept the mistress so long away? Some one sang a noisy song to beguile the time. The refrain came to her ears with the tap of heels upon the floor. Her hand was thrust out for the latch. Then she came to herself and shrank back from the door. Dead and gone! The forms she had called up in her vision had turned to dust and ashes years before. What was she but a ghost of the former mistress of the place?

She hurried on home. Home! It was no home to her. But she crept into the house unobserved and to bed. There was silence in the parlor out from which the merry voices had come only an hour before. The visitors had departed and Blossom would come presently to see if she still slept. She composed her limbs and even controlled her quick, panting breath as the girl's step sounded outside the door; and Blossom, having peeped in, stole away again.

Then alone in the darkness she tried to think it out—to plan her future and the child's. She had never been one to grasp at another hand for strength. She had stood alone fearless, self-helped, but now in the darkness and in the feebleness of her spirit she would have sought a friend. But there was none—no one who could enter in any degree into her hopes or be made to feel her despair. Cogger's plain face, with its shrewd blinking eyes, rose before her unbidden. But she put it aside. What could he know of her ambition for the child? He would only range himself with Captain Elyot and "the rest of 'em," she thought bitterly. No, she must fight alone; for fight she would. The life she had been leading the past few months was galling enough, even with hope to lend her patience. It would be beyond endurance now.

Oh, if she had only held out against the young man! If she had but barred the door in his face instead of urging on the intimacy which had ended in Blossom's marriage! If she had only been firm at the last! She herself had made the net in which Blossom's feet were snared. But for this they might have gone away, they two, and somewhere—even though at the ends of the earth—in some distant city where they were unknown, the money which went for nothing here would have bought position, favor—everything for the child.

The moon, straggling up the sky, sent a long, slanting ray like a ghostly finger into the room where the woman lay tossing upon her uneasy bed. It touched the face upon the wall so like Blossom's. Oh, how could any one turn against the child? Perhaps it was not true after all. It might be that this stranger was mistaken. The gossip of a garrison had taught her that rumor was two-faced. No disturbing news had reached Blossom or she would have shared it with her mother before now, and Captain Elyot seemed happy and at ease. How could he be if this were true? Still if this old man so far away had looked with favor upon the marriage there should have come a letter from him before now. And Blossom had assured her that there was none. What if one had come and the young man, unwilling to let the truth be known, had concealed it from the child? She rose from the bed again and by the light of the moon made her way across the narrow passage to the parlor door, which opened noiselessly at her touch. It was but a step in the dim light to the corner where Captain Elyot's writing-case lay closed and locked upon a table. She held her breath as she took it in her arms lest she should awaken the sleepers in the next room, but no alarm disturbed her as she retreated swiftly. She shut the door and fastened it carefully after her. Then lighting a candle and drawing the curtain of her narrow window she prepared to search the contents of the desk. A bunch of keys that had tried every unyielding lock at the post was among the odds and ends reserved from the final disposal of the stock at the store. These she brought out, testing each one patiently, until at last the lock sprang back and the lid opened. She turned the papers over cautiously, careful not to disturb their order, seeking, she hardly knew by what token, this letter which Blossom, in reply to her inquiries, assured her had

never arrived. But Blossom might easily be deceived. She would know for herself. It was no easy task with nothing to guide her. She might have spent hours in the search but that a crumpled letter, evidently tossed in carelessly and buried under a weight of more neatly arranged papers, caught her eye. Expecting nothing, for it was old and worn in appearance, yet moved to open it, she took it from its envelope and was struck at once by the first words, "Nephew Robert." This must be what she sought! She turned hastily to the conclusion, but the signature was illegible, and then she remembered that she had never asked the name of this old man in whom she felt so keen an interest. She deciphered the date at the beginning of the sheet and found to her disappointment that it was written months before Blossom's marriage. Still some fascination held her eyes to the crooked, blurred lines and she began to read. It was the letter received months before his marriage, urging Captain Elyot to write to the cousin down on the Jersey shore. The tone was one of reproach as well as menace, and the inference gathered by the woman who spelled the words out slowly one by one was that the young man owed allegiance to this cousin. She held the letter long in her hands gazing at the words which seemed to conceal so much. So he was false, as well as fickle! How long would it be before he wearied of the child? She had nearly replaced the contents of the desk when she remembered that she had not yet found the letter for which she had been searching. But she looked in vain and with less interest now. Blossom was right, no doubt. Captain Elyot's uncle had never written. It was as the stranger at the store had said, the old man was angry. Captain Elyot's grand friends had turned against him! Oh, what a fool she had been! She said it to herself, crumpling the letter in her hand as the young man had done, and feeling her heart grow like a stone toward him. East and west, wherever he went, he had gained the love of some woman only to cast it aside, she said to herself. It was no triumph that Blossom had won him at last. Her day, too, would be brief. He had given up this cousin for the child,—this cousin to whom he was promised, without doubt,—but he had known all the time that Blossom's inheritance would be his, and it was for this he had pursued her. And she had helped it on! Her very

opposition and harsh words had brought it about at last! She sat with her elbows upon the desk holding her poor, dazed head in her hands until the waning light in the room warned her to replace it and conceal her discovery. For she would not act hastily. A judgment had come upon her for her rashness and she would take warning now from the past. The floor creaked under her feet as she crossed the parlor, the heavy desk slipped from her hand as she tried to set it down. A quick, sharp voice called out as she stood still with the darkness about her paling to the gray of early morning. The click of a pistol followed. Would he shoot her like a thief? It would be of a piece with the rest, she thought swiftly. The blood tingled in her veins, but not with fear, as she stood grim and silent with a sudden wild desire for this to come and end it all, thrilling her through and through. Then everything was still again and she crept away, to lie on her bed in the dawning light and try to plan out the future.

Does an angel with a flaming sword stand always in the way to turn us back from our evil purposes? I think not; more often the road seems to open, and opportunity makes the path to destruction smooth and swift to our feet.

The time slid by to Blossom, who knew that these happy days might come to a sudden end, from the succession of changes in the garrison, as summer drew near. Jagged days they were to Mrs. Stubbs, moodily biding her time, and giving little heed apparently to outward events. As summer approached, preparations were made for a general movement against the Indians, who had gathered in great force along the Smoky Hill, becoming more and more troublesome as the season advanced. Lieutenant Orme had never returned to the post; and one after another the officers with their commands were drawn away, until barely a sufficient number of men to guard the fort was left. Captain Elyot's turn came at last.

With scarcely men enough to garrison the post and their enemies strengthening around them, it was found necessary to communicate with some of the more northern forts. Orders from head-quarters finally rendered this imperative.

Captain Elyot and Lieutenant Gibbs were the only available officers remaining and upon them fell this dangerous service. With a small body of men and a couple of

scouts, they were to make their way through what was much of the distance an ambushed wilderness, to the Platte River,—neither the first time nor the last that a force too large to conceal its movements and too small to defend itself, has been sent into the very heart of the Indian country.

"Be a brave girl," said Captain Elyot to his wife, though his own cheek paled with the news he brought. "You knew that this must come, when you promised to be a soldier's wife."

But Blossom had fainted away in his arms.

There was little time for preparation; there was even less for adieus. He strained the lifeless form to his breast, then, not daring to linger lest his courage should give way, hastily gave her into Mrs. Stubbs's arms, too greatly agitated to observe the strange excitement which seemed to pervade the woman; as she bore her daughter off and laid her upon her bed. But when Blossom's face touched the pillow, she came to herself with a moan. It drew her husband back to her—that feeble sound like a wail. He threw himself upon his knees beside the bed and laid his face against hers. Through the open window came peaceful, droning, summer sounds, mingled with the sobs of some soldier's wife and the trampling of uneasy hoofs. Already the little company who were to march had gathered. The women had run out and every idler drawn near to see them ride away.

"Don't, child. Don't grieve so. I shall come back to you. Do you hear me, Blossom?"

The bugle sounded "to horse." He kissed her passionately.

"Remember," he said to her mother, who took his place beside the bed, "*I shall come back.*" Then he was gone.

His foot was in the stirrup when a tottering figure came out of the door-way. It was Blossom, her dress in disorder, her hair falling over her shoulders, her face white as death. She threw her arms about his neck before them all.

"For God's sake, don't, or I can never go!" he said, with a sob like a groan, his face as white as her own.

It was the major himself who took her in his arms and carried her into the house. And no one looked after the poor young wife with scorn to-day. Even the women gave her a tear.

Another good-bye had been said that morning at the major's, between Claudia and Lieutenant Gibbs, who was her accepted

lover now. For Claudia had determined to make hay while the sun shone, knowing full well that that luminary was on its decline for her. It was not, perhaps, the best of hay, though some there are who affirm the aftermath to be sweetest. Claudia was not of this opinion, but at least it was better than none, and so she gathered it in with some haste and dexterity, not knowing what storms might arise.

There were tears in the lieutenant's eyes, as he took her bloodless hands in his.

"You won't forget me? Some of these men coming and going are sure to fall in love with you, but, Claudia——"

"How silly to think of such a thing, when you know we are engaged," replied Claudia, with practical wisdom, and trying to release the hands which the poor fellow was crushing in his own.

"I suppose I am a fool," the man said, swallowing something which rose in his throat, "though a fellow don't like to be reminded of it. But you see, Claudia, I never wanted any other girl, and—and I used to feel as if I could choke Elyot when he was coming here. But you didn't care for him?"

Did Claudia feel a tightening at her own throat which sent the color into her face?

"Why do you ask me that over and over again?" she said, irritably.

"Because I'm a fool, I suppose." And the man laughed an uneasy laugh. "But just once more, Claudia,—I'm going away, you know, and may be—you liked me better all the while, didn't you?"

"Why, of course," said poor Claudia, thus driven to the wall.

"I knew you did. Only I wish you wouldn't say 'of course.' And you're sorry I'm going? I'm such a confounded fool!" burst out the poor fellow, turning abruptly away, and staring out at the window.

"To be sure I am sorry," said Claudia, softening. Had she gone too far in her impatience? But why would he persist in irritating her? She laid her hand upon his arm. It was the hand with his ring upon it, and it showed very white against the dark-blue sleeve. She could but notice how very becoming the ring was with its handsome stone. The lieutenant, as well as Captain Elyot, had some expectations. His were not at all to be compared with those of the latter,—which, to do Claudia justice, had not weighed as a feather with the girl,—but they were by no means to be despised.

"How can you ask if I am sorry?" and her voice was reproachful if not tender. "If any harm should come to you, I don't know what I should do." Nor did she indeed. "And if you don't let me hear from you when the scout comes back from Fort Wallace——"

"I will, you may be sure I will."

And then the bugle which had called Captain Elyot away sounded for this lover also. He could have taken the girl in his arms at this last moment, but that her calmness chilled him. She held up her face dutifully to be kissed. The young man swallowed a sigh which was half a sob as he turned away from her. He had gained what he had long desired. Claudia was his. But perhaps all apples have a taste of ashes at the core. "It is her way," he said; but he mounted his horse with something very like a stone for a heart. He looked back as he rode slowly by with the troops. The women had all run out of open doors. A sudden shower darkened the sky and fell in great plashing drops, like tears held back long. They wet more than one uncovered head, but Claudia had gone in prudently out of the rain, and the house was blank and voiceless when the lieutenant rode out with the rest.

CHAPTER XXII.

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

MIDSUMMER had spread its net of coarse, tufted grasses, already growing yellow under a scorching sun. The streams had shrunk away to half their size, the lesser ones reduced to bare, dry skeletons stretched upon the sand. Day after day a cloudless sky arched the plains—a dead blue over Fort Atchison, where no tidings of Captain Elyot's party had been received, though six weeks had passed since they set off toward the north. But it was not unreasonable to suppose that they might have been detained at Fort Harkness, their destination on the Platte, or ordered upon duty in some other direction. Since nothing, good or ill, was really known of them, but little anxiety was expressed in words, as yet, though many a shake of the head followed any reference to the men who rode away under a cloudy sky and with the rain falling upon them.

"'Twas an ill omen," Sergeant McDougal said confidentially to Mrs. Bryce's Jinny.

In spite of his diminutive size, the sergeant presented a terrible appearance, with

his bold, gruff manner, and great, bushy brows which almost met above his sharp gray eyes. But they smoothed themselves out in a wonderful way, and he touched his cap almost gallantly as Blossom tripped past the two, bound on some errand to the store.

"Her's a neat one!" the sergeant ejaculated, admiringly, as his eyes followed the pretty figure in its tasteful gown. But to this tribute of admiration was added an ominous shake of the head.

Every one at the post, by this time, held his or her own secret belief as to the fate of the missing party. Major Bryce had presented an untroubled front to the world which knew nothing as to the nature of the dispatches forwarded by Captain Elyot; but he could not hide his anxiety from the wife of his bosom, nor she from Claudia. The major was irritable—outrageous, as Claudia described it—in his own family.

"And no wonder," said Mrs. Bryce, to Claudia, who, herself vexed and harassed by fears, had declared life, under the present circumstances, to be unbearable; "he may well be ill-tempered, when he scarcely sleeps an hour of the night."

And Claudia could easily believe this, since in her own hours of wakefulness—more frequent than she would have cared to acknowledge—she had heard him, through the thin partitions, groaning and tossing upon his bed. Even to his wife he had not yet confessed that a certain combination of forces which was to be expected through the delivery of these dispatches had never been brought about. What, then, had become of these men whom he sent out? "God knows," he said to himself in answer to the question arising every hour of the day and night. Each arrival at the post, every straggling party of Indians professing friendship, and drawing near the fort to beg or steal, was closely questioned, but without result. The sight of Blossom's troubled face annoyed him. He turned short about in his steps when she or Mrs. Stubbs appeared, and would have avoided his own daughter if it had been possible. Since it was not, he bristled with ill-humor, which kept her at a distance.

But Claudia was not disposed to question him. She could read without a book, and she saw her own desirable prospects connected a second time with Captain Elyot's fate and again fading away. It was not strange that she became more thin and unattractive than ever. Her toilet—Miss

Bryce's strong point—was neglected; the very grace of her manner seemed to depart. Poor Claudia! disappointment was her fate, she thought bitterly. She had been born under an evil star. And she might have been happy, yes, and amiable—for she was well aware of her ill-temper, which appeared to her to be not without a cause—if only matters had come about as she had wished. Even her prospective marriage with Lieutenant Gibbs, which had seemed very little to rejoice over, began to show most desirable features, now that it had become a matter of doubt. If she failed in this, there was nothing more to hope for. Perhaps it was anxiety—the anxiety which other women felt whose lovers were long absent and in the midst of danger—which so broke down her spirit. She tried to believe it was this—to take some comfort in the reflection. But whatever else she might be, the girl was not willfully self-deceptive, and she knew that she thought of the lieutenant with no agonized tenderness. The agony was for herself who was to suffer defeat. And she had no reserve of hope or happiness on some high plane beyond this conflict.

As Blossom came back from the store, she met Miss Bryce face to face. Though the interests of these two were so closely tied together just now it had not placed them upon a more friendly footing. They had never exchanged a word beyond that of ordinary greeting—very distant and haughty upon one side—when they chanced to meet, as now. As Claudia saw Captain Elyot's wife approaching, hurriedly, almost as if to intercept her, carefully dressed as though there were no days of tearful waiting, no agony of disappointment in store for her, her heart hardened more than ever toward the girl. She hated her for her pretty, dimpled face, which had lost much of its fresh color in these weeks of waiting for her husband's return, though Blossom had felt scarcely any apprehension of danger to him, so carefully had her mother guarded her from the baleful surmises and reports flying about the small garrison. As she came on with the rude, weather-stained barracks behind her to set off her neat figure, Miss Bryce marked with a disapproval mingled with scorn, the fresh though unadorned dress—something sheer and white, with bunches of thistles scattered over its surface—in which Blossom was arrayed. She, the major's daughter, had not decked herself out in fine clothes while

her lover was—no one knew where. And indeed Miss Bryce's gown was both limp and frayed at the edge. She became all at once angrily aware of this fact as she essayed to pass the younger woman without a word. But Blossom stood directly in her path, as though she would address her.

"I beg your pardon," she began timidly, "but I thought you would not mind telling me the truth. Every one avoids me; no one will answer me when I ask. But you will tell me—is it not time to hear from them? Ought they not to have come back before now?"

Claudia gazed upon the distressed face reddening and paling under her cold stare. Oh! how she could make this little thing's heart ache if she chose! And with the truth, too. For it was indeed time that the scouts, if no one else, should have worked their way back, and there was everything to fear, every dreadful news to expect, she knew only too well. And why should this girl not be told? Who was she that it should be kept from her, while Claudia herself must be torn with fears?

"Why do you ask me?" she said in a sharp voice. She could not bring herself to utter the cruel words. "How should I know anything about them?"

"Oh, but you do know. Dear Miss Bryce, do not be angry, or afraid that I cannot bear it. I am not a child any longer. You have heard something. I can see it in your face." The color had entirely vanished from Blossom's cheeks.

"I have heard nothing at all," Claudia said, in a harsh voice, her own distress rising to angry impatience at the sight of Blossom's woe. "Nobody has heard anything." And then, as the young wife's detaining hand fell away from her sleeve, she passed on with her burden of jealous, wrathful misery, leaving Blossom to bear her own apprehensions as best she might.

But while these days of uncertainty and foreboding were moving on slowly at the fort, how had it fared with the little company of men who rode away that summer morning toward the north?

If the sun shines fiercely down upon Fort Atchison in this midsummer time, it pours with a still more torrid heat upon that portion of the sage-brush country away to the north and east of this post, where one August morning a solitary man staggers feebly on over the treacherous ground. He is tattered and unkempt. He is worn to a skeleton. His bare, torn feet leave prints

of blood at every feeble step. Ah, Blossom, could you see him now, your pale cheeks would be paler yet, your young heart would break for sorrow! He struggles forward, climbing the ridge of land which seems to bar the north, gaining the crest of the hill upon his hands and knees, only to burst into weak tears as he sinks back at the prospect disclosed. The north-west wind has brought a sickening odor he knows only too well, while away in the distance a desert of sage-brush stretches out before him, a wilderness of desolation; and as if to mock him, against the distant horizon, like a promise never to be fulfilled, the very air shines, and ripples, and sparkles like water,—a mirage he has pursued too many days already to be deceived by it now.

Why should we follow each step of exhaustion, of pain, of loss of reason at last? There were days of feverish wanderings; there were nights of delirious dreams. And through it all, strange though it be to tell, a voice in his ear urged him on continually, a hand by his side pointed ever to the north. What held the feeble thread of life unbroken? It may be that the very reptiles of the earth were his food. There came a time when they mingled with his insane fancies; they swarmed about his feet; they writhed upon the ground, which had all at once changed to a carpet of flowers,—scarlet, and green, and yellow,—turning into glistening swords as he approached and piercing his bleeding feet. But he nourished himself upon the juicy spines of the cacti which had wounded him; and when these failed, he must have died if the rainy season had not set in.

One night, lying half conscious under the stars, their light became suddenly obscured. The earth beneath him trembled. The heavens above him were rent, and the angry voice of God seemed to come forth. He thought the last dreadful day had arrived. After death, the judgment! and his throbbing heart stood still while he waited for his summons.

Then, like words of forgiveness unexpectedly following wrong-doing, like dews of mercy gently falling, came trickling drops upon his face, and at last, with a mighty, rushing wind, the blessed rain fell. It cooled the fevered body; it quenched the fire upon the parched tongue, and, drenching the ground, baked like no potter's ware, formed pools in its dry hollows. He scooped it up with his trembling hands and drank. He played with it, let-

ting the drops trickle from his fingers and laughing aloud. He plunged his hot face into it and stretching himself out upon the drenched earth slept the sleep of a child, and awoke himself again. The sun shone high over his head, but no longer burned into his brain. The air was fresh and cool. The deathly odor which he remembered so well was gone. He looked about him bewildered. The sage-brush had disappeared. The whole face of the country was changed. He seemed to lie in some sheltered valley, green after the rain, with the hue of early summer. A clump of willows grew at a little distance. He could see the sky, drifted over with soft white clouds, through the delicate waving branches. No bird broke the stillness; but the trickle of running water where some stream had been newly fed by the rain sounded with delightful monotony in his ear. He was weak as an infant, but filled with a wonderful content. He slept and woke again. The sun had shaken itself free from the clouds, its warm beams had dried his tattered garments. He crawled to the stream and drank,—a miraculous thread of water, with its faint gurgle, which a day would dry away again. How he blessed it! But the long dry season was over now, and if he had, as he was inclined to believe, kept to a northerly direction through all his delirious wanderings, crossing the beds of sunken streams and making his way among the bewildering buffalo trails, deliverance and the Platte could not be far away. Then he remembered that he had no food, nor ammunition. Already hunger took hold of him, and with hunger came despair.

Oh, to die now, with the end so near! To fail at last, when even the fever of delirium had borne him on toward the fulfillment of his purpose. He still carried the dispatches which he had been commissioned to bear. They were worthless long before this, but his duty to deliver them was the same. To die, with this almost accomplished! And with no one to carry a last word to the wife waiting for him! Death would be dreadful enough at best—with Blossom's hand in his, and Blossom's dear face upon which to rest his eyes last of all. But to die alone, and in this wilderness! But then it came to him that doubtless long before now his wife had ceased to expect him. To her he must be already as one dead. It might be that some story of the attack and massacre of their little party would find its way back to Fort Atchison. And she would believe that he had

fallen with the rest. It was not possible that any one beside himself had escaped,—and he only to perish of hunger at last! But he would not die without an effort. And he staggered upon his feet and moved feebly forward. All was indeed changed. The ridges above him were tufted with ash and walnut and cotton-wood. While he gazed, a herd of antelopes swept by, their white tails fluttering like pennons in the wind. Involuntarily he put his hand to his breast; but his revolver was useless, even if his hand could have held it steadily to the mark.

But he was not to die here. He had not made his way through the wilderness to perish in the midst of plenty. Toward night, as he crept out of a thicket of walnut, struggling at every step against the deathly faintness which threatened to overpower him, he came all at once upon a deserted Indian camp. It thrilled him with terror to find that the ashes of the fire were hardly yet cold. But hunger was stronger than fear, and the half-devoured carcass of an elk, left behind from some sudden alarm, or providence in the midst of plenty, banished all fear of starvation. There was enough for present need and to provision days to come. More than enough, for his stomach at first refused to retain the unaccustomed food. He slaked his thirst at a little stream flowing out with many a gurgle, from the thicket close by, and trembling and weak, crawled into its depths to sleep till another dawn reddened the land and even found him out in his hiding-place.

It would seem as if all difficulties were removed now. Frequent showers were beginning to fill the dry beds of the streams. He had but to regain the appetite which had preyed upon him when he had nothing with which to satisfy it and had utterly deserted him now, so that the very thought of the food he carried was nauseating—only this, and to push on toward the river. But dreadful cramps seized him continually, leaving him more exhausted than ever after each attack, and as these gradually passed away, new and forgotten dangers awoke. Often the trail of unshod ponies met his eyes, or the smoke of a distant camp-fire aroused both hopes and fears, neither of which he dared put to the test after the first attempt, when, as he approached cautiously, the barking of dogs and whinnying of Indian ponies warned him away. Once, even, at night-fall, an

Indian sentinel gay with vermillion and red ochre, started out upon the crest of a bluff above him. He dropped to the ground quaking with fear, to lie motionless until in the deeper shadows of night he could retrace his steps and by a wide detour avoid the spot.

All manner of long-neglected precautions were taken up again. Life grew dearer every moment. Neither eye nor ear slept at its post as his impatience urged him on far beyond his strength. Choosing the most worn among the buffalo trails leading in and out in the midst of the more and more broken land, swimming or wading the streams already made formidable by the rains, with a fierce energy which left him exhausted and unable to move for long hours afterward, skulking behind trees at some sudden alarm, or lying concealed in the bushy grass overlooking some deep ravine, scorched by the midday sun and chilled by the night air,—icy as though from a glacier,—often drenched by fierce rains, and even delirious again with fever, he was always pushing on, with a spirit which far outstripped the poor shackling body. The “breaks” were lessening fast. Days before, he must have passed the “divide.” The hills were sinking toward the river. The river! It was everything—life, home, Blossom! But it must yet be miles away—torturous miles. Would his poor strength hold out?

It was late in the afternoon; he watched the declining sun with only a dread of the chill the night would bring—nothing more. No hope for the morrow could arouse his imagination; no fear of death even disturbed him. His compass had made his way straight as a line, but necessity had curved it like the windings of a stream. He began the steep ascent of a hill, clutching the tufted grass with his hands, with no desire for what lay beyond stirring his blood, as, after repeated and painful efforts, he gained the summit. It was sprinkled over with alders waving gently before the rising breeze. The sun was dropping out of sight over the crest of a distant peak, but its ruddy fire warmed all the sky, faintly flushing the nearer hills, even, while hollow and valley lay darkened between. The poor toiler lay panting upon the grass. The wind rising more and more, caught his torn garments and seemed to chill his very bones. Oh, how cruelly cold would the night be! He must try to crawl a little further, to a more sheltered spot. He rose upon his feet and turned toward the landscape over which

his weary way must pass for many a day yet. There was no eagerness, there was not even curiosity in this dull gaze. He had toiled painfully up many a steep place the past few days only to find the land scooped out before him and other “breaks” rising like a very procession of hills beyond. He pushed the tangled hair away from his bloodshot eyes, and gazed—as though the heavens had opened before him! For there, spread out to his bewildered vision, green as the borders of the rivers of the promised land, lay the valley of the Platte, with the shimmer of its waters in the distance and its islands fringed with trees! He ran, forgetting his poor, maimed feet. He threw up his arms and shouted, careless of who might hear the feeble cry, and then—he fell upon his knees and wept like a child.

But his heart once relieved, he could not rest here with the blessed goal so near. Though he staggered like a drunken man, he rose and hastened on. The grass snared his feet. More than once he fell; but he struggled up, to run again. He was going away from Blossom, yet every step brought him nearer to her!

Darkness still found him hastening toward the river, which eluded him as he went on. Sometimes it was hidden from sight, but the next rise of land brought it in view again—a silvery, waving line as the sun faded out in the west. He threw himself upon the ground to sleep; but there was no sleep for him. The water seemed to ripple and sparkle and beckon him on, the trees upon the bank to nod and wave in the night wind, and under the rising moon he rose and dragged himself forward again. It was only when he had struck the broad, well-beaten trail which followed the course of the river and, twenty years ago, bound east and west together like a chain, that nature demanded her own at last and he slept.

A wagon-train met him before noon, the next day, as he was limping along the trail toward the east, uncertain if this were the course he should pursue. The party gave him food and would have heard his story, but when he learned that Fort Harkness was only five miles away, his demon of impatience spurred him on again.

The dust blinded his eyes. The old dreaded dizziness came back to his head. The coarse shoes which some kind-hearted teamster had taken from his own feet to force upon him, only tortured him afresh. He threw them off and limped on in his naked, swollen feet. More than once he dropped

by the way, with Blossom's name upon his lips and the thought in his heart that he should never rise again, and it was almost night when he approached the stockade of the fort at last.

A party of young officers on horseback, curveting and careering over the grassy slope before the gate, saw this strange figure drawing near.

"Good ——! Who comes here?" exclaimed one.

"Show me the officer in command," he said, in a voice which sounded strange and hollow in his own ears, as they gathered round him. The group parted, and a man of spare figure, with long, fair hair flowing over his shoulders, came riding to the front. Then Captain Elyot made one last mighty effort. Drawing his wasted figure with difficulty to an erect position, he gave the military salute. "I—I am—the bearer of dispatches," he said, with a quaver in his voice. He pulled from his bosom the worn papers he had carried so long and gave them with a steady hand to the commanding officer. Then he fell to the ground unconscious.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BORDERS OF AN INVISIBLE LAND.

"HERE, some of you pick the poor fellow up," said the colonel, turning his horse, and carelessly opening the papers put into his hand,—by no means sure that he was not imposed upon by some witless straggler. But at the heading of the first, he exclaimed: "Fort Atchison? and dated more than two months back?" Then reading on hurriedly, "Can these be the missing dispatches sent by Elyot's party? Good Heavens! Could that have been one of them?" And, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the fort to find the stranger already in the hands of the surgeon and raving with fever. But he was a stranger no longer. A bath and the removal of the tangled hair and beard established his identity beyond question. It was Captain Elyot himself,—preserved alive as by a miracle, escaped, no one could tell how, when all of his party—with the exception of two who had regained Fort Atchison—were believed to have been overcome and killed by the Indians. A messenger from Fort Wallace, some weeks before, had brought the news: they had been surprised by a band of Sioux. Lieutenant Gibbs and one of the scouts only had escaped, and after weeks of lying concealed and wander-

ing in the midst of peril, had found their way back to Fort Atchison. The scout asserted positively that he had seen Captain Elyot fall, and the young man was therefore given up for dead. To behold him now, even in his present wasted, pitiable condition, was like receiving one from the grave. All that could add to his comfort or lessen his sufferings was eagerly proffered by the men about him; but in the strange land where his mind still wandered, friends could not reach him and sympathy was of no avail. From the ravings of his fever they gathered some knowledge of his past sufferings. Again he seemed to live that dreadful time, and with an agony a thousand-fold increased since it had found expression at last.

It was useless to think of sending tidings of his escape to Fort Atchison. The combined action of the troops, through the failure of this attempt to communicate with Fort Harkness, had been temporarily abandoned. The whole country between the two posts swarmed with Indians, among whom no small party could safely make its way. Added to this the forces at the fort had been heavily drawn upon from the north, and there remained nothing to be done but to await their return, and the restoration of reason and strength to Captain Elyot, if, indeed, these were ever to be his again.

For a long month fever and delirium held possession of him. Then he awoke from a heavy sleep with his own soul looking out of his troubled eyes.

"Where?" he whispered feebly, perplexed by the strangeness about him.

They told him.

"What day?"

"Monday."

"No, no; what *day*?" anxiously.

There was no woman's instinct to catch his meaning. The men looked at one other.

"The day of the month" suggested some one at a venture. The young man's eager eyes seized upon the speaker. Yes; they understood him at last.

"The fourth of October."

He groaned aloud. It was the second day of July when he had kissed Blossom good-bye. And did she expect him still? The words he would speak eluded him. But the agony of effort sent great drops of perspiration down his forehead. None of them knew what he would ask. They feared the excitement of awakening in a strange place had sent his wits to wandering again.

"Yes, yes; go to sleep, there's a good fellow," said some one soothingly.

But still the hollow eyes implored. The link between reason and speech was gone. Yet he struggled to ask this question.

"It is his wife; he is trying to ask about his wife," said the first speaker who had so successfully interpreted his former distress. The man was a dull young fellow on ordinary occasions, with no mental parts to speak of; but he had a wife of his own at Laramie, and the tightening of a stretched cord made him acute, for once.

The colonel came forward and took Captain Elyot's wasted hand in his own.

"Is it news from Atchison you want? My dear fellow, don't look so distressed; we have no ill news for you. A scout from Fort Wallace, ten days ago, reported all well there and at Atchison. He carried back the tidings of your escape. So, you have only to recover now—having taken a good step in that direction already, thanks to Surgeon Camp and half a score of nurses."

The anxious face upon the pillow settled into an expression of peace. If this was not what he desired, the young man was too weak to comprehend the difference. Blossom was well. With that assurance his feeble understanding was content. The process of reasoning, of joining the broken threads in memory only bewildered him. The line between the real and unreal had been swept away. He would let it all go for the present. Unconsciously he slipped into forgetfulness and sleep again.

He began to gain from this time. A couple of weeks found him able to sit up and relate, as best he could, the story of his escape,—a broken story and brief, with great gaps of forgetfulness through it all. A story broken into fragments of recollection, and ending in a burst of sobs he was too weak to repress, over the fate of his companions. But his eagerness to return to Fort Atchison was aroused anew by this attempt at a recital of the perils he had passed through since leaving the post. He would have set off at once, and alone. He would have faced the wilderness again, if necessary, in his wild desire to return; but the colonel, wiser than he, laid the command of patience upon him. In two or three weeks, at farthest, the forces north of the river would sweep south. He should go with them, if strong enough by that time to mount a horse. But days of waiting have a drag on their wheels. His impatience grew with his strength, and overcame it at

last. He received no word from Blossom, no letter, though another scanty mail was brought through from the south by a scout. Was she alive and well? The man knew nothing. He had only come from Fort Wallace, where he had picked up these letters and brought them on.

One night, the fever seized him again, feebly, to be sure, but with sufficient strength to prove itself still a dangerous foe.

"This will never do," said the colonel, entering his room in the morning to find him weak and nerveless. "Nothing but the air of Atchison will set you up, I see. Can you bear good news, Elyot? I have arranged for you to start at once."

"At once?" Captain Elyot turned his face to the wall, ashamed of the tears he could not keep back. "You forget. It might have been possible a week ago," he added, with a touch of bitterness in his quivering voice.

"But are you sure it is impossible now?" the colonel went on cheerfully, too generous to weakness to admit the sting of the last words. "You shall have the best ambulance at the post, and, to crown all, my orderly for an attendant,—a capital nurse he is, too. You have tried him already. I forgot to mention the mules, but they shall be as stout a pair as we can show."

"Mules? Ambulance?" murmured Captain Elyot.

"Yes, to be sure. My poor fellow, how did you think you were to travel? Even if the troops were to come in to-night, you could not join them, nor has there been a day since you dropped down upon us when you could have mounted a horse. There has been a deal of fever in your strength, even since you began to gain. Don't shake your head. The surgeon warned me last week of this. Your pulse has kept up obstinately. But now, after a quiet day or two, he thinks you will improve more rapidly to be on the march. Isn't it so?" the colonel added, to the little, bristling post-surgeon, who came with a brisk, professional air into the room at the moment.

"Yes, yes, to be sure. We shall turn you out at short notice," laughed Dr. Camp, taking the colonel's place and laying his fingers upon the thin wrist, almost as colorless as the sheet beneath it. "Hm;" after a moment of silence, nodding his head with an air of satisfaction. "To-morrow, perhaps. We must take advantage of this mild weather, and I should not mind making one of the party for the first fifty

miles or less. A canter of two or three days would suit me exactly. I'm getting a little stout, I fancy. Eh, Elyot?" and the little man buttoned his coat with a pretense of extreme difficulty about his round figure.

"I was going to suggest the same, and will manage to spare you an escort," the Colonel said with alacrity. "Blake will be in within thirty-six hours. I may as well give you your orders now, Elyot. You are to proceed straight east to Council Bluffs, from which place you will descend the river to Independence. There, I hope, you will be able to dismiss your caravan, if not, indeed, at Council Bluffs, and you will join the first train bound for the Arkansas River, and report to Major Bryce at the earliest date possible,—though I will not lay my commands upon you to the extent of insisting upon this," he added, with a laugh.

But Captain Elyot's countenance expressed more consternation than pleasure at the long route arranged for him.

The colonel looked with a pity which held no reproach upon the wasted figure hardly able to turn itself feebly in the bed.

"My good fellow, you still think you might cross the country, I see. A month hence you will thank me for putting you out of danger and into the way to health, I hope. But whether you bless or blame," he added, quietly, "my responsibility is the same. I hope to-morrow morning at this time to be wishing you a successful journey, Captain Elyot;" and he left the room.

Whether the fever had really spent itself at last, or the prospect of setting off had calmed the troubled spirit of the sick man, certain it is he passed a quiet night of restful sleep and was pronounced in a condition to be moved the next morning. Surgeon Camp broke short the ordeal of leave-taking, and assuming entire direction of the principal portion of the small cavalcade—the ambulance and its immediate attendants—succeeded in conveying it from the fort without overwhelming bustle or excitement.

It was well for Captain Elyot that his journey began as it did; for easy as it had been made for him, his strength gave out more than once during the first day or two, and even the energetic little surgeon, who rode always by his side, feared the attempt had been premature. He would have turned

the heads of the mules toward the fort again; but at this suggestion Captain Elyot evinced an excitement and dread more alarming even than prostration. So they went on, by slow stages, with many a pause to rest, the life of the sick man ebbing almost away at times, but with every flood gaining a little,—so little that day after day seemed to bring no change, save that the face became more haggard and weary, the eye more sunken and dim. But the energetic little surgeon rubbed his hands more briskly after each study of the irregular pulse. He fed his patient with nourishing soups and jellies—a tea-spoonful, a drop, the wetting of his lips if he could do no more. He fastened the curtain of the ambulance back and let the air—clear and dry as midsummer, bracing as old wine—touch his forehead and lift his hair. And he won his reward. God allows us to be dragged back from the very gates of death, sometimes, by this loving care. At Council Bluffs Captain Elyot was able to dismiss both ambulance and escort—the surgeon had left him some days before—and to go on down the river alone to Independence. Here he fell in with a light wagon-train drawn by mules, and on a wager to reach Santa Fé before the first snow should fall. Joining this, he pursued again the trail over which he had passed the year before with Blossom his invisible companion. Like a shadow her image followed him now;—not like a shadow, for it left him neither day nor night. In the weary ride day after day, or when he bivouacked under the stars, growing brighter every night, he found himself humming the refrain of her simple songs, or recalling a thousand of her innocent, charming words and ways. Dear child! By this time she knew of his safety and was looking out for him. With heart drawn toward heart, how blissful would be the meeting! He was faint with happiness as he pictured it in his mind.

The ride was not without its dangers. More than once they were attacked. The North Platte was comparatively deserted—the Indians were moving south. They ran the gauntlet of their foes. But he could not have fallen now. His spirit would have risen with the strength of a score of men, if tried. He could not die now until he held Blossom once more in his arms.

CONCERNING A CERTAIN PRODIGAL.

THE first time I encountered the late Noah Babbitt, journeyman printer, he struck me, as they say on the frontier, for a loan of two dollars. It was in the sanctum of the "Commonwealth" newspaper at Topeka. He had drifted in from his habitual wanderings only the day before, and been put on as a "sub.," with the customary promise of "regular cases" as soon as a vacancy should occur. This particular night he was not at work; and after the last of the loafers had gone, and while I sat running my pencil over a delayed proof hurriedly, and vexed with the heat and the buzzing of insects about the lamp-shade,—it was a fervid August night, I remember, with not air enough to disturb the exchanges lying loosely in the open window,—he tapped me familiarly on the shoulder and said:

"Cap., that leader of yours yesterday on the labor question was an awful good thing; you sounded the key-note, and I want to congratulate you."

Thereupon we shook hands with extravagant warmth, though with a reservation of mutual distrust, I think, and then we fell to talking on a variety of topics, ranging from pauperism to the doctrine of the atonement, in that candid, positive and encyclopedic, but picturesque and superficial, style common to newspaper offices the world over. So much did the fellow interest me, that, weary as I was with the night's work, I found myself, after two hours, still patiently listening to him, as the town clock struck four in the morning. In spite of my first instinctive misgivings, he made me like him. He seemed so frank and self-confident, so observant, so quick-witted, and so heroically contented; and then, did he not fill every lull in the conversation with a flattering reference to my editorials? Ah, right well he knew, the calculating wretch, that he, too, had sounded a key-note with that introductory congratulation! But it was not until after we had finished our talk, and I was making ready to leave him, that he asked me—I hardly know how, it was done so dexterously—to favor him with a "couple of dollars, till Saturday." Of course he got it, though I needed not to be told that with the borrowing printer, "till Saturday" is a measure of time that spans eternity; and then he walked with me, arm-in-arm, to the Old Crow saloon, where he would not

permit me to avoid joining him in a glass of ale, and as I turned to go, I saw him hand my two-dollar bill over the bar with an air of complacency that really touched me like a personal kindness.

After this we were frequently together, and came to be quite cordial, not to say confidential, in our relations. Every night, almost, when I was waiting for the cabalistic "30" that ended the telegraphic news report, or after the final proofs had been corrected and the compositors had "pasted their strings," he would come slipping into my room with that soft, considerate tread peculiar to printers when entering an editorial sanctum, and we would talk there all alone as at our first meeting, or if the weather was pleasant, would go forth into the night and walk the broad, smooth streets till the moon went down. My friend was a confirmed "bannerite," as the printers term it—a careless, shiftless, strolling vagabond, here to-day and there to-morrow, without home or kindred, and treating life as a farce full of amusing checks and balances, with death closing it all, at last, in a kind of unguessed conundrum. He had walked thousands of miles over the country. He always walked when he traveled. "I get sea-sick on the cars," he said to me once, with a grim smile; and then he added, slowly and in a shrinking tone, "makes my feet sore to ride, too." During the previous year he had "made the tour of Canada," as he phrased it; thence to Boston, New York, Charleston, New Orleans, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and then across Illinois and Iowa, and finally to Topeka. He had not worked over a week in any one place, nor rode a mile on the whole journey. "A hankerin' for scenery," was the reason he gave me for this extended ramble. And surely he had not been blind to the shifting delights of sky and sea and shadowing forest which had opened out before him like an unrolling picture. Nor had he failed, vagabond as he was, to note the peculiar and varying traits of the different peoples among whom his travels had led him; for he had a keen insight, and detected a flaw or a foible of character as if it had been a bourgeois letter in a line of nonpareil. He was better than a book to me, since he read himself and turned his own leaves; and I grew to

look forward all the day to his coming nightly visit with impatient eagerness. No doubt he lied to me many times and scandalously, for he was mortal and not wholly without egotism; but he did it, when he deemed it advisable, in such a large, over-coming, cliff-like way that it was almost as good as the truth. Where there is much to interest, says some generous philosopher, there must yet be something to pardon.

Why the boys in the office called him "Old Noah," I could never quite make out. Perhaps it was because he had traveled so far and seen so much that his life seemed to them to have been projected forward, somehow, faster and farther than the years counted. Or, it may have been that his supreme indifference to all the alert and urging elements of every-day life gave to him, in their estimation, something of the leaning and waiting spirit of one aged before his time. Certainly he bore no physical signs of being an old man. He stood erect, lacking even the depression of chest that is characteristic of his craft; his eyes were full, clear and steady; and the slight touch of silver in his whiskers made his face stronger rather than weaker. He could not have been more than forty; he might easily have passed for thirty-five. The oldest thing about him was his costume. That was always and conspicuously in the pathetic second childhood of decay, and always, too, out of harmony with the prevailing weather, thus appearing to have been left over from the preceding season. The summer that I saw so much of him he wore a heavy, dingy beaver-cloth coat, usually buttoned to the chin with clerical exactness—too often, I apprehend, only to hide the want of a shirt; and he declared to me with every indication of truth that a pair of brown cotton overalls had served to temper the bitter Illinois winds to his shuddering frame through the previous winter.

"The peacock is a pretty bird," he remarked to me once, casually discoursing upon this matter of apparel, "but it doesn't count; with all its gaudy feathers, it can't sing worth a cent. It looks well, but its music is the most abominable noise I ever heard,—and I have boarded in a house where they kept a melodeon," he added, with a conclusive toss of the head.

Like most printers, "Old Noah" was a good deal of a cynic, though his cynicism was so closely woofed with a subduing sincerity that it was very difficult, frequently quite impossible, to tell where the one left

off and the other began. As I have said, he looked upon life as a play, and he was fond of reciting Shakspeare's "Seven Ages" in support of this idea. "It's all right," he would argue; "as long as you don't care. That's the whole secret. Ignorance *is* bliss, oftener than we think; it's knowing too much that bothers people, and if you're bothered you can't enjoy the show, don't you see? It isn't altogether unlikely, let me tell you, that a well-behaved dog, asleep in the sun and sure of a bone for his dinner, isn't better off than we are, with all our wisdom, and all our doubts." And yet he revered wisdom, I am sure, and respected all honest opinions, and I think that, away down in his heart, lurked a quiet faith in the saving power of virtue; but I doubt if he believed very much in the naked moral strength of human nature. I know he once sorely tried my patience in that regard. I was telling him how George Insley, known to us both as a hardened specimen of the printer-toper, had taken the pledge and was manfully keeping it; and after I had finished, with the assurance that Insley had not tasted liquor for nearly six months (he subsequently shot himself, poor fellow!), he dropped his head a moment, and then looking up with an incredulous smile, said quietly:

"There *was* some truth in those 'Arabian Nights' stories, then, after all?"

Singularly enough, too, his skepticism was confined to his own sex; singularly, I say, for he was a man, you know, and not a woman. "It was Eve that the snake had to charm and betray," he was accustomed to put it; "Adam fell as a matter of course." This was a little sophistic, to be sure, as much of his logic was apt to be, but the sentiment of it was so knightly that it readily won him credit among his critical fellow-printers, even at the expense of some disloyalty to their own personal sense of masculine superiority.

He had been in love, once in his life, this tattered prodigal, and the venture had not been what could be called a complete success. He told me all about it, of his own accord, one restful night as we sat on the bridge at the foot of Kansas avenue, listening to the quiver of the cotton-wood foliage, and watching the river slowly gather the shadows to its tawny bosom. He was religiously sober that night, for a wonder, and I felt that it must have been some subtle witchcraft of the atmosphere, rather than the few so-so remarks we had just been

exchanging about Phil. Reade's marriage with the winsome little singer, Minnie Beals, that so suddenly drew his eyes away from the water and out into the vague perspective beyond the opposite shore, and sent his thoughts backward with a bound, as it were, to the rich days when every sky was blue to him and every sound a rapture of harmony.

"She was a good, solemn girl," he began, "and I think her intentions were honorable all the time. I know, now, that she was not handsome, for her eyes were crossed slightly, and her cheek-bones were high, and her chin had a retiring turn,—the face didn't 'justify,' you understand,—and her hair inclined to redness; but she was as beautiful to me, then, as a flower, and I loved her very dearly. I was holding the 'ad.' cases on the 'Quincy Herald,' in Illinois, at the time, and saving some money every week. I was expecting to be a man of family, you know. I had fixed in my own mind what kind of a house we would have, where we would buy our groceries, how the children would look and what we would name them (there were to be several of them, all girls), and a hundred other things that I'm ashamed to think of now. But it was all very real to me then, I tell you. Not that I ever spoke to Isabel—pretty name, wasn't it?—about such matters. Oh, no. We were a very sensible pair of lovers, I can assure you, and our courtship was painfully correct. There was none of the 'yon bright orb' nonsense about us. We weren't a bit spooney. We didn't turn the light down, nor hold each other's hands, nor say 'darling.' Not any. Once, only once, I put my arm around her waist, and might have kissed her, may be, but she looked squarely into my face, and said, 'You forget,' and that was all there was of it. I used to wish, sometimes, that she would be a little more demonstrative,—one gets tired of mere words, you know, in 'takes' of that kind,—but perhaps—perhaps it was better as it was."

He paused and pressed his hands to his forehead, as if he feared the sweet memory would slip away from him in his talk; and I sat waiting for him to proceed, busying myself meanwhile with thoughts of a certain June-cheeked Juliet to whom I had myself played Romeo, and whose half-forgotten image his idyl had strangely restored to me there in the pensive starlight.

"Well," he continued, directly, "we

were very happy—too happy, Cap.—too happy. If there hadn't been quite so much of it, it would have lasted longer, probably. The truth is, I was so happy that I had to do something to tone it down,—to loosen the quins, you might say,—and I took to drinking like a fish. I couldn't have helped it to save my life. Perhaps if she had acted a little warmer toward me, and I could have caressed and kissed her,—been a little more ambrosial, you understand,—it would have made a difference with me. But I don't know—I don't know."

He relapsed into silence again, and there was only the dull fretting of the waters about the pier beneath us to disturb the stillness until, after several minutes, he resumed—rapidly, now, and with apparent anxiety to have done with the subject:

"She bore with it month after month, as patiently as a nun; but she couldn't stand it always, of course, and so she told me, at last, not in anger, or bluntly, but with firmness, and yet sadly, I thought, that the time had come for us to part. It would have choked me to speak, even if speaking could have done any good, which it couldn't; so I simply took her hand a moment,—it trembled, calm as she was,—and bowing, went away."

He paused once more, and I was upon the point of rising, supposing he had said all he desired to say, but he motioned me to remain, and went on talking. "After that, I lay sick a long time,—eight weeks, they told me,—with some infernal sort of fever, and the money I had saved went to the doctors. I pulled through, of course. 'Men have died, from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' I don't know how it was, but when I got up again, my brain seemed to be kind of incoherent,—'pied,' you might say,—and I couldn't get steady work, and finally they began to whisper around about sending me to Jacksonville,—that's where the crazy asylum is, you know. Then I braced up, and the first dark night, I jumped the town without saying a blessed word to anybody, and since then,—well, you know the rest, or a good deal of it. But you didn't know—you would never have guessed if I hadn't told you—that it was too much happiness made me what I am?"

With this last paradox, he turned partially aside, and I noticed that he was fumbling about his clothes as if in search of something,—tobacco, I presumed. Presently, he drew out from some inscrutable hiding-place an

old creased and rumpled leather pocket-book, and took from it a faded sprig of cedar, and handing it to me, said, with that glassy, cynical smile I had seen so often: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember." Then he told me Isabel had given it to him once, standing by the gate, and that he had carried it through all the long years as a memento of her. When I reached it back to him, he put it away again in the wrinkled old pocket-book as tenderly as if it had been a tress of hair from the head of a dead baby, and then, "I wonder if she ever thinks of me?" he said, quite seriously, and we walked leisurely up the long street together, neither of us speaking a word more until we came to the corner where we had to separate, and there we merely said "good-night," and parted.

I did not see him again for some time, and when, at length, he made me another visit, in the afternoon of a mellow October day, he informed me that he was about to leave the town. "Our planet is dropping into its annual shadow," he said, with mock gravity, "and I must hie me away to fresh fields and pastures new. I want to commune with Nature, you understand; to touch the earth, like Antæus; to eat haws, and smell the fall wheat; to mingle with the quails, and blue-jays, and woodpeckers, and all that sort of thing. Be good to yourself, Cap. Don't work too hard, and beware of the enemy which men put in their mouths to steal away their brains. By-by." And before I had time to answer, he was out of my sight and shuffling down the stairs, leaving me in a mood that was nearer sadness than I would have cared to confess, and which, I fear, gave a downcast tinge to the "Commonwealth's" editorials for several mornings afterward.

He returned in about two weeks, strange to say, and he solemnly asserted that he had only been "looking for a homestead." He was jaded, foot-sore, and as usual, a little shabbier than usual as to clothing. He had read, he said, in some real-estate paper, of a locality out in primeval Kansas where corn grew wild, and live-stock waxed fat on the mere superabundance of ozone, and every quarter-section had been neatly fenced with stone by the geological convulsions of past ages; and he had been hunting for it, intending to enter a homestead in it and become a gentle shepherd. He couldn't find it, though; and now he wanted a few days' work "to replenish his depleted exchequer." But most of all, he said, he wanted to

see the man who wrote those things he read in that paper.

The foreman found work for him in the job-room; but the next Saturday he left again, without even the formality of saying good-bye to me. We heard of him, in a few days, cracking jokes with Nobe Prentiss of the "Junction Union"; then working a week for Milt Reynolds of the "Parsons Sun"; then in the Calaboose at Fort Scott, and Web Wilder of the "Monitor" paying fines for him to keep him out of the chain-gang; and from Fort Scott he swung around, about the middle of December, to Topeka.

"Just glided in to pay my respects," he remarked, "and to tell you I'm off for the sunny South. I like you Kansas fellows ever so much, but I want to see the magnolias."

That was all he said. An hour later, happening to look from my window, I saw him moving briskly down the street which was also the state road, and, waving his hand to me, he disappeared.

He came back again, with the grass and the birds, the following spring. He had been to Galveston, he explained, and had worked his way north through Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Somehow the trip seemed to have disappointed him. He talked gloomily about it, when I could get him to talk of it at all, and the very thought of it appeared to cloud his spirits like the haunting of some miserable dream. Perhaps the trouble was deeper than my shallow vision discerned; perhaps it came from within, and not from without at all. Sometimes I thought so; but knowing him as I did, the absurdity of the thing would creep in to upset such notions. And finally, when he came to me one night, with the old familiar quizzical expression in his countenance, and told me he wanted to talk to me about writing an obituary for him when he should die, I felt sure that he was recovering himself and would soon touch his natural poise again.

"I hope you appreciate the honor I confer upon you," said he, "in selecting you to give me my final send-off. It's because I like your style; and I want you to tell just the barefooted facts about me—'nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice.' Don't speak of me as a 'brilliant, but erratic' fellow, for that will simply mean that I was an awful liar. Don't say of me, 'He had his faults, as who of us has not,' because that is merely a polite way of telling that the deceased was a drunken sot.

And if I die of the jim-jams, as I probably shall, don't say it was apoplexy, or paralysis, but call it jim-jams, plain and simple; I'll feel better about it if you do. I suppose there are a few good things you can say of me. Say 'em as kindly as possible, please. And chuck in a little Shakspeare—if you can think of something to suit. Of course you can't say anything about where I've gone; we can't any of us, figure much on that, you know,—everything's so mixed and uncertain over there. Genesis closes, you recollect, with a coffin."

Having thus bespoken my services, and indicated his preferences as to how the delicate task should be performed, he retired, humming to himself the breezy chorus of an old drinking song; and I thought but little, and that only in a ludicrous vein, of his singular request, until, some days afterward, they came and told me he was missing. Nobody knew when, or how, or why, he had departed. Evidently, he had stolen off in the night, not wishing to speak of his plans, if he had any, for we learned on inquiry that he had even omitted to settle with his too indulgent landlady. But in his composing-stick, lying upon his case, he had left a line of type, which spelled these words: "Gone West, to grow up with the country."

I never saw him any more, and never

heard from him until I chanced one day upon a fugitive notice of his death. He was discovered, the paper said, frozen stiff and stark, in the February snow and ice of a Minnesota prairie. Very oddly, it was a young lady who found him,—some accidental Isabel, perhaps,—and they took him into the nearest town on a wood-sled, the coroner and a few others, and then, I suppose, they dug a hole for him in the numb earth and put him away.

Alas, you poor, queer, dead-and-gone prodigal, where be your gibes now? Was it fate, or but your own folly, that beckoned you to an end so pitifully desolate? Did you meet death as you had confronted life, with that unflinching eye and that placid, masterful smile? And did they find, I wonder, in some whimsical recess of your ragged garments, a poverty-stricken old leather pocket-book, and a little sprig of faded cedar?

Here I might stop, content to let silence do the rest. But, recalling his injunction to "chuck in a little Shakspeare," and remembering, also, his skepticism and his waywardness, I deem it only meet and fair to add in his behalf that carefully charitable petition which the great monarch of thought puts into the king's mouth at the death-bed of Beaufort:

"Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!"

AN AMERICAN COLONY IN A NORMANDY MANOR-HOUSE.



UPON the Norman coast, just where the Seine loses itself in the sea, a picturesque hamlet peeps from the leafy masses that tuft and fringe the landscape. It is a very scattered and desultory little hamlet, with its vital points of stern old Norman church and village café, its sooty smithy, and the rumbling, mossy mill, which has brooded a silent and shadowy stream for over three hundred years,—points almost as

remote from one another as the monuments of a populous city.

This hamlet is a neighborhood of thrifty farms sweeping from the shore up to the pine-crowned and heather-clad hills that fold themselves in silver and purple films against the eastern sky. Glinting through the dense masses of olive-green foliage are frequent warm flushes of color, showing where the yellow sunshine sleeps upon the vegetable gardens that, half-way between the immense consuming centers of Paris and London, are solid wealth to the peaceful descendants of the fierce old Northmen who followed the Viking Rolf to southern conquest ten centuries ago.

It is because this region is so rich that here are almost never seen the squalid cot-

tages where, in some parts of France, the two-legged divide possession with the four-legged swine. Upon every side are substantial and picturesque farm-houses, often with numerous grimy and unsavory concom-

beyond the point where at twilight the twin lights of Havre begin to burn, shines and sparkles, or foams and booms the broad Atlantic. Hillward from the road other stone houses and rugged thatched barns



A NORMANDY CHURCH.

itants of picturesqueness, with deep sloping straw roofs and soft gray walls of stone blending with their surroundings in a symphony of color. Stone barns, rough-hewn and gray, lean every way in gracefully graceless disregard of the virtue of uniformity, capped by overhanging, russet-hued roofs, upon which blossoming plants make vivid splashes of color with life-blood drawn from the moldering thatch.

The white road—smooth and level as a floor, with solid parapets upon either side woven by willows, interlaced with tangling blackberry, wild hop, and ivy vines, and guarded by sentinel-files of towering poplars—divides the village. Upon the seaward side are barns and farm-houses, opulent orchards stretching wide, meadows lush with tasseled grasses and flaming with poppies, little brooks singing seaward; then comes a strip of stony beach, and then the sea. Ten miles across the mouth of the Seine looms a high line of coast where Havre and Harfleur gleam like handfuls of strewn pearls upon olive-green velvet, while

peep from the foliage. One or two quaint old churches, calm and steadfast, stand here in their simple grandeur and watch the centuries pass. Here and there are pretty châteaux and lordly châteaux. Some of these latter belong to rich, untitled Parisians, others to titles no longer than a young man's memory, while others boast of names that have rung on famous battle-fields, and are accompanied by the same high-bridged noses that thrust themselves from the Anglo-Saxon tombs. To these last names a few haughty, pug-nosed English anchor their pride of Norman lineage.

Upon the swelling bosom of the landscape, half-way between sea and hills, shut in from the world by high walls so overrun with tangled ivy as to seem solid banks of verdure, close by a grim, lichen-mottled, eleventh century church, overshadowing the modest red house of the village curé, with flower-gemmed lawns and shadowy, mysterious vistas beneath lofty trees,—is the stately old manor.

And here, where from their windows

they watch every week the great steamers speeding out from Havre for that fair land beyond the sunset, whence they sailed so long ago, is the home of some of the truest Americans who ever thrilled at sight of the Stars and Stripes in a foreign land.

The old Norman gentleman who made "Le Manoir" to grow massive and majestic in

upon which the sunlight falls like a golden shimmer upon old brocade. One cannot fancy ghosts in the manor, although tragedies have been lived and ended within its walls. Sweetness, warmth, color reign too surely in this century-ripened house for aught that is chill and wan and fiberless to stalk or whisper, even in its darkest corner.



NORMANDY FARM-HOUSE.

this fair spot builded better than he knew, for when sullen clouds were beginning to foretell direful storms for France, he planned and wrought into artistic completeness just the home which more than a century later would realize the ideal that an artistic household would cross the sea to seek. The picturesque, rambling roof and pointed gables, with the conventional panel borders and cornices of scroll and foliage of the manor, mark the period when Madame Pompadour was the protecting divinity of fashionable art, when Boucher was her chief prophet, and when Soufflot reared bulging and florid domes to dominate the roofs of Paris.

In the low, spacious upper rooms massive carvings seem to wave and wimple in delicate, sinuous lines whenever the fire-light dances upon the deep, tiled hearth. Rich, mellow atmospheres pervade these chambers,

In the *grand salon* a shining floor reflects the crimson and gold of straight-backed chairs that have seen generations of men come and go,—massive, carved pieces of furniture, splendid and stately, as if every year of their many decades had dowered them with a new dignity, just ready to step out in a courtly minuet. Panels allegorical, in which are representations of the seasons, make the walls the vista of the advancing or receding year. Wide-paneled doors, unclosing like minster portals, and deep-embrasured windows, give from the outside views of interiors deep and mysterious as cathedral vistas; from the inside, glimpses of an earthly paradise.

Down in the garden is the studio, straw-thatched and showing massive ribs of timber through its gray walls. Upon the inner walls hang rare old masterpieces, picked

up in odd nooks and corners of Europe, side by side with the splendors of the American Indian summer and of sunsets among the White Mountains. Normandy bits rest upon the easels, sketches and studies of picturesque cider-courts, with peasants drinking at rough tables and whispering seditious republicanism under the shadows of bending apple-boughs with a wide-roofed old barn running into a graceful mass of curves and waving lines in the foreground, and a mellow brown cider-cart yielding up its tart contents amid shifting flecks of sunshine and drifts of shadow.

Here are sketches of picturesque old curés; of white-capped Norman peasant women standing amid the Rembrandt shadows of an open door-way; of red-capped

jinks" been held as those which, during that summer, gave Discretion—in blouse and sabots, or high cap and short petticoats—reason to shake its head. Mad, indeed, must have been those Americans. For who other than lunatics would arrest peaceable peasants wending homeward from Honfleur market and wrest from them with bribes their patched and faded blue blouses? Mad of course they were, to seduce from elderly Norman heads, soberly driving donkey-charrettes through the broad highway, their tall Normandy caps, leaving in thrifty palms money enough to cap the despoiled motherly heads for evermore.

Mad, madder, maddest! For was not the whole party once known to follow Père Duval, the shepherd, over hill and dale, through ditch, brake and brier, for



CIDER COURT.

fisher-boys and blue-capped sailors fresh from their voyages; of a pretty peasant girl in quilted petticoat and gay kerchief; of tender blue-green landscapes, upon which the spirit of beauty rests like a dream upon gentle slumbers.

One summer not long ago and Le Manoir saw gay revels, invaded by a party of friends,—artists, poets, scribblers. Never in its grandest days, when courtly gentlemen and stately dames murmured and rustled through its wide corridors, had such “high

miles, till he and his flock were brought against a twilight background of gray sky and sea; when the good shepherd was hired to rest till he and his flock could be put into I know not how many sketch-books. Were they not all once seen to have paroxysms of crazy joy before the Colombier, one of those accursed towers in which, before the Great Revolution, the tyrant lords of the land sheltered the voracious pigeons which none but lords could own, and which preyed upon the

harvests of the peasants till the peasant children died of famine. What else but madness, madder than the madness of the maddest March hare whose reason ever tottered upon the throne, caused poets, artists and scribblers to range all over the country in exultant groups, pausing upon hill-side or sea-shore, with strange wild

butcher's boy and baker's maid reported that the lady-lunatics were wandering about the grounds in flowing white raiment, with hair bound in golden bands, and a strange unchristian air about them like the pictures in shop windows at Havre. Mad, of course! For, did not one day old Pierre and his wife, Liza, on their mendicant's tour from Hon-



A BIT OF GENRE.

gestures to rave in the very face of august Nature!

Mad they all were. All the country-side knew it! As mad on the day when one of the lady-lunatics went through lanes and white highway appareled in fashion of a peasant girl on her bridal day, accompanied by the gentlemen-lunatics in the blue came-soles and long hanging scarlet *barrettes* of Norman fishers as on the day when

fleur to Trouville, stop at Le Manoir just as breakfast was served in the shadow of the great rhododendrons on the lawn? and did not all the lunatics come booming and buzzing about them chattering in their barbaric jargon, every one in each other's breath? and were not the two beggars thrust down in a corner of the lawn with wine and bread and meat, and commanded not to stir for their lives till the lunatics could make pict-



THE COLOMBIER.

ures of them after *déjeuner*? And then, a little later, did not Désirée Courtois come stealing timidly up the acacia-arched avenue bringing her little parcel of foulards, hoping to make as good a trade at Le Manoir as her grandmother had made for her fifty-years'-old wedding petticoat—to be greeted by all the maniacs with a whoop and a yell, and to be also thrust down into a corner with bread, meat and wine, and threatened with hangman and headsman if she moved before she also could be put into a picture. Then, while they babbled and raved over their *café noir*, did not Léon Duval, the fisherman, come from under the arch of roses over the garden path, hoping to sell for as good a price as he got for his crimson barrette, the squirming crevettes in his basket? And was there not another howl and roar, and was not Léon thrust down into another corner with bread, meat and wine, under threat of summary punishment if he moved but an eyelash before his likeness could be put upon canvas. And then, as victims and mad oppressors all sat and glared at each other, did not a stray maniac, belated among the hills, come home to her late *déjeuner* dragging with her the little

Louise Reynault, whom she had beguiled from fagot-gathering on the hill-top, and who also was thrust into a corner and lulled to silence, for the same insane purpose.

One of the favorite rambles of the mad friends during that elysian summer was along the sea-side road for miles, past the dreary little cemetery where iron and stone crosses leaned all awry as if stooping to pick up the withered crowns which blew from their heads with every breeze; past groups of peasant women washing at way-side fountains; past farm-gates thatched with rusted gold; past the open doors of farm-houses giving glimpses of dark, dirty earthen floors, grimy walls hung thick with kitchen utensils and drying herbs, the flicker of ruddy fires upon cavernous hearths making gaudy saints and saintesses to dance unseemly jigs upon the high mantels,—thick-waisted, heavy-footed housewives moving to and fro; past the summer cots of Parisian artists contrived with timbered walls and thatched roofs to bring no note of modern dissonance into the old Norman harmony; past moss-grown wayside crosses; past hideous, colossal, dying Christs of white plaster; past faded and



A FARM-GATE.

misanthropic Madonnas sulking in shrines upon farm-house walls; past picturesque peasant maidens riding market-ward on donkeys; past delicious glints and gleams of color as donkey-charrettes laden with bright vegetables flitted through the road; then up the steep crooked path which climbs the almost perpendicular sides of the Côté de Grâce. Back among the trees upon the summit shrinking away from a view of the sea and the opposite coast where Havre gleams, is an ugly hybrid little chapel with round portico, square steeple, and senseless buttresses which neither fly nor stand.

This chapel replaces one said to have been built near the same spot by William the Conqueror's father, Robert the Magnificent. In direful strait, the duke bribed Our Lady with promise of three tabernacles to bring him out in safety. The first was built upon the edge of this hill. One night a wild tempest roaring in from the sea caught the votive chapel in its arms and threw it down toward the hungry waves. But Our Lady interposed and by a miracle arrested its fall upon a projecting ledge of rock half-way down the precipice. There it rested for many, many years, and pious pilgrims struggled downward through tangled vines and bristling furze, over treacherous rocks and sliding earth to pray in the church so divinely favored and protected. But so many went down from the brink who never came back again, that Our Lady's

heart grew sad with thoughts of limbs mangled and bodies crushed in her service. Therefore one night she sent another roaring tempest to take the chapel and carry it into the sea, where its stones lie wave-washed and storm-beaten to this day; and to this day grateful pilgrims come from thither and yon to the ugly chapel with thank-offerings vowed to Our Lady for dangers and sufferings escaped.

Pendent from the roof, set in shrines, hanging from the walls, are the offerings, of which the greater number are miniature vessels given by sailors escaped the dangers of the deep. Here, Jean and Louise Luard, in golden letters on a marble tablet, thank Our Lady, who, on September 19, 1860, brought their son Victor safe home from a perilous voyage. There, Victorine Oriot gives a stylish and simpering Madonna, in a pull-back and banded hair, to Our Lady, who cured her of the fever in 1873. Elsewhere, Jeanne Dubois has offered a golden heart to Our Lady, who brought her out from grievous sorrow "when none but Our Lady could help!" Looking from this offering to one not far away,—two clasped hands of plaster-of-Paris, dedicated to Our Lady by Paul Dubois in gratitude "for a gift once rejected,"—one seems to catch a glimpse of a connected story.

"Perhaps a woman's broken heart bound up with a marriage ring!" suggested the poetess.

Near the chapel a popular *auberge* affords to weary climbers a glorious view over the bristling roofs and tortuous, twilight streets of drowsy, mediæval Honfleur, far up the Seine, and over the opalescent sea past Havre to the down-dropping horizon, where heaven and ocean meet. Under wide-armed trees are spread numerous little tables, where holiday peasants, Parisian excursionists, festive parties from Trouville, and the British tourist, with Scotia his wife and Hybernica his cousin, eat, drink, and are merry.

Cidre mousseux is the Norman nectar, known in its perfection only upon these Olympian heights, where, after generous libations, one may fancy himself Jupiter Tonans—if he will. It is a glorious nectar, the color of nut-brown wine seen through topaz goblets, pleasant to the taste as honey of Hymettus, with a deliciously malicious tongue-bite and palate-sting, and a foam and sparkle like the overflow of champagne! It is the fermented juice of the famous

Calvados pears; and can be drank nowhere out of Calvados.

Gay frolics go on in the shadow of the trees about the auberge. A bridal party of peasants, under the inspiration of *cidre mousseux*, play such pranks as make the chapel gargoyles grin. The young husband, in shining new blue blouse, adorns himself, like a bride for her bridegroom, in the white chaplet and queer head-dress, with pendent and flapping lappets, like elephant's ears, which is the bride's veil. Shrieking, he rushes after the bride-maids, who, shrieking, flee away from his kisses. Another bridal party—the bride's black dress, veiless head, and matronly shawl showing these to be her second nuptials—plays the Norman version of the New England "Huldy-guldy, boo!" with loud merriment. Still another—for it is the manner of the peasant class to make bridal tours afoot, immediately after the church ceremony, to some neighboring auberge—dines gayly at the little tables.



CÔTÉ DE GRÂCE.

ST. VALENTINE.

THE sleet was blowing: where was any sign
Of greening valley, call of mating bird?
Yet, close beside my ear, a voice I heard—
A whisper—"Sweet, choose now your valentine!"
"Nay, wait 'till skies are softer, airs more fine."
But still, impetuous, fell that whispered word,
"Choose, choose your valentine!"

What was it stirred,
Like breath of June, this yielding heart of mine?
Sudden, the bleak earth blossomed into bowers
Of bridal beauty;—for its wreathing snows,
Wide banks of creamy jessamine and rose,—
While, on the pane, bloomed out great passion-flowers:
And I,—so subtle-sweet Love's whispers are!—
Be sure for choice I did not wander far.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"WIDOWERS ARE DREADFUL PARTICULAR, COLONEL."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RULING ELDER INTERFERES.

MR. HIGHBURY was a Presbyterian of the Western Pennsylvania stamp. Generations of training in the Calvinistic formulas and the Presbyterian forms had produced, perhaps, a hereditary habit of thought. He could not see anything in any other light than that of his traditional opinions. Above all, these mushroom Methodists who did nothing decently or in order, were to be condemned. To admit that any large number of them were really Christian would be to suppose that God had chosen to convert more people through unsound doctrines tending to Pelagianism than he had through the preaching of the true doctrines of divine sovereignty and unconditional election. The fact that so many

Methodists backslid was to him evidence beyond question that they had not much of God's grace among them.

When Mrs. Highbury told him what Miss Moore had said, Mr. Highbury felt that the time for rebuke and reproof had come. The revival of the past winter had irritated him. The large numbers that had joined the Methodists were an eye-sore; for churches of differing sects in a small town are very like rival corner grocers, each watching with jealous eye the increase of his neighbor's trade.

After debating the matter for a day or two and growing gradually warm with righteous indignation as he reflected, Mr. Highbury put on his hat on Thursday morning and walked down the street toward Lefaur's. The singing locusts were making their sweet, monotonous, drowsy

din in the air; the great running rose-bushes were climbing up to the second-story windows with their arms full of white and red and yellow roses; there were faint sounds of the pastoral music of tinkling cow-bells in the distance, and on either hand the green hills grew hazy where they were touched by the blue sky flecked with light clouds. But no sound of singing locust, of faint far-away cow-bells and crowing chickens, or sight of rich rose-trees or vista of high wooded hill and of soft white cloud sailing through the infinite ocean of deep blue sky, touched the soul of the ruling elder. Highbury's horizon was narrow; there were no objects within it but himself, his family, his trade, and his church. All else was far away in the dim distance like the unnoted sound of the cow-bells. For there is a sky in every man's soul, and some souls are near-sighted.

On the other hand, Mr. Whittaker's sky was clear. He came out of his room at nine o'clock, walked along the porch and stood looking at the hills on the other side of the river, scanning the green apples in the young trees near at hand, and watching the white clouds, not in the sky, but floating in the under-sky, which he saw below in the waters of the wide river. He heard faintly the distant crowing of the cocks—even from a mile away, across the river, he could hear them. He heard the cow-bells, and the "chook, chook," of the red-bird, the conversational "can't, can't," of the cat-bird, whose musical powers had all been exhausted by his matin song. The time for him to see Roxy again was drawing near, and his spirit was full of hope. It seemed to him that his soul was like the great, wide Ohio,—it mirrored in its depths the glory of the sky above. Presently old Jacques Dupin—Twonnet's grandfather—came hobbling out of his room into the sunlight. He was a picturesque figure, with his trowsers of antiquated cut, his loose jacket, and his red yarn cap pointed at the top and tasseled.

Full of human kindness and sympathy this morning, Whittaker hurried over to meet the octogenarian, and to inquire how he was.

"Comment-vous portez-vous aujourd'hui?" cried the minister in the deaf old man's ear.

"Très-bien, vary well, I—remercie, M'sieur." The old man felt obliged to make an effort to speak in English out of courtesy to Whittaker's feeble French.

The minister assisted the old man to a seat in the large rocking-chair; then he adjusted a stick of wood under the rockers so that the chair would not rock, for the old man could not bear the sense of insecurity which the motion of the chair gave him.

"Mr. Wittakare," he began, in a querulous voice, as soon as his feet had been placed upon his foot-stool,—*"Mr. Wittakare, je ne sais quoi—I don't know wat God A'mighty means. Mon frère—my brothare Guillaume, who was good for somet'in', he die; my cousin Bernard, il est mort aussi, il y a deux ans—it ees so much as two yare past, and my sœur, she aussi ees gone. Moi—I am not wort' so much as a picayune, and moi—je leef on, on, on. Pardi, I don't know vat God A'mighty ees about to leef to dead dree vat bears no pommes at all and to cut down all de rest. Eh! que pensez-vous, Monsieur—vat you dink?"*

And then without waiting for Mr. Whittaker to reply, the old man went on:

"Ven I was a boy in Suisse, I remembare dat——"

But it was at the beginning of this reminiscence that Mr. Whittaker's mind wandered entirely away from the old man in the red cap sitting there under the overhanging vines,—wandered away from his story of boyhood in Switzerland, his garrulous memories of the Pays de Vaud and of the simple mountain life so different from that of his old age on the fertile banks of this great river. Mr. Whittaker heard him not, for all the time his mind went after his heart to the home of the shoemaker's daughter with its honeysuckle and morning-glory vines and to the morning-glory herself. At last the old man had reached some sort of denouement in his polyglot tale, he tapped Whittaker's knee with his trembling hand and burst into an old man's hearty laugh—faint and far down in the throat like the gurgling of subterranean waters.

"Vat you dink—que pensez-vous, Monsieur? Ees it not—ha—ha—ees it not—he—he—très drole?"

"It is very funny, no doubt," answered the other in some confusion. But at that moment Mr. Highbury was ushered to the porch by Twonnet. After a few minutes of speech with the old man, the ruling elder took the minister's arm and asked for an interview in private, leading his companion to the further end of the long porch, where they sat down upon a bench.

Mr. Highbury began about the Methodists, their unsoundness, their illiterate preachers and uninstructed laymen, their reception of all sorts of people without any discrimination. Then he enlarged on the necessity for building up a more intelligent piety and one sound in doctrine and not running into wild excitement.

Mr. Whittaker assented.

But Mr. Highbury thought that Presbyterians should not associate too much with Methodists.

Mr. Whittaker did not say anything.

Mr. Highbury thought that Mr. Whittaker would do well not to visit at Adams's again because it would make talk, and ——

But just at this critical moment came Twonnet. She had already affected to have much business in the room which opened just behind the seat occupied by the two gentlemen, she had observed closely their countenances, and now she brought a tray of bright striped apples, insisting in her most winning fashion that Mr. Highbury should accept one. The ruling elder was vexed that his speech should have been broken off just when he was drawing it to a focus, but there was no help for it. And besides, he was human, and it was not in his man's nature to be displeased with such distinguished hospitality from so cheery a brunette as Twonnet. She paused after the gentlemen had taken apples to talk a minute with the half impatient Highbury, shaking her brown curls with merry laughter and chatter about nothing at all, and so filling that gentleman's head with a pleasant sense of her presence that he found it hard to resume his severity when her merry eyes were gone.

He gathered up his dispersed forces, however, and prepared to return to the charge. But at the disadvantage, now, that the enemy had had time to put himself under arms. Whittaker was slow to arouse, but while Twonnet talked he had been busy guessing the drift of the ruling elder's speech and in growing a little indignant.

"I was saying, Mr. Whittaker—a—that ——" resumed Mr. Highbury, hesitantly.

"That I ought not to go to Mr. Adams's so often,"—put in the minister, whose nerves were irritable from the excitement to which he had been subjected of late; "and I, on my part, insist that I have a right to go to see the man if I find his company agreeable."

Mr. Highbury was silent a moment. Who could have dreamed that a minister on three hundred dollars a year would have the pluck

to speak to the richest man in his church as though they were at all equals? He would sooner have expected his store-boy to show spirit than Whittaker. What is the use of a moneyed man in a church, if he is not to control the pastor?

"But perhaps you do not know," continued the elder, "that your going there so often has started a report that you are engaged to Roxy Adams."

Mr. Whittaker was silent. He could truthfully say that he was not betrothed to Roxy. But he felt that this would be a cowardly shirking of the issue.

"Now, of course, there is no truth in this report," continued the merchant, in a tone which indicated his belief that there was; "but think how much damage the idea—the very idea may do us. What a shock it is to our congregation to think of you marrying a girl who was never taught a word of the catechism, who doesn't believe in the doctrine of God's sovereignty, and the election of grace, who sings those wild Methodist songs, and prays in meeting, and even makes speeches in love-feast before a crowded audience. And then she ——"

But just here, to Mr. Highbury's vexation, and the minister's relief, Twonnet came upon the stage once more, entering by way of the garden gate, with a nosegay of pinks, and roses, touch-me-nots, and Johnny-jump-ups, intermingled with asparagus twigs, and some old-man-in-green. This she presented to the disturbed Mr. Highbury, asking pardon for interrupting the conversation and requesting him to give the bouquet to Mrs. Highbury for her. She said that she wanted to show Mrs. Highbury which had the finest pinks. Then, as she started away, she turned round to ask Mr. Highbury if he had heard about Mrs. Boone, the poor woman whose husband was a drunkard.

"Roxy Adams," she said, with entire innocency—"Roxy Adams went down there two weeks ago and nursed that poor creature for three days, without leaving her day or night, and without taking more than an hour of sleep at a time. I didn't know anything about it till Mrs. Boone's little boy came up here and brought me a note from Roxy asking for a bottle of wine to keep the old woman alive, for the fever had left her nearly dead. And then I went down to help Roxy, but the old creature wouldn't drink a spoonful of wine and water out of my hand. It was all Roxy, Roxy; and Roxy nursed her as if she'd been her own mother. That's what you might call

pure religion and undefiled, isn't it, Mr. Highbury?"

"Well, yes, if it came from faith and was not self-righteousness. All *our* righteousness is as filthy rags, you know. I have no right to judge. Roxy *seems* to be a Christian."

"Doesn't the Bible say we shall know them by their fruits?" returned Twonnet. "For my part, I think if Roxy isn't saved the rest of Luzerne had better give up. Of course, though, I believe in salvation by grace—there's no other chance for such as me."

And with that the girl went away, laughing, and Mr. Whittaker wondered whether some kind providence had sent her to his rescue, or whether, after all, this mercurial girl had not a depth of *finesse* in her character. Had he lived under the same roof with her so long without finding out that she was something more than a merry superficial chatterer?

Meantime Mr. Highbury now saw that he must change his tack. He could not go on assailing even the theology of Roxy Adams without bringing to an explosion the gathering indignation of the cool New England parson, whose face had been growing redder for some time.

"Certainly, what she says about Roxy Adams is true. I wish she was a Presbyterian. Then we might stand some chance of getting Mark Bonamy. Poor fellow! he is dead in love with her. And I'm afraid—you'll excuse me, Mr. Whittaker,—I'm afraid any interference on your part with Mark's prospects there might drive all his good resolutions out of his head. But I must go."

For just at that moment Mr. Highbury remembered with a pang that there was to be an "animal show" in town that very day, and that the store must even now be full of country customers. He hurriedly bade Mr. Whittaker good-bye. He hardly took time to shake hands civilly with the dreamy old man in the red cap at the other end of the porch. He left the pinks and touch-me-nots lying on the bench where he had sat, and hastened through the hall out of the door and up the street, noting, as he walked, not the scenery, but the number of wagons standing by the hitching-rails, at either side to the court-house square, and calculating how much of "bit" calico and brown sugar, how many clocks, and shoes, and nails, and clothes-lines he might sell during the day.

But the minister sat still upon the porch. The last arrow of the retreating assailant had wounded him. His life had been one of severe self-denial. For a few days, he had thought that duty and inclination lay in the same direction. Now, this awful specter of the harm he might do to the eternal welfare of Bonamy stood in his path. In his day men believed in perdition—hell was a very real and horrible place of everlasting torture. If, now, he should be the means of toppling over poor Mark Bonamy into that abyss, and even then after all should be forgiven, what an awful thing it would be for him to think about in eternity, that he had wrought endless misery to a human soul!

The birds, the rose-bushes, the singing locusts and all the sweet and drowsy music of a summer day, and all the beauty of the hills and the placidity of the river seemed to belong to another world now. He was a truant school-boy, who had had a good time. But now he was brought back to take his flogging, and the world did not seem so pleasant any more.

Twonnet stood near him when he looked up. The droll girl had set her face into the very expression that was characteristic of Mr. Highbury.

"Don't marry a Methodist," she began, mimicking the ruling elder's tone; "don't marry any singing, shouting, shoe-maker's daughter; marry my niece, Caroline, now, she is good and quiet and——"

The drollery and mimicking of manner were perfect, but they jarred upon Mr. Whittaker's present state of feeling. He was amazed at this sudden revelation of the real Twonnet; but he was in trouble, and he wanted sympathy, not diversion.

"Oh, Twonnet" he cried, pathetically, reaching out his hands in sudden impulse, and seizing hers, "don't make fun, I am sick. I have done wrong. Think what harm I've done, may be, to Mr. Bonamy."

"Mark Bonamy! Pshaw!" said Twonnet. But she went no further. For the minister's voice in appealing thus to her, his act of confidence in taking her hands had touched her heart, and she felt again that old frightful pang of love or jealousy come back. She longed to comfort the good, troubled man. Why should she plead for Roxy? Roxy had everybody to love her. But who loved Twonnet?

The minister suddenly released her hands, and went to his room. But all the drollery was gone from the heart of Twonnet.

She opened the gate through the fence, went down between the currant-bushes and hollyhocks to the further end of the garden. There she sat down on a little stool beneath a quince-tree. And cried. She who was so strong that she had undertaken to deliver her friends was weak now. The voice of her friend crying for help had made her helpless; for she was a woman. And much as she declared to herself in this hour that she would never marry a sober, hesitating, severe minister, her heart still gave the lie to her thoughts as she saw, in her memory his tearful eyes upturned to her own, and heard him call her name so eagerly.

Then she grew angry and said: "What does he ask me to help him in his love affairs for? I'm sure I don't know."

CHAPTER XX.

A MILLSTONE.

THE temptations of a scrupulous man like Whittaker are never gross. The

"Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectre, diaboli,
What scared St. Anthony,
Hobgoblins, lemures,
Dreams of antipodes,
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy"

are not for him. But it is a most unhappy thing for a man to be both scrupulous and logical. The combination is bad. The scrupulous man, and especially the scrupulous woman, whose logic is defective, is saved from a thousand snares. On the other hand the severely logical man who is not scrupulous escapes easily. This is how it happens that the harshest creeds do little harm. One man is saved by his laziness, another by his transparent quibbles, while a third walks boldly out the front door, having but a feeble moral sense. Mark Bonamy, for instance, would not have been troubled by Whittaker's doubts. His easy-going egotism, his calm confidence that his own purposes and welfare were of the first importance would have furnished a premise from which to draw any convenient conclusion. But poor Whittaker was ground between his clear logic on the one hand, and his severe scruples on the other. He had an instinctive doubt of the security of Mark's religious life. He did not question the doctrine of final perseverance, but then he could not be sure of the genuineness of a conversion. What

if he should offend one of these little ones? It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck.

He did not dare go back to that forbidden logic which absolves itself from obligation by pushing on toward fatalism. He shuddered at Antinomianism, for that is the extinction of conscience. It was at this point that the intuitions of an honest nature put a stop to logic.

In a state of mind such as his, there is one thing stronger than reasoning. It is the persistence of ideas. Once mastered by the notion that in wedding Roxy he would be offending against one of those who were yet but babes in Christ: he could not shake it off. The awful words "millstone about his neck" re-echoed in his mind.

He tried to write a letter withdrawing his offer. He began: "My dear Roxy——" but decided that that was too cordial. Then he wrote "Dear friend——" but that would not do. "Miss Adams" was too cold. At last after tearing up several sheets of paper he resolved not to write at all. Good sense, which is not exactly either conscience or logic, but both with something added, began to revive. Why not go to Roxy without waiting for the week to expire and learn from her what was the exact state of the case? It was nonsense to decide such a question for her. Besides, the half threat of Highbury made it quite necessary that he should assert his right to do as he thought best.

When he set out to go to see Roxy, the town was full of people come to see the "animal show." The whole stagnant life of the country about was stirred by the arrival of a spectacle. Here were women standing by the hour with babies in their arms, waiting to see the outside of the box wagons as they passed along the streets. Horses were neighing to other horses all about the open square in the middle of the town, and groups of people formed and dissolved and re-formed again like molecules in effervescence, while everywhere, girls in new calico and lawn, and boys in cotton drilling, hurried to and fro.

When Whittaker neared Roxy's house he began to doubt again whether he was acting wisely or not. So he walked on further till he came to a gate leading into a pasture. Through this into a grass-bordered path, along the path up to the foot of the hill, he traveled mechanically; then up the rocky hill-side, through the patches of papaw, he went clambering over a stone wall into a vineyard, and over another into a road on

top of the ridge. From the summit he saw the whole village at his feet, the river, the distant hills, and all the glorious landscape. He saw as in a dream, for he cared neither for river nor sky, hill-slope nor town. He stopped a moment to single out the log house in which lived the shoe-maker's daughter. Then he strode eagerly onward, at first along the open road, afterward turning whimsically into a disused wagon-track, almost overgrown now with bright May-apple plants. Out of this he turned into a blind cow-path leading into a dark ravine or "hollow." Down this he followed in the rocky bed of a dry "branch," in the shadow of beech and butternut trees, and those noble tulip-trees which they class with poplars in Indiana,—until at last he came suddenly out upon the bank of Indian Creek. He had walked two rough and rocky miles. He had meant to think when he started, but he had not thought at all. He had only a sense of having left the noisy little town behind him, and of having marched straight forward to the mouth of this dark hollow. He had not been able to walk away from his perplexities. He stood and looked at the woods; he idly traced the gigantic grape-vines up to where they were interlaced in the tree-boughs, a hundred feet or so from the ground; he stared vacantly at the stagnant creek, the sluggish current of which seemed to be drying up in the summer heat, spite of the protection of the dense forest. A solitary ugly, short-tailed, long-legged bittern flapped awkwardly past with discordant screams, and a few hoarse bull-frogs croaked in the margin of the water. Whittaker, heated and tired, with all his fiery eagerness spent, sat down on a moss-grown log, and thought again what an awful thing it was to have a mill-stone hanged about one's neck. Then, from the mere religious habit of his life, he knelt on the bed of leaves. But he did not pray; he only lay across the log and listened to the beating of his heart, and recalled images of Roxy with her background of the quaint old house and its homely interior.

After a long time he started slowly and wearily back toward Luzerne.

Meantime the "animal show" at the appointed time, "took up," as the country people expressed it. It was a poor enough show. The few beasts looked very tame and dispirited, but then the visitors paused for only a brief interview with the scrawny lion, that bore but a weak resemblance to

his own portrait on the show-bills as the "king of beasts;" they did not waste much time on the small tiger, from "the jungles of India." After giving a cracker or two to the elephant, they assembled in a great crowd in front of the cage of grinning, chattering, scratching monkeys. In that steady-going age, people were not conscious that there might be aught of family affection in this attraction. Monkeys then were monkeys pure and simple; one could look at them as one looks at caricatures of nobody in particular; one might laugh at them without a sense of gamboling rudely over the graves of his ancestors.

Near this cage stood Twonnet, another girl now from the Twonnet of the morning, laughing in her free, childish way at the pranks of the monkeys. She had all the children with her—Cecille, Isabelle, Adolphe, Louis and little Julie, whom they called "Teet," a foreshortening of Petite. A little monkey had just pulled the tail of the big ape in the next cage, to the great delight of the children, when who should come along but Jemima. Squaring herself off where she could see, she declared that "them air monkeys was a kind of people. Only needed a little dressin' up and you'd have human critters. An' they wouldn't be no bigger fools than most folks. They'd do to run for the legislater, Mr. Bonamy."

This last to Mark, who made his appearance at this moment in company with Roxy.

"Can't talk well enough for that," he answered.

"Why!" said Twonnet, always ready for attack when Mark was at hand. "I didn't suppose you Methodists would attend such a place. Didn't they church Wayne Thomas for going to a circus last year?"

"Yes, but that was a circus," said Roxy. "This kind of a show has nothing wrong in it. It gives a body information. I'm sure it's better than reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature.'"

"It's right improvin', I'm shore," said Jemima, with droll mock gravity. "Shouldn't think they'd be any use o' your goin' to Texas, now, Mr. Bonamy."

"Why?"

"Oh, the people must be so much 'improved' by catamounts and other varmint that they can see any day without pay that missionaries aint needed. But I s'pose animals—bars an' rattle-snakes and sich—haint improvin' to the mind tell they're put in cages."

"But," said Roxy, timidly, like a person caught doing something wrong, "it isn't any harm to look at these creatures. They are God's works, you know."

"Yes, but some of God's works haint cal-c'lated to be admired while they're runnin' 'round loose. If Mark—Mr. Bonamy here—finds a nasty, p'ison copperhead snake under his pillar some night, I don't 'low but what he'll up with a stick and give him a right hard knock on the head, smashin' God's works all to pieces."

"That I will, Jemima, kill him first and admire him afterward," said Mark, laughing in his hearty, unreserved fashion.

Slowly the people dispersed after watching the under-fed tiger devour a very tough piece of meat, and hearing the lion roar in fierce discontent over a bone that gave him little promise of a good supper. Mark and Roxy as they walked homeward together did not meditate much on God's works which they had seen. They had, also, the misfortune to meet Mr. Whittaker returning, hungry and fagged, from his long tramp in the woods, and disappointed at having knocked in vain at the door of Roxy's house. A sudden pain smote the girl's heart. Had he been to see her? She remembered now what sordid arguments her aunt had used in favor of Mark, and she could hardly resist a feeling that she was betraying Whittaker and giving herself to Mark on account of Mark's worldly advantages. Indeed, this very rebellion against the aunt's advice had almost induced her to decline Mark's invitation to go to the show. And then she remembered that the time for her reply to Whittaker was but two days off, and how could she maintain a judicial frame of mind if she kept Mark's company. But he had pleaded that he needed some recreation, there was not much that was pleasant left for him. And Roxy's heart had seconded his pleading, for the more she talked with him of his plans, and pitied him in his prospective trials, so much the more she loved him. She was a romancer, like all girls of her age, only her romances had a religious coloring. If she could have felt a hearty pity for Whittaker, or painted pictures of possible self-immolations for him, she might have loved him. But he had never said a word about any sacrifices that he had made. Is it any wonder that the impulsive, romantic, self-pitying Mark should have made the deepest impression? Was there not also a latent feeling that Bonamy needed her influence? For all strong women like to feel

that they are necessary to somebody, and your pitiful and philanthropic woman wants somebody to be sorry for.

Nevertheless, at sight of the fagged and anxious face of the young minister, she was smitten with pain, and she lapsed into a melancholy from which Mark could not arouse her. Once or twice she answered him with just a spice of contradictoriness. Mark had meant to open his whole heart to her that very afternoon. Now he thought that he had in some way offended. He bade her good-bye at the gate, and walked slowly homeward through the long shadows of the evening, trying to guess what he had done to give offense. If Roxy could have decided the debate in her heart as most girls would have done, according to her inclination, there would have been no more halting. But the vision of Whittaker's troubled face made her hesitate, and then the scrupulous habit of her mind made everything that was pleasant seem to be wrong. Because she loved Mark she feared that she ought not to have him. In imitation of the early Methodist saints she sought to decide this matter, not by using her judgment, but by waiting for some supernatural impulse or some outward token.

"Choose my way for me, O Lord!" she wrote in her diary that evening.

And yet with all her praying she was in a fair way to make her own choice. There is nothing so blind as love, there is nothing so given to seeing. It will get even from heaven the vision it seeks.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SUMMER STORM.

MR. WHITTAKER was tired, dispirited, and dinnerless, and where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable. To him it was clear that Bonamy and Roxy were as good as engaged. He was almost glad that he had not found Roxy at home when he called on his return from the woods. What Bonamy could want with a wife, or how he could support one, in his wild journey to Texas, Whittaker could not imagine. But then the whole proceeding of dispatching an impulsive young lawyer without theological training, on a mission, was ridiculous enough to the well-regulated mind of a New Englander. In New England he had looked to Indiana as the fag-end of Heathendom itself, but

here the Indiana people were sending a missionary into the outer darkness beyond. For himself, he was, as yet, by no means sure of Bonamy's conversion. But the question of the harm he might do to Bonamy was not the only one that touched him now. Partly from scruple, partly from discouragement, partly on account of a wounded pride, and partly from a sense of injury, he determined to settle the matter once for all. To a man accustomed to act with simplicity and directness, any hesitation, any complexity and entanglement of motives, is purgatory. And a bewildered and badgered human soul will sometimes accept the most desperate alternative for the sake of escaping from perplexity. Misery, simple and absolute, is sometimes better than compound suspense.

The tavern bell was already ringing its vesper when Whittaker pushed open the white gate and walked up the graveled walk in front of the Lefaire cottage. He ate his supper in a voracious and almost surly silence. When Lefaire remarked that the heat was oppressive and that there were signs of a thunder-storm, Whittaker roused himself only at the close of the sentence which he dimly perceived was addressed to himself.

"What say?" he asked, using a down-east cut-off in his speech that seemed almost offensive to his friend. The host repeated his remark about the weather and Whittaker, whose attention had already lapsed, again revived himself sufficiently to answer that he believed he was and went on eating.

The letter he wrote in that sultry evening was a simple and unexplained withdrawal of his offer of marriage. Whittaker sealed it and went out. The twilight sky was already stained with a black cloud sweeping upward from the west; little puffs of dust rose here and there in fitful eddies as the sultry air anticipated the coming gust with nervous twitchings. But the young minister cared for no cloud but the one in his own heart. He hurried on through the deepening gloom past one or two of the old Swiss houses, under the shadow of a great barn-like brick dwelling popularly called the White Hall, which had been built by an overgrown merchant who had since failed. Then he mechanically crossed the open lots into the main street and did not pause until he had dropped the letter in the box. He had hardly turned toward home when there came a sudden clap of thunder. The wind and rain struck the village almost at once; the

twilight was gone in an instant; and it was with no little pains and stumbling that Whittaker at last found his way back through the drenching storm to his own room. The wild irregular dashing of the wind against the window, the roaring of the summer rain upon the roof, and the gurgling rush of water in the tin leaders made a strange and stormy harmony with the minister's perturbed emotions. The tired man at last slept soundly. When he awoke in the gray dawn the tempest had spent itself. There were traces of the wind in broken branches of trees here and there, the roads were submerged by pools of water and the gutters and gullies were choke full. But the air was clear and fresh and Whittaker threw open his window and watched the first beams of the sun as they turned the gray clouds to orange and yellow and blazed upon the river's ripples in a line of gold.

"It is a pleasant morning," he said to Twonnet, when she appeared in the yard below drawing water from the cistern with the old-fashioned hook. "The storm has cleared the air."

Something in his own words did him good, for indeed the storm had cleared the air. Through the dull, lingering pain which he felt, there came a grateful sense of relief and just a hope of final victory. He was thankful. For once he neglected to "say his prayers." One never needs the form of devotion so little as when the spirit is spontaneously devout.

Nevertheless, there was for many a month a vague sense of suffering throughout his whole being, that depression about the nerve-centers which may come from any disappointment, but which is more aggravated in its form and persistency when the disappointment has to do with the affections. Friends of the sufferer declare the pain a most unreasonable one. Isn't every disease unreasonable? One would as well argue against dyspepsia. Of what good is it to assure a disappointed lover that there are as many fish in the sea as ever were caught? Loving differs from fishing precisely in this, that in love the sea has but the one fish; the rest are all contemptible.

For weeks Whittaker's sermons were prepared in a dull way, and preached listlessly. He even lost interest in the raging battle between the old school and the new, and, for a while, he cared little for the difference between partial atonement and universal. His few theological books were untouched. One symptom of his disease was a disposition

to quarrel with Highbury. He took grounds in opposition to the elder's well-known opinions at every opportunity, saying exasperating things on such slight occasions, and resenting so sharply every attempt of the elder to advise him about anything that Highbury seriously debated whether he should not move for the minister's dismissal. There was one obstacle, however; that was the Board of Home Missions. It might withdraw its assistance in case of difficulty. But Whittaker did not think of the Board of Home Missions, or anything else that could shield him from the elder's wrath. He rather craved a controversy than shirked it. He even read and expounded those offensive sayings of Christ about the difficulty of entrance into the kingdom of heaven which a rich camel laden with many costly burdens is sure to encounter.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROXY'S DECISION.

WHITTAKER'S letter did not reach Roxy. Letters without direction cannot find their destination. In his profound agitation Whittaker had forgotten to direct it and it went wandering away to the stupid old dead-letter office of that day, where, in a pile of miscarried love-letters, business notes, idle epistles and family bulletins, it was solemnly burned. Roxy never knew why Whittaker did not come to hear her yes or no, but she was glad that he did not.

She had to make her decision in her own way. Which was to fancy that the decision was made for her. When she prayed the image of Mark Bonamy stood before her. Was not Miss Bosanquet of blessed memory guided in the same way to the choice of the saintly Fletcher of Madeley? At other times texts of scripture were strongly "suggested" to her mind. The answer of Ruth to Naomi, the passage about giving up houses and lands and father and mother, and the vocation of Paul—"Behold I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles"—all came to her mind at times when she could not track the association which brought them. Clearly they were suggestions. Why should she be disobedient to the heavenly voice?

Mark came to see her on the next evening but one after the day of the menagerie. He found her teaching Bobo. She had read somewhere or heard of the experiments then beginning to be made on the continent of Europe in the education of the feeble-

minded. She had persuaded her father to make her a board with a triangular hole, a round hole and a square one. She had also three blocks made to fit the three holes. When Mark came in she was teaching the boy to set the blocks in their places and to know them by her descriptions. He was so pleased with his success in getting the three-cornered block into its place, that he was clapping his hands with delight when Mark entered. Bonamy had that sort of aversion to an invalid or an imbecile which inheres in some healthy constitutions. He therefore exaggerated the self-denial of Roxy in teaching her cousin.

She blushed a little when Mark came,—she could not have told why,—and begged that he would let her finish her lesson.

"Certainly, certainly," he answered.

"Certainly, certainly," cried Bobo as he lifted up and replaced the triangular block in the aperture.

"Now the square one," said Roxy.

"Now the square one," responded the boy, at the same time laying hold of the circular block.

"No," said Roxy.

"No," answered the pupil putting down the block and taking the other.

"That's the square one."

"That's the square one," he cried, trying to force it into the round hole.

"No, no! the square hole!"

"No, no! the square hole!" And then he looked at Roxy vacantly. At last, catching her meaning, he clapped the square block on the square hole. But Roxy had to take hold of his hand and turn it round until the block fitted to its place.

"Hurra! that's it!" cried the teacher, clapping her hands in great glee—a demonstration that was quickly imitated by the triumphant pupil.

"How slowly he must learn," said Mark. "It will take you a week to teach him to place those blocks."

"I've been at it a week already. It will take at least a month. You see the first steps are the hardest. When he has learned this lesson I shall have a lot of blocks, all one shape but of different colors. The rims of the holes will be colored to match. When he has learned these, I shall have both shapes and colors various. I was afraid I could not teach him at all, but he has already learned to know the round block. See!"

With this Roxy took all the blocks out and put them together.

"Now, Bobo, the round one."

"Now, Bobo, the round one," echoed the lad, squeezing the fingers of his right hand with his left, and rocking to and fro in indecision, and knitting his brows with mental effort. At last he reached out, timidly lifted the square block, then timidly took up the round one, looked up to make sure that Roxy approved, then, after hovering awhile over the three holes, he clapped it into the right one, receiving a burst of applause and a kiss from his teacher as a reward.

"How tedious it must be!" said Mark, amazed at Roxy's patience.

"Tedious? No. I shall make a man out of Bobo yet."

"Make a man out of Bobo yet," chuckled the little fellow, lifting the blocks and striving to fit them in their holes.

"I wish you were not quite so good," said Mark, in a sudden fit of humility.

Roxy did not answer. She had a desire to protest against the compliment, but the shadow of what Mark was about to say fell upon her, and she was silent. Bobo looked up in wonder and curiosity at her blushing face, then he went up and caressed her, saying, "Poor Roxy mus'n't cry."

Roxy pushed him away gently, and Bobo wandered into the yard leaving Roxy and her lover alone.

"If you were not so good I might hope to come back some day when Texas gets to be a little better, may be, and take you out to help me. God knows I need help. I don't feel very sure of myself without you to strengthen me."

It was the same old cry for help. And all the more eloquent that it was utterly sincere. Was it that in this moment some doubt of Mark's stability crossed the soul of Roxy that she rose and walked to the little book-shelf and affected to arrange the few books that she might gain time? But the cry for help opened all the fountains of her love. Whether Mark was as good as she believed him to be or as unsteady as Twonnet thought him, she loved him with all her woman's soul. Be he good or bad, she felt now for the first time that she was his; that some force beside her will or judgment had decided for her. It was but a feeble effort she could make in favor of calmness or thought. She returned to her chair trembling and helpless.

"What do you say, Roxy?" Mark was standing waiting. For a minute not a word passed. Roxy knew that she was floating

on a stream against which all rowing was futile. A new and hitherto unsuspected force in her own nature was bearing her away. Neither praying nor struggling availed. He already possessed her but she could not tell him so. She did not debate any longer, she only floated in a dreamy, blissful state, waiting for him to understand what she dared not confess. At last he reached his hand and lifted hers which lay upon the arm of her chair. She had no sense of volition, but, as though his touch had given her a galvanic shock, she closed her hand on his and Mark understood.

Much depends on the stand-point from which a subject is viewed. Go and ask Colonel Bonamy, as he sits meditatively at his desk, his long gray locks gently fluttering in the summer wind. He will tell you that Mark is rather throwing himself away on a shoe-maker's daughter, and that the time may come when he will be sorry for it. Even the Christian virtues do not weigh in all scales alike.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BONAMY, SENIOR.

BONAMY the elder walked up and down his office floor. It was a week after Mark's betrothal, and a hot, still, summer day, disturbed by nothing; for the drowsy sound of the distant hammering of the village smith could not be said to disturb anything. The elder Bonamy was a broad-shouldered, raw-boned man. His heavy chin was close-shaven, there was an under lip that indicated stubbornness, and a certain droop of the eyelids over his black eyes and a close-shutness of the mouth that stood for a secretiveness which knew by-ways to an end where highways were obstructed. But over the firmness and the shrewdness of his character a mantle was thrown by his innate dignity. He was one of those who treat themselves with sincere reverence. Now and then he stopped in his solitary pacing to and fro to look out of the open window of the office at the brass ball on the top of the court-house. But either because the brass ball, blazing in the summer's sun, did not give him the inspiration he sought, or for some other good and sufficient reason, he always uttered between his teeth, as he turned away from the window, an ejaculation which is in the English tongue accounted profane, and forbidden to be put down in books. The object of the colonel's cursing

was an impersonal "it." What the "it" was which he wished to have put under malediction, an eavesdropper could not have guessed.

Colonel Bonamy was not an eloquent lawyer. It was not from him that Mark inherited his outspoken vehemence. Secretive men are good diplomatists, but a diplomatist is not often an orator. He loved the struggle of litigation as he loved a game of poker. He fought now in this way, now in that way, now by sudden and abrupt attack, and again by ambuscade, sometimes by cool and lofty assurance, sometimes by respectful considerateness, but by this or that he managed to win whenever success was within reach without compromise of his exterior dignity, which dignity was with him a make-shift for conscience. He studied the juries, their prejudices of politics or religion and their susceptibilities. He took them almost one by one, awing some, flattering others, reasoning with others. He was never brilliant, but he won his suits; defeat was the only thing in heaven or earth that he dreaded.

Those who knew his habits would have said that in the present instance he had a case in which he could not quite see his way to success. This striding up and down the floor, this staring with half-shut eyes at the ball on the belfry, this short, abrupt, half-smothered and rather uncharitable damning of the neuter pronoun, betokened a difficult case. But there were certainly no cases to perplex him until the "fall" term of the circuit court should come round. Neither had he been overthrown in his tilt at poker the night before. None the less was he wrestling with a hard problem. He had tried to "bluff" Mark and had failed. But all the more was he resolved to find some way to accomplish his purpose. Hence this striding to and fro, diagonally across the office. For do not the legs pump blood into the brain? And hence, too, this staring at the brass ball, and this swearing at some undefined "it."

The colonel had just uttered his little curse for the dozenth time, when the lank Lathers darkened, in a perpendicular way, the threshold of the open door. Some business about a subpoena was the occasion for his call. The aristocratic lawyer and the rude Lathers were a fine contrast of the patrician and the plebeian in manner and appearance. When Lathers had finished his errand, and stood again in the open door about to depart, he said:

"Mark don't come home early these nights, I 'low, Colonel."

"I don't know," answered the diplomatic lawyer.

"Seems to me, Colonel,—but then 'taint none of my business," and the sheriff passed out into the hot sunshine.

"Come back, Lathers," said Bonamy, adding to the invitation his half-smothered oath, fired in the air at nobody in particular.

"What the dickens do you mean? Has Mark been doing anything worse than going to those confounded Methodist meetings?" And the colonel took a turn toward the window, and another pull at the economical and non-committal little curse. It was a vent to nervous irritation.

"Well, I don't know what you call wuss and what you call better. Texas and preachings and girls is awfully mixed up in Mark's head—a sort of jumble, like a Fourth of July speech, or the sermon of a red-hot young exhauster and the like, you know. But I reckon it'll clarify, as the old woman said of the duck-puddle when she spilled her eggs into it."

"What girls do you think of, that Mark likes?"

"Oh! last summer it was that Kirtley witch, now it's Tom Adams's Roxy. She's the very angel Gabriel, and the like, you know."

"Oh, well, I didn't know but it was something worse. Every young man has to be a fool about something. You and I, we had our turn, Major." And Bonamy smiled condescendingly.

"We rekindled mighty devilish airy though, Colonel, and we haint had many relapses. Playing poker with an old hand like you is my very worst, Colonel. When I do that I'm like Samson in the lion's den." And with this the sheriff departed, smiling.

Colonel Bonamy had treated Lathers's communication with dignified indifference, but Lathers knew how to estimate this affectation. He had seen the colonel's immovable face when he lost and when he won at poker.

"He's mad as a black bear," said Lathers to himself. And when, half an hour later, he saw the lawyer enter the shop of Adams, he was confirmed in his surmise.

"What cut is the old fellow taking?" was the question that Lathers could not answer. That Bonamy meant to break off Mark's attachment to Roxy he did not doubt, but how?

"He's powerful deep, that Colonel Bonamy. He's deeper'n the Old Boy." It was thus he comforted himself for his inability to guess what was the old lawyer's line of attack.

Nevertheless, he saw his opportunity to serve his own ends. He watched for Mark and took him aside to tell him that the old man was "lookin' after" his love affairs, and had been "inquirin' round" about Mark's attachment to Roxy. For his part, he disapproved of "meddlin'" and the like, and felt bound, as an old friend of Mark's, to give him a sly hint and the like, you know, that the old man had been over to see Adams on the subject. Whereupon Mark, of course, grew red in the face. Was he not able to settle such matters for himself? It is a way we civilized men have. We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, and when we get old, we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth, to look out for themselves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY THE FLANK.

WHEN Lathers had left Colonel Bonamy, the old man did not look at the blazing brass ball any more but looked steadily at the floor as he resumed his pacing to and fro. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his brown linen trousers and laughed inaudibly.

"By—George!" The colonel drew the first word out to its fullest length and then cut the other off short and sharp, with a faint inward chuckle at the end. It was his note of triumph. There was then a road out of this embarrassment about a son who had the misfortune to inherit a streak of moral enthusiasm from his mother. It was a favorite maxim with the old lawyer: "concede small points to carry large ones."

"I will give him his first point and gain the suit," he soliloquized. Then after a while he came out with an appeal to some private deity of his own whom he called "Godomighty." For the colonel was rather full of such words for a man who was an ostentatious disbeliever in any god.

When he had looked at his empty Franklin stove awhile he suddenly became interested in his boots. He lifted his left foot and examined the sole carefully, then he looked at the right one, then he took his beaver

hat from the mantel-piece and went out into the scorching heat of the summer afternoon. The little shop of Mr. Adams stood in the main street which ran toward the river, there were higher buildings all about it but it had held its place for more than a generation, having been a store, and the only one in the town at the beginning. It was in some sense the germ cell from which all the trade of the place had grown. The door of the old shoe-shop was wide open, the smell of leather diffused itself in the street without, and scraps and bits from the shop were scattered as far as the gutter. The meditative Adams sat doubled together, hammering vigorously upon a bit of leather. Did his trade give him his sturdy speech? Of all mechanical occupations, that of the shoe-maker is the most favorable to reflection and to vehement expression. Adams hammered theories, as he did the leather on his lap-stone.

By Adams's side sat little Ben Boone, an illegitimate child in a family doomed to poverty in all its generations. There are whole races of people who have a genius for wretchedness; it comes to them as a vocation.

"Why don't you take the shoe and go?" demanded the shoe-maker sternly, pausing in his hammering.

"Gran'mother says she can't pay you till——"

"Go 'long with you, and don't say another word," burst out the shoe-maker.

The boy started out, frightened into silence.

"Stop!" called the shoe-maker, relenting. "Tell your grandmother when the shoe gives out again, to send it to me. Don't take my work over to Jim Hone's shop. Here's some leather to make a whirligig of. Go, now. Out with you!"

"Aha!" said Bonamy, as he entered the shop. "I didn't know you kept charity customers."

"Charity! pshaw! You know, Colonel, that I'm a fool to give away time and good leather to shiftless people like the Boones. And if you had the politeness that people say you have, you would not twit me with it. We all have our weaknesses."

"I don't know," said Bonamy, who was, as usual, left by the ambiguousness of Adams's tone, in a perplexing doubt as to whether he were jesting or quarreling,—a doubt which Adams was generally unable to solve himself. "I don't know about that, Mr. Adams. I have out-grown most

of mine, and yours seem to be very commendable ones."

Saying this, the colonel took a seat on the vacant bench, which was occupied in busy seasons by a journeyman. He sat down on this low bench, among bits of leather, pegs, wax, lasts, hammers and what-nots, with all of his accustomed stateliness, gently lifting his coat-tails and posing his tall figure by the side of the stooped and grizzled shoe-maker, with an evident sense of his picturesqueness.

"That boot needs a few pegs in the hollow of the foot, I think."

"Widowers are dreadful particular, Colonel. There's nothing much the matter with the boot."

"You forget that you're a widower, too. But the young folks are likely to beat us. They do say now that my Mark and your Roxy——"

"Are a couple of fools," cried the irascible shoe-maker, stung by something in Bonamy's tone which he interpreted to mean that the house of Adams ought to feel very much flattered by its present juxtaposition, in the gossip of the village, with the house of Bonamy.

"I agree with you," said the lawyer.

"For two fools like them to be talking of going to Texas to carry the Gospel is an outrage. I think Texas 'll convert the missionary instead of the missionary converting Texas. It's bad enough for Mark to make a fool of himself. I wish he would go to Texas and be done with it, and not turn Roxy's head."

"Do you really think they care for each other?" put in the lawyer, diplomatically.

"Mark would be a fool, sir, if he didn't like Roxy. And what does he mean by all his attentions if he doesn't care for her? He ought to be shot if he doesn't care. I've half a mind to interfere and break it up. I would if I was the man I ought to be."

"Between you and me, I don't think Mark 'll go. I'm glad he likes Roxy. It will keep him at home."

"She's as crazy as he is," said Adams. "These Methodists have made loons out of both of them."

"Well, we'll see." And after a minute the old lawyer took back his boot, in which a few pegs had been tightened, drew it on and sauntered out of the shop, and thence down the street and around the corner to his office. Mark sat writing at his own desk in the same office, full of anger at what Lathers had told him.

"Mark!" said the father.

"Sir," answered the son, using the respectful word prescribed in the code of manners of Western and Southern society, but uttering it in anything but a decent tone.

"You've really made up your mind to go to Texas?"

"Of course I have."

"They tell me you've been paying attention to Tom Adams's Roxy."

"I think you might speak a little more respectfully of a lady that I have paid attentions to."

"Can't you answer me in a Christian spirit, young man?" said the colonel, adding a gentle blasphemy to this appeal.

"Well, I think I can attend to my own love affairs."

"I suppose you can. But how in the name of the Old Boy, will you keep a wife on a hundred dollars a year, on the Brazos River?"

"I don't propose to take a wife with me."

"Then what in thunder are you making love to Tom Adams's—to Roxy Adams for?"

"I wish you would let me manage my own affairs," said Mark, scowling.

"Oh, of course! But sometimes an old man's advice is worth having, even if the old man does happen to be an infidel. A father is entitled to some respect even from Christians, I suppose."

The young man was silent.

"Now, I believe you don't intend to go for six weeks or so. If you must go, marry a good wife; Tom Adams's daughter—excuse me, Miss Roxy Adams—will do."

"How can I, as you said, on a hundred a year?"

"Why, I propose, if you must go out there, to take care of you. I'll do better than the church. I'll see 'em that and go one better. Three hundred dollars is a large sum in Texas. I don't want you to go out there and die. With a wife you'll stand some chance of living. You can think it over, consult the girl and let me know." With that he took up his pen to begin writing.

Mark was full of surprise. His first thought was that this offer gave him a chance of escape from the dire necessity of leaving Roxy. His second feeling was one of shame that he had treated his father so cavalierly. He rose impulsively and said,

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did. You are very kind." And he held out his hand.

But the elder did not look up. He uttered something about the devil, and said that it was all right, of course.

Mark left the office full of cheerfulness. The gift horse was too valuable to be examined closely. Such is the case gener-

ally in the matter of gift horses, notwithstanding the bitter experience of the Trojans.

The wily old lawyer, when once the young man was gone, relaxed his face into a non-committal smile, and ejaculated the name of his heathen divinity again.

(To be continued.)

FOUR SONNETS.

I.

MY KINGDOM IN THE CLOUDS.

I SAT and gazed into the burning sky
Where, like some dying king, the parting day,
In calm majestic prescience of decay,
Lighted his pyre that 'he a king might die.
And I, whose thought upsoars on wider wings,
Since thy pure soul has breathed into my life
A quickened kinship with diviner things—
I builded there, remote from din and strife,
A spacious solitude, where thou and I
Might reign untroubled by the pace of time.
How with thy fleetest wish the cloud would thrill,
And, like some sweet, unmeditated rhyme,
Bend with melodious impulse to thy will!
And I, strong in thy love, unquailingly
Would greet the gaze of dread eternity.

II.

THE LILY.

I SAW the lily pale and perfect grow
Amid its silent sisters in the mead.
Methought within its chilly depth to read
A maidenly severity, as though
A cool young life lay slumbering in the snow
Of its frail substance. In that chalice white
Whose fairy texture shone against the light
An unawakened pulse beat faint and slow.
And I remembered, love, thy coy disdain,
When thou my love for thee hadst first divined;
Thy proud, shy tenderness—too proud to feign
That willful blindness which is yet not blind.
Then toward the sun thy lily-life I turned—
With sudden splendor flushed its chalice burned.

III.

IF THE ROSE COULD SPEAK.

WITHIN the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,
And thought within its fervid breast to hear
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.
I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,
Now far away and now so strangely near.

Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame
 Could be unsealed and fling into the air
 Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim
 Their warm intoxication of despair;—
 Then would I give the rose into thy hand;
 Thou couldst its voice, beloved, not withstand.

IV.

THY WONDROUS NAME.

How can I lightly speak thy wondrous name,
 Which breathes the airy fragrance of thyself,
 As might, far straying from his flower, the elf
 Hold yet a breath within his fragile frame
 Of the flower's soul, betraying whence he came?
 I too, beloved, though we stray apart,
 Since in the vestal temple of thy heart—
 I dwell secure, glow with a sacred flame.
 A breath of thy sweet self unto me clings—
 A wondrous voice, as of large unborn deeds,
 With deep resoundings through my being rings,
 And unto wider realms of vision leads.
 And dead to me are sorrow, doubt and pain;
 The slumbering god within me wakes again.

AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

Six months after receiving our diplomas of graduation at Annapolis found us a disconsolate mess of six midshipmen attached to one of Uncle Sam's most unseaworthy "double-enders," fitting out at the Boston Navy-yard for the most disagreeable station in the world, the West Indies. We felt as if the Navy Department had put us on the black list and was determined to sit on us from the start in our active service career. Our professional ardor was at a low ebb when the joyful news reached us that we were all to be detached from our double-bowed bugbear and ordered to the sloop-of-war —, which shall be nameless in this narrative. Suffice it to say she was a vessel with a history that will live in story as long as the battles of Mobile Bay and the terrible passage of the forts at New Orleans are recorded; and what was more to our purpose and a desideratum sought after by all midshipmen, but unfortunately not always obtained, she had commodious quarters; and rumor, as rumor so often does when a vessel is preparing for a cruise, assigned as her destination the Mediterranean squadron. However, this illusion was soon dispelled, for the navigator informed us confidentially that he had been supplied from Washington

with a full equipment of charts of the West Indies. "Ah, well!" we thought, "we have the weather-gauge of some of our kind who are sweltering down there in much smaller vessels,"—a consolation which, I fear, we keenly relished. I will not attempt a full description of the trials and tribulations we endured in this our first experience at equipping a mess; the shifts and stratagems, the profound calculations to make ends meet, pay our bills, and avoid the dread "dead horse" *; our frequent councils to devise ways and means; the heated wrangles that broke the harmony of these councils, and the invariable conclusion that starvation or bankruptcy would be the result of all our efforts. How we missed the providing hand of our excellent *commissaire* at Annapolis, which always bounteously supplied us with the best in the market. We were, indeed, fledgelings cast out to provide for ourselves.

At length our ship was ready and we bade adieu to Boston. We shaped our course southward, our destination being Cape Haytien, where we were ordered to report to Admiral Palmer, on his flag-ship,

* Three months' advance pay.

"Susquehanna." We passed Cape Hatteras (the dread of all landsmen, and, at times, the terror of old salts) while the Storm-king slept, the sea being as smooth as an inland lake, which was a pleasant surprise to us "green uns." However, had we remembered the doggerel,

"If Hatteras you should pass,
Then look out for Bermudas,"

we would not have plumed ourselves so much on our luck, for, on the second day after, Boreas took things in hand. At twelve o'clock that stormy night the rude hand of a quartermaster aroused me from my peaceful slumbers and announced that it was my watch on the fo'castle.

"Is it raining?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, in torrents!"

I arose, and, sheathed in rubber from head to foot, ascended to the spar-deck. The night was intensely dark, the sea running high and the ship rolling as only our noble vessel knew how to roll. I scrambled forward, holding on to the running rigging to keep my feet as she lurched heavily to leeward, dodging with very indifferent success the seas that broke over her bulwarks, so that when I reached my *confrère* to relieve him, I was as wet as though I had swam forward.

"Well, I'll relieve you," I said to him; "what orders?"

"The commodore and first 'luff' will give them to you, they are both forward trying to run a hawser to the foretopmast-head; the stay has carried away," he replied.

Just then a flash of tropical lightning lit up the scene and made visible an old tar hanging in a sling about half-way up the mast, assisting others aloft to secure the hawser, which was to take the place of the broken stay. Whew! What lightning and what thunder! I thought till then that our Western lightning was incomparable, but for extreme brilliancy, attended with a diabolical, greenish tint, commend all lovers of lightning to the tropical zone. I overheard a blue-jacket make the following remark after one of these displays, to which I mentally gave my hearty concurrence:

"A man would be a fool to sell a farm to go to sea in weather like this!"

During this storm we noticed at the mast-heads the dim, bluish, electric light called St. Elmo's, upon which sailors, in times gone by, looked with superstitious dread. These are now regarded, however, as an

indication that the gale has spent its power. And so it proved in this instance, for by the next morning we were booming along with a stiff breeze and a clear sky. A few days after, the welcome cry of "Land ho!" sounded from the mast-head, and soon we made the entrance to the harbor of Cape Haytien. Here we learned from the American consul that the "Susquehanna" had left a week before for the United States, as yellow-fever, the scourge of these fruitful islands, had appeared among her crew. We found orders for us to take an extended cruise among the islands, commencing with Santa Cruz and returning to the same point by a certain date.

We remained only two or three days in this harbor, which gave us but a short run ashore. Sufficient time we had, however, to admire the picturesque scenery in the neighborhood of this once flourishing city,—this "New Paris" as it was called, under the French *régime*. It is located at the foot of a towering mountain covered with tropical verdure abutting on the sea, and is built on a large and beautiful plain, (utilized in part for coffee plantations) which terminates at the foot of a brown-stone colored mountain abounding in crags and ghastly precipices upon which, standing out clear and well defined, appears the almost inaccessible castle and fortress of King Christoff.

It was scarcely discernible how such a dilapidated city could at any time have deserved such a flattering cognomen as "New Paris." Riots, revolutions, earthquakes and that improvident spirit of the negro which seems opposed to the exertion necessary to keep anything in repair, had made a bat's nest of what no doubt was once a beautiful city. I fear Hayti is a discouraging commentary on the theories of those humanitarians who believe in the ultimate elevation of the negro to the level of the Caucasian race. There is a backward tendency of which barbarism seems to be the inevitable goal in the richest island of the West Indies, unless a new people take possession of the soil.

The sights about this shabby city were curious and amusing. Soldiers and police were visible at all points in various uniforms, if such a term is allowable, from semi-nudity to full-rigged brigadiers, each one seeming to consult his own taste, convenience or purse as to color, style and ornaments. Such a travesty on modern military equipments I had never beheld. A soldier with

a *chapeau militaire* set off with a large red plume, a cavalry saber strapped to his side, a pair of tattered unmentionables and barefooted, mounted on a mule or donkey, would go scurrying by, and this, we would be informed, was a "regimental officer." We hired a brigadier for fifty cents to carry our luggage to the hotel.

We carried out the instructions received from time to time from Admiral Palmer, to call among the various groups of islands, touching at all the principal ports as well as Aspinwall and the ports on the Spanish Main, until finally the month of October found us lying in the harbor of Frederickstadt, Santa Cruz. We were there recuperating the health of our crew, having had eight cases of yellow fever aboard, one of which had proven fatal, the other patients having been sent ashore to the hospital. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" for, had it not been for this sickness, our vessel, without doubt, would have anchored just outside Prince Rupert's Rocks in the entrance to the harbor of St. Thomas, as had been our custom for several months so as to meet the American mail, and would have been caught in that terrific hurricane of the twenty-ninth of October, 1867, which visited that island, wrecking in its harbor in the space of two hours, sixty odd vessels of all



"WE HIRED A BRIGADIER FOR FIFTY CENTS TO CARRY OUR LUGGAGE TO THE HOTEL."

sizes, from the magnificent iron steamer of the English mail lines to the small coasting schooner, and drowning over five hundred persons. But we were reserved for a different fate. Hearing of this catastrophe,

our commanding officer immediately resolved to steam over and render all possible assistance. The first view of the scene impressed us with the terrible power that had been running riot among the shipping. The harbor was literally choked with wrecks, and, as if not content with that, some of the smaller craft were flung high upon the rocks. Vessels of all sizes became unmanageable and were driven hither and thither about the harbor by the violence of the merciless gale, driving upon and sinking each other. One large collier, in ballast, the "British Empire" by name, broke from her moorings and charged three times across the harbor, maneuvered by the shifting wind, sinking steamers, ships and schooners, until, shattered and stove, she finally sank upon the wrecks of two Danish brigs she had sent to the bottom before her.

I shall not attempt to depict the horrors of the wrecking of the mail steamers just in from Europe, loaded with passengers: how one attempted to gain the open sea and in the mist ran upon a reef outside the harbor, only two of her crew surviving; how others went down in sight of the city with human aid powerless to save even the women and children. One steamer had the good fortune, when in a sinking condition, to be driven alongside an iron floating dock in time to transfer her passengers. Many of these passengers I afterward saw at the hotels lamenting their unhappy condition, being left penniless in a strange land thousands of miles from home. A wealthy Mexican with a young bride had much treasure lost, consisting in part of diamonds which he greatly feared had gone to deck "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean." A small Spanish man-of-war, the name of which I regret to say I cannot recall, deserves special mention. During the entire gale she steamed as best she could from point to point in the harbor as she was directed by the cry for help or the shriek of the drowning, until she had lost all boats but her smallest one and many brave men, when her commander heard the cry of the captain of a French vessel who was clinging to a buoy. He called for volunteers to man the only boat left—a mere toy in such a gale; but his men hesitating to run the hazard, he leaped, single-handed into the boat and shoved off to his own destruction, the Frenchman clinging fast until rescued after the gale had abated. The various adventures and hair-breadth escapes



THE HURRICANE AT ST. THOMAS.

ST. THOMAS.

of individuals, if all told, would fill volumes. The captain of an American brig, having his wife aboard and anticipating the loss of his vessel, determined to make a desperate effort to save her whom he prized far above vessel and cargo. Dressing her in a suit of his clothes, he waited a favorable lull and shoved off in a small boat for the shore. They rowed but a few fathoms from their vessel when their boat capsized, and man and wife were separated forever, the former being drowned and the latter saved by drifting under the bows of a Danish bark and catching a rope thrown her, by which she was drawn aboard. But still ill-fortune followed her; in a few minutes this vessel was capsized, or stove, and once more she was in the water battling with the fury of the winds and waves, to be again rescued by a rope from a schooner nearer shore. Bleeding and exhausted, she had scarcely recovered her senses when this last refuge was carried among the breakers and she swept with the wreck to the shore, where some negroes carried her to the hospital.

The harbor-master and a crew of negroes proved themselves heroes on that day at the cost of their lives. Many trips they made in their life-boat from shore to wreck, carrying living freight of men, women, and children. Once too often were they impelled to venture on their mission of mercy,

and the angry waves swallowed them. The harbor-master's body was found locked in the arms of two of his faithful crew who had endeavored to assist him to shore. Several dead bodies were found under the coal-piles near the water, where half-drowned sailors had crawled only to be smothered by the falling coal. Some of the freaks of the wind I hesitate to mention, lest the veracity of your chronicler may be doubted. But I could produce witnesses to others which I shall narrate.

An old-fashioned diving-bell, weighing over nine hundred pounds, which had been left on a small island in the harbor, was picked up by the wind, or some power in the air, and carried bodily several hundred yards across water to the mainland. Stone houses, in some instances, were blown down and scattered, stone by stone, until nothing remained to mark their sites but the foundation walls, and yet within a few feet of them light frame structures were left standing entire. On the island of St. John, a few miles to the southward, I noticed in the roof of a house holes made by round and oblong stones, weighing thirty or forty pounds, which had been picked up by the wind and hurled through the air; and to convince the skeptical, there were the rocks lying on the attic floor. Shingles and tiles from the roofs of houses were driven into the trees as if shot from guns. During the gale the air was filled with a salt spray that penetrated the inmost recesses of houses far up on the hills.

After finishing our mission we returned to Santa Cruz only to be ordered back in a couple of weeks. At this time the government was meditating the purchase of these Danish Islands, and the commissioners who had been "viewing the landscape o'er," about St. Thomas, were desirous of leaving that pestilential "hole in the wall," to survey the fairer one, of which they had many good reports. Consequently we were detailed to carry them over to Frederickstadt, which we accomplished on the 17th of November. We anchored in the open roadstead which serves as a harbor to this town, about half a mile from the wharf. The weather was warm, but not remarkably so for the tropics, the thermometer ranging during the day in the eighties, touching the nineties in the middle of the day perhaps. The sky, we remembered by the light of after events, wore a coppery hue.

Nothing unusual attracted our attention until three o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th of November, when our vessel began to quiver and rock as if a mighty giant had laid hold of her and was trying to loosen every timber in her frame. Officers and men ran pell-mell on deck to ascertain the cause of such a phenomenon. The vibrations continued the space of perhaps a minute, accompanied by a buzzing noise somewhat like the draught of a smelting furnace, or the hum of innumerable swarms of bees. So certain were we that the cause was connected in some way with the ship that no one cast an eye on shore. Various suggestions were made by old and young.

"Blowing down the boilers!" said one. There being no fires under the boilers, such a solution was impossible.

"A drum fish fastened to the vessel's bottom," suggested another.

"It's an *earthquake*, sir; look ashore!" shouted from the bow an old blue jacket, who had felt the peculiar sensation before. I looked toward Frederickstadt and saw a dusty hazy atmosphere over the town. I could see men, women and children, running hither and thither, and could catch faint cries of distress. Noticing that a part of the stone tower of the English Church had fallen, I surmised great damage had been done the dwellings, and was expecting to hear our boats called away to render assistance to the inhabitants. Full five minutes had elapsed since the shock, when I heard a peculiar grating noise, and looking over the bow I found the chain sawing

on the cut-water, and as taut as a harp-string, full ten fathoms of it being out of water. On reporting the fact aft, the warp from the quarter which was used to swing the ship broadside to the land-breeze, was let go, when we found we were dragging anchor very rapidly, because of the powerful currents, the first effect of the shock. Orders were immediately given to "veer" chain; the executive officer ordered the "stoppers" to be cut. A sailor seized an ax and delivered but a stroke or two, when the tremendous strain broke them, and with the leap of a huge serpent the iron cable ran out the hawse-pipe with continually increasing velocity, swaying and leaping in its mad career, defying the power of the men at the compressor with their powerful lever to stop it; on and on it dashed, making the vessel's bow rise and fall as it increased in momentum, marking its erratic course with a streak of fire, until coming to the end there was a perceptible rising of the deck, a tremendous jerk and the heavy fourteen-inch bolt riveted in a solid oak beam was torn out and the last links connecting the vessel to the anchor went flourishing and wriggling overboard with the rest. The last couple of fathoms swept the decks thoroughly under the top-gallant forecastle, upsetting and smashing the carpenter's bench and grindstone, and whipping up the ladder, making it execute a back somersault in the air. We were now adrift at the mercy of the currents.

An effort was made to man the starboard compressor so as to check the other anchor when let go; but the men had come on deck and were standing panic-stricken, gazing at the terrible appearance of the sea. A reef had risen off the northern point of the island where but a few minutes before were several fathoms of water. Our vessel advanced toward and receded from the shore with the waters until, as if some great power had raised up the bottom of the bay, the sea rapidly closed in on the town, filling the houses and covering the street running along the beach to a depth of twenty-four feet. Our ship, following the current, took a course toward the southern end of the town, until over the edge of the street it swung her bow toward the north and was carried along—smashing a frame store-house, and breaking down a row of shade-trees. During this maneuver an effort was made to hoist the jib in the hope of catching a breeze to keep us off the town. The halliards were manned, when it was found that the cover (a strong piece of canvas) was

holding it fast. Several men rushed out to remove the impediment, but their nervous fingers tugged in vain at the stubborn knots when an officer ordered them to cut it loose; only one knife was convenient, and the man using it had ripped but a couple of feet of the cover, when his trembling hand dropped it overboard. Men were then ordered aloft to loose the fore top-sail. A dozen or more brave ones rushed up the rigging nearly to the top, when catching a view of the angry and turbulent sea they stopped, trembling in the presence of the mighty power that was abroad, and retreated to the deck. Again were the jib halliards manned, in the hope of tearing the sail from its cover. The men would tug at the rope with frantic efforts for a moment, then turn for a glimpse at the threatening sea, and the rope would drop from their hands. By this time the rush of waters was toward the ocean. We were carried out perhaps five hundred yards from the shore, when our vessel grounded and the water continuing its retreat, she careened over on her port beam's ends. The bottom of the roadstead was now visible, nearly bare, for a distance of half a mile beyond us, and that immense body of water which had covered the bay and part of the town was re-forming with the whole Atlantic Ocean as an ally, for a tremendous charge upon us and the shore. This was the supreme moment of the catastrophe. As far as the eye could reach to the north and to the south was a high threatening wall of green water. It seemed to pause for a moment as if marshaling its strength, and then on it came in a majestic unbroken column, more awe-inspiring than an army with banners. The suspense was terrible! Our noble vessel seemed as a tiny nut-shell to withstand the shock of the mighty rushing Niagara that was advancing upon us. Many a hasty prayer was muttered by lips unaccustomed to devotion. All expected to be engulfed, and but few had any hope of surviving. We all seized hold of some stationary object with the intent of preventing ourselves from being washed overboard. "Hold fast!" was the cry, as the tidal-wave struck the ship with gigantic force, making every timber shiver. Yet, singular enough, not a drop of water reached her decks. Being rather flat-bottomed, the first effect of the blow was to send her over on her starboard beam's ends, which gave the water an opportunity of getting well under her before righting, when she was buoyed to the crest of the wave and carried

broadside to the shore, finally landing on the edge of the street in a cradle of rocks that seemed prepared for her reception. Here she rested with her decks inclined at an



THE FALL OF THE CHURCH TOWER.

angle of fifteen degrees. A small Spanish brig was carried bodily inland across the cane-fields and landed in the midst of the king's highway. The waters again retreated and assumed such a threatening appearance, that our commander, fearing another tidal wave (which would have dashed us against the stone houses or against the walls of a Danish fort just ahead of us), gave the order, "Every man save himself!" In an instant ropes were thrown over the sides and the crew began sliding down them like spiders and making for the hills in the rear of the town. Seizing one of the fore try-sail vangs I flung it over the side, securing the part even with the deck to a cleat; after the few men who still remained forward had descended on my rope and I had cast a glance seaward to calculate the chances of getting clear of the ship's bottom before the sea struck her again, I swung to it and descended so rapidly that my hands paid a severe penalty, the rope cutting the flesh nearly to the bone.

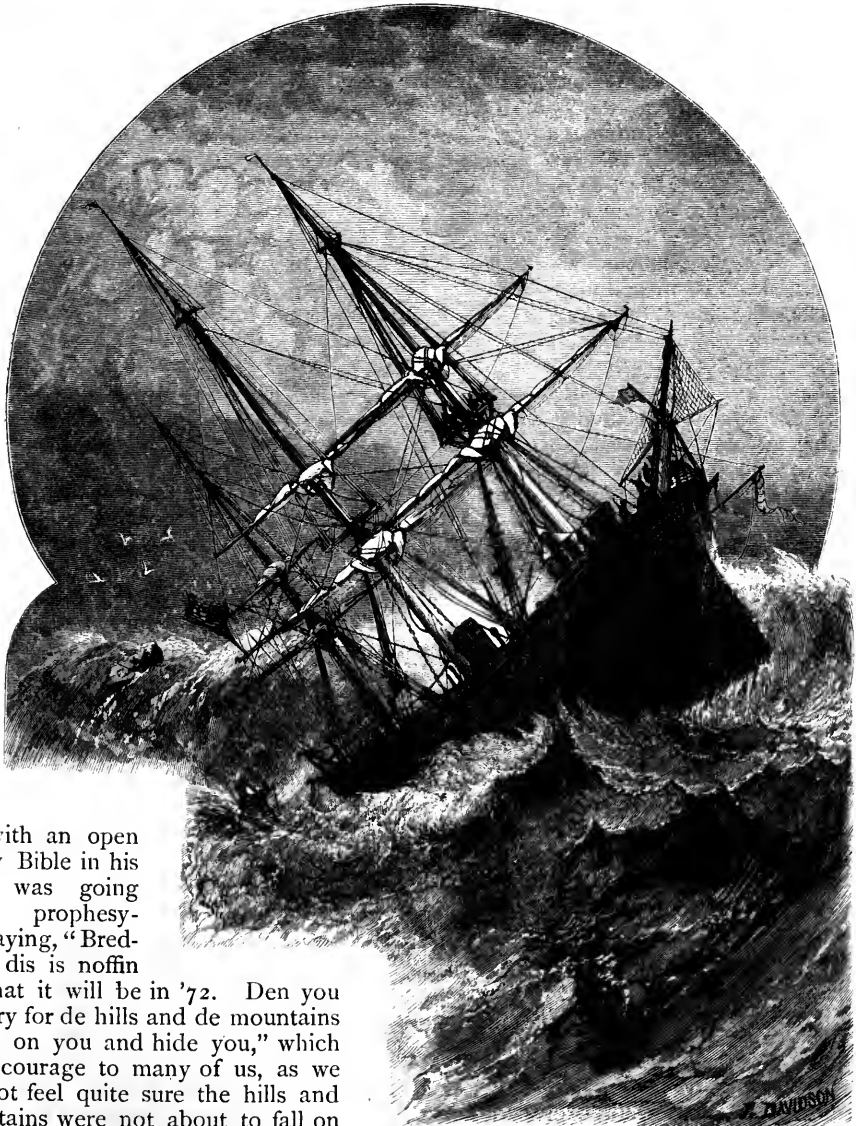
Upon striking the ground, I immediately

cut round the corner of the street leading to the nearest hill. Like Lot, I looked not back, but made the best time possible, soon overtaking a squad of our men that had preceded me. On arriving at the first cross street we were beset by a rush of water that had been thrown far up in the town, seeking its way back to the sea. We were soon in water waist-deep, contending with a strong current as best we could. The situation was not so critical, however, as to prevent us from noting some comical incidents. This water bore on its surface all manner of *débris* which it had gathered from the yards and houses in its course,—chairs, cradles, bedsteads, broken fences and doors, together with flocks of ducks and geese quacking and gabbling, utterly bewildered by the sudden rise of their natural element.

We blundered and stumbled along, making all haste for fear the sea would overtake us. A marine secured a horse that had been abandoned by its owner and mounting rode to the rescue of a negro girl who was clinging to a fence. Seating her in front of him, he steered his bark again for the hills with two or three blue jackets towing astern, hanging to the horse's tail. But even this craft was doomed to be shipwrecked, for the horse stumbled over some obstacle and tossed both marine and girl far over his head into the muddy depths. No injury resulting, we all arrived safely at the foot of the hill of refuge. Here was a scene never to be forgotten. Whites and blacks were collected in groups, praying, crying, and wringing their hands; some counting their beads, and some on their knees reading aloud from their prayer-books. One old ne-



"THE BOTTOM OF THE ROADSTEAD WAS NOW VISIBLE FOR A DISTANCE OF HALF A MILE."



"SHE WAS BUOYED TO THE CREST OF THE WAVE
AND CARRIED BROADSIDE TO THE SHORE."

gro, with an open family Bible in his hand was going about prophesying, saying, "Bred-dern, dis is noffin to what it will be in '72. Den you will cry for de hills and de mountains to fall on you and hide you," which gave courage to many of us, as we did not feel quite sure the hills and mountains were not about to fall on us without a special invitation.

Many incidents of interest I might chronicle, that occurred aboard our vessel during the interval between the shock and her final landing on the shore. When our apparently hopeless situation began to be realized by all of us, it was curious to mark the manner in which it affected different individuals. Our chief boatswain's mate stood unmoved at his post, whistle in hand, never forgetting to pipe "haul away," or "belay," when appropriate, and if I remember correctly, his whistle piped the men over the side when the order "every man save himself" was announced. Some were

heard to remark, "We are all lost, but we must do the best we can," and worked with a will. One man ran about the decks, exclaiming, in the face of the officers, "My God! we are all lost!" Two prisoners in double irons hobbled on deck from their prison below, and begged, for God's sake, to have their irons removed, that they might have an equal chance for their lives, with the rest of us. The master-at-arms was without his keys to unlock their shackles. He had given them to the ship's corporal, who was on shore. No time was to be

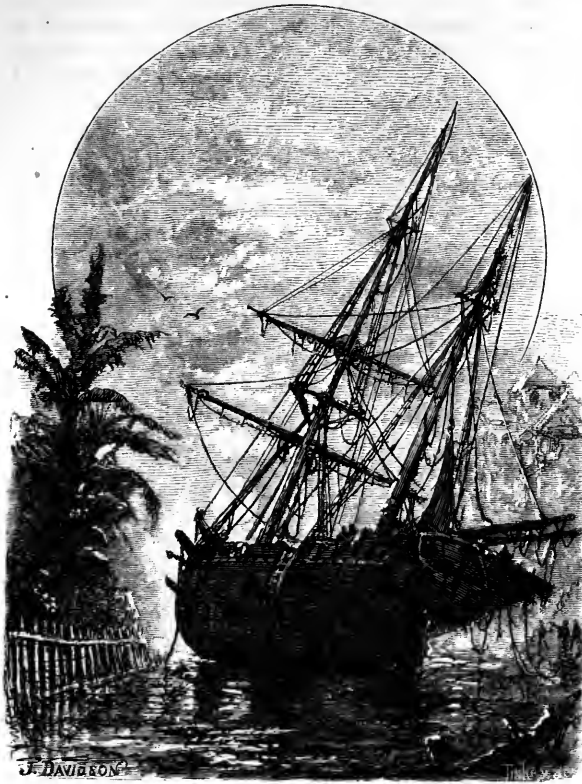
lost, so I ordered their chains to be cut. One of the prisoners seized a hatchet, and, seating himself on the deck, in one powerful stroke severed the chain confining his ankles. He then cut the chains of his fellow-prisoner, who in turn cut those confining his wrists, leaving the bracelets still on wrists and ankles, but so as not to interfere with the free use of their limbs. When the commotion in the water first occurred, two men were sent in each of the boats to assist the keepers in getting them under the davits, the intention being to hoist them. But the time was too short, and they drifted from the vessel. I watched the movements of one of these boats through a port as the wave approached. The three men in her manned their oars, and pointed her bow toward the enemy, bending every effort to give her headway in the shallow water, in the hope of topping the wave and riding it to shore. They did nobly. The boat's bow rose nearly to the crest of the wave, and I hoped for a moment they would be successful, but their oars were caught foul by the on-rushing water, their boat thrown broadside to the wave, and crew and all were overwhelmed, two of them never to come up alive. The third one rose, and, seizing hold of a sugar hogshead that had been washed from the wharf, after many immersions finally reached shore unhurt. The coxswain of the commodore's gig stood by his boat at the expense of his life. Keeping her under the quarter, when the final rush for the shore occurred, the vessel came down on boat and keeper. One poor fellow, who had just returned from liberty, lost his presence of mind, and leaped overboard at a time when no effort could be made to save him. Another, in descending, lost his hold on the rope, and fell to the ground, breaking both legs and sustaining other injuries. We carried him to a frame church on the hill, where the surgeons, after examination, announced to him it would be necessary to amputate both legs. He asked that he might see a priest before the operation. One was sent for, and, after a short interview, the brave fellow told the surgeons to proceed, saying he was ready for any emergency, and did not wish them to use anæsthetics. One leg was amputated, by which time it became apparent that internal injuries of a fatal nature had been sustained, and he was saved further unnecessary suffering.

Leaving him in the hands of the surgeons I collected what men I could and returned

to the vessel. Many had remained on board concluding that the threatening wave could not raise sufficient force for a second charge. When within hailing distance, I was commanded by a superior officer to take a cutlass and clear the men out of a grog shop on the opposite side of the street from the ship. On entering I found twenty or thirty of our crew making away with all the liquor their stomachs could accommodate. They found themselves among a rare assortment of the vilest kind from which to select, and many of their faces already glowed with the liquid fire they had imbibed. Foremost among them I noticed our two prisoners with their chains still dangling to their limbs, far gone in intoxication. I ordered them all out and stood guard until relieved by the owner. His face elongated perceptibly when he surveyed the scene within. Billiard-tables, chairs, counters, rum-bottles and rubbish were piled together in a slimy heap at the further end of the room.

On returning aboard ship for dry clothing I learned the full extent of damage sustained by our floating home. Her rudder was torn from its gimbals, forty feet of keel was gone, much copper was stripped off, two holes were in the bottom, and her frame was so racked that the engines were out of line, the shaft was bent near the propeller, and seams were gaping fore and aft.

Hearing that a widow lady and family who resided a half mile from the town were in great distress, three of us who were acquainted with them proceeded to their assistance. We arrived at the house early in the evening and found them huddled together in the yard almost paralyzed with terror, without shelter and their house so damaged that it would have to be rebuilt. We removed what furniture and clothing was necessary for their present comfort and improvising a tent we prepared for camping out for the night. We built a large fire under the trees and made every one as comfortable as possible. But in vain did we woo sleep that night. Severe shocks occurred at intervals of a half hour during the entire night, which had the effect of keeping us all on the *qui vive*. So there was nothing for us to do but accept the situation and make the best of it. The night was beautiful and clear, the heavens were filled with bright stars, and, in spite of the unfortunate condition in which we were all placed, there was a charm in the situation, whether owing to the presence of the ladies or the novelty of the surroundings I



SPANISH BRIG IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

cannot say. But this I know, the mental exertion put forth by the sterner sex to allay the fear and anxiety of the gentler, gave all a flow of spirits and humor that the frequent and violent shocks could but temporarily subdue. So passed the first night with us, and when the morning dawned we folded our tents and moved our friends into the town and gave them a part of a large tent made from the ship's awnings and erected by our crew in a palm-grove for the benefit of such white families as might feel disposed to accept of its hospitable shelter.

The negroes from the plantations were terribly affected by the earthquakes; they saw water oozing from the sides of the hills, where no springs were known, and the rumbling and shaking of the earth filled them with superstitious terrors. Some of them died from fright, as I was informed by a clergyman who ministered among them. Hundreds of them flocked into town, and for the accommodation of them and others we constructed a tent out of our mainsail. The scene in this palm-grove was not unlike an old-time camp-meeting. The sojourn-

ers in both tents devoted their time principally to religious exercises, of which singing formed the greater part. At times these tents would be giving forth volumes of music and praise that made the very welkin ring; but in a day or two it came to be the custom to alternate, one listening while the other sang, until the superiority of the negro music was acknowledged, when the black tent had to bear the burden of song. We had a good opportunity for observing the negro character under the most trying circumstances, and had abundant evidence of its volatile nature. They were all very devout, very penitent for the first three days, and spent the day and nearly all the night-time in prayer and praise. If there was a cessation in their devotions at any time, night or day, a shock was sure to revive them, and a long prayer and one hymn, at least, would follow. But as days passed and the shocks occurred with less frequency and violence, Sambo's natural gayety arose, and as their *répertoire* of hymns

had been exhausted, some of them occasionally would venture to interject a popular ballad imported from the states, and all would join in and render it with a full chorus. On one occasion they were singing with great gusto,

"I wish I were in Dixie,"



AFTER THE TIDAL WAVE.

when whir-r-r came a tremendous vibration, which hushed every voice in an instant, and, as soon as recovered, fervent prayers took the place of the worldly song, followed by the doubly appropriate hymn beginning,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

People outside of the tents conducted themselves during these trying times in various manners. Some relied solely on their devotions, others gave rum their exclusive attention, while still others there were who made as they thought, a judicious admixture of the two. All, however, seemed to suffer acutely from anxiety and nervousness. There is nothing, I believe, so trying to a healthy nervous system as a succession of earthquakes. To a landsman a gale at sea has untold terrors; yet the tossings of his bark can be accounted for: the wind and waves are there, and the result may be anticipated. But in an earthquake all these factors are wanting; the cause is mysterious and unknown; the result anticipated is destruction in some form, and the tension of the nerves is most wearing. Imagination magnifies the danger, and thus keeps the sensorium on a constant strain for the next shock. The third day after the wreck an unusually severe vibration

occurred, after which the smell of sulphur was plainly perceptible. I was standing at the time by the side of a friend, and so affected was I by this new symptom of danger that I could not mention it. I felt like one who sees a fatal symptom appearing on the face of a sick friend; my heart fell within me, and I could not muster courage to speak of it. My friend sniffed the Plutonic odor, however, and exclaimed, "Gods! X., did you smell brimstone? What if a volcano be under us!" I confess I was trying to banish the same thought.

At length, after fourteen days of anxiety, we were relieved by the appearance of the United States steamer "De Soto," from St. Thomas (herself badly damaged by the tidal wave), with instructions to convey all but a few of us back to the United States. How glad we were to quit that island words cannot express. Ocean, with its uncertainties, its waves and tempests, even in a damaged vessel, was thrice welcome.

Our ark of refuge bore us safely to our native shores, and Uncle Sam, not forgetful of his own, had our noble vessel launched and repaired from keel to mast-head, and to-day she sails the seas without a mark of her rough handling by the earthquake wave.



ST. ELMO'S LIGHT.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN.*

IN April, 1863, the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, Attorney-General Bates and two friends, of whom I was one, went on an excursion to the Army of the Potomac, then commanded by General Hooker, and lying along the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. We staid with the army five or six days, during which Lincoln reviewed the several corps of that magnificent organization. An attack on Charleston was then impending, and on the way from Washington to the landing at Acquia Creek the President was very much depressed. The little steamer was detained by a severe snow-storm, and it was found necessary to anchor under Indian Head for the night. A comfortable supper was improvised for the party, and the preparations and contrivances which were necessary to give us sleeping-places roused the President to make his usual number of jokes. But after all was quiet for the night, and only two of the company were about the steamer, the President came and, sitting down beside me, whispered: "How many of our monitors will you wager are at the bottom of Charleston Harbor?" I essayed to give a cheerful view of the Charleston situation. But he would not be encouraged. He then went on to say that he did not believe that an attack by water on Charleston could ever possibly succeed. He talked a long time about his "notions" as he called them, and General Halleck's plans. He went off to bed, saying mournfully, "I have no faith in it. It is too late." When we reached Hooker's head-quarters next day, the first inquiries were for "rebel papers," which were usually brought in from the picket lines. These he examined with great anxiety, hoping that he might find an item of news from Charleston. And, one day, having looked all over a Richmond paper several times, without finding a paragraph which he had been told was in it, he was mightily pleased to have it pointed out to him, and said, "It is plain that newspapers are made for newspaper men; being only a layman, it was impossible for me to find that."

The President enjoyed his trip very much,

or, at least, he appeared to. But one day, when one of the party said that the rest was good for him, he shook his head dubiously, and replied, "I don't know about the 'rest,' as you call it. I suppose it is good for the body. But the tired part of me is inside and out of reach." He rode a great deal while with the army, always preferring the saddle to the elegant ambulance which had been provided by General Ingalls. He sat his horse well, but he rode hard, and during his stay I think he regularly used up at least one horse each day. Little Tad invariably followed in his father's train, and mounted on a small horse, accompanied by an orderly, the youngster was a conspicuous figure as his gray cloak flew in the wind while we hung on the flanks of the brilliant staff of Hooker and his generals.

One night, while the President and myself were alone together in Hooker's hut, he looked cautiously about him, but in a half-jocular way, and taking a diminutive scrap of paper out of his pocket, gave it to me. On this scrap were written these figures: "216,718—146,000—169,000." I looked at the paper with puzzled wonder, when he explained that the first figures represented the sum total of the men on the rolls of the army of the Potomac, that the second were the actual available force, and the last represented the numerical strength to which the force might be increased when the army should move.

"You can send that by letter to California, by and by, if you want. It can't get back here in time to do any harm. But don't you ever let on that I gave you those figures. They'd hang me for giving information to the enemy."

Hooker's great movement on Richmond took place in May following, about three weeks after our visit. The general made no secret of his intention to go directly to Richmond. Once Lincoln said, in the course of a chat, "If you get to Richmond, General ——" But Hooker interrupted him with—"Excuse me, Mr. President, but there is no 'if' in the case. I am going straight to Richmond if I live." Later in the day, Lincoln, privately referring to this confidence of the general, said, rather

mournfully, "It is about the worst thing I have seen since I have been down here."

When we returned to Washington, General Sickles, then commanding the Fifth Army Corps, and General Schurz, who commanded a division in the Eleventh Corps, accompanied the party, by the President's invitation, Mr. Bates having, meantime, gone home. The company all dined together at the White House next day. Schurz had some private conversation with the President on the way up the river, and at the house next day. After the company had gone, Lincoln asked me to go upstairs with him for a few minutes. He went up slowly and thoughtfully, then, turning around on the stairs, he said, "Did you notice how glum Schurz is? He is dissatisfied. Poor Schurz! He seems never to forget that he is an adopted citizen of the country."

Early in May, the country was anxiously waiting for news from Chancellorsville. The grand movement had been only partially successful, but everybody expected to hear that the first repulse was only temporary, and that the army was pressing on gloriously to Richmond. One bright forenoon, in company with an old friend of Lincoln's, I waited in one of the family rooms of the White House, as the President had asked us to go to the navy-yard with him to see some experiments in gunnery. A door opened and Lincoln appeared, holding an open telegram in his hand. The sight of his face and figure was frightful. He seemed stricken with death. Almost tottering to a chair, he sat down, and then I mechanically noticed that his face was of the same color as the wall behind him—not pale, not even sallow, but gray, like ashes. Extending the dispatch to me, he said, with a sort of far-off voice, "Read it—news from the army." The telegram was from General Butterfield, I think, then chief of staff to Hooker. It was very brief, simply saying that the army of the Potomac had "safely" recrossed the Rappahannock and was now at its old position on the north bank of that stream. The President's friend, Dr. Henry, an old man and somewhat impressionable, burst into tears,—not so much, probably, at the news, as on account of its effect upon Lincoln. The President regarded the old man for an instant with dry eyes and said, "What will the country say? Oh, what will the country say?" He seemed hungry for consolation and cheer, and sat a little while talking about the failure. Yet, it did

not seem that he was disappointed. He only thought that the country would be.

One foggy night in the spring of 1863, being at the White House, Lincoln asked me if I would not walk over to General Halleck's head-quarters with him; as we passed out of the family part of the house, the President turned back and from a number of walking-sticks in a corner, selected a heavy one, shod and tipped with historic iron bolts from some ship, I believe. He never used a cane in walking, and as he took this he said, dropping his voice to a serio-comic and confidential whisper, "Mother* has got a notion into her head that I shall be assassinated, and to please her I take a cane when I go over to the War Department at nights—when I don't forget it."

The precaution, though taken almost in a spirit of fun, made me a little nervous, especially as the night was dark and gloomy, and the way to Halleck's head-quarters lay through the park between the War Department and the White House. Crossing the street beyond the department building, the slouching figure of a man near the Winder building attracted my notice and I scarcely paid any attention to the President's chat, distracted as I was by the apparition. When we returned, an hour or two later, I was positively scared by the shadows made by the trees that stood about the park. The President noticed this, perhaps, for when we had reached the house in safety, he said, "Now own up that I scared you by putting plots and assassinations into your head, when we went out." I confessed that I was worried and that I should not have thought of danger if he had not mentioned it. He laughed and said that that was human nature. Then he added more seriously, "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a body-guard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man if it is desirable that he should be killed. Besides, in this case, it seems to me, the man who would come after me would be just as objectionable to my enemies—if I have any." At that time Mr. Hamlin was the vice-president.

Lincoln never, but on one other occasion, said anything in my hearing about the danger of assassination. We had been to the theater together and had dismissed the carriage at

* Lincoln almost always used this old-fashioned title for his wife.

a side door, upon entering. The President walked back with me to the White House, talking cheerily about the play, which was John Brougham's "Pocahontas," and in which Lincoln took great delight. An intimate friend of Lincoln's, who had gone to the play with us, but who had not staid through the piece, met us at the door of the White House and remonstrated against the President exposing himself thus. Lincoln was a little nettled and showed it in his manner. Then he good-naturedly said, "Nevertheless, the fact is I am a great coward. I have moral courage enough, I think, but I am such a coward, physically, that if I were to shoulder a gun, and go into action, I am dead sure that I should turn and run at the first fire,—I know I should."

Lincoln liked to go to the theater. It gave him an hour or two of freedom from care and worry, and what was better, freedom from the interruption of office-seekers and politicians. He was on such terms with the managers of two of the theaters that he could go in privately by the stage door, and slip into the stage boxes without being seen by the audience. Concealed by the friendly screen of the drapery, he saw many plays without public observation. Once, I remember, we were alone together at Ford's theater, in a box directly under the one in which he afterward was assassinated. He was in a remarkable flow of spirits, and made many comical remarks on the progress of the play. Edwin Booth was playing in "The Merchant of Venice," and, as we sat, two or three of the supernumeraries, who wore scarlet hose, were constantly in the line of sight. Finally, the President said, "I wonder if those red-legged, pigeon-toed chaps don't think that they are playing this play? They are dreadful numerous." Just before the act-drop went up, each time, he consulted his programme and said, "This is Act two eyes," or, "Act eye V," as the case might be. And as we went home, he said, "It was a good performance, but I had a thousand times rather read it at home, if it were not for Booth's playing. A farce, or a comedy, is best played; a tragedy is best read at home."

On another occasion, at the same theater, Lincoln saw Forrest play "Lear." But he was more impressed by John McCullough's playing of Edgar, than by the great tragedian's acting. With a certain simplicity of manner, he asked, "Do you suppose he would come to the box if we sent

word?" I replied that the actor would undoubtedly be gratified to hear a personal commendation from him. Mr. McCullough, accordingly, was brought to the door of the box, all dressed in stage rags and straw as he was, and the President thanked him very cordially, and with discriminating praise, for the pleasure which he had received from the performance.

J. H. Hackett, in his part of Falstaff, was another actor who gave Lincoln great delight. With his usual desire to signify to others his sense of obligation, he wrote a genial little note to the actor, expressing his pleasure at witnessing his performance. Mr. Hackett, in reply, sent a book of some sort; perhaps it was one of his own authorship. He also wrote several notes to the President. One night, quite late, when the episode had passed out of my mind, I went to the White House in answer to a message. Passing into the President's office, I noticed, to my surprise, Hackett sitting in the anteroom, as if waiting for an audience. The President asked me if any one was outside. On being told, he said, half sadly, "Oh, I can't see him; I can't see him. I was in hopes he had gone away." Then he added, "Now, this just illustrates the difficulty of having pleasant friends and acquaintances in this place. You know how I liked Hackett as an actor, and how I wrote to tell him so. He sent me that book, and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it. But just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants?" I could not guess, and Lincoln added, "Well, he wants to be consul to London. Oh, dear!"

If I ever had any hold on the President's good-will, it was because I never asked any favor of him, nor allowed myself to be the bearer of the requests of others. Once, however, I did seem to transgress that rule without intending it. A young man in Illinois, who had served his time in the army, was kept from re-enlisting by a promise which he had made his mother that he would not go into the army again. Chafing at the idea that he was staying at home in comfort while the war was raging, he determined to go into the navy, if he could, and so fight for the country, while he kept his word to his mother. I told the story to Lincoln, who was amused at the ingenuity of the young lieutenant's plan. He said, "I think that young man

ought to have a chance to fight if he wants it, even at the risk of evading his promise. Go over to the Navy Department, tell Captain Fox I sent you, and if between you two you can mouse out something in the fresh-water navy for this young man, come back and let me know, and the thing is done." Captain Fox, then Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, did "mouse out something in the fresh-water navy," and the young man was sent into the flotilla on the Mississippi River with an acting-master's commission.

Lincoln's frank admission of his lack of knowledge of naval and military terms was sometimes very amusing. In reading over a report of a naval engagement once, he marked something on the margin, and when he next saw me, he said, "I've got a conundrum for you. What's the difference between a ship and a bark?" At another time, going down the Potomac early in the morning, he noticed a vessel sailing into the long shadow cast by a headland. He made the remark that a poet would probably find a fine figure in that ship sailing out of the sunshine into the shadow. Assenting to this, I corrected his nautical knowledge by saying that the vessel was not a ship, but a three-masted schooner. After laughing at his mistake and carefully fixing the points of difference in his mind as they were explained, he said, "I shall certainly know a three-masted schooner from a ship the next time I ever see either. When I came into this place, I was deplorably ignorant of all marine matters, being only a prairie lawyer. But I do think that I knew the difference between the bow of a ship and her stern, and I don't believe Secretary Welles did."

At another time, riding through the woods in Virginia where the soldiers had opened a road, he said, looking at the woodmen's work, "If there is anything I do know, it is how to fell a tree." And as we jolted on, he pointed out the cleanly cut stumps of some, saying, "Now, that's a good butt," or, "The man that felled that tree didn't know his business. See what a contemptible butt he has left. It looks as if it had been chewed off!"

This conversation naturally brought up the subject of rail-splitting. The President said that he did not remember splitting many rails in his life. In fact, rail-fences were not in his line at all; but he was proud, he said, of his record as a woodsman. Somebody reminded him that he had authenticated some rails as of his splitting,

during the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign. "No, I didn't," he replied. "They brought those rails in where I was, with a great hurrah, and what I did say was that if I ever split any rails on the piece of ground that those rails came from, and I was not sure whether I had or not, I *was* sure that those were the rails."

In private conversation Lincoln manifested a singular reluctance to speak of himself as President, or to mention the office with any sort of personal reference to himself. He always used the phrase, "since I came into this place," instead of saying, "since I became President." The war he usually spoke of as "this great trouble," and he almost never alluded to the enemy as "Confederates," or "the Confederate government," but he used the word "rebel" in his talk and in his letters.

He also had an unconquerable reluctance to appear to lead public opinion, and often spoke of himself as "the attorney for the people." Once, however, when a Senator was urging on him a certain course which the President was not disposed to pursue, the Senator said,

"You say you are the people's attorney. Now, you will admit that this course would be most popular."

"But I am not going to let my client manage the case against my judgment," Lincoln replied quickly. "As long as I am attorney for the people I shall manage the case to the best of my ability. They will have a chance to put me out, by and by, if my management is not satisfactory."

When he was renominated, he said that being human, he desired to serve a second term, and to "see this thing through." Yet, he said that if he had not been renominated, he should have returned to private life with absolute content. In 1862, when some one referred to the possibility of his re-election, he raised his hand, warningly, and said, "There! there! never mention that again. I don't like to think of it. I *have* to think of it sometimes, it is true. But there's time enough to think of it long after this."

On the day of his re-election, I was at the White House, which was singularly deserted. During the summer he had been once or twice discouraged; as the war flagged, people grew discontented, and the finances ran low. At one time, I remember, he expressed himself as uncertain whether the people would pronounce for peace or war. If he was to be defeated, he

said, the verdict of the people must be accepted as final against any further prosecution of the war. "The other man," as he called McClellan, "was on a peace platform." But on that morning Lincoln was as bright and cheery as the beautiful November day. He had a new story of Tad's wit and humor; for the lad was very clever. Tad had burst into his father's office, early in the day, with the information that the detachment of Pennsylvania troops, quartered on the White House grounds, on the Potomac front, "were voting for Lincoln and Johnson." The excited lad insisted on his father's going to the window to see this spectacle. Seeing a pet turkey which had been spared from the cook's knife, at Christmas, in answer to Tad's tearful petition, Lincoln said,

"What business has the turkey stalking about the polls in that way? Does he vote?"

"No," was the quick reply of the boy, "he's not of age."

That was a favorite anecdote with the President for several days. This is, perhaps, a good place to tell another little story of Tad, which the President told with considerable amusement. On the occasion of issuing a presidential proclamation for a national fast, Tad expressed some curiosity as to what a fast-day could possibly be. The result of his investigations filled him with dismay. An absolute fasting for one whole day, such as he was told to expect, was dreadful. Accordingly, he established a food depot under the seat of a coach in the carriage-house. To this he furtively conveyed savings from his table-rations and such bits of food as he could pick up about the larder of the White House. Nobody suspected what he was doing, until a servant, one day, while cleaning the carriage, lighted on this store of provision, much to the rage and consternation of the lad, who stood by watching the gradual approach of the man to his provision depot. The President related the incident with glee, and added, "If he grows to be a man, Tad will be what the women all dote on—a good provider." But Tad was cut down in the flower of his young manhood, and survived his father only a few years.

Lincoln had promised to send to an intimate personal friend in Washington Territory the correct news of the presidential election of 1864. The election occurred November 8th, and the President asked me to bring "all the news" that night. But he was not willing to send any message until

the next forenoon, when he dictated the following dispatch:

"WASHINGTON, November 9, 1864.

"To A. G. HENRY, Surveyor-General,

"Olympia, Washington Territory.

"With returns, and states of which we are confident, the re-election of the President is considered certain, while it is not certain that McClellan has carried any state, though the chances are that he has carried New Jersey and Kentucky."

Having read this over to him, I gave it to him to sign. "Oh no," he said, "you sign it. You see, it is written in that way; and though I should like to please the good old doctor, I don't believe it would look well for a message from me to go traveling around the country blowing my own horn. You sign the message and I'll send it." The telegram was sent from the War Department, I believe. It was several days before Delaware was definitely decided for McClellan.

During the presidential campaign of 1864 occurred the famous Niagara conference. The agitation at Washington was very great. Many leading Republican Congressmen were angry with the President for what they considered his indiscreet negotiations with rebel envoys. He was not long in finding this out, and one day, after asking me what people were talking about, he said, wearily, "Well, it's hardly fair to say that this wont amount to anything. It will shut up Greeley and satisfy the people who are clamoring for peace. That's something, anyhow."

At another time, when he asked the usual question, "What are people talking about?" I replied that they were speculating on the probability of Chase's being appointed Chief-justice. The smile on his face at once disappeared, and he said, with gravity and sadness, "My friends all over the country are trying to put up the bars between me and Governor Chase. I have a vast number of messages and letters from men who think they are my friends, imploring and warning me not to appoint him." He paused a moment, and then resumed, pointing to a pile of telegrams and messages on the table, "Now, I know meaner things about Governor Chase than any of those men can tell me; but I am going to nominate him." Three days after that, the appointment was made public, and some of Mr. Chase's indiscreet friends, who had said that Lincoln "was not large enough to make such an appointment," made good their new position by saying that he had been coerced by public opinion.

There was, sometimes, a curious inconsistency between Lincoln's public and private utterances. Not long after Edward Everett's death, he referred to that event as a public loss. On the evening of the day when the news of the death reached Washington, I was at the White House, and the conversation naturally fell upon that topic. Lincoln said, "Now, you are a loyal New Englander—loyal to New England—what great work of Everett's do you remember?" I was forced to say that I could not recall any. The President persisted and wanted to know if I could not recollect any great speech. Not receiving satisfaction, he said, looking around the room in his half-comical fashion, as if afraid of being overheard, "Now, do you know, I think Edward Everett was very much overrated. He hasn't left any enduring monument. But there was one speech in which, addressing a statue of John Adams and a picture of Washington, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, he apostrophized them and said, 'Teach us the love of liberty protected by law!' That was very fine, it seems to me. Still, it was only a good idea, introduced by noble language."

Continuing his discussion of Everett, he referred to his celebrated address on Washington, which was delivered through the South, as if in the hope that the rising storm of the rebellion might be quelled by this oratorical oil on the waters. Lincoln recalled a story told of Everett's manner. It was necessary, in his Washington oration, to relate an anecdote accompanied by the jingle of coin in the lecturer's pocket. This was done at each of the five hundred repetitions of the address, in the same manner, and with unvarying accuracy. When gold and silver disappeared from circulation, Mr. Everett procured and kept for this purpose a few coins with which, and a bunch of keys, the usual effect was produced. "And I am told," added Lincoln, "that whenever Mr. Everett delivered that lecture, he took along those things. They were what, I believe, the theatrical people would call his 'properties.'"

While this talk was going on, the cards of Congressman Hooper and Professor Agassiz were brought in by a servant. "Agassiz!" exclaimed the President with great delight, "I never met him yet, and Hooper promised to bring him up to-night." I rose to go, when he said, "Don't go, don't go. Sit down, and let us see what we can pick up that's new from this great man."

The conversation, however, was not very learned. The President and the savant seemed like two boys who wanted to ask questions which appeared commonplace, but were not quite sure of each other. Each man was simplicity itself. Lincoln asked for the correct pronunciation and derivation of Agassiz's name, and both men prattled on about curious proper names in various languages, and odd correspondences between names of common things in different tongues. Agassiz asked Lincoln if he ever had engaged in lecturing, in his life. Lincoln gave the outline of a lecture, which he had partly written, to show the origin of inventions, and prove that there is nothing new under the sun. "I think I can show," said he, "at least, in a fanciful way, that all the modern inventions were known centuries ago." Agassiz begged that Lincoln would finish the lecture, sometime. Lincoln replied that he had the manuscript somewhere in his papers, "and," said he, "when I get out of this place, I'll finish it up, perhaps, and get my friend B—— to print it somewhere." When these two visitors had departed, Agassiz and Lincoln shaking hands with great warmth, the latter turned to me with a quizzical smile and said, "Well, I wasn't so badly scared, after all! were you?" He had evidently expected to be very much oppressed by the great man's learning. He admitted that he had cross-examined him on "things not in the books."

While the ceremonies of the second inauguration were in progress, just as Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, the sun, which had been obscured by rain-clouds, burst forth in splendor. In conversation, next day, the President asked, "Did you notice that sunburst? It made my heart jump." Later in the month, Miss Anna Dickinson, in a lecture delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, eloquently alluded to the sunburst as a happy omen. The President sat directly in front of the speaker, and from the reporter's gallery, behind her, I had caught his eye, soon after he sat down. When Miss Dickinson referred to the sunbeam, he looked up to me, involuntarily, and I thought his eyes were suffused with moisture. Perhaps they were, but next day, he said, "I wonder if Miss Dickinson saw me wink at you?"

Returning from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, when its depots were at City Point, I gave an account of my visit to the President, as he had sent me with a special pass

to Grant's head-quarters. He asked, jocularly, "Did you meet any colonels who wanted to be brigadiers, or any brigadiers who wanted to be major-generals, or any major-generals who want to run things?" Receiving a reply in the negative, he stretched out his hand in mock congratulation, and said, "Happy man!" Afterward, an officer who had been attentive to our little party, did come to my lodgings and complained that he ought to be promoted, urging, among other things, that his relationship to a distinguished general kept him down. I told the incident to the President, after recalling his previous questions to me. Lincoln fairly shrieked with laughter, and cried, "Keeps him down? Keeps him down? That's all that keeps him up!"

A western senator who had failed of a re-election, brought his successor, one day, and introduced him to the President. Lincoln, in reply, expressed his gratification at making the acquaintance of a new senator, "Yet," he added, "I hate to have old friends like Senator W., go away. And, another thing, I usually find that a senator or representative out of business is a sort of lame duck. He has to be provided for." When the two gentlemen had withdrawn I took the liberty of saying that Mr. W. did not seem to relish that remark. Weeks after, when I had forgotten the circumstance, the President said, "You thought I was almost rude to Senator W., the other day. Well, now he wants Commissioner Dole's place!" Mr. Dole was then commissioner of Indian affairs.

An old acquaintance of the President, whom he had not seen for many years, visited Washington. Lincoln desired to give him a place. Thus encouraged, the visitor, who was an honest man, but wholly inexperienced in public affairs or in business, asked for a high office. The President was aghast, and said, "Good gracious! why didn't he ask to be Secretary of the Treasury and have done with it?" Afterward, he said, "Well, now, I never thought M. had anything more than average ability, when we were young men together—and he wants to be Superintendent of the Mint!" He paused, and added, with a queer smile, "But, then, I suppose he thought the same thing about me, and—here I am!" M. was appointed to a post for which he was really fitted, and which he filled with credit.

An inventor of a compound to be used as "Greek fire" showed the effect of his

invention to the President, one summer evening, in the grounds near the White House. Boards were set up, and the stuff, being thrown upon them, burst into flames and burned them. Lincoln stalked down into the gloom, where the stuff was still smoldering, pulled up a handful of grass, came back, and said to the inventor. "That's very curious, indeed—very interesting. Now, can't you invent something to burn bricks, mortar, earth-works, or even green grass? Up to this date, our armies find no difficulty in burning wood." The inventor went away sorrowful.

When the Democratic convention, which nominated McClellan for the presidency in 1864, was about to assemble, he said, "That convention must put a war man on a peace platform, or a peace man on a war platform, I don't care much which." As I was going to the convention, but not to return at once to Washington, Lincoln said, "I wish you would write me, say, two letters, giving me an idea of the tone and temper of the convention, and of the delegates, as you meet them." This I agreed to do and asked for further instructions, when he said, "Write just what you would talk, but wouldn't print."

Lincoln very seldom invented a story. Once he said to me, "You speak of Lincoln stories. I don't think that is a correct phrase. I don't make the stories mine by telling them. I am only a retail dealer." Numberless stories were repeated to him as being from him, but he once said that, so far as he knew, only about one-sixth of all those which were credited to him had ever been told by him. He never forgot a good story, and his apt application of those which lay in his mind gave them peculiar crispness and freshness. Here is a case in point: In 1863, a certain captain of volunteers was on trial in Washington for a misuse of the funds of his company. The accused officer made only a feeble defense and seemed to treat the matter with indifference. After a while, however, a new charge—that of disloyalty to the government—came into the case. The accused was at once excited to a high degree of indignation and made a very vigorous defense. He appeared to think lightly of being convicted of embezzling, but to be called a traitor was more than he could bear. At the breakfast-table, one morning, the President, who had been reading an account of this case in the newspaper, began to laugh and said, "This fellow reminds me of a juror in a case of hen

stealing which I* tried in Illinois, many years ago. The accused man was summarily convicted. After adjournment of court, as I was riding to the next town, one of the jurors in the case came cantering up behind me and complimented me on the vigor with which I had pressed the prosecution of the unfortunate hen-thief. Then he added, 'Why, when I was young, and my back was strong, and the country was new, I didn't mind taking off a sheep now and then. But stealing hens! Oh, Jerusalem!' Now, this captain has evidently been stealing sheep, and that is as much as he can bear."

Scripture stories were also used by Lincoln to illustrate his argument or to enforce a point. Judge E. had been concerned in a certain secret organization of "radical" Republicans, whose design was to defeat Lincoln's renomination. When this futile opposition had died out, the judge was pressed by his friends for a profitable office. Lincoln appointed him, and to one who remonstrated against such a display of magnanimity, he replied, "Well, I suppose Judge E., having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place; and I have Scriptural authority for appointing him. You remember that when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

This same magnanimity was strikingly displayed on a similar occasion, when a gentleman who had been conspicuous in his opposition to Lincoln's renomination was appointed to one of the auditorships of the Treasury. To make this appointment, it was necessary to remove an officer and put him into another place, leaving the office thus made vacant for the new appointee. One day I met the two gentlemen coming gleefully out of the President's cabinet with their new commissions in their hands. Going in and closing the door behind me, I found the President alone, as I had come by appointment. He began to laugh and said:

"You look sour. You met W. going out with his commission?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"And you think that was a foolish ap-

pointment because he intrigued to put Chase on the track instead of me? Now, nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place which he is appointed to, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me, personally, shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer."

Lincoln was addicted to coining words and to using words which, though not found in the lexicons, seemed to express his meaning better than any other. Thus, of people who were pragmatic and meddlesome, he said that they were "interruptious." The quality of being easily duped he called "du-pen'-ance;" and of a man who had been overtaken by a just retribution he said that "he had got his come-up-ence."

So much has been written about Lincoln's private life and personal habits, that it seems unnecessary now to add more than a word. He was simple in all his tastes; liked old songs and old poetry. He was always neatly, but not finically dressed. He disliked gloves, and once I saw him extract seven or eight pairs of gloves from an overcoat pocket, where they had accumulated after having been furnished him by Mrs. Lincoln. Usually, he drank tea and coffee at the table, but he preferred milk, or cold water. Wine was never on the table at the White House, except when visitors, other than familiar friends, were present. The President's glass was always filled, and he usually touched it to his lips. Sometimes he drank a few swallows, but never a whole glass, probably. He was cordial and affable, and his simple-hearted manners made a strong impression upon those who met him for the first time. I have known impressionable women, touched by his sad face and his gentle bearing, to go away in tears. Once I found him sitting in his chair so collapsed and weary that he did not look up or speak when I addressed him. He put out his hand, mechanically, as if to shake hands, when I told him I had come at his bidding. It was several minutes before he was roused enough to say that he "had had a mighty hard day." Once, too, at a reception in the White House, I joined the long "queue" of people, shook hands with him, received the usual "Glad to see you, sir," and passed on. Later in the evening, meeting me, he declared that he had not seen me before, and explained his preoccupation of manner while the people were shaking hands with him by saying that he was "thinking of a man down South." It afterward came out that "the man down

* The writer is not certain, now, whether Mr. Lincoln told this story out of his own experience, or at second hand. The application, of course, was his own.

South" was Sherman. Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence, he rose and said, "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night." At another time, a delegation from a distant state waited on him with a written protest against certain appointments. The paper contained some reflections upon the character of Senator Baker, Lincoln's old and beloved friend. With great dignity, the President said, "This is my paper which you have given me?" Assured that it was, he added, "To do with as I please?" "Certainly, Mr. President." Lincoln stooped to the fire-place behind him, laid it on the burning coals, turned and said, "Good day, gentlemen."

After Lincoln had been re-elected, he began to consider what he should do when his second term of office had expired. Mrs. Lincoln desired to go to Europe for a long tour of pleasure. The President was disposed to gratify her wish, but he fixed his eyes on California as a place of permanent residence.

He thought that that country offered better opportunities for his two boys, one of whom was then in college, than the older states. He had heard so much of the delightful climate and the abundant natural productions of California, that he had become possessed of a strong desire to visit the state, and remain there if he were satisfied with the results of his observations. "When we leave this place," he said, one day, "we shall have enough, I think, to take care of us old people. The boys must look out for themselves. I guess mother will be satisfied with six months or so in Europe. After that, I should really like to go to California and take a look at the Pacific coast."

I have thus recalled and set forth some of the incidents in Lincoln's life as they remain in my mind. To many persons these details, written without any attempt at symmetrical arrangement, may seem trivial. But the purpose of this record will have been fulfilled if it shall help anybody to a better understanding of the character of one of the greatest and wisest men who ever lived.

WHAT OUR BOYS ARE READING.

FEW gentlemen, who have occasion to visit news-offices, can have failed to notice the periodical literature for boys, which has been growing up during the last few years. The increase in the number of these papers and magazines, and the appearance, from time to time, of new ones, which, to judge by the pictures, are always worse than the old, seem to indicate that they find a wide market. Moreover, they appear not only among the idle and vicious boys in great cities, but also among school-boys whose parents are careful about the influences brought to bear on their children. No student of social phenomena can pass with neglect facts of this kind,—so practical, and so important in their possible effects on society.

The writer was confirmed in the determination to examine this literature, by happening to observe, last summer, the eagerness with which some of these papers were read, and the apparent familiarity with which they were discussed, by a number of boys, who seemed to be returning from boarding-school, and to belong to families which enjoy good social advantages. The number of copies exam-

ined for the present purpose was not large, but they were taken at random and from all the different periodicals to be found.

These periodicals contain stories, songs, mock speeches, and negro minstrel dialogues,—and nothing else. The literary material is either intensely stupid, or spiced to the highest degree with sensation. The stories are about hunting, Indian warfare, California desperado life, pirates, wild sea adventure, highwaymen, crimes and horrible accidents, horrors (tortures and snake stories), gamblers, practical jokes, the life of vagabond boys, and the wild behavior of dissipated boys in great cities. This catalogue is exhaustive. There are no other stories. The dialogue is short, sharp, and continuous. It is broken by the minimum of description and by no preaching. It is almost entirely in slang of the most exaggerated kind, and of every variety,—that of the sea, of California, and of the Bowery; of negroes, "Dutchmen," Yankees, Chinese, and Indians, to say nothing of that of a score of the most irregular and questionable occupations ever followed by men. When the stories even nominally treat of school-life, they say

nothing of *school-life*. There is simply a succession of practical jokes, mischief, outrages, heroic but impossible feats, fighting, and horrors, but nothing about the business of school, any more than if the house in which the boys live were a summer boarding-house. The sensational incidents in these stories are introduced by force, apparently for the mere purpose of producing a highly spiced mixture. One of the school stories before us has a "local color" which is purely English, although the names are Americanized. The mixture is ridiculous in the extreme. The hero is the son of a "country gentleman" of Ohio, and comes to school with an old drunkard, "ex-butler" of the Ohio country gentleman, whom he allows to join him, at the Grand Central Depot. This scandalous old rascal is kept in the story, apparently because an old drunkard is either a good instrument or a good victim for practical jokes. The hero goes to dine with a gentleman whose place, near the school, is called the "Priory." While waiting for dinner he goes out for a stroll in the "Park." He rescues a girl from drowning, sends back to school for another suit of clothes, goes out again and takes a ride on a bison, is thrown off, strikes, in falling, a professor, who is fortunately fat enough to break his fall, goes to the "snake house" with the professor, is fascinated by the rattle-snake which gets loose, seizes the reptile and throws it away after it has bitten through the professor's trowsers—all before dinner. All the teachers, of course, are sneaks and blackguards. In this same story, one of the assistant teachers (usher, he is called) gets drunk and insults the principal, whereupon the latter holds the nozzle, while he directs some of the boys to work a garden pump, and throws water on the assistant, who lies helplessly drunk on the grass,—all of which is enforced by a picture. There is not a decent good boy in the story. There is not even the old type of sneaking good boy. The sneaks and bullies are all despicable in the extreme. The heroes are continually devising mischief which is mean and cruel, but which is here represented as smart and funny. They all have a dare-devil character, and brave the principal's rod as one of the smallest dangers of life. There is a great deal of the traditional English brutality in exaggerated forms. The nearest approach to anything respectable is that *after* another boy has been whipped for mischief done by the hero, the latter tells his friend that they ought to have confessed, but the friend

replies with the crushing rejoinder that then there would only have been three flogged instead of one.

Another type of hero very common in these stories is the city youth, son of a rich father, who does not give his son as much pocket money as the latter considers suitable. This constitutes stinginess on the father's part, although it might be considered pardonable, seeing that these young men drink champagne every day, treat the crowd generally when they drink, and play billiards for \$100 a game. The father, in this class of stories, is represented as secretly vicious and hypocritically pious. In the specimen of this class before us the young man is "discovered" in the Police Court as a prisoner, whence he is remanded to the Tombs. He has been arrested for collaring a big policeman, to prevent him from overtaking a girl charged with pocket-picking. He interfered because he judged from the girl's face that she was innocent, and it is suggested, for future development in the story, that she was running away from insult, and that the cry of "stop thief" was to get help from the police and others to seize her. The hero, who is the son of a man worth five millions, and who is in prison under an assumed name, now sends for his father's clerk and demands \$1,000, saying that otherwise he will declare his real name and disgrace his family. He gets the money. He then sends for a notorious Tombs lawyer, to whom he gives \$500. With this sum his release is easily procured. He then starts with his cousin to initiate the latter into life in New York. They go to a thieves' college, where they see a young fellow graduated. His part consists in taking things from the pockets of a hanging figure, to the garments of which bells are attached, without causing the bells to ring. Of this a full-page illustration is given. The two young men then go up the Bowery to a beer saloon where the hero sustains his character by his vulgar familiarity with the girl waiters. Next, they hear a row in a side street. They find a crowd collected watching a woman who hangs from a third-story window, while her drunken husband beats and cuts her hands to make her fall. The hero solves this situation by drawing his revolver and shooting the man. As he and his companion withdraw unobserved, the former wards off the compliments of the latter by saying modestly that he could not bear to stand there and see such a crowd looking on, and not knowing what to do, so he just did the

proper thing. Next day the hero, meeting the thieves' college graduate in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, agrees to receive and hold for him any booty he may seize in the bar-room; which he does. At night he and his friend go to a disreputable masked ball, where the hero recognizes his father in disguise amongst the dancers. Securing a place in the same set, during a pause in the dance he snatches the mask from his own face and his father's at the same moment. This edifying incident is enforced by a full-page illustration. A friend suggests the question, What demon of truthfulness makes the artist put such brutal and vulgar faces on the men? In this class of stories, fathers and sons are represented as natural enemies, and the true position for the son is that of suspicion and armed peace.

Another type of hero who figures largely in these stories is the vagabond boy, in the streets of a great city, in the Rocky Mountains, or at sea. Sometimes he has some cleverness in singing, or dancing, or ventriloquism, or negro acting, and he gains a precarious living while roving about. This vagabond life of adventure is represented as interesting and enticing, and, when the hero rises from vagabond life to flash life, that is represented as success. Respectable home life, on the other hand, is not depicted at all, and is only referred to as stupid and below the ambition of a clever youth. Industry and economy in some regular pursuit, or in study are never mentioned at all. Generosity does not consist in even luxurious expenditure, but in wasting money. The type seems to be that of the gambler, one day "flush" and wasteful, another day ruined and in misery.

There is another type of boy who sometimes furnishes the hero of a story, but who also figures more or less in all of them. That is the imp of mischief,—the sort of boy who is an intolerable nuisance to the neighborhood. The stories are told from the stand-point of the boy, so that he seems to be a fine fellow, and all the world, which is against him, is unjust and overbearing. His father, the immediate representative of society, executes its judgments with the rod, which again is an insult to the high-spirited youth, and produces on his side, either open war, or a dignified retreat to some distant region. Here is a story, for instance, of a boy who was left in charge of a country grocery store. To amuse his leisure he takes a lump of butter from the stock and greases the platform in front of the store. Several

village characters, among them, an old maid, the parson, and the squire, come to perform on this arena for the amusement of the youth and one or two of his friends. While the squire is trying to get up or get off the platform, the owner of the grocery returns and he and the squire have a fight on the grass-plot over the question whether the grocer greased his own platform or not. Next comes Nemesis in the shape of the boy's father. The conversation between these two, and the denouement may be worth quoting. In the soliloquy at the end there seems to be a reminiscence of Fisk.

"James," said he, "you are breaking my heart with your incorrigible conduct."

"Is dat a chowder-gag?" calmly inquired Jimmy.

"Slang—slang, always slang!" groaned his father. "James, will you never reform?"

"Don't wanter; I'm good enough now."

"Think of what you might be, a pattern boy, a —"

"Brass-bound angel, silver-plated cherub, little tin missionary on rollers," put in Jimmy, apparently in confidence to a fly on the ceiling.

"Actually sassing his protector," the deacon said. "Oh, James, you wicked son of Belial."

"Pop's name was Dennis, and he was a short-haired Cincinnati ham," indignantly corrected Jimmy. "I don't know anybody named Belial."

The deacon made a horrified mouth.

"Will you never hearken in quietude and meekness of spirit to words of reproval and advice?" said he.

"Darned sight ruther listen to funny stories," muttered Jimmy.

"You are hopeless," sighed the deacon, "and I shall have to chastise you."

"Dat means a week's soreness," Jimmy reflected; then he changed his tune. "Let me off this time, dad, and I'll be the best boy you ever saw after dis. Stay in nights, stop chewing tobacco, clean my teeth every morning and welt the life out of anybody dat wont say their prayers regular and go to church every day in the week."

The deacon nodded his head the wrong way.

"You can't play that on the old man again," he said; "it's lost its varnish, it's played out. Step up, my son."

Unwillingly Jimmy stepped up.

In a moment he was stepping up more than ever, for the deacon was pelting him all over with a stout switch, which felt the reverse of agreeable.

But finally he was released and crawled dolefully up to bed.

There are things nicer than going to bed at four o'clock on a bright, breezy, fall day, and Jimmy knew so.

"This here is getting awful stale," he meditated, rolling and tossing in his cot, "and you can smother me with fish-cakes if I stand it. I'm going to run away, and come back to dis old one-hoss town when I'm a man, in a gold-band wagon with silver wheels and six Maltese mules a-drawing it. Probably the old man will be in the poor-house then, swallerin shadow soup with an iron spoon, and it will make him cranky to think dat he didn't used ter let me have my own way and boss things. Yes, by golly, I'll give him the sublime skip."

The songs and dialogues are almost all utterly stupid. The dialogues depend for any interest they have on the most vapid kind of negro minstrel buffoonery. The songs, without having any distinct character, seem often to be calculated to win applause from tramps and rioters. The verse, of all before us, which has the most point to it, is the following. What the point is requires no elucidation:

Boss Tweed is a man most talked about now,
His departure last winter caused a great row;
Of course we all knew it was not a square game,
But show me the man who would not do the same.

When Sweeney, Genet and Dick Connolly took flight,
He stood here alone and made a good fight;
He did wrong, but when poor men were greatly in need,
The first to assist them was William M. Tweed.

These stories are not markedly profane, and they are not obscene. They are indescribably vulgar. They represent boys as engaging all the time in the rowdy type of drinking. The heroes are either swaggering, vulgar swells, of the rowdy style, or they are in the vagabond mass below the rowdy swell. They are continually associating with criminals, gamblers, and low people who live by their wits. The theater of the stories is always disreputable. The proceedings and methods of persons of the criminal and disreputable classes, who appear in the stories, are all described in detail. The boy reader obtains a theoretical and literary acquaintance with methods of fraud and crime. Sometimes drunkenness is represented in its disgrace and misery, but generally drinking is represented as jolly and entertaining, and there is no suggestion that boys who act as the boys in these stories do ever have to pay any penalty for it in after life. The persons who are held up to admiration are the heroes and heroines of bar-rooms, concert saloons, variety theaters, and negro minstrel troupes.

From the specimens which we have examined we may generalize the following in regard to the views of life which these stories inculcate, and the code of morals and manners which they teach:

The first thing which a boy ought to acquire is physical strength for fighting purposes. The feats of strength performed by these youngsters in combat with men and animals are ridiculous in the extreme. In regard to details the supposed code of English brutality prevails, especially in the stories which have English local color, but it is always mixed with the code of the revolver, and, in many of the stories, the latter is taught in its fullness. These youngsters generally carry revolvers and use them at their good discretion. Every youth who aspires to manliness ought to get and carry a revolver.

A boy ought to cheat the penurious father who does not give him as much money as he finds necessary, and ought to compel him to pay. A good way to force him to pay liberally, and at the same time to stop criticising his son's habits, is to find out his own vices (he always has some) and then to levy black-mail on him.

Every boy, who does not want to be "green" and "soft," ought to "see the elephant." All fine manly young fellows are familiar with the actors and singers at variety theaters, and the girl waiters at concert saloons.

As to drinking, the bar-room code is taught. The boys stop in at bar-rooms all along the street, swallow drinks standing or leaning with rowdy grace on the bar. They treat and are treated, and consider it insulting to refuse or to be refused. The good fellows meet every one on a footing of equality—above all in a bar-room.

Quiet home life is stupid and unmanly. Boys brought up in it never know the world or life. They have to work hard and to bow down to false doctrines which parsons and teachers, in league with parents, have invented against boys. To become a true man, a boy must break with respectability and join the vagabonds and the swell mob.

No fine young fellow, who knows life, need mind the law, still less the police. The latter are all stupid louts. If a boy's father is rich and he has money, he can easily find smart lawyers (advertisement gratis) who can get the boy out of prison, and will dine with him at Delmonico's afterward. The sympathies of a manly young fellow are with criminals against the law, and he conceals crime when he can.

Whatever good or ill happens to a young man he should always be gay. The only ills in question are physical pain or lack of money. These should be borne with gaiety and indifference, but should not alter the philosophy of life.

As to the rod, it is not so easy to generalize. Teachers and parents, in these stories, act faithfully up to Solomon's precept. When a father flogs his son, the true doctrine seems to be that the son should run away and seek a life of adventure. When he does this he has no difficulty in finding friends, or in living by his wits, so that he makes money, and comes back rich and glorious, to find his father in the poor-house.

These periodicals seem to be intended for boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, although they often treat of older persons. Probably many boys outgrow them and come to see the folly and falsehood of them. It is impossible, however, that so much corruption should be afloat and not exert some influence. We say nothing of the great harm which is done to boys of that age, by the nervous excitement of reading har-

rowing and sensational stories, because the literature before us only participates in that harm with other literature of far higher pretensions. But what we have said suffices to show that these papers poison boys' minds with views of life which are so base and false as to destroy all manliness and all chances of true success. How far they

are read by boys of good home influences we are, of course, unable to say. They certainly are within the reach of all. They can be easily obtained, and easily concealed, and it is a question for parents and teachers how far this is done. Persons under those responsibilities ought certainly to know what the character of this literature is.

DRESDEN CHINA.

THE ROYAL SAXON PORCELAIN WORKS AT MEISSEN.

WHEN we consider the fact that china-ware at the present day enters so largely into the common needs of every household, it is almost incredible that we have only to look back a century and a half to find it a rarity so highly prized that a service of porcelain equaled in value a service of silver, and the magnates of the world alone could afford so great a luxury. Indeed, less than four hundred years ago, as distinguished from pottery, porcelain was absolutely unknown in Europe, although the Chinese assert for it an antiquity of two thousand years before Christ. The first specimens of real china-ware ever seen in the West were brought back by those bold Portuguese navigators who, early in the sixteenth century, made their adventurous voyages to the Orient. The Chinese declared that owing to the abasement of the art and to the loss of some of its secrets, the porcelain thus introduced into Europe was far inferior to that which their factories in remoter ages had produced, but it was admired, nevertheless, as the finest of novelties, and for long years afterward the wealth of kings and princes was vainly squandered in the attempt to imitate it. The age was one of colossal superstition; sorcery was a creed; the search for the universal panacea, the philosopher's stone and the great solvent which would transmute the baser metals into gold, engaged the attention of the acutest minds. All the zeal carried into these chimerical pursuits was turned to the discovery of the Chinese secret. Night after night, and year after year, the alchemists of Europe kept vigil in their solitary laboratories over their kiln-fires in the hope of surprising the mystery which constantly eluded them. Often they trod upon the verge of success. Feldspar was discovered as the glaze, but their experiments failed to procure a substance

which would resist the fierce heat necessary to fuse the feldspar. If they attempted to hasten the vitrification of the latter by the addition of fluxes, the clay body of the article would lose its form and every essay proved abortive.

It was not until the lapse of two and a half centuries that endeavors so persistent were crowned with success. The discoverer of the material by which genuine transparent, hard, white china-ware could be manufactured in Europe was one Johann Friedrich Böttger, a native of Schleiz, in the principality of Reuss, who was born in the year 1685, and whose brief life of thirty-five years was virtually that of a prisoner in the hands of Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and king of Poland.

It is the purpose of this article to describe the "Royal Saxon Porcelain Works at Meissen," an establishment founded under Böttger's direction in 1710, and the products of which have long been world-famed under the generic name of Dresden china.

Most of my countrymen who visit the Saxon capital, if their attention is turned to the subject of porcelain in the least degree, content themselves with an inspection of the warehouse and salesroom of the Meissen factory, which is situated in Schloss-strasse, nearly opposite the entrance to the palace of the king. In omitting a visit to the porcelain works at that queer little town of Meissen, a few miles distant on the Elbe, they deprive themselves of an experience which would afford most people pleasant recollections for a life-time. At the factory they can not only see specimens of every article which is there produced, but, what is vastly more interesting, they may witness the process of making and decorating china-ware from the beginning to the very end.

The trip to Meissen may be made either by rail or steamer, and, on a fine summer morning, the latter mode of conveyance is thoroughly enjoyable, the journey occupying, perhaps, an hour and a half. Once in the narrow, crooked streets or lanes of the town, the visitor will scarcely fail to observe that he is in a place which has been finished for centuries, and is face to face with an age the epoch of which he can scarcely fix. What remains of the old city lies upon a small, flat piece of land on the left bank of the Elbe, and upon the slope of the adjacent hill whose base is washed by the river. This height is only large enough to afford situations for a few straggling houses upon its face, and for the fine old castle and cathedral which crown its summit. Two beautiful bridges span the Elbe and reflect credit upon the authority which compelled their construction. If one visits Meissen by rail it is over one of these bridges that the way lies, and on through the town to the further side,—in fact, to the very outskirts,—before the porcelain works appear in view. The building is constructed of yellow stone, in the form of a quadrangle, and is immense, solid and enduring. At the main entrance a porter, in livery, meets the visitors, and, in answer to their request for admittance, conducts them to the door of the “*niederlage*” or store-room, introducing them to the clerk in charge. This functionary minutely registers the names and nationality of the strangers, takes the fixed fee for admittance, and puts the party in the hands of a guide. The contents of the store-room are first inspected. These consist of a vast array of vases, candelabra, clocks, toilet sets, table services and fancy groups. In the show-cases are thousands of porcelain paintings, for setting as jewelry, copies of the masterpieces in the Dresden gallery, as well as larger pieces for framing or enshrining. There are articles of luxury; articles of common use, in fact all the varied products of the establishment, each beautiful of its kind. Everything is for sale and the prices are graduated in accordance with the work which is put on each piece. But let us turn from this dazzling display and follow, step by step, the various processes employed in the manufacture.

Two substances, possessing diametrically opposite properties, and which must be mixed together in adequate proportions, mainly enter into the composition of china-ware. The first of these, forming the basis of the manufacture, is kaolin, a variety of

white and friable clay, resulting from the decomposition of minerals of the feldspar family, and which is incapable of melting under the hottest fire, as it has lost its fluxible particles in the process of disintegration; the second material, curiously enough, is simply pure feldspar, finely pulverized, which readily fuses at the proper degree of heat. Kaolin is found in deposits of greater or less richness in nearly all countries; but of particularly good quality in the neighborhood of tin mines. The best sort, up to the present time, is obtained in Europe, at Limoges, in France; near Meissen, in Germany; and in Cornwall, England.

The clay is taken from the pits in lumps of various sizes, and brought to the pug-mills, where, by water-power, it is subjected to a dredging process in order to free it from its coarser components.

In the vaulted chamber a number of immense vats are arranged upon terraces of solid masonry. Through the largest and uppermost of these vats a stream of clear water is conducted. Into this the crude clay is cast, receiving from time to time a vigorous stirring. By this method the lumps are dissolved, and the sandy elements gravitate to the bottom of the tank. The finer particles, however, pass off with the water, through a faucet, upon a sieve into a neighboring vat, and again successively through all the vats of the tier, by means of other faucets and other sieves, each of the latter being of finer texture than the preceding one, until the cement alone reaches the reservoir at the bottom of the terrace, where it is deposited in a condition of perfect freedom from every impurity.

The surface water is now drawn off, and, after the remaining amount of moisture has been exactly ascertained, the pasty residuum is ready to enter into the preparation of the “*mass*” which is later to be manipulated into china-ware.

The infusible nature of kaolin requires that a certain proportion of fresh, undecomposed feldspar shall be added, in order to produce cohesion in its particles and to cause that lustrous, semi-transparent quality in the china which is its principal beauty. The feldspar is prepared by first melting it in a puddling furnace, then pounding it to fine sand and afterward sifting it through sieves of the finest meshes.

The pure kaolin and the pulverized feldspar are now thoroughly mixed together in certain exact quantities of which the former is by far the larger, water being added until

the "mass" consists of a semi-liquid pulp. This is drawn off from the mixing-vat into a filter-press where the superfluous water is expressed. The composition is now of a plastic character—about the consistence of dough—and it is packed into sacks or crocks and stored away in a damp place for use.

The longer the "mass" is kept without losing its plasticity the better it becomes, as, in the lapse of time, the imprisoned air and gases escape of themselves. But, in any case, before the "mass" can be molded into the various forms of beauty and of use for which it is destined, it must possess the greatest possible homogeneousness. The more delicate the object to be made, the more indispensable the expulsion of the air and the absolute compactness of the material. This consolidation of the particles is secured by cutting off large clods of the "mass" with a wire or other instrument, and throwing them with great violence, upon a zinc-covered table, one piece upon another, repeating the process until the cut surfaces perfectly unite.

The potter at his wheel, of course, plays the chief part in forming the prepared "mass" into those almost numberless objects of ornament and utility which are made at Meissen; but the molder at his table, likewise, does his share of the work. The operations of the former are especially interesting, although they differ only from the manipulations of the ordinary potter in the fact that here finer and more elegant articles are fabricated. Vases, teapots, pitchers, bowls, cups, saucers, plates and dishes are all fashioned upon the wheel, each piece as it receives its shape being separated by a wire from the remaining clod of paste. Every article, according to its design, as it leaves the hands of the potter is either placed upon a board that it may dry sufficiently before it is taken to the smoothing-lathe, or else, if it is to be embossed with decorations, is at once pressed, being still plastic, into a gypsum mold wherein the ornamentation has been already prepared. The infinite variety of handles are also shaped in gypsum molds and afterward attached in their respective positions by a paste formed of the "mass" of thinner consistency. Wherever the eye ranges in the long wide hall, it rests upon stacks of gypsum molds, the various designs concealed in which represent great value and comprise the real treasure of the establishment. The numerous figures and groups, elaborate or-

namental pieces and articles of luxury, must all be cast in these molds.

A number of modelers are constantly employed in finishing either in clay or in gypsum their original designs, or else in modeling from a given pattern. It is necessary in all complicated pieces and in groups, after the completion of the design, to separate from the main object all its free-staying parts, each of which must be cast by itself. The work, otherwise, could not be perfectly done. Indeed, there are groups manufactured for the casting of which more than one hundred distinct molds are needed. The molds are generally divided into halves, and in the center of each half mold is a cavity produced by the model, and exactly corresponding in shape with it. Over one of these cavities a sufficient quantity of the "mass" is laid and the molder presses the second half mold tightly upon the first. A few minutes later, when the mold is opened, the head of a figure, perhaps an arm or a leg, or even the face of a pug dog, perfect in its ugliness, is visible. The objects as taken from the molds are always one-third larger than they will appear after being baked.

The potters and molders and modelers having finished their work, the ware is handed over to the retouchers, who have to put the separate parts of articles, figures, and groups together and supply the ornamentation. This part of the business requires a peculiar skill and special training, the latter being furnished by an art school in connection with the factory, the establishment of which dates back to 1764. In this school an apprenticeship of six years is necessary, and the best masters in drawing and modeling give instruction to the pupils. The tools of the retoucher are simply fine brushes and delicate instruments with which he removes the imperfections from each article or fills in what may be lacking, thus bringing the various parts to the greatest possible perfection. The cement used to join together the different pieces of any group or object is merely the china "mass" liquified to the consistency of paste.

Flowers, lace and fret-work are a frequent decoration of groups, vases, and ornamental pieces. Flowers are generally formed with a free hand, and it is most interesting and curious to watch the dexterous operation. Every little leaf and stamen must be separately fashioned, and afterward united. In fact, almost all the fancy work is done by

hand, ploddingly and painfully, and often in a stifling atmosphere. A woman sits at a table with a lump of kneaded clay, very much like a piece of dough, at her side. Near her are a few little knives, a syringe for squirting a thread of semi-liquid clay, and, perhaps, a small form for cutting a given pattern—the implements being not unlike those used by pastry cooks. By the aid of these simple tools, a series of china flowers, or fruits, or vines are slowly formed, and tastefully disposed upon a vase, for instance. China lace and veils are also usually made by women. The process is truly marvelous, requiring no end of patience and the utmost delicacy of touch. A pot of liquid clay-paste and a small steel style are all that the woman needs for her work. With these she tediously spends her time, dipping the style into the pot and letting a tiny drop fall upon a given spot, then another, and so on, drop by drop, each of which solidifies almost instantly in the dry, choking atmosphere of the room, until the fine threads and minute meshes of the lace grow visible under her patient operations. Veils are made by covering fine tulle with the fluid "mass," and draping this, while it is still moist, upon the figure.

After the decoration of the various objects in this department of the establishment, they are placed on shelves in the same room to dry. There appears to be a complete chaos of designs, an incongruous medley of articles. Near a lady in the most fantastic rococo may be seen Jove hurling his lightnings; by the side of Amor is a monkey blowing a horn, and scores of pug dogs are gravely watching a savage astride of an alligator.

These articles are soon sufficiently hard for the baking. They are put into vast cylindrical ovens, which are divided in their vertical diameter into three compartments, having walls three feet in thickness and a clear interior space of from twelve to seventeen feet in breadth, and ten to fifteen feet in height. As the china cannot be exposed directly to the blaze, it is put in pots or cases of fire-proof clay, called seggars, the form and size of which are in accordance with the articles they are to contain. The clay of which the seggars are formed is also valuable, and abounds in the neighborhood of Meissen. Mixed with sand, this material becomes, by baking, a porous, fire-proof substance, through which the heat is admitted to the inclosed china-ware, and all gases set free by the burning are able to pass off.

The seggars, being full, are stowed away in these upper compartments, always with a view to the greatest economy in space; and the heat, which forces itself in from the furnaces below, is only sufficient to evaporate the remaining moisture, rendering the articles less friable, and bringing them into that porous condition in which, if necessary, they will readily absorb the glaze. After this baking the ware will no longer soften in water as air-dried china will; and, if it is not to be glazed, it is now ready for the market. Although a large proportion of china is only once baked, this species of ware, by a singular anomaly, is termed by the trade, biscuit.

Only those articles which have been glazed are burned in the lower compartment of the oven. The three divisions being now full of the seggars, the doors are walled up by masonry and the furnace fires are lighted. The fuel may be coal, lignite or wood, and the flames must be constantly fed until the heat is intensified to a white glow, which is attained in from fifteen to twenty-four hours, but the precise intensity of which there is no method of measuring. The proper degree of heat is ascertained by observing the glow through a piece of thick glass which is inserted in the masonry. The incandescent stage being reached, it is now time to see if the burning has succeeded. A piece of the wall is removed and a seggar is withdrawn from the oven. If examination of its contents proves that vitrification of the glaze has resulted, the fires are gradually permitted to go out, and the built-up doors of the oven are carefully removed, stone by stone, in order to prevent a cracking of the walls, which a too sudden entrance of the cold air would be sure to occasion. After the lapse of, perhaps, three days, the oven is cool enough to withdraw all the seggars with their precious inclosures.

But, in describing the baking, the reader has been necessarily taken a little in advance of an absolutely consecutive description of the different processes of the work. He must return to the glazing-room and see, as represented on page 692, this part of the operation. Men stand before large tubs of the glazing mixture, which are placed near shelves holding the articles which are to be glazed. Taking one piece after another carefully in his hands, the workman, with a quick motion, dips the article in the mixture and brings it out again. An instant is sufficient to give the porous substance a thorough and equal coating. The glaze is composed of pure feldspar, finely pulverized, with just



POTTERS AND MOLDERS.

enough lime added to assist its more rapid fusion, and it is known as *petunse*. Generally, after it is thoroughly held in solution by water, it is of a creamy color, but it may receive certain other tints by the use of oxides. As each article comes from its bath in the glazing, the latter is scraped off from those points where the china would come in contact with the seggar, in order to avoid the fusion of the two, which, otherwise, would be inevitable. At Meissen, previous to the glazing, the famous trade-mark of

the crossed swords is always painted with cobalt upon the bottom of each article; and that very common but singular production of the factory in table-services, known as the bulb pattern, which is also finished in blue or green, is, likewise, painted after the first burning and before the glazing, as it has been found that cobalt for blue and chrome for green are sufficiently fire-resisting to endure the strongest heat without fusing, and, on that account, can be used under the glazing in simple designs.



FLOWER AND LACE MAKERS.



TESTING THE BAKING.

After exposure of the glazed-ware to the powerful heat of the lower compartment of the oven, the result is seen in the semi-transparency of the material and in the coating of pure glass upon which the decorations and gilding may be put by the porcelain-painters.

In the well-appointed laboratory connected with the Meissen factory every color used in the ornamentation of china-ware is prepared. The paints are entirely mineral. A rose tint is made from gold and tin; blue from cobalt; yellow and green from chrome; red from iron, and other shades from uranium, platinum, and zinc. To the principal compound of each of the colors something is added to assist its fusibility, and the required fineness is secured by means of pounding in mortars with pestles kept in motion by machinery. But the mixing of the various colors seen in china decorations is a nice operation. To Böttger's skill in this direction is due many of the tints which characterize the Meissen ware, although the art of making that delicate blue shade which may be seen in the ware of the early days of the establishment has been lost. When the paints are laid on they appear entirely different from the hues they gain after baking. Gold, for instance, when applied, is a dull brown; cobalt blue is black, and, indeed, all the other colors

are so unsightly until the heat has evaporated the volatile oil which they contain that one can scarcely believe the fire will bring out their brilliancy. It is said that in the latter half of the eighteenth century the French workmen of Sèvres had already surpassed Meissen in the greater richness and the superb brilliancy of the colors; but the German porcelain-painters were not slow to get the secret from their rivals, so that Napoleon Bonaparte, who was extremely proud of the Sèvres work, on occupying Dresden in 1814 was greatly surprised when a complete service of Meissen china, decorated with scenes from his own career, the coloring of which was a perfect imitation of the Sèvres shades, was placed before him.

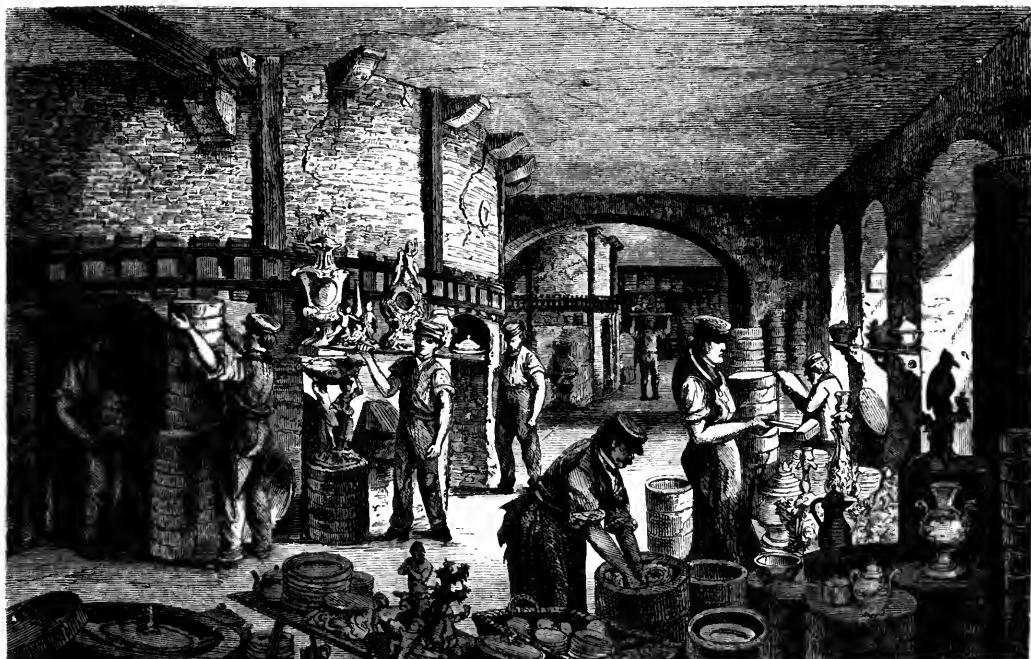
Entering the room of the decorators, the visitor is greeted by a close atmosphere and a strong odor of volatile oil and turpentine. The high temperature is as necessary to the rapid drying of the paints as the oil and turpentine are to their mixing. The degrees of skill in the painters are as varied almost as are the designs upon the various articles. Every grade of talent is employed, ranging from the simple ability to paint a band upon the edge of a tea-cup to the high capacity which is required to copy with exactness the masterpiece of a renowned painter. And so, through all the interme-

diate steps between and including these two operations, the visitor looks at the work in progress. In one room, each before a little table which is made to revolve slowly, sit a number of neophytes in the decorative art, who produce the colored borders on cups, saucers, plates, and other articles, by holding steadily a brush filled with paint upon the edge of the object, which is firmly kept in position upon the turning table. In another department the artist is producing from copies, or else from his original designs, the most beautiful flower and fruit pieces. Indeed, all the charmingly coquettish compositions after Watteau, shepherd groups after

The ware is now gradually cooled in annealing ovens in order to prevent the cracking of the paint, and it may now be said to be ready for market.

The decorations in gold, silver, and platinum, if the dull, dead appearance which always characterizes them after the baking is to be removed, are furnished by women simply with the aid of an agate style, and so become brilliant.

Having thoroughly investigated the processes of the manufacture, we must glance hurriedly at some of the earlier productions which brought the establishment into repute. Although Böttger had succeeded in



REMOVING THE BATCH FROM THE OVENS AND THE SEGARS.

Boucher, equestrian pictures after Wouvermanns, Madonnas after Raphael, Holbein, Murillo, and the rest, landscapes, etc., are all cunningly depicted on the smooth china by adept hands.

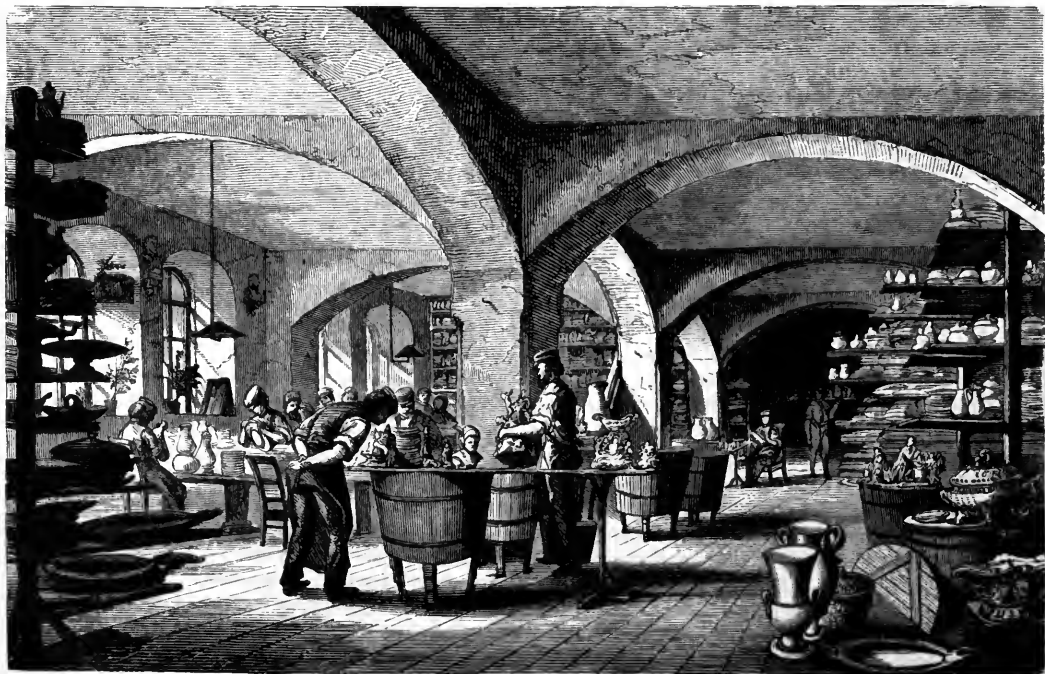
The articles as they come from the hands of the decorators are taken to the so-called muffle-ovens, where they are exposed to an intense heat, without, however, coming in direct contact with the flames. Here they remain sufficiently long for the oil to evaporate from the paint, and when they are taken out, the various colors, with the exception of gold, silver, and platinum, have become lustrous and as smooth as enamel.

1707 in producing the first specimens of his china-ware, it was not until three years later that public attention was invited to his discovery. The novelty was placed on exhibition at the Great Easter Fair in Leipsic, in 1710. This fair, at that time and for many years before and after (perhaps down to the era of world's expositions, which began in 1852), was really the chief periodical attraction of all Europe. It was visited not only by hordes of buyers and sellers, but also by throngs of amusement seekers, from far and near, among whom might always be found a fair sprinkling of crowned heads. Augustus of Saxony received with great satis-

faction the congratulations of his envious royal friends on the merits of the new ware, and he built high hopes of filling his rather empty coffers upon the admiration which was freely bestowed upon the few articles put on exhibition. These first specimens were of a brown color and not of the finest texture, yet they were accounted so beautiful that a virulent china mania at once seized the entire elegant world. The fabrication which, heretofore, had been carried on in the contracted space of Böttger's laboratory in the Jungfernbaster, in Dresden (the present site of the stately Brühl'schen Terrasse), was transferred to more commodious quarters in the Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, where Böttger and his workmen prosecuted their labors in the utmost privacy to guard against exposing their secret.

The first demand for the new ware took the shape of orders for every conceivable kind of ornamentation in which it could be used as a substitute for wood or metal. Then came a rage for statuary wherewith to embellish gardens and lawns; afterward an eager desire was shown to possess a mandarin with a nodding head, or a hideous idol, *à la Chinois*, sitting cross-legged upon a cushion. These passions could not be gratified fully before a violent craving was

developed for decorated china buttons for coats and gowns, seals, dagger-hilts, dice, chess-men, combs, powder-boxes, pomatum-pots, and a variety of other knickknacks. So the factory was kept constantly in operation, and there were eager purchasers for all its productions over and beyond the large quantity which Augustus distributed freely among his friends. The happy possessor of a piece of this costly ware treasured it as so much gold and exhibited it to his visitors as a beautiful curiosity. The infelicitous idea occurred to one of the rich dames connected with the Saxon court, as she lay on her death-bed, that she would prefer to be buried in a china coffin. Steps were at once taken to gratify this wish, and a very fine burial-case, in imitation of a sarcophagus, was made at Meissen. It was now thought that one of the principal productions of the factory would be coffins, in spite of the angry mutterings of the cabinet-makers, who were already greatly embittered at the extent to which porcelain, in many directions, had superseded wood. But when the time came to place the remains of the Baroness von Thielau in the tomb of her fathers, an untoward accident occurred which resulted in nipping the china coffin business in the bud. The bearers let the casket fall and it broke



THE GLAZING.



DECORATING BEFORE GLAZING.

in pieces, exposing the corpse to the gaze of the mourners. Captious people declared that this mishap was the sequence of sympathy between the grave-diggers and the carpenters. At any rate, there were no more china coffins.

The charming groups and figure pieces which originated at the Meissen factory, and which mainly gave it celebrity, first appeared in perfection about one hundred years ago, the earlier attempts at making them having been failures in consequence of the miscalculation of the modelers respecting the shrinkage of the "mass" in the process of baking. It was found almost impossible to attain symmetry and the proper adjustment of the different parts to each other, and the difficulty was only successfully overcome after repeated efforts and many discouragements. But to Joachim Kändler, a man of great talent and large inventive faculty, who died in 1755, after having served for a long series of years as chief modeler of the establishment, belongs the credit of mastering the perplexity. He it was who designed most of those well-known creations of the factory which have held the market since the days of our great-grandparents,—all those animals, birds, vases, figures and groups which are as popular to-day as at the

time of their first appearance. Among hundreds of small figures, each perfect of its kind, which Kändler's prolific brain devised, may be mentioned that grotesque orchestra, every member of which is represented with the head of a monkey upon the body of a man, and each performer having a strikingly different facial expression in keeping with his efforts upon his instrument. Kändler also introduced all those figures *à la Watteau* and the Dresden china shepherdess, specimens of which may to-day be found in almost every house of wealth in America and in Europe. In one of the little illustrations before us, we have the coquettish maid of honor feeding her pet lamb from a fairy bowl. She holds the animal as tenderly as if it were a baby, and utterly ignores the languishing courtier in the companion piece, who extends a tiny box of bon-bons toward the fair *innamorata*, vainly hoping to win a smile of recognition.

The other Watteau figures represent a bashful cavalier offering his suit to a blushing demoiselle, who is not at all averse to his declarations. Those who know these pieces, agree in saying that they tell their story to the life.

The effigy of Count Bruhl's tailor is a very skillful piece of Kändler's work, as well as a



A PORCELAIN-PAINTER AT WORK.

Schmiedel, another jester of the time,—both rare and curious works,—are to be seen in the china and vase collection in the Japanese palace at Dresden.

Schmiedel was postmaster at Lauchstadt, and having a talent for buffoonery, often appeared at the Dresden court for the pleasure of the elector, receiving, however, no emolument for his witticisms. Augustus ordered his bust to be made at Miessen, and the modeler, who was aware of his

laughter-provoking caricature of a too ambitious man. Bruhl, in spite of the great service he rendered to his master, the elector, was an arrant fop in manners and dress, and had no end of clothes. Having so frequent intercourse with his tailor, the latter grew familiar and presumed so far as to beg the count to secure him an invitation to a court dinner. "Your desire shall be gratified," said Bruhl, and the tailor impatiently waited the fulfillment of the promise. But months passed and no intimation came that the long-awaited honor was to be bestowed. Finally the tailor was summoned to the palace, and the effigy of himself, as exhibited by the engraving, was placed before his mortified gaze. Mounted upon a goat, upon one horn of which is hung his faithful goose, the man of the shears is represented with a yard-stick for a sword, thimbles for spurs, a pin-cushion for a cartridge-box, and a ball of thread on his breast instead of a decoration. So, if he did not have the felicity of dining at court, he was "presented" to the elector in china, and so obtained a lasting fame, which otherwise, probably, would have been denied to him.

The bust of Joseph Fröhlich, a Bavarian peasant, who became the court jester to Augustus the Strong, is quite celebrated. The buffoon is represented in his particular costume and high-pointed fool's-cap. In this garb he was accustomed daily to drive through the streets of Dresden on his way between his own house and the palace. Fröhlich was renowned for his tricks of legerdemain. He was also a great punster, and so delighted his master with his aptitude for *double-entendres*, that he was dubbed Count of Sanmagen and given an escutcheon. His bust, and also that of Baron

subject's great aversion to mice, cruelly immortalized him by representing him with one of these creatures caressing his cheek and a second dangling by the tail from his lips. Schmiedel, who had anticipated great satisfaction at seeing his completed bust, was wofully disgusted and angry when he saw how his chief antipathy had been parodied. He would not look at the bust again.

The so-called lace figures are exquisitely modeled, and the drapery really resembles



À LA WATTEAU.

the rare fabric it represents, frozen to immobility.

The pagodas or idols are in imitation of specimens brought from China. They are always represented with the most imbecile

merry countenances, with enormous ears and sitting in what would seem a constrained attitude. Their great merit consists in their unmitigated and grotesque hideousness.



THE PRESENTATION OF COUNT BRUHL'S TAILOR AT COURT.

A vase supported by genii is a specimen of a class of consummate designs for which the factory is justly noted. The proportions of the figures are perfect and the whole spirit of the creation is faultlessly worked out.

Even in the ordinary forms for dinner services are to be found real gems of design. For instance, so prosaic an article as a soup-tureen is transformed at Meissen into a thing exciting æsthetic admiration. Another remarkable production of the factory is a vase so embowered in vines and leaves that only glimpses of the vessel may be caught far away between the interstices of the foliage. As the supporting points of the latter upon the vase are artfully concealed, the effect is marvelous.

To the reader who has followed the description of Meissen china-ware thus far, an outline of the career of Böttger, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with the establishment, must prove of interest. His life was remarkable, and his reputation is not so wide as the importance of his discovery would seem to warrant. Apprenticed at the age of twelve years to an apothecary in Berlin, he caught the all-permeating spirit of the time and early turned his attention to alchemy. His inconsiderate, giddy nature led him into all sorts of mischief, and, when only fifteen years of age, he succeeded in deluding his companions

into the belief that he had, by means of a secret tincture, produced a piece of pure gold of the length and thickness of his little finger. This cheat cost him long years of captivity. Soon reports of the young rascal's success in gold-making reached the ears of the needy and splendor-loving King Frederick I. of Prussia, who commanded that Böttger should be bought to court. The youth, fearing the consequences of his deception, fled to Saxon territory, whither he was pursued by an armed force. But his undeserved fame had already secured him a protector in the person of Augustus of Saxony, who would not yield the fugitive to his royal cousin. A sharp correspondence between the monarchs followed, and for a time grim-visaged war threatened the neighbor states.

This happened in 1701. From this date forward Böttger was kept under the strictest surveillance—in fact, almost deprived of personal freedom—and always labored under a poignant fear of death, with which he was menaced by Augustus unless he succeeded in making good the promise of producing gold that he had so rashly given. For nearly eight years his time was spent in experiments at his laboratory in Dresden in the futile attempt to attain his object. He worked faithfully, passing miserable days and nights under dread of the condign punishment which the



FRÖHLICH, THE SAXON COURT-JESTER.

elector's growing impatience made imminent. Finally, Augustus offered his ultimatum to the effect that, beginning in December, 1709, Böttger should deliver monthly, 50,000 ducats, until the aggregate

of 60,000,000 was produced, in which case he should be released from captivity, but failing in compliance, his head should be the forfeit. The secret of gold-making was



BARON SCHMIEDEL'S PET AVERSION.

also to be divulged to the monarch. In his sore strait Böttger replied, in order to gain further reprieve, that he was only able to deliver 200,000 ducats annually at Easter and Michaelmas; that 100,000 were nearly ready, but that he would never be able to make the required 60,000,000. At the most it was only within his power to deliver 10,000,000 within two years, and that could only be accomplished on the condition that he was given greater freedom. He declined most stubbornly, however, to reveal the secret of his gold tincture, on the ground that a solemn oath sealed his lips.

In spite of all this, the needy and extravagant elector kept up his faith in the impostor's ability to deliver the gold. But he would not yield to Böttger's entreaties for more liberty, and as matters approached the crisis when the latter was to deposit the first installment of 100,000 ducats or step out of his laboratory to the scaffold, his tribulation was pitiable. At the last moment he crept like a sycophant to the feet of the disappointed elector, acknowledged his knavery, and implored that his life might be spared. At the same time he showed to his master some specimens of china-ware which he had succeeded in making some time before in the course of his experiments in transmuting metals. Augustus did not at once reply to Böttger's entreaties for life, but he was not slow to see the merits of the discovery upon which his captive had stumbled. His

alchemist had, after all, found out the process of gold-making, although in an indirect method. He immediately took the young man into favor and made arrangements for carrying on the manufacture of china-ware, every piece of which that had hitherto been seen in Europe was as valuable as its weight in silver. The quarters occupied by Böttger in the *Jungfernbaster* were enlarged; workmen were employed under strong pledges that the secrets of the manufactory should be kept inviolate, and to this end none but Protestants were engaged, for fear that the process might be exposed through the confessional. The success in furnishing new articles from the now regularly organized factory induced Augustus, with the hope of increasing his income, to ground by letters patent the "Royal Saxon Porcelain Works at Meissen." The fact was duly published in many languages in all lands, and orders for the new ware soon poured in upon the factory. The establishment was set up at Meissen in 1710 and Böttger was commissioned its technical director, although he was still deprived of his liberty. The operations of the factory continued to be veiled in the profoundest mystery. No person was allowed to pass in or out of the old castle without written permission, and the most rigid rules to secure privacy were observed.



A JOLLY PAGODA.

Böttger's first china-ware was of a dark-brown color, called *jaspis*, and so strong that it could only be broken upon stone or iron. Specimens of this early production are now rare, but a few can still be seen among the collections at the Japanese Pal-

ace in Dresden, and yet so highly was this inferior kind prized that the first models for making it were made of silver. It was not until 1710 that Böttger, after combat-



A LACE-DRAPED FIGURE.

ing many difficulties, succeeded in manufacturing his first white china plates. His perseverance and courage were rewarded by Augustus, who conferred upon him more privileges than he had hitherto enjoyed, and gave him among other titles that of a *hochverständiger Tausendkünstler*, with which the young man was greatly delighted. Böttger's mind appears always to have been acute at seizing any advantages that fell in his way. For instance, his discovery of the white clay (the kaolin), which enabled him to manufacture a better quality of china, was quite curious. It was the fashion of the time for both sexes to powder the hair. Usually flour was employed for this purpose, but one day it occurred to Veit Schnorr (an ancestor of the celebrated Julius Schnorr, the artist) that he had found a marketable and cheaper substitute for flour in some fine clay he had seen near Aue, in the Erzgebirge. Schnorr successfully introduced the clay for hair-powder. Some of it falling into the hands of Böttger attracted his attention immediately by its weight. He ascertained its origin, and at once determined in his mind that here was the substance out of which he could make white china-ware. A trial soon proved that he was right, and a single specimen of his first white plate is now to be seen at Dresden.

Böttger is said to have lived a very intemperate life at Meissen, and his excesses doubtless hastened his demise, although his

long captivity and distress of mind may have had a share in undermining his constitution. In his sober hours he was devoted to improving his important discovery, and some of the methods of ornamenting china-ware which he introduced survive at the present day. He was set at liberty on the nineteenth of April, 1714, after thirteen years of virtual imprisonment, but his freedom only led him to plunge into deeper orgies, and he died, a miserable wreck, on the thirteenth of March, 1720, before he had reached his thirty-fifth year.



GENII BEARING A VASE.

Doubt has often been expressed as to whether Böttger were really the discoverer of the method of making china-ware in Europe, and it is curious that the records of the time make no mention of the discovery

itself, although all of them agree in saying that in October or November, 1707, the first specimens of the jaspis porcelain were manufactured by Böttger, being more than a year before he exhibited his ware to Augustus. Böttger always spoke of china as his own and first-born child, and he placed over his laboratory in Meissen this inscription :

"Es machte Gott, der grosse Schöpfer, Aus einem Goldmacher einen Töpfer."



KENYON COLLEGE.



ON THE KOKOSING, NEAR KENYON COLLEGE.

THE traveler in central Ohio, journeying by the new railroad from Columbus to Cleveland by way of Mount Vernon, finds himself, for several miles of his course, skirting the banks of a sparkling stream to which the old Indians gave the name "Kokosing." The valley through which this river flows is a charming one, and at one of the sudden turns of this winding stream, a few miles beyond Mount Vernon, upon a finely situated hill, rises the village of Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College.

Half a century ago there was probably no institution of learning in our land more talked about than Kenyon College, for it was one of the first literary ventures of the West, and its needs and expectations were heralded far and near. Many there are who prefer a rose-bud to the fully developed flower, and there is a certain charm about infancy which we do not recognize in manhood. This doubtless is one of the reasons why Kenyon has recently occupied a less prominent place before the public than in her early days. Besides, her development has not altogether been in the line anticipated. She has failed where success was dreamed of; she has won honor in ways that were not contemplated.

The corner-stone of Kenyon College was laid in the month of June, 1827, so that

Gambier is just beginning her second half-century of earnest life. By a happy coincidence the fiftieth year marked the elevation of one of Kenyon's sons to the presidency of the United States. One of the trustees of Kenyon College, Hon. Morrison R. Waite, is now the highest judicial officer of the country. Kenyon's sons also are to be found in the halls of Congress, so that she has links binding her to every department of the government—legislative, judicial, executive.

The list of the alumni of Kenyon has already grown to fair proportions. From the beginning her standard has been high, and



BISHOP CHASE'S LOG HUT.—THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN OHIO.

many of those who have studied in Gambier have left before completing the course; but five hundred have been graduated. A large number of Kenyon's sons have become men of mark in church and state, and five of them have attained to a wide national reputation. Henry Winter Davis, that "prince of parliamentary orators," in his early days practiced economy, and wrought

days. Stanley Matthews also, who has recently won distinction by his arguments before the Electoral Commission, now United States Senator from Ohio, was at Kenyon a friend and companion of President Hayes. Not unnaturally, Kenyon is proud of five such sons.

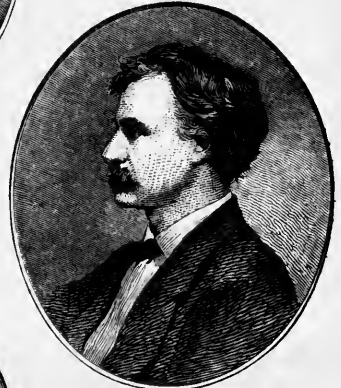
The founder of Kenyon College was Philander Chase, the first bishop of the



DAVID DAVIS



EDWIN M. STANTON.



HENRY WINTER DAVIS.



STANLEY MATTHEWS.

with brain and muscle at Kenyon. Edwin M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, came in the spring-time of his life to Gambier. His college experience proved to be a turning-point, so that afterward he was accustomed to say, "If I am anything, I owe it to Kenyon College." David Davis, late Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, now Senator from Illinois, was an associate of Stanton in college

Protestant Episcopal church in Ohio, the uncle of Salmon P. Chase, and altogether a very remarkable man. He is thus described: "In height he was six feet and over; the span of his chest was nearly if not quite equal to his height, and with that noble trunk his limbs were in full and admirable proportion. In a crowd his giant figure, in front or back, excited, wherever he moved, universal attention. Large and heavy in

stature as he was, he was remarkably light and graceful in his movements, and when not ruffled with opposition or displeasure, exceedingly agreeable, polished and finished in his manner. Toward those who betrayed hauteur in their deportment with him, or whom he suspected as actuated by such a spirit, or who positively differed with him as to his policy, and especially toward those whom he looked upon as his enemies, he was generally distant and overbearing, and sometimes, when offended, perhaps morose. In his bearing toward them his noble countenance was always heavy and lowering, and his deportment frigid and unmistakably repulsive; but in his general intercourse and always with his particular and intimate friends, his address and social qualities were polished, delightful and captivating; his countenance was sunlight, his manner warm and genial as balmy May, and his deportment winning to a degree rare among even remarkably commanding and popular men."

Bishop Chase came of a sturdy New England stock, and was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, where he spent the days of his youth. When manhood came, however, he could not content himself with such quiet and settled surroundings, for, of him, as afterward of his nephew, the Secretary, ambition was a most marked characteristic. He was first a missionary in western New York, and then he was stationed in Poughkeepsie, but soon afterward he removed to New Orleans. He was the first Protestant minister in the state of Louisiana. After five years of hard and successful labor, he removed again to the north, and for six years was a minister in Hartford, Conn. But Philander Chase was a man too restless, too ambitious, too great to remain long contented in any quiet and peaceful nook. He craved the contests and the storms of life. So, early in the spring of the year 1817, resolved "not to build upon another man's foundations," he started for what was then the far West,—the newly admitted state of Ohio. He was consecrated bishop in February, 1819.

He soon became convinced that he must have assistance in his work. In four years his list of three clergymen had grown to six, but what could six men do in so vast a field? Moreover, he became convinced that for western work, the best laborers were western men, more accustomed than others to the hardships of the new civilization, and more likely to be contented with the labor and its returns. So his mind began

to be filled with a dream of a "school of the prophets," which, before long, took definite shape in his mind. Happily, the bishop's son suggested that favorable mention had been made in a prominent English journal of the new missionary work in far-off Ohio. The bishop immediately determined that the ocean must be crossed, and the mother church asked to help. He first appointed his son for this service; but his son's failing health required a journey to a southern clime, so the resolute bishop determined to go himself.

In England, Bishop Chase became a great favorite. One noble lady was so much interested that she begged him to superintend the erection of a "log-cabin" upon her spacious grounds. Wealthy friends were gathered, and the pioneer bishop was the hero of the hour, delighting all with his thrilling sketches of frontier hardships, and with his glowing prophecies of magnificent triumphs sure to be achieved. Lord Gambier helped him greatly, Lord Kenyon also and Sir Thomas Ackland, and Lady Rosse, and Hannah More. The total result of this first appeal was more than five thousand pounds. In Ohio, the returning bishop was looked upon as a man of vast resources. Moreover, he felt himself to be even richer than he was, for his ideas were always larger than his cash in hand. So, very naturally, his thought of ministerial education expanded and became a scheme of Christian education. He determined to found not only a theological seminary, but a college also, while through his mind there floated visions of a grand educational center. He was strongly urged to confine himself to his original plan, and to establish merely a school for the training of clergymen. Mr. Charles Hammond, a distinguished and influential citizen of Cincinnati, was especially strenuous on this point, and indeed went so far as to prepare and carry through the legislature a bill for the incorporation of "The Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Ohio," and so fixed the legal title of the new institution. But Bishop Chase was equally strenuous the other way. He readily won over his English friends to his view of the case, and soon after secured an additional legislative act which gave to the president and professors of the Seminary the power of conferring degrees in the arts and sciences under the name and style of the President and Professors of Kenyon College in the state of Ohio.

The next important question to be settled



BISHOP AND MRS. CHASE.—FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

was the location of the college. This proved to be a bone of contention, and gave rise to much discussion, and to not a little acrimonious feeling. More than "seven cities" contended for the honor, and not one of them carried off the prize, for Bishop Chase resolutely set himself to find a location in the country, and as usual was successful. A tract of eight thousand acres in Knox County was purchased at the price of two dollars and a quarter per acre; the cornerstone of Kenyon College was laid and the little village of Gambier sprang into being.

This choice of a location amid well-nigh untrodden forests involved as a matter of course, heavy sacrifices and large outlays of labor. It was necessary to begin with the very elements of civilization. Workmen had to be gathered, lands made ready for tilling, crops raised and harvested, and cabins built for shelter. In fact, for some years, farming, milling and merchandising were carried on in the name of the college, and

the institution became possessed of a store, a hotel, a printing-office, a saw-mill, a grist-mill, a carpenter's and shoe-maker's shop, with houses for the miller, the dairy-men and the workmen. No wonder that the funds contributed by English friends were soon altogether spent, and the resources of the bishop quite exhausted.

It was needful therefore to make additional appeals for aid, and very naturally, the "public crib" was thought of as a ready source of succor. So in December, A. D. 1827, Bishop Chase went to Columbus, addressed the legislature, and received from that body an indorsement of an appeal to Congress for a donation from the public lands. Soon after, a bill was introduced into the U. S. Senate making a grant of a township of land. The bill was advocated by prominent senators and was passed, but in the House of Representatives party spirit was roaring like a flood, and the voice of the infant college was drowned. The bill failed

in committee, and amid the rush of other business was pushed aside. The good bishop was keenly disappointed but was not in despair. Immediately he issued what was then

all this in addition to the wants, bodily, mental and spiritual, of the student community. Besides, there was the keeping of detailed accounts and the maintenance of a

most extensive correspondence. The burden was altogether a very heavy one; but Bishop Chase's broad shoulders were well fitted to bear it, particularly as he had a most efficient helpmate in his noble wife. "Mrs. Chase entered with her whole soul into her husband's plans. She was a lady perfectly at home in all the arts and minutiae of housewifery, as happy in darning stockings for the boys as in entertaining her visitors in the parlor, * * * and in keeping the multifarious accounts of her increasing household as in presiding at her dinner-table



BEXLEY HALL.

a novel form of statement and appeal, "earnestly entreating of every friend of every name and class one dollar in aid of the present struggles of Kenyon College." The dollars, it is said, came to Gambier as the leaves fall in autumn. Larger subscriptions were also added. John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, gave a hundred dollars. In all some twenty-five thousand dollars was received through this appeal.

Meanwhile a goodly number of students had assembled at Gambier, and the work of the college went bravely on. Bishop Chase nominally occupied the office of president. He really filled most efficiently the post of general manager and superintendent. Every morning the "head men" had to be directed by him as to their daily work; every evening they were gathered to give accounts of labor. There was the tilling of the thousands of broad acres to be looked after, the quarrying of stone, the erection of buildings, the industries of the village, and

and dispensing courtesy in her drawing-room."

Through her efficiency and wisdom, and her husband's untiring and marvelous activity, Kenyon's affairs were for a time prosperous. A corps of able professors was gathered; there were more students than could be well accommodated, while the building known as Old Kenyon, with walls four feet in thickness,



OLD KENYON.

rose solidly as though it were intended to stand forever. Difficulties, however, at length appeared, and grew to great proportions. "Kenyon College," said Bishop Chase at the



ASCENSION HALL.

time, "is like other colleges in some respects, and unlike all in many other respects. The fundamental principle in which it differs from all others is that the whole institution is patriarchal. Like Abraham on the plains

more Occidental than Oriental. Accurately drawn, it would have shown Western workmen ready to cry "independence," a Western faculty to question the limits of authority, and Western Young America to cheer them on. Pecuniary troubles added to the embarrassments of the situation. So on the ninth of September, 1831, Bishop Chase resigned the presidency of the college and the episcopate of Ohio. The next

day he mounted "Cincinnatus," and rode sorrowfully away, and Gambier saw his face no more. He was afterward elected bishop of Illinois, and died at "Robin's Nest," where he founded Jubilee College.

Kenyon's second president was Charles Pettit McIlvaine, D. D., D. C. L. (Oxon.), who came to Gambier at the early age of thirty-three. He was then already widely and most favorably known, particularly in the great centers of Washington and New York, and has since been recognized as one of the great men of his generation. In appearance Bishop McIlvaine was a king among men. He was great also as a thinker and an orator. He found the institution heavily in debt, but almost at once raised the needed thirty thousand dollars and the debt was paid. Ten years later when burdens had again accumulated, he came to the rescue again.



ROSSE HALL.

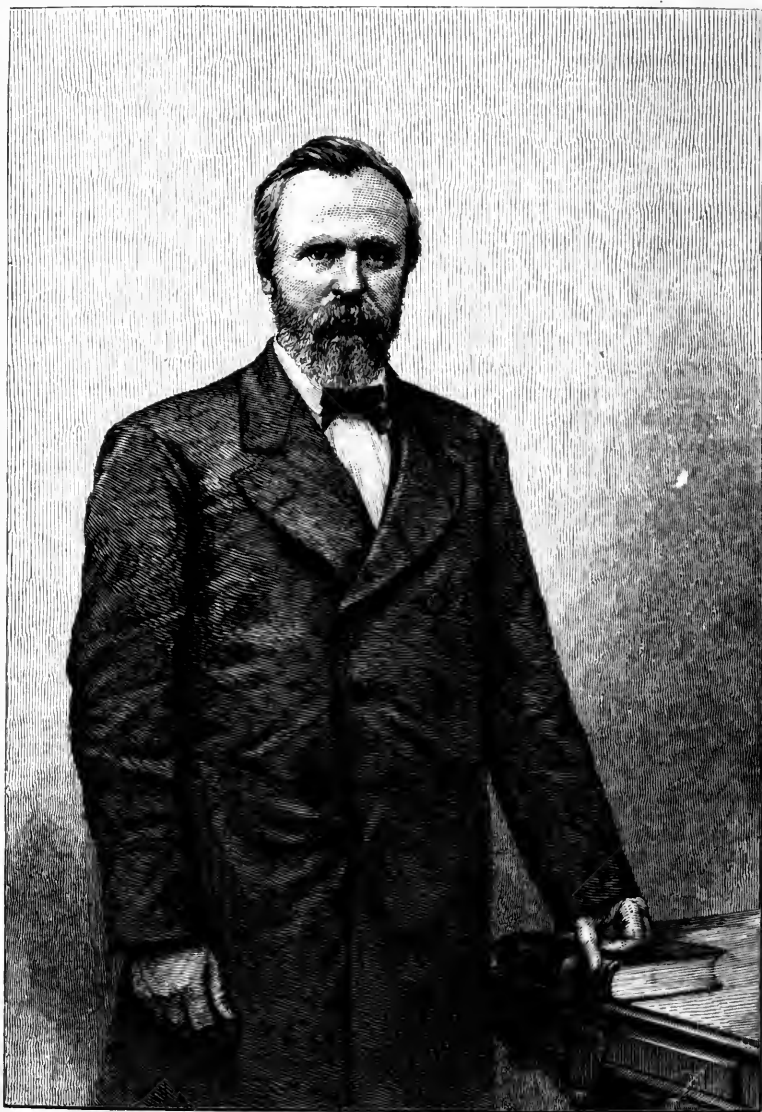
of Mamre, it hath pitched its tent under the trees of Gambier hill, it hath its flocks and its herds, and its different families of teachers, scholars, mechanics and laborers, all united under one head, pursuing one common interest and receiving their maintenance and food from one common source, the funds and farms of the College." The picture, it must be confessed, is not without its beauties, though the coloring is certainly



WINDOW IN COLLEGE CHAPEL.

During the whole sixteen years of his residence in Gambier, and indeed until he died in a foreign land, Bishop McIlvaine was always the same true, stanch, faithful servant of Kenyon College.

ship, taking a particularly high stand in mathematics and logic, and was graduated with the honors of his class. His commencement address, "College Life," with the valedictory, is still spoken of in terms



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

President Hayes entered Kenyon as a student in the fall of the year 1838 and was graduated in 1842. A classmate writes that for the first two years of his course he did not really lead his class, but had a reputation as a reader of newspapers and as a person well informed in politics. He afterward came rapidly to the front in scholar-

of the highest commendation. The uniform suit of the class, worn at graduation, would now look somewhat strange. It consisted of a coat of blue Kentucky jeans with black velvet collar, a white waistcoat, and white linen trowsers.

A college friend of President Hayes has written: "I recollect him as one of the purest

boys I ever knew. I have always recollected of him that in our most intimate, unreserved, private intercourse, I never knew him to entertain for a moment an unmanly, dishonest or demoralizing thought. And when we met in after life in scenes which called for the highest manhood and patriotism, I found the man to be exactly what his boyhood had promised."

Hon. Stanley Matthews says of him: "Hayes as a boy was notorious for having on his shoulders not only the levellest but the oldest head in college. He never got caught in any scrapes, he never had any boyish foolishness; he never had any wild oats to sow; he was sensible, not as some men are, at the last, but sensible from the beginning.

The following incident of President Hayes's college life may almost seem prophetic. We give it in the words of his intimate friend, Hon. Guy M. Bryan, of Texas, the facts having been certified to us by the President himself:

"There were in those days two rival literary societies in the college—the Philomathesian and the Nu Pi Kappa; the last known as the Southern Society, and the first as the Northern, because the students of the slave states belonged to the one, and those from the free states to the other. The college for years had been largely patronized from the Southern states, but this patronage gradually waned until, in the winter of 1841, there were so few Southern students in the college that the members of the Nu Pi Kappa were apprehensive that the society would cease to exist for want of new members. This was a serious question with the members of the society. I determined to open the subject to my intimate friend Hayes to see if we could not devise some mode to prevent the extinction of the society, which was chartered by the state and had valuable property. We talked over the subject with all the feeling and interest with which we would now discuss the best means of bringing about an era of good feeling between the two sections of the country. At last, Hayes said, 'Well, I will get 'Old Trow,' Comstock and some others to join with me, and we will send over a delegation from our society to yours, and then we can make new arrangements so that both societies can live in the old college.' He and I then went to work to consummate our plan. Ten members of the Philomathesian joined the Nu Pi Kappa. A joint committee was then appointed from the two societies, that reported a plan by which students could enter either society without reference to north or south. Thus Hayes, by his magnanimity, perpetuated the existence of the Nu Pi Kappa society,—and should he be elected president, I earnestly hope that he may be equally successful in his best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will wipe out forever the distinction between north and south in the government of our common country."

The following letter from President Hayes, written after his last election as Governor,

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may be taken as fairly representative of the kindly feelings entertained by the graduates of the college in general.

FREMONT, O., October 13, 1875.

MY KENYON FRIENDS: A host of congratulatory dispatches are before me. I cannot acknowledge with even a word of thanks, the most of them. But, yours, first to be replied to, touches me particularly. Accept my thanks for it. I hope you will all have reason to remember old Kenyon with as much satisfaction as I do. I have no more cherished recollections than those which are associated with college life. Except the four years spent in the Union army, no other period of my life is to be compared with it. I hope you may all have equal reason always to think of Kenyon as I do.

In the greatest haste,

I remain, sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

The expenses of living in Gambier in early days were very small. The annual charges were—

| | |
|---|---------|
| For Instruction | \$30.00 |
| For Board at the College table..... | 40.00 |
| Room rent in a room with a stove..... | 4.00 |
| " " " " " fire-place | 6.00 |
| For theological students and sons of clergy— men the total charge was..... | 50.00 |

Those were the days when the boys were required "to sweep their own rooms, make their own beds and fires, bring their own water, black their own boots if they ever were blacked, and take an occasional turn at grubbing in the fields or working on the roads." The discipline was somewhat strict, and the toil perhaps severe, but the few pleasures that were allowed were thoroughly enjoyed.

During the President's school-days there were two great men at Gambier, Bishop McIlvaine and Dr. William Sparrow. There were other eminent men among the instructors: Major Douglass was a man of ability, and the traditions which still linger in the place concerning Professor Ross clearly show that he was possessed of remarkable power; but Bishop McIlvaine and Dr. Sparrow were pre-eminently great men,—men whose greatness has been felt as an educating influence on both sides of the Alleghanies. Bishop McIlvaine's was a divided duty, for in addition to his college labors he had the care of a large and struggling diocese; while Dr. Sparrow gave to Kenyon his full and undivided strength, and so had the stronger hold upon the students. He led them not only wisely and bravely, but faithfully and with a true heart. President Hayes speaks of him as "one of the giants"; Secretary Stanton

also honored him through life, and sent for him in his later days that he might be baptized at his hands.

Until the year 1840 there was a joint faculty of theology and arts in Gambier. At that time separate faculties were constituted with separate heads, Bishop McIlvaine continuing at the head of the Theological Seminary, while Major D. B. Douglass, LL.D., was elected to the presidency of the College. Major Douglass was an accomplished civil engineer, a soldier, and "every inch a man." He began his work earnestly in Gambier, and improvement was the order of the day. But the time was not ripe for him. He was succeeded within a few years by Rev. Dr. S. A. Bronson.

The chief event accomplished during Dr. Bronson's presidency was the sale of a large portion of the college lands. Though of very considerable value, these lands from the first had brought to the institution only the scantiest returns. One agent after another had been employed to oversee them. The raising of sheep proved disastrous; the culture of wheat could not be made to pay. Many of the tenants turned out to be either shiftless or dishonest. So, in the year 1850, after much discussion, it was determined that the form of the investment should be changed, and the lands were ordered to be sold.

Almost immediately there came increased prosperity. Happily, too, at this juncture, Lorin Andrews, LL.D., was elected president. The friend and champion of popular education in Ohio, he found helpers in every county of the state. The list of students was quickly swelled, so that in 1855 "room for enlargement" was a thing of necessity. President Andrews resigned in 1861 to enter the Union army. He was the first volunteer from Ohio, entering the service as colonel of the Fourth Ohio Infantry. Very soon, however, he contracted disease, from the effects of which he died. His body rests in a quiet nook of that college park which so often echoed to his step. With President Hayes, he was for a time a member of the class of 1842.

This sketch has been written with special reference to Kenyon in the past. A rapid glance at the buildings of the institution may help to give an idea of her development and growth, and of her capacities for present usefulness.

Bexley Hall stands upon a knoll at the northern extremity of the village. It was erected for the exclusive use of the Theological Seminary, after a design given by the architect of the London Crystal Palace. It contains the library of the Seminary, about seven thousand volumes,—and furnished rooms, each with separate bedrooms, for thirty-four students.

The College Park is about half a mile in the opposite direction; a broad and well-shaded avenue leads the way thereto. Near the southernmost point of this park, just upon the brow of the hill, and overlooking for miles the charming Kokosing valley, stands the more massive and venerable edifice of Kenyon College. This building contains fifty rooms for students, also the libraries of the two societies.

Rosse Hall, a substantial stone building in Ionic architecture, is used for rhetorical exercises, for lectures, and on commencement occasions, and is capable of accommodating nearly a thousand persons.

Close by old Kenyon stands Ascension Hall, an imposing structure, and one of the finest college buildings in the land. It contains two spacious and elaborately furnished halls for the literary societies, the library of Kenyon College with its museum, and twenty-six rooms for students. The tower is used for an observatory.

Directly north of Ascension, and about fifty yards from the village street, stands the beautiful Church of the Holy Spirit. Ivy, transplanted from Melrose Abbey, has already begun to adorn its walls. Within, the coloring and the carving are quite attractive. The funds for the erection of this college church were given by members of the Church of the Ascension, New York, as a tribute of appreciation for their former rector, Bishop Bedell.

In her requisites for admission and in the course of study, Kenyon does not materially differ from the leading colleges of the eastern states. She aims to give a thorough liberal education, and believes in the value of hard mental discipline. She believes also in right religious influences, and labors to afford them, pursuing steadfastly "the true, the beautiful, the good." In her view, "Christianity is the science of manhood," and all truth, being God's truth, should lead finally to Him. So her faith is liberal, conservative, evangelical, catholic.

"O PILGRIM, COMES THE NIGHT SO FAST?"

O PILGRIM, comes the night so fast?
 Let not the dark thy heart appall,
 Though loom the shadows vague and vast,
 For Love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see
 Through tears that gather fast and fall;
 Too great to perish Love must be,
 And Love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and pain,
 Our troubled space of days so small;
 We shall not stretch our arms in vain,
 For Love shall save us all.

O Pilgrim, but a moment wait,
 And we shall hear our darlings call
 Beyond Death's mute and awful gate,
 And Love shall save us all.

LAST DAYS OF EDGAR A. POE.

WHEN I was about seven years of age, it was my habit to peruse eagerly every scrap of literature that fell in my way. In this manner I had read "The Children of the Abbey," "Pike's Expeditions," "Buck's Theology," "Castle of Otranto," and the "Spectator," with other prose works of equally dissimilar character, but as yet the world of poetry was an unknown world to me.

One day I came across an old number of the "Southern Literary Messenger," containing the well-known ballad beginning:

"Lo, the ring is on my hand,
 And the wreath is on my brow."

Whatever may be my present opinion of this poem, no words can describe the charm which it exercised over my childish fancy. The music of it was a keen delight, the mystery of it, which I could in no wise fathom, was a subtle fascination, and its sadness a pain which "touched my soul with pity"; for that it was an authentic history, an actual experience of Edgar A. Poe, it never occurred to me to doubt.

Who was Edgar A. Poe? My idea of him was then, and for years after, as other

productions of his pen met my eye, that of a mysterious being in human shape, yet gifted with a power more than human; a something of weird beauty and despairing sadness, touched with a vague suspicion of evil which inspired in me a sense of dread, mingled with compassion. To this feeling was added in time one akin to horror, upon my reading the sketch of the "Pest" family, every word of which I received as truth; and the picture of the awful Pests seated in their coffins around the festal board, and of their subsequent wild flight with their winding-sheets streaming behind them, long haunted me with an unspeakable horror.

Who was Edgar A. Poe? I at length inquired of my mother. With wondering interest I learned that he was a gentleman of Richmond, and that he had resided in the very house which I had visited the day before. Thenceforth this house with its massive portico, in which Edgar Poe had played when a child, and the trees on the lawn which he had climbed, were to me objects of solemn and mysterious interest.

This house was that of Mr. Allan, who

had adopted Poe when a child. It is still to be seen at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, unchanged, with the exception of a modern addition. Opposite, in old times, stood the large frame mansion, surrounded by piazzas, of Mrs. Jane Mackenzie, who adopted Poe's sister, Rosalie. On the right of Mr. Allan's there yet stands a tall brick house (now occupied by the Rev. Moses Hoge) which was at the time of which I speak the residence of Major James Gibbon. These three families occupied a first social position, and were on terms of mutual intimacy, and from them and others I have heard many anecdotes of Edgar Poe's youth and childhood. Passing over these for the present, I will proceed to speak of the time when I myself became acquainted with him.

In 1849 I was residing at our suburban home near Richmond, Virginia, in the immediate neighborhood of Duncan's Lodge, then the residence of Mrs. Mackenzie. Being intimate with the family (of which Mr. Poe's sister was a member), we had been for years accustomed to hear him constantly and familiarly spoken of. Mrs. Mackenzie had always been fond of him, and he, like his sister, was accustomed to call her "Ma," and to confide in her as in a mother.

I remember Miss Poe describing to us her visits to her brother at Fordham, then informing us of the death of his wife, and, afterward, mentioning a vague rumor of his engagement to Mrs. Whitman, and finally announcing, with great delight that Edgar was coming on a visit to his friends in Richmond.

It was in July that he arrived. He first took a room at the American Hotel, but soon changed his quarters to the Old Swan Tavern—a long, low, antiquated building which had been in its day the fashionable hotel of Richmond. Poe remarked that he had a quadruple motive in choosing it—it was cheap, well kept in "the old Virginia style," associated with many pleasant memories of his youth, and, lastly and chiefly, nearest Duncan's Lodge, where most of his time was passed.

It was a day or two after his arrival that Poe, accompanied by his sister, called on us. He had, some time previous, in a critique on Griswold's "American Female Poets," taken flattering notice of my early poems, which had recently appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger;" and now, on learning from Mrs. Mackenzie that I resided in the neighborhood, he had desired

an introduction. The remembrance of that first meeting with the poet is still as vividly impressed upon my mind as though it had been but yesterday. A shy and dreamy girl, scarcely more than a child, I had all my life taken an interest in those strange stories and poems of Edgar Poe; and now, with my old childish impression of their author scarcely worn off, I regarded the meeting with an eager, yet shrinking anticipation. As I entered the parlor, Poe was seated near an open window, quietly conversing. His attitude was easy and graceful, with one arm lightly resting upon the back of his chair. His dark curling hair was thrown back from his broad forehead—a style in which he habitually wore it. At sight of him, the impression produced upon me was of a refined, high-bred, and chivalrous gentleman. I use this word "chivalrous" as exactly descriptive of something in his whole *personnel*, distinct from either polish or high-breeding, and which, though instantly apparent, was yet an effect too subtle to be described. He rose on my entrance, and, other visitors being present, stood with one hand resting on the back of his chair, awaiting my greeting. So dignified was his manner, so reserved his expression, that I experienced an involuntary recoil, until I turned to him and saw his eyes suddenly brighten as I offered my hand; a barrier seemed to melt between us, and I felt that we were no longer strangers.

I am thus minute in my account of my first meeting with Poe, because I would illustrate, if possible, the manner peculiar to him, and also the indescribable charm, I might almost say magnetism, which his eyes possessed above any others that I have ever seen. It was this mysterious influence, I am inclined to think, which often, so powerfully at first sight, attracted strangers to him (*vide* Mr. Kennedy's account); and this it was, undoubtedly, which Mrs. Osgood on her first interview with him experienced, but scarcely understood.

From this time I saw Poe constantly,—especially during the last weeks of his stay in Richmond. From his sister also, and from intimate common friends, we knew all concerning him,—so that about this portion of his life there is no reserve and no mystery.

It would be better, indeed, for his fair name, could a veil be drawn over certain dark spots which disfigure this otherwise unusually pure and happy phase of his life. On these, I prefer to touch—as

lightly as possible. I know that he strove against the evil; but his will was weak; and having once yielded, in however slight a degree, said his friends, he seemed to lose all control over himself; and twice during his visit to Richmond, his life was thus seriously endangered. Yet, though I heard something of these things, I did not then, nor until long after, fully understand them. It was his own request that I should not be informed of his weakness; and he was scrupulously careful never to appear in our presence, except when he was, as he expressed it, "entirely himself."

And as himself,—that is, as he appeared to me in my own home and in society,—Poe was pre-eminently a gentleman. This was apparent in everything about him, even to the least detail. He dressed always in black, and with faultless taste and simplicity. An indescribable refinement pervaded all that he did and said. His general bearing in society, especially toward strangers, was quiet, dignified and somewhat reserved, even at times unconsciously approaching *hauteur*. He rarely smiled and never laughed. When pleased, nothing could exceed the charm of his manner,—to his own sex cordial, to ladies, marked by a sort of chivalrous, respectful courtesy.

I was surprised to find that the poet was not the melancholy person I had unconsciously pictured. On the contrary, he appeared, except on one occasion, invariably cheerful, and frequently playful in mood. He seemed quietly amused by the light-hearted chat of the young people about him, and often joined them in humorous repartee, sometimes tinged with a playful sarcasm. Yet he preferred to sit quietly, and listen and observe. Nothing escaped his keen observation. He was extremely fastidious in his idea of feminine requirements, and himself lamented that at slight things in women he was apt to be repelled and disgusted, even against his better judgment. Though in the social evenings with us or at Duncan's Lodge, Poe would join in the light conversation or amusement of the hour, I observed that it had not power to interest him for any length of time. He preferred a seat on the portico, or a stroll about the lawn or garden, in company with a friend.

In his conversations with me Poe expressed himself with a freedom and unreserve which gave me a clearer insight into his personal history and character than, I think, was possessed by many per-

sons. Indeed, I may say that from the moment of our meeting he was never to me the "inexplicable" character that he was pronounced by others. Young as I was, I had yet by some intuitive instinct of perception, as it were, comprehended the finer and more elevated nature of the man, and it was probably to his own consciousness of this that I owed his confidence. I remember his saying, near the beginning of our acquaintance, and in reply to a remark of my own, "I cannot express the pleasure—the more than pleasure—of finding myself so entirely understood by you;" adding, "It is not often that I am so understood." Again, he said of Mrs. Osgood, "She is the only one of my friends who *understands* me." His own insight into personal character was quick and intuitive, but not deep; and it struck me even then, with all my youthful inexperience, that in knowledge of human nature he was, for a man of his genius, strangely deficient.

Among other things, Poe spoke to me freely of his future plans and prospects. He was at this time absorbed in his cherished scheme of establishing his projected journal, the "Stylus." Nearly all his old friends in Virginia had promised to aid him with the necessary funds, and he was sanguine of success. He intended to spare no pains, no effort, to establish this as the leading literary journal of the country. The plan of it, which he explained in detail, but of which I retain little recollection, was to be something entirely original; and the highest "genius, distinctive from talent," of the country was to be represented in its pages. To secure this result, he would offer a more liberal price for contributions than any other publisher. This would, of course, demand capital to begin with, which was all that he required; and of that he had the promise. To establish this journal had been, he said, the cherished dream of his life, and now at last he felt assured of success. And in thus speaking he held his head erect, and his eyes glowed with enthusiasm. "I must and will succeed!" he said.

Much curiosity has been expressed and many and various statements have been made in regard to the poet's relations at this time with Mrs. Sarah Shelton of Richmond. So far as I am certainly informed upon the subject, the story is simply this:

The two had been schoolmates, and; as such, a childish flirtation had existed between them. When, some years previous

to this time, Poe made a brief visit to Richmond, Mrs. Shelton, then a wealthy widow, had invited him to her house and treated him with special attention. Shortly after the death of his wife, an intimate friend wrote to him that Mrs. Shelton often inquired after him, and suggested the plan which he somewhat later, when so much in need of money, came seriously to consider. Certain it is that a correspondence existed between the poet and Mrs. Shelton almost from the time of Mrs. Poe's death, and that for months before his appearance in Richmond it was understood by his friends that an engagement of marriage existed between them. His attentions to the lady immediately upon his arrival tended to confirm the report. Some friend of hers, however, represented to her that Poe's motives were of a mercenary nature; and of this she accused him, at the same time declaring her intention of so securing her property as to prevent his having any command of it. A rupture ensued, and thenceforth no further communication took place between them.

Poe never publicly admitted his engagement with Mrs. Shelton, and appeared anxious to keep the matter private. Mr. John M. Daniel, the well-known editor of the "Examiner," having in the columns of that paper made some allusion to the reported engagement, Poe resented it as an unwarrantable liberty, and proceeded to the "Examiner" office to demand an "explanation." Mr. Daniel, whose fiery temper was well known to Poe, had been informed of the proposed visit, and on the latter's entrance advanced to meet him. The two, who had never before met, stood facing each other; but before a dozen words had been spoken, Mr. Daniel, as with a sudden impulse, extended his hand, and Poe, who was quick to respond to any token of good feeling, and doubtless recognized the nobility of the man before him, as readily accepted it, and thus was ratified a friendship which lasted while they lived.

It will be seen from the above account of the affair with Mrs. Shelton that Poe did not, as is stated by his biographers, leave Richmond for New York with the intention of preparing for his marriage with that lady. Yet that he had entered into an engagement of marriage with her even previous to his appearance in Richmond, I am assured. It was at a time when, as he himself declared, he stood more in need of money

than at any previous period of his life. It was, to his own view, the turning-point of his fortunes, depending upon his cherished scheme of establishing the "Stylus," through which he was to secure fame and fortune. This could not be done without money. Money was the one thing needful, upon which all else depended; and money he must have, at whatever cost or sacrifice. Hence the affair with Mrs. Shelton. She was a lady of respectability, but of plain manners and practical disposition; older than Poe, and not gifted with those traits which might be supposed capable of attracting one of his peculiar taste and temperament.

While upon this subject, I venture, though with great hesitation, to say a word in relation to Poe's own marriage with his cousin, Virginia Clemm. I am aware that there exists with the public but one view of this union, and that so lovely and touching in itself, that to mar the picture with even a shadow inspires almost a feeling of remorse. Yet since in the biography of a distinguished man of genius truth is above all things desirable, and since in this instance the facts do not redound to the discredit of any party concerned, I may be allowed to state what I have been assured is truth.

Poets are proverbial for uncongenial marriages, and to this Poe can scarcely be classed as an exception. From the time when as a youth of nineteen he became a tutor to his sweet and gentle little cousin of six years old, he loved her with the tender and protective fondness of an elder brother. As years passed he became the subject of successive fancies or passions for various charming women; but she, gradually budding into early womanhood, experienced but one attachment—an absorbing devotion to her handsome, talented, and fascinating cousin. So intense was this passion that her health and spirits became seriously affected, and her mother, aroused to painful solicitude, spoke to Edgar about it. This was just as he was preparing to leave her house, which had been for some years his home, and enter the world of business. The idea of this separation was insupportable to Virginia. The result was that Poe, at that time a young man of twenty-eight, married his little, penniless, and delicate child-cousin of fourteen or fifteen, and thus unselfishly secured her own and her mother's happiness. In his wife he had ever the most tender and devoted of companions; but it was his own declaration that he ever missed in her a certain intellectual and spiritual

sympathy necessary to perfect happiness in such an union. It was this need which so often impelled him to "those many romantic little episodes" of which Mrs. Osgood speaks, and which were well known to Poe's acquaintance. He was never a deliberately unkind husband, and toward the close of Mrs. Poe's life he was assiduous in his tender care and attention. Yet his own declaration to an intimate friend of his youth was that his marriage "had not been a congenial one;" and I repeatedly heard the match ascribed to Mrs. Clemm, by those who were well acquainted with the family and the circumstances. In thus alluding to a subject so delicate, I have not lightly done so, or unadvisedly made a statement which seems refuted by the testimony of so many who have written of "the passionate idolatry" with which the poet regarded his wife. I have heard the subject often and freely discussed by Poe's most intimate friends, including his sisters, and upon this authority I speak. Lovely in person, sweet and gentle in disposition, his young wife deserved, doubtless, all the love that it was in his nature to bestow. Of his unvarying filial affection for Mrs. Clemm, and of her almost angelic devotion to himself and his interests, there can be no question.

Mr. Poe, among other plans for raising the funds so sorely needed, decided to give a series of lectures in Richmond. The first of these ("The Poetic Principle") brought him at once into prominent notice with the Richmond public. The press discussed him, and the élite of society fêted him. With the attention and kindness thus shown him he was much gratified. Yet he did not appear to care for the formal parties, and declared that he found more enjoyment with his friends in the country.

I can vividly recall him as he appeared on his visits to us. He always carried a cane, and upon entering the shade of the avenue would remove his hat, throw back his hair, and walk lingeringly, as if enjoying the coolness, carrying his hat in his hand, generally behind him. Sometimes he would pause to examine some rare flower, or to pluck a grape from the laden trellises. He met us always with an expression of pleasure illuminating his countenance and lighting his fine eyes.

Poe's eyes, indeed, were his most striking feature, and it was to these that his face owed its peculiar attraction. I have never seen other eyes at all resembling them. They were large, with long, jet-black lashes,—the

iris dark steel-gray, possessing a crystalline clearness and transparency, through which the jet-black pupil was seen to expand and contract with every shade of thought or emotion. I observed that the lids never contracted, as is so usual in most persons, especially when talking; but his gaze was ever full, open, and unshrinking. His usual expression was dreamy and sad. He had a way of sometimes turning a slightly askance look upon some person who was not observing him, and, with a quiet, steady gaze, appear to be mentally taking the caliber of the unsuspecting subject. "What *awful* eyes Mr. Poe has!" said a lady to me. "It makes my blood run cold to see him slowly turn and fix them upon me when I am talking."

Apart from the wonderful beauty of his eyes, I would not have called Poe a very handsome man. He was, in my opinion, rather distinguished-looking than handsome. What he had been when younger I had heard, but at the period of my acquaintance with him he had a pallid and careworn look,—somewhat haggard, indeed,—very apparent except in his moments of animation. He wore a dark mustache, scrupulously kept, but not entirely concealing a slightly contracted expression of the mouth and an occasional twitching of the upper lip, resembling a sneer. This sneer, indeed, was easily excited—a motion of the lip, scarcely perceptible, and yet intensely expressive. There was in it nothing of ill-nature, but much of sarcasm, as when he remarked of a certain pretentious editor, "He can make bold plunges in shallow water;" and again, in reference to an editor presenting a costly book to a lady whose poems he had for years published while yet refusing to pay for them, Poe observed, "He could afford it," with that almost imperceptible curl of the lip, more expressive of contempt than words could have been. The shape of his head struck me, even on first sight, as peculiar. There was a massive projection of the broad brow and temples, with the organ of casualty very conspicuously developed, a marked flatness of the top of the head, and an unusual fullness at the back. I had at this time no knowledge of phrenology; but now, in recalling this peculiar shape, I cannot deny that in Poe what are called the intellectual and animal portions of the head were remarkably developed, while in the moral regions there was as marked a deficiency. Especially there was a slight depression instead of fullness

of outline where the organs of veneration and firmness are located by phrenologists. This peculiarity detracted so much from the symmetrical proportions of the head that he sought to remedy the defect by wearing his hair tossed back, thus producing more apparent height of the cranium.

I am convinced that this time of which I speak must have been what Poe himself declared it—one of the brightest, happiest, and most promising of his maturer life. Had he but possessed a will sufficiently strong to preserve him from the temptation which was his greatest bane, how fair and happy might have been his future career!

As I have said, the knowledge of this weakness was by his own request concealed from me. All that I knew of the matter was when a friend informed me that "Mr. Poe was too unwell to see us that evening." A day or two after this he sent a message by his sister requesting some flowers, in return for which came a dainty note of thanks, written in a tremulous hand. He again wrote, inclosing a little anonymous poem which he had found in some newspaper and admired; and on the day following he made his appearance among us, but so pale, tremulous and apparently subdued as to convince me that he had been seriously ill. On this occasion he had been at his rooms at the "Old Swan" where he was carefully tended by Mrs. Mackenzie's family, but on a second and more serious relapse he was taken by Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Gibbon Carter to Duncan's Lodge, where during some days his life was in imminent danger. Assiduous attention saved him, but it was the opinion of the physicians that another such attack would prove fatal. This they told him, warning him seriously of the danger. His reply was that if people would not tempt him, he would not fall. Dr. Carter relates how, on this occasion, he had a long conversation with him, in which Poe expressed the most earnest desire to break from the thralldom of his besetting sin, and told of his many unavailing struggles to do so. He was moved even to tears, and finally declared, in the most solemn manner, that this time he *would* restrain himself,—*would* withstand any temptation. He kept his word as long as he remained in Richmond; but for those who thereafter placed the stumbling-block in the way of the unsteady feet, what shall be said?

Among the warmest of his personal friends at this time, and those whom he most frequently visited, were Dr. Robert G. Cabell, Mrs. Julia Mayo Cabell, Mrs. Chevalie, and Mr. Robert Sully, and his venerable mother and accomplished sisters. These had all known him in his boyhood, and he expressed to me with earnestness the pleasure of the hours spent with them in their own homes. Especially did he enjoy his visits to the Sullys, "where" said he, "I always find pictures, flowers, delightful music and conversation, and a kindness more refreshing than all."

The only occasion on which I saw Poe really sad or depressed, was on a walk to the "Hermitage," the old deserted seat of the Mayo family, where he had, in his youth, been a frequent visitor. On reaching the place, our party separated, and Poe and myself strolled slowly about the grounds. I observed that he was unusually silent and preoccupied, and, attributing it to the influence of memories associated with the place, forbore to interrupt him. He passed slowly by the mossy bench called the "lovers' seat," beneath two aged trees, and remarked, as we turned toward the garden, "There used to be white violets here." Searching amid the tangled wilderness of shrubs, we found a few late blossoms, some of which he placed carefully between the leaves of a note-book. Entering the deserted house, he passed from room to room with a grave, abstracted look, and removed his hat, as if involuntarily, on entering the saloon, where in old times many a brilliant company had assembled. Seated in one of the deep windows, over which now grew masses of ivy, his memory must have borne him back to former scenes, for he repeated the familiar lines of Moore:

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted"—

and paused, with the first expression of real sadness that I had ever seen on his face. The light of the setting sun shone through the drooping ivy-boughs into the ghostly room, and the tattered and mildewed paper-hangings, with their faded tracery of rose garlands, waved fitfully in the autumn breeze. An inexpressibly eerie feeling came over me, which I can even now recall, and, as I stood there, my old childish idea of the poet as a spirit of mingled light and darkness, recurred strongly to my imagination. I have never forgotten that scene, or the impression of the moment.

Once, in discussing "The Raven," Poe observed that he had never heard it correctly delivered by even the best readers—that is, not as he desired that it should be read. That evening, a number of visitors being present, he was requested to recite the poem, and complied. His impressive delivery held the company spell-bound, but in the midst of it, I, happening to glance toward the open window above the level roof of the green-house, beheld a group of sable faces the whites of whose eyes shone in strong relief against the surrounding darkness. These were a number of our family servants, who having heard much talk about "Mr. Poe, the poet," and having but an imperfect idea of what a poet was, had requested permission of my brother to witness the recital. As the speaker became more impassioned and excited, more conspicuous grew the circle of white eyes, until when at length he turned suddenly toward the window, and, extending his arm, cried, with awful vehemence:

"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's
Plutonian shore!"

there was a sudden disappearance of the sable visages, a scuttling of feet, and the gallery audience was gone. Ludicrous as was the incident, the final touch was given when at that moment Miss Poe, who was an extraordinary character in her way, sleepily entered the room, and with a dull and drowsy deliberation seated herself on her brother's knee. He had subsided from his excitement into a gloomy despair, and now, fixing his eyes upon his sister, he concluded:

"And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door;
And its eyes have all the seeming of a demon
that is dreaming——"

The effect was irresistible; and as the final "nevermore" was solemnly uttered the half-suppressed titter of two very young persons in a corner was responded to by a general laugh. Poe remarked quietly that on his next delivery of a public lecture he would "take Rose along, to act the part of the raven, in which she seemed born to excel."

He was in the habit of teasing his sister, in a half-vexed, half-playful way, about her peculiarities of dress and manner. She was a very plain person, and he with his fastidious ideas could not tolerate her want of feminine tact and taste. "Rose, why do

you wear your hair in that absurd style?" "Where *did* you get that extraordinary dress pattern?" "Why don't you try to behave like other people?" And once, when she presented herself in a particularly old-fashioned garb and coiffure, observing that she had been asleep, he replied: "Yes, and with Rip Van Winkle, evidently." She took all with an easy indifference. She was very proud of her brother, and nothing that Edgar did or said could possibly be amiss.

It is with feelings of deep sadness, even after the lapse of so many years, that I approach the close of these reminiscences.

Poe one day told me that it was necessary that he should go to New York. He must make certain preparations for establishing his magazine, the "Stylus," but he should in less than two weeks return to Richmond, where he proposed henceforth to reside. He looked forward to this arrangement with great pleasure. "I mean to turn over a new leaf; I shall begin to lead a new life," he said confidently. He had often spoken to me of his books,—"*few, but recherché*,"—and he now proposed to send certain of these by express, for my perusal. "You must annotate them extensively," he said. "A book wherein the minds of the author and the reader are thus brought in contact is to me a hundred-fold increased in interest. It is like flint and steel." One of the books which he thus desired me to read was Mrs. Browning's poems, and another one of Hawthorne's works. I remember his saying of the latter that he was "indisputably the best prose writer in America;" that "Irving and the rest were mere commonplace beside him;" and that "there was more inspiration of true genius in Hawthorne's prose than in all Longfellow's poetry." This may serve to give an idea of his own opinion of what constitutes genius, though some of Longfellow's poems he pronounced "perfect of their kind."

The evening of the day previous to that appointed for his departure from Richmond, Poe spent at my mother's. He declined to enter the parlors, where a number of visitors were assembled, saying he preferred the more quiet sitting-room; and here I had a long and almost uninterrupted conversation with him. He spoke of his future, seeming to anticipate it with an eager delight, like that of youth. He declared that the last few weeks in the society of his old and new friends had been the happiest that he had known for

many years, and that when he again left New York he should there leave behind all the trouble and vexation of his past life. On no occasion had I seen him so cheerful and hopeful as on this evening. "Do you know," he inquired, "how I spent most of this morning? In writing a critique of your poems to be accompanied by a biographical sketch. I intend it to be one of my best, and that it shall appear in the second number of the 'Stylus,'"—so confident was he in regard to this magazine. In the course of the evening he showed me a letter just received from his "friend, Dr. Griswold," in reply to one but recently written by Poe, wherein the latter had requested Dr. Griswold in case of his sudden death to become his literary executor. In this reply, Dr. Griswold accepted the proposal, expressing himself as much flattered thereby, and writing in terms of friendly warmth and interest. It will be observed that this incident is a contradiction of his statement that previous to Poe's death he had had no intimation of the latter's intention of appointing him his literary executor.

In speaking of his own writings Poe expressed his conviction that he had written his best poems, but that in prose he might yet surpass what he had already accomplished. He admitted that much which he had said in praise of certain writers was not the genuine expression of his opinions. Before my acquaintance with him I had read his critique on Mrs. Osgood, in the "Southern Literary Messenger," and had in my turn criticised the article, writing my remarks freely on the margin of the magazine. I especially disagreed with him in his estimate of the lines on Fanny Elsler and "Fanny's Error,"—ridiculing his suggested amendment of the latter. This copy of the magazine Mrs. Mackenzie afterward showed to Poe, and upon my expressing consternation thereat, she remarked laughingly, "Don't be frightened; Edgar was delighted." On this evening he alluded to the subject, saying, "I am delighted to find you so truly critical; your opinions are really the counterpart of my own." I was naturally surprised, when he added, "You must not judge of me by what you find me saying in the magazines. Such expressions of opinion are necessarily modified by a thousand circumstances,—the wishes of editors, personal friendship, etc." When I expressed surprise at his high estimate of a certain lady writer, he said, "It is true, she is really commonplace, but her husband was kind

to me;" and added, "I cannot point an arrow against any woman."

Poe expressed great regret in being compelled to leave Richmond, on even so brief an absence. He would certainly, he said, be back in two weeks. He thanked my mother with graceful courtesy and warmth for her kindness and hospitality; and begged that we would write to him in New York, saying it would do him good.

He was the last of the party to leave the house. We were standing on the portico, and after going a few steps he paused, turned, and again lifted his hat, in a last adieu. At the moment, a brilliant meteor appeared in the sky directly over his head, and vanished in the east. We commented laughingly upon the incident; but I remembered it sadly afterward.

That night he spent at Duncan's Lodge; and as his friend said, sat late at his window, meditatively smoking, and seemingly disinclined for conversation. On the following morning he went into the city, accompanied by his friends, Dr. Gibbon Carter and Dr. Mackenzie. The day was passed with them and others of his intimate friends. Late in the evening he entered the office of Dr. John Carter, and spent an hour in looking over the day's papers; then taking Dr. Carter's cane he went out, remarking that he would step across to Saddler's (a fashionable restaurant) and get supper. From the circumstance of his taking the cane, leaving his own in its place, it is probable that he had intended to return; but at the restaurant he met with some acquaintances who detained him until late, and then accompanied him to the Baltimore boat. According to their account he was quite sober and cheerful to the last, remarking, as he took leave of them, that he would soon be in Richmond again.

On this evening I had been summoned to see a friend who was dangerously ill. On the way I was met by Miss Poe, who delivered a note left for me by her brother, containing a MS. copy of "Annie,"—a poem then almost unknown, and which I had expressed a wish to see. These strange prophetic lines I read at midnight, while the lifeless body of my friend lay in an adjoining chamber, and the awful shadow of death weighed almost forebodingly upon my spirit. Three days after, a friend came to me with the day's issue of the "Richmond Dispatch." Without a word she pointed to a particular paragraph, where I read,—
"Death of Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore."

Poe had made himself popular in Richmond. People had become interested in him, and his death cast a universal gloom over the city. His old friends, and even those more recently formed, and whom he had strangely attached to himself, deeply regretted him. Mr. Sully came to consult with me about a picture of "The Raven" which he intended to make; and in the course of conversation expressed himself in regard to his lost friend with a warmth of feeling and appreciation not usual to him. The two had been schoolmates; and the artist said, "Poe was one of the most warm-hearted and generous of men. In his youth and prosperity, when admired and looked up to by all his companions, he invariably stood by me and took my part. I was a dull boy at learning, and Edgar never grudged time or pains in assisting me." In further speaking he said, with a decision and earnestness which impressed me, "It was Mr. Allan's cruelty in casting him upon the world, a beggar, which ruined Poe. Some who had envied him took advantage of his change of fortune to slight and insult him. He was sensitive and proud, and felt the change keenly. It was this which embittered him. By nature no person was less inclined to reserve or bitterness, and as a boy he was frank and generous to a fault." In speaking of his poems, Mr. Sully remarked: "He has an eye for dramatic, but not for scenic or artistic effect. Except in the 'Raven' I can nowhere in his poems find a subject for a picture."

On some future occasion I may speak further of Poe, and give some details which will clear up certain obscurities of his life. At present, there is one point connected with his history which I feel that I cannot in justice pass over, because upon it has hung the darkest and most undeserved calumny which has overshadowed his name. I allude to the cause of the estrangement and separation between himself and Mr. Allan.

For obvious reasons, I prefer, at present, not to speak in detail upon this subject. It will be sufficient to state that the affair was simply a "family quarrel," which was not in the first instance the fault of Poe; that he received extreme provocation and insult, and that of all the parties concerned, it appears that he was the least culpable and the most wronged. Mr. Allan, though a kind-hearted and benevolent man, was quick-tempered and irascible, and in the heat of sudden anger treated Poe with a

severity which he afterward regretted. In any event, his conduct in utterly casting off one whom he had brought up as a son, and had by education and mode of life made dependent on him, must ever, in the opinion of just-minded persons, detract from if not wholly outweigh the merit of former kindness. But the saddest part of the story is, that long after this, Poe, who never cherished resentments, being informed that his former guardian was ill and had spoken kindly of and had expressed a wish to see him, went to Mr. Allan's house, and there vainly sought an interview with him,—and that of this the latter was never informed, but died without seeing him; and as Dr. Griswold with unwitting significance observes, "without leaving Poe a mill of his money."

This is the simple truth of the story to which Dr. Griswold has attached a "blackness of horror" before the unrevealed mystery of which the mind shrinks aghast. As to my authority in making this statement, I will only say that I have heard the facts asserted by venerable ladies of Richmond, who were fully acquainted with the circumstances at the time of their occurrence.

In closing these reminiscences, I may be allowed to make a few remarks founded upon my actual personal knowledge of Poe, in at least the phase of character in which he appeared to me. What he may have been to his ordinary associates, or to the world at large, I do not know; and in the picture presented us by Dr. Griswold, —half maniac, half demon,—I confess, I cannot recognize a trait of the gentle, grateful, warm-hearted man whom I saw amid his friends,—his care-worn face all aglow with generous feeling in the kindness and appreciation to which he was so little accustomed. His faults were sufficiently apparent; but for these a more than ordinary allowance should be made, in consideration of the unfavorable influences surrounding him from his very birth. He was ever the sport of an adverse fortune. Born in penury, reared in affluence, treated at one time with pernicious indulgence and then literally turned into the streets, a beggar and an outcast, deserted by those who had formerly courted him, maliciously calumniated, smarting always under a sense of wrong and injustice,—what wonder that his bright, warm, and naturally generous and genial nature should have become embittered? What wonder that his keenly sensitive and susceptible poetic temperament should have

become jarred, out of tune, and into harsh discord with himself and mankind? Let the just and the generous pause before they judge; and upon their lips the breath of condemnation will soften into a sigh of sympathy and regret.

MATER AMABILIS.

Down the goldenest of streams,
Tide of dreams,
The fair cradled man-child drifts; .
Sways with cadenced motion slow, .
To and fro,
As the mother-foot poised lightly, falls
and lifts.

He, the firstling,—he, the light
Of her sight,—
He, the breathing pledge of love,
'Neath the holy passion lies,
Of her eyes,—
Smiles to feel the warm, life-giving ray
above.

She believes that in his vision,
Skies elysian
O'er an angel-people shine.
Back to gardens of delight,
Taking flight,
His auroral spirit basks in dreams
divine.

But she smiles through anxious tears;
Unborn years
Pressing forward, she perceives.
Shadowy muffled shapes, they come
Deaf and dumb,
Bringing what? dry chaff and tares,
or full-eared sheaves?

Whatso gifts the years bestow,
Still men know,
While she breathes, lives one who sees
(Stand they pure or sin-defiled)
But the child
Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon her knees.

What for him shall she invoke?
Shall the oak
Bind the man's triumphant brow?
Shall his daring foot alight
On the height?
Shall he dwell amidst the humble and
the low?

Through what tears and sweat and pain,
Must he gain
Fruitage from the tree of life?
Shall it yield him bitter flavor?
Shall its savor
Be as manna midst the turmoil and
the strife?

In his cradle slept and smiled
Thus the child
Who as Prince of Peace was hailed.
Thus anigh the mother breast,
Lulled to rest,
Child-Napoleon down the lilled river
sailed.

Crowned or crucified—the same
Glowes the flame
Of her deathless love divine.
Still the blessed mother stands,
In all lands,
As she watched beside thy cradle and
by mine.

SUSAN LAWTON'S ESCAPE.

I NEVER heard of a girl who had her own way so completely, so delightfully, and so respectably as Susan Sweetser did. She was an only child. Her mother died when she was a baby; her father, who had never married again, died when she was sixteen. He left a large fortune, the income of which was to be paid to Susan until she was twenty-one, and at that time the whole estate was to come into her hands as unreservedly as if she had been a man. Her guardian, whose function was simply a nominal one, was her uncle by marriage, Thomas Lawton, a man not more than a dozen years older than herself,—an easy-going, indolent, rich fellow, who never gave himself any concern about Susan further than the depositing in the bank each quarter the thousands of dollars which she might spend as she liked. Mrs. Thomas Lawton was a girl only a few years older than Susan, and one after her own heart; and when, two years after the death of her father, Susan took up her abode in the Lawton household, nothing could be jollier than the life the two women led together. The death of her father was no personal loss to Susan; she had seen him only in her brief school vacations; he was a reserved and silent man, wholly absorbed in making a fortune. He had always had the theory that when the fortune was big enough, and Susan was old enough to leave school, he would take some leisure, enjoy himself, and become acquainted with his daughter. But Death had other plans for Mr. Sweetser. He cut him down one night, before that interval of leisure had arrived, and before Susan was old enough to leave school, but not before the fortune had grown large enough to satisfy the utmost wants of any reasonable being. More because of her own interest in study than from any exercise of authority or even influence on her guardian's part, Susan remained at school two years after her father's death. During these two years she held, by virtue of her independence and her riches, a position in the school which was hardly that of a scholar. A young lady who had a carriage and horses at her command, and thousands of dollars every quarter for the expenditure of which she was responsible to nobody but herself, was not likely to be held in much restraint by her teachers. Madame Delancy was only too

glad to avail herself of Miss Sweetser's carriage on occasion; and Miss Sweetser's generosity, in countless ways, smoothed difficulties in the Delancy household, which was like all boarding-school households, straitened at times, and forced to keep up show at expense of comfort. If Susan had not been of a singularly sweet nature, this abnormal freedom and independence, at the age of sixteen, would have hurt her sadly. As it was, the chief fault developed in her by her situation was an imperiousness of will, or impatience, if obstacles of any sort hindered her in carrying out a project. But as her projects were usually of a magnanimous and generous kind, this impatience did not seem unlovely; and the imperious manner was often charming. Her schemes could not be said to be unselfish, because they usually were for pleasures or profits which she desired for herself; but on the other hand they could not be said to be selfish, because she made them so wide in their scope, including everybody she could easily reach. If she wanted to go to an entertainment of any sort, she took her whole class, sometimes the whole school; when she went to drive in her pretty blue-lined carriage, somebody else always went too,—Madame Delancy herself or some teacher or some friend. When she wanted strawberries she ordered them into the house by the dozen boxes, and had them given to everybody at breakfast. And she did not do this with the least air of patronage or condescension; she did not think about its being any favor to people, or that she laid them under an obligation; she simply liked to do it; it was her way; there was no special friendliness in it; no exalted notion either about conferring happiness; why she liked to do so, she never thought; and if she had thought and questioned, would have been puzzled to tell; she did it as little children gregariously by instinct do, when they exclaim, "Oh, let's do" this, or that, or the other—"it will be so nice!" That this was a surface and sensuous view of life, cannot be denied; but then, we are not drawing an ideal character; we are merely telling the exact truth about Susan Sweetser. She was not a saint by any manner of means, nor the stuff of which saints are made. She got no end of preaching to from pastors and from self-elected advisers, who saw in the free-

souled young heiress a great opportunity for that obnoxious practice known as "doing good." But against all their lectures and sermons Susan's light-heartedness was a more effectual barrier than the hardest-heartedness in the world could have been. When they came asking her for money, she pulled out her purse and gave it to them; not always so much as they asked for, because on some such points Susan had her own ideas of proportion and disproportion; yet she always gave liberally. But when they came preaching to her that she herself should do this and that, should go here and there, should be this and that, Susan smiled pleasantly, said little, but went on her way undisturbed. The odd thing was that she kept this undisturbed placidity of being comfortable in her own fashion, in spite of the most dogged orthodoxy of religious belief.

Just before Susan was eighteen years old, and a few weeks before her graduation at Madame Delancy's, Mr. Thomas Lawton died. Mrs. Lawton was now left as free and independent and nearly as rich as Susan. Her love for her husband had been very sincere as far as it went, but it had not been of such a nature as to make his death a heart-breaking thing to her. Life looked very attractive to Mrs. Thomas Lawton as one morning, a few months after her husband had died, and six weeks after Susan had left school, she and Susan sat together in the handsome library, planning what they would do for themselves for the winter.

"Bell," said Susan, energetically, "it's perfectly splendid that you can *chaperon* me everywhere! I've always had a terror of the time when I'd have to hire some easy figure of respectability to live with me and go about with me, and all that. I know I should have hated her. I expect I should have changed her as often as poor papa had to change cooks. But now it's all right. You and I can go all over the world together. You can do what you like, because you're a widow."

"Oh, don't, Susan!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton, deprecatingly. "How can you run on so?"

"Why, Bell, dear, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said Susan; "but it's true—a widow can go anywhere. If you hadn't been married, you couldn't *chaperon* me, don't you know? And your being my aunt makes it all the better. You'd never do for my *chaperon* in the world if it weren't for that, you young-looking thing, you! I

declare you don't look a day older than I do!"

Mrs. Bell Lawton did, indeed, look very young in her widow's cap, which lay in its graceful Marie Stuart triangle very lightly on her pretty blonde hair, and made her look, as widows' caps always make young and pretty women look, far less like a mourner than she would have looked without it.

"Now, Susan, don't talk nonsense," said Mrs. Lawton. "You know I'm twenty-five next month, and I'm sure that is antiquated. Oh, dear, if I were only eighteen, like you!"

"What then?" asked honest Susan. "Why is eighteen any better than twenty-five, Bell?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bell, confusedly. "I don't suppose it is any better?"

"I don't think it's half so good," said Susan; "or, at any rate, half so good as twenty-one. I'm dying to be twenty-one. I want all my money!"

"Why, Susan Sweetser!" exclaimed Bell. "What on earth would you do with any more money? You can't spend all your income now."

"Can't I?" laughed Susan. "You just try me and see! I'm overdrawn on this quarter already; and it's so disagreeable to be told of it. Dear Uncle Tom never told me. He was a great deal nicer for a guardian than this old Mr. Clark is."

Mr. Clark was the family lawyer, who was to act as Susan's guardian and business agent for the next three years, and who had already made himself tiresome to her, by trying to instill into her mind some ideas of system and economy in expenditure.

"Overdrawn!" cried Bell. "You extravagant girl! What have you been doing?"

"I don't really know," laughed Susan. "I never keep accounts. I let poor Madame Delancy have a thousand; that was one thing. She'll pay me in the spring; and those riding parties were awfully dear. Mr. Clark says I mustn't pay for my friends' horses any more; but I don't think it is any of his business. Lots of the girls I want to have go, can't go any other way; their fathers can't afford it."

"You're a dear generous soul," said Bell, admiringly.

"No I'm not," said Susan. "There isn't any generosity in my sending Sally Sanford a horse, when I want her in my party, and know she can't come any other way. It's to please myself I do it."

"Well, I think it's generous for all that," said Bell, "and anybody in the world would say so."

"Anybody in the world will say anything," replied Susan, satirically; "there is one thing I made up my mind about long ago, and that is, never to mind what the world says, either for or against a thing or a person."

"You can't afford to do that way, Sue," said Mrs. Bell, who was conservative by nature and training. "You'll get talked about awfully, the first thing you know."

"Let them talk!" laughed Susan. "They'll talk any way. It might as well be about me."

"No, it mightn't!" persisted Bell, who had her own reasons for laying stress on this point with Susan. "No, it mightn't. I tell you, Sue, a woman can't afford to be talked about."

"Can't afford? What do you mean by that? How much does it cost?" said Susan, scornfully.

Mrs. Bell was not clever enough to answer Susan in her own phraseology, and say, "It costs loss of position, loss of the best regard of the best people, loss of absolute trust from men whose trust would be honor, and might be love;" she only said, meekly:

"You know as well as I do, Sue, that nobody really thinks so well of a woman who is much talked about. I don't think a woman can be too careful, for my part; especially, Sue, women situated as you and I are; we have got to be very careful indeed."

This was an opportunity Mrs. Bell had been anxiously awaiting for a long time. She had felt that it was necessary to define their positions and have some such matters thoroughly understood in the outset of her life with Susan, but she had lacked moral courage to open the discussion.

"I'm never going to be careful, as you call it, Bell," cried Susan. "Never! and you'll have to make up your mind to that. I hate it, the sneaking, time-serving, calculating thing. It is next door to lying and stealing. I'm going always to say what I think, do what I like, have what friends I please, without the slightest reference to what the world says; whether they call it strange or not, proper or not, right or not, it's nothing to me. I don't care a straw for the whole world's opinion, so long as I am sure I am right."

"Then you'll get into horrible scrapes;

that's all; I can tell you that," said Bell, hotly.

"Why, I'm never going to do anything improper," retorted Susan; "and how shall I get into horrible scrapes?"

"Oh, millions of ways," replied Bell, despairingly. "When you're as old as I am, you'll know the world better. I tell you women can't do that way; and I don't think it's womanly."

"What isn't womanly?" said Susan, in a pettish tone.

"Why, not caring," said Bell; "I think it's a woman's place to care very much what people think of her, and to try not to offend anybody's prejudices; and, above all things, not to go against custom."

Susan groaned.

"Oh pshaw, Bell," she said, "what kind of a life would that be? I'd as soon be a cartridge in a cartridge case, numbered and packed. But don't let us quarrel over this. We shall never think alike about it."

"No, I suppose not," replied Bell, gravely. "But if we're going to live together all our lives, it's a great pity we should not, especially if, as you say, I'm going to be your *chaperon*."

"Oh, you motherly, grandmotherly old girl!" cried Susan, kissing her. "Don't you worry yourself; I wont do anything you don't want me to. I believe in caring what one's friends say."

"You sweet, dear Sue!" cried Bell, kissing her warmly in turn; "I know you wont."

From all which it is easy to see that Mrs. Thomas Lawton's chaperonage of Miss Susan Sweetser would not be a very rigid one.

Susan's phrase, "What friends I please," had not been a random one. For more than a year her intimacy with Professor Balloure had been such as to give rise to some ill-natured comment in the town, and to no little anxiety in the minds of her friends. Edward Balloure had been professor of belles-lettres in one of our large colleges in his youth, but marrying early a woman of fortune, he had at once relinquished his professorship, and had ever since led a life of indolent leisure, dabbling in literature in an idle fashion, now and then throwing off a creditable pamphlet or paper, but for the most part doing nothing except enjoy himself. He was a handsome man and a brilliant talker; everybody liked him; nobody loved him, not even his wife, who had soon found out that he had married her for her money and not from affection. This

knowledge, instead of crushing her, as it would a woman of weaker nature, had turned her into a cold, hard, bitter, ill-natured woman, whom it seemed, now, nobody could like or live with; yet those who knew both her and her husband when they were young said that Martha Balloure at the time of her marriage had been an impulsive, loving, lovable girl. Be that as it may, she was now an unlovely, cynical, sharp-tongued, heartless woman, without a friend in the community, and the verdict of the world was always, "Poor Professor Balloure! What a sad fate it was that tied him to such a woman!" Mrs. Balloure herself perpetually fed this expression by her unconcealed contempt for and dislike of her husband. She had a sad lack of dignity of character, and could never forego an opportunity of a fling at the man whose name she bore. When people praised him to her,—said, for instance, "How well Professor Balloure talks!" Mrs. Balloure would reply, with a sneer, "Yes, outside his own house." Professor Balloure, on the contrary, never spoke of his wife but with the utmost respect; always treated her with the utmost courtesy, in the presence of others. Some close observers noticed that his eye never rested on her face—never met hers if it could be avoided; and when Mrs. Balloure replied bitterly, as she had been more than once heard to, on his offering her some small attentions, "Oh, pray, don't trouble yourself; you know you wouldn't do it if there were no one here!" these same close observers wondered whether, after all, the brilliant Professor Balloure might not be a hypocrite. But he talked so well on high themes, he was so full of noble sentiments, so sure to be on the right side of all questions,—theoretical or practical,—it was hard to believe the man hollow-hearted. And yet, hollow he was to the very core, always excepting his sentiment toward Susan Sweetser. This was the one true, genuine thing he bore about him. He had been irresistibly attracted toward her while she was a mere child. Her frankness, her courage, her generosity, all allured him by the very greatness of the contrast they bore to his own traits. Out of his own meagerness was born his appreciation of her nobility. He looked back at his own youth,—at the time when he sold himself for money,—and he wondered, with passionate admiration, at the fearlessness, generosity, independence of this girl. Susan had no beauty to thrill a man's senses; but she had the perpetually

varying charm of overflowing life and activity and fullness of thought. When Professor Balloure was inquired of by Madame Delancy if he would give a course of lectures, accompanied by recitations, to the young ladies of her senior class, he recollected instantly that Mrs. Lawton had told him that this would be Susan's last year at school, and he consented to give the lectures for the sole and simple purpose of thus bringing himself into relation with her. "How kind of Professor Balloure!" everybody said. "Such a help to Madame Delancy! How kind of him!"

"Do you think so?" sneered Mrs. Balloure. She did not know what her husband's motive was, but that it was not kindness she was sure. She did not trouble herself to find out, for she did not care. She spoke of the lecture course as "one of Mr. Balloure's whims," and dismissed it from her mind.

She never went into society with him, and really knew nothing of his habitual manner of half-insidious, half-chivalrous gallantry toward young women. If she had she would not have cared; she despised him too thoroughly to be wounded by anything he might do; and the one great flaw in her nature—her lack of personal dignity—would have prevented her suffering as most women would from mortification. If anybody had gone to her and confided to her proofs of her husband's having had even an intrigue, she would most probably have said in her usual bitter tone, "You are surprised, then!" and have dropped the subject, as one of entire indifference to her.

It is an odd thing how very much franker a manner some types of hypocrite wear than a really frank person ever has. Edward Balloure had an off-hand, hilarious, half-confidential way with everybody. He seemed almost lacking in proper reticence and secretiveness, so familiarly did he talk with people whom he desired to please; and he had a large, clear, light-blue eye, which looked full in everybody's face, and never wavered. It is only after a long and more or less sad experience of the world, that we learn to recognize such eyes as the eyes of traitors. I know to-day two women who are base and treacherous as if the very blood of Judas Iscariot filled their veins, and they both have sunny, clear, unflinching, light-blue eyes; and I have known a man who could, on occasion, tell cowardly lies with as steady a gaze into your face as an

honest man could give,—and he too had light-blue eyes,—sunny, clear, unflinching.

If anybody had said to Susan Sweetser, that Professor Balloure was not an upright, sincere man, she would have blazed with indignation. His beauty, his brilliancy, his seeming kindness, impressed her in the outset; and when by degrees he singled her out from all her class, and made evident and especial efforts to interest and instruct her, her recent admiration took on an affectionate and grateful quality which made her very attractive, and gave Edward Balloure great pleasure. Nothing was further from his intention than to have any flirtation with Susan. He was too cold-blooded and conscious ever to compromise himself for any woman; and he really did care for Susan herself too truly and warmly to be willing to compromise her. But he did intend to enjoy himself; and he did find a greater pleasure in teaching Susan Sweetser, in watching her quick comprehension, her originality of thought, her eager impulsiveness, than he had found in anything for many a long year. The very best of him came out to, and for, and with, Susan. Gradually their intercourse dropped from the relation of pupil with teacher into that of friend with friend. The technical instruction continued, but its atmosphere was new; there was a partial renewal of the old bond; Edward Balloure could not help reverencing this girl, whose belief in him, he knew, had its foundation in her immovable belief in honor and truth; whose affection for him individually was, he knew, also based on her belief that he was honorable and truthful. Probably Susan was the only human being to whom he would have found it difficult to lie. He said to himself sometimes when he looked in her face:

“Now, such a woman as that I never could have had the heart to deceive.”

It soothed his uneasy consciousness of his hypocritical past to assume that if his wife had been a stronger person he might have been saved from his deceit. But he was mistaken. If it had suited his purposes, and the purposes had been strong enough, he would have deceived Susan Sweetser as readily to-day as he had deceived his wife fifteen years before. For a year and a half now the relation between Professor Balloure and Susan had gone steadily on, growing warmer and closer. When the lectures at Madame Delancy's ceased, and Susan had left school, nothing was more natural than that she should continue some of her studies

under Professor Balloure's guidance. And this was the ostensible pretext under shelter of which there continued an amount of intimacy which would have been otherwise inadmissible. But that it was partly a pretext, and that the intimacy was for Susan an undesirable one, Mrs. Lawton had come to feel most decidedly; and there had been several earnest conversations between them on the subject. The most baffling thing to Mrs. Lawton in these conversations was the utter impossibility of making Susan comprehend what was objected to. She simply could not understand. Professor Balloure had been her teacher; he was her teacher still; he was forty and she was eighteen; and above all he was a married man, and to Susan's mind there was something absurd as well as indelicate in any suggestion that there could be harm either to her or to him in their friendship.

“Why, I should as soon think of your objecting to an intimacy between me and papa if he were alive,” said Susan, vehemently; “if I ever could have had an intimacy with papa,” she added, sadly. “Papa was only forty when he died; he would only be as much older than Professor Balloure, now, as you are than I; and there's no real difference of age between you and me.”

At such times as this, poor Mrs. Lawton always fell back hopelessly on the assertion that Susan did not know the world; to which Susan always retorted that she hoped she never should know it; and there matters rested, in no wise altered by the discussions, except that Susan was somewhat hurt by them, inasmuch as each one inevitably took away a little of her fresh innocence and inability to comprehend evil. Mrs. Lawton loved Susan better than she loved any one else in the world, and the purpose had been growing stronger and stronger for weeks to take Susan away from home and break up her intimacy with Edward Balloure. The purpose coincided also with her own wishes, for the great air-castle of her life had been to spend some years in Europe. The one short and hurried trip she had taken there with her husband soon after their marriage, had been merely sufficient to make her long to go again. She had often spoken of this to Susan, so there seemed nothing abrupt or unreasonable when on the present morning, as they sat together in the library discussing plans for the winter, she suddenly said:

“Susan, we'll go abroad.”

Susan sprang to her feet, her face flushed with pleasure.

"You don't mean it, Bell?"

"But I do!" said Mrs. Lawton; "I've been meaning it all along."

"You blessed creature!" cried Susan. "I've been dying to go ever since I could recollect. I have had it on my tongue's end five hundred times in the last three months to propose it to you; but I did not like to. I was afraid you would not want to go and would think you must go for my sake."

"Why shouldn't I want to go?" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton, wonderingly.

"Oh, I was afraid you might not feel like it," was Susan's evasive reply. She did not like to betray to Mrs. Lawton that she had doubted whether she would be willing to leave her parents, now both very old; also whether her afflictions were not yet too fresh in her mind to permit her full enjoyment of travel. Neither of these considerations having entered into Mrs. Lawton's mind, she did not suspect any hidden meaning in Susan's words, and went eagerly on in the discussion of their plans.

Nothing is easier than for two women of large fortunes and assured incomes to set off on a delightful tour of foreign travel. All paths become easy, thus smoothed by money, and so Mrs. Lawton and Susan Sweetser found. Probably no two women ever had a "better time" in the world than did these two for the next three years. I pass by all details of these years spent abroad, because I am not telling the story of Susan's life, only of two days in her life—of an escape she had. This two days' story is worth telling, partly because each hour of the two days was dramatic, partly because there is in the story a lesson—a moral—which any two who love may sometime come to need.

There are several years now of Susan's life to be sketched in outline before we come to those days of danger and escape.

When she and Mrs. Lawton returned from Europe and settled themselves again in their old home, the event produced no small stir in all circles. The two richest women of the town,—each young, each enjoying absolute control of her property, each bright and individual, each gay and pleasure-loving, and keeping together a house of free and gracious hospitalities. What Susan Sweetser and Bell Lawton did, said, wore, afforded all the material that a whole townful of first-class gossips could need; and

what Susan Sweetser and Bell Lawton offered and provided and arranged for in way of hospitable entertainment was enough to keep social life going from one year's end to the other. It is not necessary to say that they became the leaders of the town; that their house was its social center. First and foremost among the men who sought the pleasure and the honor of familiar and friendly footing in the house was Professor Edward Balloure. He found his warm-hearted little pupil and friend changed into a brilliant woman of the world; no less warm-hearted, no less impulsive than of old, but educated, trained, developed into such a woman as nothing but years of European travel and culture could have produced. It was not necessary now for Bell to explain social *convenances* to Susan. It was not necessary for her to point out to her the dangers of intimacies with men who had wives. Many men had loved, or had seemed to love, Susan during these years. She had been somewhat moved two or three times by their passion and devotion; but she had never really loved. It began to look as if she were obdurate of nature, in spite of all her warm-heartedness. Sometimes a fear came into Bell's mind that her old relation with Edward Balloure still stood between Susan and all other men; and when she saw the professor at his post again, handsome, brilliant, fascinating as ever, devoted as ever, plausible as ever in his assumption of the rôle of a privileged mentor, Bell Lawton groaned and said within herself, "How is such a man as this ever to be circumvented?" A sort of hate grew up in her heart toward him. Edward Balloure recognized it; he had the keenest of instincts, and knew on the instant the woman who trusted and admired him from the woman who unconsciously shrank away when he approached her. But he only laughed cynically when he saw poor Bell's desperate efforts to be civil to him, and said in his cold-blooded heart:

"She's much mistaken, if she thinks she can come between Susan and me."

Bell had too much good sense to try. Beyond an occasional half laughing or satirical reference to Professor Balloure's devotion, she avoided the subject. She made no attempt to exclude him from the house. On the contrary, she endeavored to make it evident to the whole world that he was one of their established, intimate friends,—her own, as well as Susan's. And she absolutely compelled poor Mrs. Balloure's continual

presence with her husband on all occasions of special festivity, until the poor woman relaxed a little from her rigid severity, and became, as Susan ungenerously remarked one day, "a little less like the death's head at the banquet."

Susan's own manner to the professor baffled Bell's utmost scrutiny; it was always open as day; always affectionate; always reverential; but there was a look now in her eyes when they rested on his face which made Bell uneasy. It was a groping, questioning look, as if she were feeling her way in the dark; it was a great change from Susan's old child-like trust. Edward Balloure, himself felt this, and was more disconcerted by it, than he would have been by any form of direct and distrustful inquiry. It put him perpetually on his guard; led him to be always discreet even in his closest and most intimate moments with Susan: much more distant than he would otherwise have been; for day by day, Edward Balloure was learning to love Susan Sweetser more and more warmly. The vague remoteness in which she held herself; the strange charm of mingled reverence and doubt, affection and withdrawal in her manner toward him, held him under a spell which no other woman could have woven. She was an endlessly interesting study to him, and that is the strongest fascination which one human being can possess for another.

Among all the men who visited at the house, and who were evident admirers of Susan, the only one whom Edward Balloure feared was Tom Lawton, a distant cousin of Bell's husband. If Professor Balloure had said to any one in the town that Tom Lawton was the one man he thought Susan Sweetser might possibly marry, the remark would have been greeted with exclamations of surprise and possibly laughter.

Tom Lawton was a lawyer; a plodding, hard-working lawyer, not a pleader; there was not a trace of the rhetorician about Tom; he could not have made a speech in court to have saved his life. He made very few anywhere, for that matter. But for a good, sound, common-sense opinion; for slow, sure, accurate working-up of a case; for shrewd dealing with, and reading of, human nature, men went to Tom Lawton. When Susan and Bell returned from Europe, Tom, being the nearest relative Bell had at hand, drifted very naturally into the position of chief adviser in the affairs of the two women. He was a man of such habitual quiet of manner,

that one grew almost immediately accustomed to his presence, and felt at home with him. All dogs and all children ran to him; and his dark, blue-gray eye which had usually a half shut look, twinkled instantly whenever he stooped to them. He was not good-looking. His face had nothing striking about it, except its expression of absolute honesty, good-will, and a certain sort of indomitableness which came very near looking like obstinacy, and no doubt did often take on that shape. His figure was stout and ungraceful; and long years of solitary, hard work had given him the manners of a recluse, and not of a man of the world. Before Edward Balloure had seen Tom Lawton one hour in Susan Sweetser's presence, he knew that he loved her. Tom made no effort to join the circle of gay talkers of which she was the center; he did not pay her one of the most ordinary attentions of society; but he watched her with a steady, contented gaze, which to Edward Balloure's sharpened instinct was unmistakable.

Professor Balloure had had occasion to know some of Tom Lawton's traits very thoroughly. They had encountered each other once, in some business matters where trusts were involved, and where the professor's interests and Tom's sense of honor had been at variance. The calm immovableness which Tom had opposed to every influence brought to bear on him; his entire superiority to all considerations save the one of absolute right; and his dogged indifference to any amount of antagonism and resentment, had altogether made up an aggregate of opposition such as the professor rarely encountered. He chose to call it Quixotic obstinacy; but in his heart he admired it, and respected Tom Lawton more than any man he knew.

"If he makes up his mind to marry Susan he'll win her sooner or later," said the professor to himself. "They're made of the same stuff; but she doesn't care anything about him yet," and Edward Balloure groaned inwardly and cursed the fate which stood in shape of a poor helpless woman between him and this girl whom he so willfully and sinfully loved.

It was quite true as the professor had said, that Susan did not as yet care anything for Tom Lawton. In her girlhood she had been used to seeing him come and go in her uncle's house, quietly and familiarly; his silent presence had produced no impression on her fancy; in fact she hardly remembered him when she first met him

after her return from Europe. But it was not many weeks before the quality in Tom's steady gaze, which had penetrated Edward Balloure's consciousness, penetrated Susan's also. She became afraid that Tom was beginning to love her too well.

"Dear Tom!" she thought to herself. "The dear fellow! What shall I do? What ever put such a thought into his head? How shall I stop him? I don't want him to fall in love with me," and in the most right-minded way Susan set herself to work to prevent what had already happened. It had once been Susan's belief that any woman could save any man the pain of a direct refusal; but the fallacy of this belief in individual cases she had been taught by some trying experiences. However, she still clung to her theory, and endeavored to carry it out in practice as conscientiously as if she had never discovered it fallible; and many a man had in his heart reverently thanked Susan Sweetser for having graciously and kindly made it clear to him that he must not love her. But this Tom was not on a footing to be dealt with by the subtle processes which told on a less familiar friend. If he had been Bell's own brother, Bell could not have trusted him or loved him more, or have given him more unqualifiedly the freedom of the house. That she never once thought of the possibility of his falling in love with Susan, was owing partly to the quiet, middle-aged seriousness of his manner and ways, partly to her absorption in her anxiety about Professor Balloure's relation to Susan, and hers to him. And so the months went on, and the girls lived their gay and busy life, and every hour that could be spared from his business, Tom was with them, as unquestionedly and naturally as if he had been their legal protector. Indeed it was not infrequently supposed by strangers, that he was the head of the house.

Susan was uneasy. She was distressed. She had come to have so true an affection for Tom that the thought of having to inflict on him at some not very distant day so cruel a hurt as to refuse his love was terrible to her.

"If only he could know beforehand," she said, "he could leave off loving me just as well as not. He is one of those quiet, undemonstrative men that can make up their mind to love any woman that they think best to love."

From which it is plainly to be seen that Susan did not yet know men analytically.

She was yet too much under the influence of the presence of an idealist who could talk eloquently and mysteriously on the subject of unconquerable passions. Susan made several blundering attempts to make Tom see what she wanted him to see; but Tom was obtuse; he was basking in the sun of Susan's presence and not acknowledging to himself distinctly that he wanted her for his wife. Susan was right in one respect: Tom was quite capable of leaving off loving her if he resolved to. But it would take more to make him resolve to than Susan supposed. At last, one day, in one of those sudden, unpremeditated, accidental moments which are always happening between men and women whose relations are not clear, there came a chance for Susan to say—exactly what she never knew, and Tom never could tell her, but something which made Tom understand clearly that she wanted to save him from falling in love with her.

Tom looked at her for one second with a gaze which was stern in its intensity; then he said:

"You're a good, kind, true girl, Sue. Don't you worry about me; I'm all right."

And poor Susan was seized with the most mortifying fear that she had spoken needlessly. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "if it were anybody but Tom, how I should feel! But he is so good, he'd never misunderstand a woman nor laugh at her!"

And everything went on the same as before. Tom's eyes told just as plainly as ever that he loved the very spot where Susan stood. Bell looked on unconscious. Edward Balloure looked on in sullen despair. The world began to say that Tom Lawton cared about Susan Sweetser, and how absurd it was! He might know that a brilliant girl like that was never going to marry a plodding, middle-aged fellow like him; and Susan, meanwhile,—poor, perplexed Susan!—was perpetually asking herself whether, after all, Tom had really loved her or not. Weeks, months, a year went by, and to outside observers no change had come to any member of the little group. But the years write their records on human hearts as they do on trees, in hidden inner circles of growth, which no eye can see. When the tree falls, men may gather around and count the rings about its center, and know how many times its sap has chilled in winter and glowed in spring. We wrap ourselves in the merciful veils of speech and behavior, and nobody can tell what a year has done to

us. Luckily, even if we die, there is no sure sign which betrays us. As I said, at the end of a year no change which an outside observer would detect had come to any member of the little group. But if at any moment the hearts of Susan Sweetser, Tom Lawton, and Edward Balloure had been uncovered to the gaze of the world, there would have been revelations startling to all.

Tom loved Susan now with a calm, concentrated purpose of making her his wife. There was in his feeling for her none of the impatience of a fiery passion. He would not have rebelled had he been told that she would not be his for years so that he had been sure of her at last. He had gradually taken his position with her as her constant attendant, protector, adviser. In a myriad of ways he had made himself part of her daily life, and this, too, without once coming on the ordinary lover's ground of gifts, attentions, compliments. He never even sent her flowers; he never said a flattering thing to, or of, her. He simply sat by her side, looked at her, and took care of her. How Edward Balloure chafed at all this is easy to imagine. When he met Tom in Sue's presence,—and he was seldom out of it except in business hours,—he eyed him sometimes fiercely, sometimes almost imploringly. Tom had for Edward Balloure but one look, but one tone,—that of concealed contempt; the barest civility was all he could wrench from himself for the man whom he knew to be base, but whom Susan revered and loved. And Susan! It must be a more skillful pen than mine which could analyze the conflicting emotions which filled Susan's heart now. Professor Balloure occupied her imagination to a greater degree than she knew. She idealized him, and then let her thoughts dwell on the ideal she had made. She was full of sentiment about him, she leaned on his intellect, sought his opinions, was stimulated by his society. She talked better to him, and before him, than under any other circumstances. She yielded to him in many matters, small and great, as she had yielded when he was her teacher. She knew, also, her great power over him. In the bottom of her heart she knew that he loved her, though never once had he said to her a word which could offend her delicate sense of right. But one day in a sudden and irrepressible mood he had poured out to Mrs. Lawton such passionate avowals of his long admiration and affection for Susan that Bell had been terrified, and had spoken to

him with the utmost severity. He pleaded so persistently to be forgiven, and moreover argued so plausibly that she had totally misconceived the real meaning of all he had said, that he made Bell feel ashamed of having resented his words, and half guilty herself of having misinterpreted them. Wily Edward Balloure! He thought that Bell would tell Susan of their conversation, and he watched the next day for some trace of its influence upon her. No trace was there. Her manner was as cordial as ever,—no more, no less so; and the professor could never make up his mind whether she had been told or not.

One day when Tom had been taking unusual pains about some matters for Susan, she looked up at him and said with a sudden and shame-stricken sense of how much she was perpetually receiving at his hands:

"Oh, Tom! how good you are! It isn't fair for you to be with me all the time, so ——"

"Isn't fair!" exclaimed Tom. "What do you mean?"

Susan colored, but did not speak. He understood.

"Do you dislike to have me with you all the time?" he asked, emphatically.

"Oh, no!" cried Susan; "no. You know it isn't that."

"Then I am content," replied he. "It is all right."

Susan made no reply. Her eyes were fixed on the ground. Something he saw in her face made Tom bolder than one moment before he would have dared to be.

"One of these years, Sue, you and I will be married," he said, quietly.

She started, turned red, then pale, and stammered:

"Why, Tom, I told you long ago ——"

"Oh, yes,"—he interrupted her in a placid tone,—"that's all right. I understand it. It will be just as you say; but one of these years you'll think it right," and Tom began to talk about something else as naturally and calmly as if no exciting topic had been broached.

When Susan thought over this extraordinary conversation, she laughed and she cried. At one moment she thought it the most audacious impertinence a man ever committed; the next instant she thought it the sweetest daring that love ever dared, and a strange surrender of herself to its prophecy began in that very hour. No wonder. The prediction had almost a pre-

ternatural sound, as Tom said it; and while he spoke his eyes rested on hers with an authoritative tenderness which was very compelling.

After this day, Susan never felt sure that Tom was not right. After this day, Tom never felt a doubt; and from this day, Edward Balloure perceived in Susan a change which he could not define, but which made him uncomfortable. The searching, probing, questioning look in her eyes was gone. The affection remained, but the eager, restless inquiry had ceased. Had she found out? or had she left off caring to know?

One day, in an impatient and ill-natured tone, Professor Balloure said to Susan:

"Does Mr. Lawton really live in this house? I confess it is something of a trial that none of your friends can ever see you without having his company inflicted on them. He is a very stupid man."

Susan fixed her brown eyes steadily on Professor Balloure's face.

"If any of our friends find Mr. Lawton's company an infliction, they know how to avoid it. We do not think him a stupid person, and I trust him more than any other man I know," and, with this sudden and most unexpected shot, Susan walked away and sat down at the piano.

Edward Balloure was, for once, dumb. When Susan stopped playing, he bent over her and said in a low tone:

"I hope you will forgive me. I never dreamed that you had so strong a regard for Mr. Lawton. I thought he was Mrs. Lawton's friend, and somehow I had often fancied that he bored you."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Professor Balloure," answered Susan, composedly. "Mr. Lawton is a person who makes you contented by his simple presence,—he is so quiet, and yet so full of vitality."

"She has studied Mr. Lawton then, feels a charm in his presence, and has reflected upon it enough to analyze it." All this passed through the professor's mind, and gave a peculiar bitterness to the coldly civil tone in which he replied, "Ah! I should not have thought that possible. It is only another of the many illustrations of the difference between the feminine and the masculine standards of judging men."

Susan colored, and was about to speak indignantly, changed her mind, closed her lips and smiled, and when Edward Balloure saw the smile, his heart sank within him.

By that smile he knew that his reign, so far as it had been a reign, was over, and Tom Lawton's had begun.

Two weeks from that day Professor and Mrs. Balloure sailed for Europe. The sudden announcement of their plans caused no astonishment; it had always been the professor's way to set off at a day's notice. He had been a restless and insatiable traveler. But when it was known that his house was offered for rent, furnished, for three years, then people did wonder what was taking him away for so long a time. Nobody but Edward Balloure knew. Bell Lawton suspected, but said nothing, and Susan did not so much as dream. She was surprised at herself, and had a half-guilty feeling that she did not more keenly regret his going. When she bade him good-bye, she said, lightly:

"Who knows where we shall meet next? Bell and I may run over next summer. We have talked of it."

"If I could think that, I should be very glad, indeed," replied the professor, earnestly. "But you will not come."

"What did he mean by that, Bell?" said Susan, after he had gone. "How does he know what we will do?"

Mrs. Lawton laughed, and skipping up to Susan's side, kissed her on the forehead, and sang:

"How does anybody know what anybody will do?

"'Wooded and married and a',
Kissed and carried awa',
Is na the lassie well aff
That's wooed and married and a'?"

This chorus of an old Scotch ballad had been much on Mrs. Bell Lawton's lips of late.

"Bell!" exclaimed Susan; "are you going to be married?"

"Perhaps," said Bell. "And you, Miss Susan?"

"No," said Susan, stoutly. "No! And you sha'n't be. I can't spare you."

At this moment Tom entered, and Bell ran out of the room, singing:

"'Wooded and married and a',
Kissed and carried awa'!"

"Who's married now?" asked Tom.

"Nobody," replied Susan. "But I'm afraid Bell will be."

"Why, Sue!" said Tom; "it isn't possible that you have not seen all along that Bell would surely marry Fred Ballister?"

Susan looked aghast.

"I never thought of such a thing," she exclaimed. "Why, what will become of me?"

Tom looked in her face without speaking. If he had been a less reticent, less obstinate man, he would have poured out a voluble torrent of words just then; but he did not open his lips. He knew that Susan knew what his look meant. Yet he might have made it less hard for her. What could she say? She flushed and lowered her eyes, and finally said:

"Oh, Tom!"

There was a world of appeal in the exclamation, if Tom would only have understood it; but he would not,—would not, or did not.

"All right, Sue! All right!" he said, cheerily. "I shall never urge you. One of these days you'll think it right to marry me. You'll know when the time comes. All must be clear."

Susan could have cried with vexation. Did he mean to punish her for having gratuitously refused him before he had ever offered himself to her in words? No, surely Tom was too noble for that. Did he expect her to say to him in so many words, "Dear Tom, I am ready to marry you now?" Did she really and heartily want to marry him after all? She was happier when he was with her than when he was away. If a day passed without her seeing him she was restless and ill at ease. She found herself in all her plans and projects leaning on him, including him as inevitably as if they belonged to each other. But was this love? Susan was not wholly sure. Altogether Susan was quite miserable, and none the less so, it must be acknowledged, because Tom seemed so light-hearted, so content, so thoroughly at rest and satisfied with the state of things. Wise fellow! he had reason to be.

"I don't believe he really cares very much for me," said Susan pettishly, to Bell one day. "If I were to tell him positively to-morrow that I would never marry him, I don't believe that he would mind it much."

"Oh, Sue, how can you say so?" cried Bell. "Look at these last two years. Has Tom been out of your presence one hour when he could be in it?"

"No," said Sue. "That's one way he's brought me into this uncomfortable state about him. I'm so used to him, I never could do without him in the world."

"Of course you can't," said Bell; "and when I'm married"—Bell's engagement to

Mr. Ballister was now formally acknowledged—"you can't go on living here alone; and as for your getting any 'lady companion' to live with you, that's out of the question. You'll never find another such saint as I've been to put up with your ways. My! what I've borne in these last five years! No, Miss, you'd better take to yourself a husband, and of all the good, true, sterling men in this world, Tom's the best, excepting Fred."

"I know it," said Sue, forlornly. "I told Professor Balloure not long ago that I trusted Tom more than I trusted any other man in the world."

"Did you?" cried Bell. "Did you say that to Edward Balloure? Oh, I'm so glad. Oh, Sue, you'll never know how I've worried about that man's influence over you. I don't believe in him, and I never did, and if his wife had died any time, you'd have married him as true as fate."

"I think not," said Susan, reflectively. "I am afraid I don't believe in him either, and yet it seems so horribly ungrateful after all he has done for me."

"Well, he's safe out of the way now, thank Heaven," said Bell. "That's one good thing. And you've got to make up your mind about Tom."

"Well, why doesn't he make me?" said Susan.

"Susan Lawton," said Bell, "you ought to know Tom better. He knows that you know that he is ready and longing to make you his wife at any hour, and he will never urge you,—not if you keep him waiting on and on till you are both gray."

"I wonder," said Susan —.

"No," replied Bell, "he never will. He's as obstinate as a rock, and more than that, he doesn't want you for his wife till you want him for your husband. Tom is proud as Lucifer in his heart."

"But, Bell," pleaded Susan, "I can't go to Tom and say, 'please take me.' He had a good chance a few days ago when he first told me you were going to marry Fred, and all he said was: 'All right, Sue, all right,' and Susan laughed in spite of herself at the recollection.

Bell laughed too, but she was vexed and anxious to see two people at such cross purposes. Her own wooing and winning had been so smooth, so entirely in accordance with the conventional usages and customs, that she sympathized freely in Susan's position.

"I shouldn't like it myself," thought Bell.

"I should never stand it if Fred treated me that way. But I know Fred wouldn't really do any more for me than Tom would for Sue. I believe I'll speak to him."

"Speaking to him" was not so easy. Several well-meant and carefully planned little speeches of Bell's died away on her lips when she found herself face to face with Tom. And time was slipping away. Her own wedding was to come off in a few months, and what could poor Sue do? Mrs. Bell Lawton was much perplexed. At last one day she took a desperate step. Tom had dined with them. After dinner they were all sitting together in the library. Bell rose, looked them both in the face for a moment with a half comic, half severe glance, and said:

"Now, I tell you what it is; it is high time you two decided what you were going to do. Something has got to be done. Now, I'm going to leave you, and if you don't straighten out things, I won't speak to either of you again," and she marched out of the room.

Tom looked at Susan, who said, nervously,

"Oh, how queer Bell is!"

"She is right," said Tom. And then he looked at Susan, and continued looking at her, and said nothing.

Moments passed.

Susan could not bear the silence another moment.

"Tom!" she cried, "tell me just once, would you really mind very much if I didn't marry you?"

Tom thought for a second that this must mean that after all, his hopes had been unfounded; that Susan had at last decided that she ought not to marry him. He turned pale, and spoke very slowly.

"Yes, it would be a very great disappointment to me," he said. "But——" He would probably have finished his sentence with his characteristic phrase, "It's all right, Sue, all right," if he had not just then looked up. Tears were in Sue's eyes, and her hands were stretched toward him.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "if you really have been so sure, why haven't you made me come to you before?"

"So there was never a day without a Mrs. Thomas Lawton in town, after all," wrote Bell, describing her own and Sue's wedding to a friend.

"We were married first,—Sue and Tom

would have it so,—and as soon as the minister had made me into Mrs. Fred Ballister, he hurried on to make Sue into me. It is really very odd to hear her called Mrs. Lawton. I don't get used to it. But, my dear, if you want to see two happy people, you just ought to see Tom and Sue. I declare it is marvelous. You wouldn't think they were in the least suited to each other. You know, dear Tom is queer to the last degree. Much as I love him I never could live with him. I've always said so. But Sue manages him most beautifully, and no wonder, for she never even looks at him without such love in her eyes—I didn't think Sue had it in her. Fred is quite jealous. He says that the other Mrs. Tom Lawton is the woman he ought to have married. She is a woman that knows how to appreciate a husband."

And now, where other stories end, this story begins. For it was four years after Susan Lawton's marriage that she had the "escape" which it is the purpose of my story to tell, and all this which has gone before has been merely what it was necessary that one should know in order to understand the rest.

The relation between Tom and Susan had grown constantly closer and sweeter. It was a very peculiar one. People did not always understand it. There were those who were shallow enough to say that Tom Lawton did not appreciate his wife; but nobody would have laughed more heartily than Sue herself at such an accusation against Tom. He was still as reticent, undemonstrative, as he had been in the days of his strange loverhood, but he was as sensitive yet to Susan's voice, look, touch, as if he were still her lover, and not her husband. What woman does not know how much this means! How few women, alas, have had it given to them to know the joy of it!

One day a letter came to Sue from Bell, who was traveling in Europe with her husband.

"Only think," Bell wrote, "poor Mrs. Balloure has died at last. We found her here, in this hotel. She had been ill for a day or two, but nobody thought anything of it. She had the Roman fever last winter and has never been well since. What makes it worse is that Professor Balloure is away. He has gone with a party of scientific men into Russia. They say he has not been with her half the time since they came abroad, and that the poor thing has been quite broken—has just sat still patiently wherever

he left her till he saw fit to come back. Oh, I've no patience with that man! Well, she died last night, and nobody knows where to telegraph to him. Her maid is a stupid thing, and doesn't seem to know anything. We can't find the professor's address anywhere among her papers, and so Fred is seeing to everything, and we've actually got to bury the poor soul to-morrow. Isn't it the strangest thing you ever heard of, that we should have come way out to this outlandish spot, to bury this townswoman of ours,—and a woman we always hated so, too? Poor thing, what a life she has led of it! And oh, haven't you had an escape! I declare the second thing I thought of was, how glad I am Sue's married all safe. I never could have stood your marrying Edward Balloure."

The letter ended abruptly, giving no more details, and to Susan's great relief no more comment on Professor Balloure. To Sue's loyal, loving, wedded heart there was something inexpressibly shocking in Bell's light way of referring to him. And it was with a real sense of relief that she threw the letter into the fire after having read Tom all of it except the last paragraph.

"That's the first time in my life," thought Susan, "that I ever had anything I didn't want Tom to see."

The consciousness of it hurt her to the core, and still more, she felt the hurt of it the next morning. She had been talking with Tom about Mrs. Balloure's death, and saying that she hoped the professor would now marry a woman he could love.

"Well, he can't have you, Sue," said Tom, dryly.

Susan gazed at him in wonder.

"Why, Tom Lawton!" she said, "what do you mean?"

Tom looked at her with a grave face.

"I think you would have married him, Sue?"

"Never!" exclaimed Sue, "and it is horrid of you to say such a thing. I never trusted Professor Balloure, and besides"—Sue stopped, colored—"I think I always loved you, Tom."

This speech of Tom's rankled in Sue's mind all day. It troubled her by its reflected implication as to the past. During all those years had Tom really believed that she loved Professor Balloure? Was that the reason he had left her so free from the urging with which men usually seek women to marry them? Had he—had her frank, open-hearted Tom a secret capacity for

jealousy? Ah! if he could only know how immeasurably higher she held him than she had ever held any other man; how absolutely his strong integrity and loyalty of nature had won her trust and her love!

Later in the day Sue sat down to answer Bell's letter. When the letter was half finished, she was called away. She left the letter lying open on her desk.

When Tom came home at night and did not find Sue, he had a vague sense of discomfort, as he always did when she was not in the house. Roaming about the library, idly, he sat down at Sue's desk, saw the open letter, turned the sheet over to find out to whom it was written, saw Bell's name, and proceeded to read what Sue had written. Bell's letters to Sue and Sue's to her were always common property; there was nothing in the least strange in Tom's reading that letter; but this, alas! was what he read. After some comments on Mrs. Balloure's death and references to what Bell had said in regard to the professor's character, Sue had gone on to repeat what Tom had that morning said:

"What do you suppose, Bell," she wrote, "ever put such an idea into his head? Bless him! Dear old fellow! How much happier, safer a woman I am, in every way, with him than I ever could have been with any other man! Now, Bell, do be careful what you write about Professor Balloure, for I never have a secret thing in the world from Tom, and he might look over my shoulder any minute and read your letter."

This was the way the thing had lain in Sue's mind. Tom's speech in the morning had startled her very much by its revelation that at some time or other, if not now, he had felt a jealousy of Professor Balloure's regard for her. If he had that feeling, nothing could so strengthen it as this sort of light reference which Bell seemed to be inclined to make to her old notion that Sue would have married the professor.

"I can't have Tom hurt by such things being said," thought Sue. "Bell might know better than to write so: she always was thoughtless. Why, if he feels sensitive on the subject now, one such speech as that of Bell's might make him believe all his life that I had married him, loving some one else better," and so Sue wrote that fatal sentence: "Do be careful what you write."

Tom sat still a long time looking at the words.

"So there are secrets in connection with

Edward Balloure," he thought, "which I am not to know."

The blow was a more terrible one to Tom, from the fact that one of Sue's greatest charms to him was the frankness, the bold truthfulness, of her character. Tom's long experience as a lawyer had made him distrustful of average women. In Sue, he had thought he had found one who was incapable of deceit; and here she was not only concealing something from him, but warning her accomplice to conceal it too.

"There was nothing which one of them knew that the other did not," thought Tom, as he sat glued to the chair, and gazing at the mute, terrible lines. Finally he sprang up and left the house.

Sue came home late, hoping to find Tom as usual in his big arm-chair, reading the evening newspaper. The library was dark; no one was there.

"Has not Mr. Lawton been in yet?"

"Yes ma'am," replied the servant. "He has been in and gone out again."

"How very strange," thought Sue. "I wish he was here."

She sat down and finished her letter in few words; then went to the window and watched for Tom. It was long past the dinner hour when he came in. He seemed preoccupied and grave. After asking him tenderly if he were ill, and if anything troubled him, Susan became silent. She had learned, and it was one of the hardest lessons of her married life, that when Tom was tired or worried about business matters, it was better not to talk to him. After dinner, he sat down near Susan's table, and glanced over the columns of the newspaper. The letter to Bell lay on the table. Taking it up he said casually,

"May I read it, Sue?"

"Oh, I guess you don't care to read it this time, dear," she replied laughingly, and took it out of his hand. He made no answer, but turned back to his newspaper. Presently he said he must go down town; he had an engagement. He kissed her good-bye in an absent sort of way and was gone.

"Poor dear Tom!" thought Susan. "He certainly is worried about something. It is too bad," and she set herself to work to make the best of a lonely evening. The evenings which Tom spent away from home were so rare, that it always seemed to Susan a fresh and surprising deprivation when one occurred. The loneliness of the house to her when Tom was out of it, could not be expressed; the very furniture seemed

to take on a totally different expression. The clock struck ten, eleven, Tom did not return. Finally, Susan went to bed, and fell asleep, wondering what had become of him. The next morning his face wore the same grave and unnatural look. He hardly spoke, and when he did speak, the words were constrained. Susan was now thoroughly uneasy.

"Dear Tom," she said, "do tell me what is the matter."

"Nothing," was the only reply she could extract from him.

"Tom, I know something is the matter," she exclaimed, vehemently. "Are you ill?"

"Not in the least."

"Then something has gone wrong in business: something worries you."

"Nothing has gone wrong: nothing worries me."

Cool, curt replies: no relaxation of his face; not a smile; not a tender look in his eye. Was this Tom? What did it mean? Susan was bewildered; she could do nothing but reiterate helplessly her piteous cry, "Tom, what is the matter?"

He left her immediately after breakfast, with the same strange formal kiss he had given her the night before.

After he had gone, the impression of his altered manner faded somewhat; it was all so new, so strange, that as soon as he was out of her sight, she thought she must have exaggerated it—imagined it.

"I dare say he really was ill without knowing it," she said. "It must be that. He isn't in the least himself. Perhaps he will be better by noon."

Noon came; Tom came. The same cool, reserved manner; the same cool, distant tone; the same terrible silence! Susan now grew seriously alarmed. As soon as the servant had left them alone, she exclaimed:

"Tom, you shall not treat me in this manner any longer. What have I done?"

"How do I treat you?" he asked coldly.

Susan could not keep the tears back.

"Why, Tom," she said, "you treat me as if I had displeased you most seriously: as if you were mortally offended with me for something. What have I done? I do implore you to tell me."

"You have not done anything. I am not offended," he replied.

Susan was clinging to him, and looking up in his face with streaming tears.

"Tom," said she, "you are not telling me the truth. You are as changed as a human being can be, and yet keep the same body."

Something has happened; and you shall tell me. I have certainly displeased you, and I cannot imagine how."

He loosened her arms from his neck, and put her away, not ungently, but very firmly.

"There is nothing to tell," he said. "I am not displeased. I must go now."

Susan's arms fell; her whole figure drooped. She stopped weeping, and looked piteously into her husband's face.

"Tom," she said; "you are very hard. I would not hurt you for all the world," and she turned and left him.

All the long afternoon she sat like one in a dream of misery. It seemed to her as if the very sun had gone out. How helpless she was! How long could she live—she wondered over and over—if Tom continued like this!

When he came home at night, she studied his face timidly, and in silence. She tried to converse about indifferent subjects. There was no change in him; still the same frigid, distant civility; the glance, the tone of a stranger, and not of a husband. By a great effort she kept back the tears. She was growing calmer now and more resolved. In a few minutes after, tea was over. Tom said, with an attempt at ease:

"I am going to leave you now. I must go down town."

Susan sprang up, closed the door, and standing with her back firmly against it, said, in a low tone, breathlessly.

"You shall not go till you tell me what has so changed you in this one twenty-four hours. Why, Tom! Do you know how you look at me? How you speak to me? Why, I should be dead in one week, if it kept on like this. What have I done? What has come to you?"

He looked at her curiously and observantly.

"How do I look at you? How do I speak to you?" he said.

Susan was crying hard, now. She could hardly speak.

"You look at me," she sobbed, "as if I were not your wife, and never had been. You speak to me as if you hated me; all that is in your tone. Oh, you'd know it quickly enough, if I looked at you even once with such an expression! Tom, I shall go mad if you don't tell me! You can't deceive me. You needn't think you can. I know every slightest intonation of your voice, every shade of your eye. I've seen you vexed about little things, or out of patience, or tired—but this is different;

this is horrible; I know I must have offended you in some way, and it is cruel in you not to tell me,—cruel, cruel, cruel!"

He still stood looking at her with a cool, observant expression, and made no reply for a moment; then he said, taking hold of the door:

"I must go now, I don't want to talk any more. I will be back soon."

"You shall not go," said Susan, more slowly, and in a voice of anguish. "I will follow you; you shall not leave me! Oh, Tom, Tom, tell me what I have done!" Suddenly, by what preternatural intuition I know not,—possibly, because, in her great excitement, she was lifted into a state of clairvoyant perception,—she stopped like one hearing a distant sound, leaned forward and said in an altered tone, "Was it because I would not let you read my letter to Bell?"

As the words passed her lips, she saw his face change,—the first break which there had been in its fearful rigidity. She knew she had touched the truth at last.

"Tom, Tom!" she cried, "was that it? Was that it? I see it was. Why, how could you have minded that so much?" and she led him, half by main force, to a chair, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Ought I not to have minded it?" he asked, in a stern tone.

Susan was reflecting. How distinctly before her eyes at that moment, stood out the fatal sentence, "Be careful what you write."

"Tom," she said, "I will write this very night to Bell, and ask her to send back the letter, that you may read every word of it."

"I have no wish to read it," he said, coldly.

Susan was in despair.

"Tom, what else can I do?" she said. "Oh, let me send for it? I never dreamed that you would mind not seeing it. Why, you don't see half my letters to Bell."

He made no reply. Susan sat silent for a moment. She seemed no nearer her husband than before. The same intangible icy barrier which had filled her with such anguish all day, was there still. Suddenly, with one of those lightning impulses, by which men in desperate need have often been saved as by a miracle, Susan exclaimed:

"Tom, I can tell you all there was in the letter. I mean all there was which I did not want you to see." She paused. Her husband fixed his eyes on her with as piercing a gaze as if she had been a witness

in a case of life and death. "This was it," continued Susan. "It was about Professor Balloure. You know what you said to me the other morning, that at any rate he couldn't have me."

Tom nodded.

"Well, I can't tell you how that shocked me. I never dreamed of your having had any feeling like jealousy about him, or any thought about him in any way in connection with me. Oh, Tom, Tom! how could you ever help knowing that with all the love of my whole nature I have loved you! Well, you see, Bell had always talked to me about the professor's caring for me. She always thought he wished he could marry me, and in this letter telling about his wife's death she said several things that I didn't like; I didn't read them to you; and in my letter to her I told her how much safer and happier I was with you than I ever could have been with any other man in the world, and——"

Susan hesitated. How hard it was to quote that unfortunate sentence just as it stood! "and—there really was only one sentence in the letter I was unwilling you should see. I thought you wouldn't understand. I told Bell to be careful what she wrote to me about it, because I hadn't any secrets from you, and you might look over my shoulder and read the letter."

While Susan was speaking these last words, Tom's eyes seemed to grow darker and darker, with the fixity of their gaze. As she finished, he put his arms around her, held her tight and kissed her. She felt that the ice was broken. Weeping, she kissed his cheek and nestled closer.

"Sue," said Tom,—it was his old voice,— "Sue, now I will tell you. I had read that letter."

Sue started, and exclaimed, "You! read that letter!"

"Yes," he said. "I came in and saw it lying there open, saw it was to Bell, and glanced down the pages till I came to that sentence which you have just repeated, and which, you will admit, I had cause to resent."

She was hardly listening to what he said. Her face was full of awe, almost of terror.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried, "wasn't it like an inspiration, the impulse which made me tell you that sentence? Supposing I

had not told you you would never have believed in me again—never!"

"No," said Tom.

"Don't you see, dear love," continued Susan, "just how I said that? simply to save you pain?—not in the least because there were any secrets in the past I was afraid of Bell's letting out, but because, by your speech to me about the professor, I knew that you had had some feeling about him, and I thought if Bell said any more of her light, jesting, thoughtless things in regard to him they would only strengthen your feeling and give you annoyance. Do you see? Oh, do say that you see just how it was!"

"Yes, I do see," said Tom kissing her. "I do see, and I thank God that you told me yourself of the sentence. That took the load off my heart."

Susan shuddered.

"Oh, suppose I had forgotten it!" she said. "I might have, though I don't believe I ever could, for the sentence hurt me when I wrote it."

Susan was weak from nervous exhaustion; the twenty-four hours' strain had been a severe one. She laid her head on her husband's shoulder and closed her eyes. Without a word, without a sound, without a motion, she knew that they were one again.

After a time she said softly:

"Tom, what do you suppose put it into my head that it could possibly have been the letter which had troubled you? I never once thought of it at the time. I did not dream of your caring to see it. Don't you think it must have been an angel which made me think of it?"

"I don't know, dear," said Tom, solemnly. "It would have been worth while for an angel."

After another long, peaceful silence, Susan lifted her head again and said:

"Tom, will you promise me now one thing? Promise me that, as long as we live, you will never bury anything in your heart as you did this. Only think by what a narrow channel we have escaped terrible misery. Promise me that if ever again any act of mine seems to you wrong, you will come instantly to me and tell me. Will you?"

"Yes, Sue, I will," said Tom, fervently.

And this was Susan Lawton's escape.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Epidemic of Dishonesty.

It is the habit of the Protestant Christian world to hold what are called "concerts of prayer" for certain objects,—for colleges, for the spread of Christianity, for Sunday-schools, for missions, etc. Indeed, we write this article in what is known as "the week of prayer," every day having assigned to it some special object or subject of petition. There can be no impropriety in this, and we only wish that those who hold the direction of the matter were more ready to see the crying needs of the time as they rise and assert themselves. Just now we are having a great epidemic of dishonesty. In private life it seems as if we were watching a game of tennis. We stand at the head of the alley and see the balls as they rumble down toward the straight-backed fellows at the other end, and there is a ten-stroke every time. Some of the pins stagger about a good deal before they go down, or lean against the "dead wood" for a while, but they fall at last, and we find that the man whom we don't like is winning the game.

Men who have held, not only trusts of money but the faith and confidence of the Christian community, one after another fall from their high positions, bringing ruin not only to themselves but to all beneath and around them. Some of the very men who have hitherto been engaged in the concerts of prayer to which we have alluded are to-day in the state-prison. Fiduciaries, fairly garlanded with domestic and social affections, standing high upon the church records, and bearing names that were pass-words into the best society, have, one after another, tumbled into infamy. Breaches of trust, practices of fraud, downright thieving pursued through a series of years,—these have become so common that we expect to find a new case in every morning's paper. Insurance companies are wrecked by their managers; bankers and brokers "rehypothecate" securities on which they have loaned money; city officials steal funds collected from drunkard-makers and run away, and—but the story is too familiar and too discouraging and disgusting to be rehearsed in all its details.

Certainly we have seen enough of these shocking cases of individual crime to become convinced that the public mind is diseased, and that we have an epidemic of dishonesty. Exactly how it has come to us we cannot tell. We suspect that the paper lie upon which we have lived so many years has had something to do with it; and now, confirming our opinion concerning the nature and prevalence of the disease, we are shamed by the most wide-spread and astounding exhibition of the spirit of public repudiation. Every honorable American must hang his head in shame to see not only whole states legislating their debts, or portions of their debts, out of existence, but to see in Congress—the Congress of

the United States—a disposition to tamper with the national honor and the public credit.

At this present writing the much-talked-of silver-bill has not been passed,—a bill which practically provides for the payment of the public debt at the rate of a little more than ninety cents on the dollar. Nothing but the most stupendous foolishness or the wildest hallucination can prevent any man who is engaged in forwarding this shocking business from seeing that he is sapping the national credit, tainting the national honor, inflicting incalculable damage upon the business world, and convicting himself of being a thief. It is profoundly humiliating to know that there are men enough in Congress who favor this abominable scheme to make it doubtful whether it can be blocked by a presidential veto. To find powerful newspapers, powerful politicians, men who regard themselves as statesmen, whole sections of the country, carried away by this madness—nay, rather bearing it boastfully, and insisting that it is not only sound statesmanship but the highest political honesty—is simply astounding. Words can do no justice to the surprise and indignation of the honest patriotism of the country in contemplating this horrible lapse from the national dignity and honor.

There is one good result that will come of this business, and as it will come in the form of punishment to those who have tampered with the public credit, it will not be regretted in any quarter that now lifts its voice in protest. There are states that can never borrow any more money. Perhaps it will be well for them that they cannot, but it is quite possible that they may see the time when they will be glad for some purpose to discount the future a little. Certainly, the West and South will find it very much harder to borrow money in the future than they have in the past. This they must expect, so far as foreign capital is concerned, for that capital is very sensitive; and if New England or New York capital goes West or South for investment, it can only demand a ruinous rate of interest, for it can never know when its claims may be repudiated altogether. These states are all paying a higher rate of interest than would be necessary if their credit were good. Nothing is better understood than the fact that a good, trustworthy security can get money at half the rates that the West and South have been paying for years. All sins of repudiation go home to roost, and if this country should be so base as to undertake to pay its debts at ninety cents on the dollar, it will be obliged to pay more than it will gain by the proceeding the next time it may undertake to borrow money in the markets of the world. Retribution for all wrongs of this kind is as certain as the sun's rising and setting.

In the meantime, we submit that it would be a good plan to have some concert of action among our Christian communities in regard to preaching down,

or praying for the removal of, this awful epidemic of dishonesty. It is certainly important and menacing enough to demand one day in the year before us for its own special treatment. Let the heathen rest for a little. Let dogmatic theology rest for a little. Let us hold up in this matter of trying heretics for a week or so, until at least the members of the church can be trusted with the funds of the church, not to speak of the money of widows and orphans. We say this in no spirit of banter or mockery. We say it because the church has insisted altogether too much on matters that do not at all take hold of character and life. The head of Christendom is orthodox enough. It is the heart, the character, the life that are heterodox, and until these are reached in the way that they are not reached now, and have not been reached for years, our epidemic will continue and settle down into a national disease like the goitre in Switzerland and leprosy in Arabia.

Fiction.

IN the multiplied discussions of the nature and the offices of fiction, it is singular that reference is rarely made—almost never made—to the fictitious portions of the Bible. Every year or two the critics get at loggerheads over what is legitimate and illegitimate in fiction, over what is good art and bad art, over the question whether art in fiction may ever properly be charged with the burden of a moral or a lesson. There are some who go further than this, who go so far as to question whether religion and morality are legitimate material of art. These men may have a personal interest in the decision of the question, and we are inclined to believe they have such an interest. It is quite possible that people who have neither religion nor morality should object to the legitimacy of material which they would be obliged to borrow.

Aside from the Sermon on the Mount, a large portion, and, we believe, the most important portion, of the truth proclaimed by the great Master,—the founder alike of our religion and our civilization,—was delivered in the form of fiction. The "certain man" whom he used so much for carrying the burden of his truth was always a fictitious man. A more symmetrically designed, and a more exquisitely constructed piece of fiction than the story of the Prodigal Son does not exist in any language. We call it a parable because in one field of life it represents truth in another field of life. It conveys the truth which he desired to convey in the concrete. The gospel histories are begemmed by what may be called, without impropriety or irreverence, novellettes, and they are never constructed for the sake of their art, or for beauty's sake, but always as vehicles for conveying important moral and religious truth to men. Their art is perfect, simple as it is, but they assume to have no reason for being except the supreme reason of use.

The oldest novel in existence is probably the Book of Job. We presume there may be some men left who still read the Book of Job as a veritable history, but those who are capable of judging will

simply place it at the head of the realm of fiction. That it is divinely inspired we do not dispute. Indeed, the establishment of its divine inspiration as a fact, rather than the acceptance of it as a matter of faith, would only strengthen the position we have always held, viz., that the highest fiction is that which the most competently carries the most valuable burden of truth. The writer of the Book of Job was a man who, in the dawn, as it were, of human history, revolved in a catholic, cultured and reverent mind the unequal dealings of God with men. Why did the good man have trouble? Job was an excellent man, "perfect and upright," stripped of every good, and the art by which the writer presents him as, one after another, his possessions are taken from him, and his friends discuss with him the great problem that vexes him, with all the machinery of dialogues between the Almighty and Satan, and the Almighty and Job himself, surpasses all the art of later times. Such imaginations and such descriptions, such conversations and arguments, such marvelous characterizations as are to be found in this great book can be found nowhere else in the whole range of literature. It is a book that has commanded the admiration as well as the profound reverence of the greatest men who have ever lived, and it is a novel in all its essential features, even though we call it a poem.

The Book of Revelation is a novel, so far as it is an attempt to convey truth through typical forms and scenes and events. It is no record of facts, but a panoramic representation of conceptions born in, and addressed to, the imagination. In short, it is a creation of art—whatever may be its origin, whether divine or human—by which certain great, shadowy thoughts and ideas are attempted to be represented to the mental apprehensions or the faith of men. There are many devout believers in the inspiration of the ancient Scriptures who regard the story of the creation and the fall of Adam rehearsed in the Book of Genesis as anything but a literal representation of historic facts. The essential truth is in the narrative, but it is represented in such a way that the simplest mind can apprehend and make use of it. The Song of Solomon is a very exquisite essay in the art of fiction. If the Books of Esther and Ruth are historical, they are certainly nothing to us but stories with morals, and very strong and beautiful stories they are. The names of Ahasuerus and Mordecai, and Haman and Esther are nothing but names to the present reading world, which mean no more than those of Daniel Deronda and Ralph Nickleby and Clarissa Harlowe. Boaz and Ruth might be Abélard and Heloise, or any other lovers. The two stories are to us simply stories, having no significance particularly as history, and no use, save as in an exquisite form of art they convey to us the moral lessons with which they are charged.

Now, it is quite possible that the majority of literary critics would not take the Bible as authority for anything; but we submit that a book which lies at the basis of the best civilization the world has ever known, that has held the profound reverence of the noblest minds that have ever existed, that has

inspired the highest art of eighteen centuries, that has gathered to itself the tender affections of countless generations of men, that has been the fountain of eloquence from which a million pulpits have drawn their supplies, that is so high and characteristic in its art that no attempt to imitate it ever has risen above the seeming of burlesque, is well worthy of the respect of literary men as a literary authority.

It is fair to conclude that when fiction is used in the sacred books it is used not only legitimately, but used in the best way it can be used. The truth is, that all this talk about writing stories for the sake of the stories, about fiction for the sake of art, about the impropriety of burdening a work of fiction with a lesson or a moral is bosh and drivel. We do not dispute at all that a story may be written for the simple purpose of amusing the mind. We do not dispute that a story may legitimately be written in the interest of art alone. What we maintain is, that all this is petty business when compared with the supreme uses of fiction, viz., the organization into attractive, artistic forms of the most valuable truths as they relate to the characters and lives and histories of men. A rose is beautiful and fragrant, and in its beauty and fragrance holds the justification of its being. But a field of roses would make a poor show, even in the matter of beauty, by the side of a wheat-field, every stalk of which is bending with its burden of substantial ministry to the wants of men. We simply maintain that the wheat-field is a better production than the rose-field. Let men raise roses if they can do no better. Let them raise pansies, marigolds, hollyhocks, anything they choose, and let people delight in these who may, but don't let them presume to deny the legitimacy of wheat-growing, or assert the illegitimacy of all productions except flowers. With the facts relating to the prevalent bad art of stories with morals we have nothing to do. No good moral lesson excuses bad art, and no man has any right to burden such a lesson with bad art. If a man's art is not a royal vehicle for the progress of the moral he desires to honor and convey, then he has no call to be a novelist.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE SATELLITES OF MARS.

IN a letter to this magazine, speaking of the unexplained velocity of the inner satellite of Mars, the writer said:

"I can reason out no other explanation to it than that the satellite is nearing its primary; in other words, that the moon is falling to the planet.

"Keeping its former velocity, while its orbit—*i. e.*, the distance it has to travel—diminishes, it would make quicker and quicker revolutions, like a ball swung in a circle by a string that is gradually wound up on the finger.

"If so with a moon of Mars, then why not with our moon eventually, and with our own and the other planets in their revolutions around the sun?"

The fact that one of the moons of Mars travels in its orbit faster than its primary rotates on its axis is

certainly astounding, not only from the fact that no similar phenomenon has heretofore been discovered, but also because it is a decided contradiction to the theory of Laplace, well known as the nebular hypothesis. To explain the cause of this accelerated motion of Mars's moon—to determine satisfactorily the final effect on that moon or on Mars itself—is as yet impossible. The movements and period of the satellite must be studied to a far greater extent than has as yet been possible before sufficient data can be obtained from which a solid theory can be deduced. There are not wanting even now those who advance theories on the subject; but while admitting the plausibility and even possibility of these views, they should be cautiously received, lest a wholly erroneous idea should be formed, which, if not at present easily confuted, may shortly be proven fallacious. The point of greatest interest in regard to the satellite is that it directly opposes the nebular hypothesis. As that theory has been received and almost unquestioned by astronomers for years, and as heretofore there has been nothing known of the movements of any of the members of the solar system, which was, perhaps, directly in opposition to the soundness of that theory, it was certainly startling when Professor Hall announced that Mars possessed a satellite whose angular velocity in its orbit was greater than that of a point on the surface of Mars itself. Some astronomers were, to say the least, incredulous, so firmly had they rested their belief that they could receive nothing in antagonism to the theory of Laplace. There must be some mistake. Professor Hall had made some egregious error in his observations which he would soon discover. He would perforce retract, or at least amend, his statement, and permit the satellite of Mars to be less hasty and more in accordance with the other and better-behaved moons of our acquaintance.

Professor Hall himself, on his first discovery of the astonishing rapidity of the inner satellite, was exceedingly puzzled. On the nights of the 21st and 22d of August, he scarcely left the telescope. He could trace the satellite moving toward one limb of the planet. He noted its disappearance and its re-appearance. At first he argued to himself that there must be more than one inner satellite, for the interval between the disappearance and re-appearance was too short. It could not be the same object, he thought, for it could not travel in its orbit faster than Mars himself rotates on his axis. Repeated observations, however, proved conclusively that there was no mistake, and whatever might be the cause, the fact remained, and it still remains, and he has retracted nothing.

He has received many communications on the subject of his discovery—an odd mixture of congratulation and skepticism. I am permitted to here give one from a French scientist of Paris, which will show how tenaciously that gentleman clings to his previously accepted theory, and how convinced he was—perhaps is—that a mistake has been made in computing the period of the orbit:

"PARIS, 25th September, 1877.

"M. ASAPH HALL,

"Astronomer at the Naval Observatory,

"Washington.

"Permit me, sir, to offer you my respectful congratulations upon your beautiful discovery of the satellites of the planet Mars. This discovery is one of the greatest in the science of astronomy, and, I add, will be one of the happiest for that science.

"According to the report received here, one of those satellites revolves around the planet in about ten hours. I have already written to the Paris Observatory that you have made an error in observation, for the velocity is too great.

"According to the manner of conceiving the action which determines the velocity of other secondaries in their orbits, which I have developed in the little extract of physical astronomy that I send you, this action is derived from the rotation of the planet itself, and upon this rotation depend the secondaries. Thus, the velocity of a satellite is necessarily less than that of the rotation of the planet about its axis.

"Since you have at your disposal instruments of greater power than all others, would it not be possible for you to ascertain the density of the atmosphere of Mars when he arrives at his minimum distance from us?

"Would it not likewise be possible to determine the importance of the heat that we receive from that planet—a subject which has already furnished the illustrious Kepler the materials that have rendered him immortal, and which, thanks to your judicious observations, will continue to enlarge the already vast field of astronomy?

"I beg you to receive the assurances of my respectful consideration."

It remains for some one to account for the phenomenon,—that is, to account for it in a way to satisfy astronomers. In a letter to the editors of "The American Journal of Science and Arts," Professor Daniel Kirkwood says:

"How is this remarkable fact to be reconciled to the cosmogony of Laplace? Although the period of no other satellite is less than that of the rotation of its primary, the case can hardly be regarded as wholly unique. The rings of Saturn are clouds of extremely minute secondary planetoids revolving about the primary in approximate accordance with Kepler's third law. The periods of those in the outermost ring, like that of the exterior satellite of Mars, are somewhat greater than the rotation period of the primary. Those near the outer edge of the interior bright ring revolve in the same time with Saturn, and those at the inner visible edge of the dusky ring complete a revolution in about eight hours.

"These rings of Saturn, like everything cosmical, must be gradually decaying, because, in the course of their motion around the planet, there must be continual impacts among the separate portions of the mass; and of two which impinge, one may be accelerated, but it will be accelerated at the expense of the other. The other falls out of the race, as it were, and is gradually drawn into the planet. The consequence is that, possibly not so much on account of the improvement in telescopes of late years, but perhaps simply in consequence of this gradual closing in of the whole system, a new ring of Saturn has been observed inside the two old ones,—what is called from its appearance the crape ring, which was narrow when first observed, but is gradually becoming broader.

"That is formed of the laggards, as it were, which have been thrown out of the race, and which are gradually falling in toward the planet's surface.

"The process by which, in the case of Saturn's rings, the period of revolution has become less than that of the planet's rotation, is here clearly indicated. It is not impossible that a similar process may have been in operation during the forming period of the Marital system." Unless some such explanation as this can be given, the short period of the inner satellite will doubtless be regarded as a conclusive argument against the nebular hypothesis."

There is not sufficient evidence as yet either to prove or to disprove this theory of Professor Kirk-

wood, and hence it can only be received at present in the light of an ingenious speculation.

According to the theory of Professor Alexander of Princeton College, Mars has caught two asteroids. But if some outside disturbing force had projected an asteroid so near Mars as to be under the influence of that planet, its orbit would be one of great eccentricity, whereas the satellites have almost circular orbits. That theory, therefore, seems to have little or nothing to support it.

Had the theories that were at one time held in regard to Encke's comet been proven to be correct, a precedent might be found which could possibly account for the unparalleled rapidity of Mars's satellite. Encke's comet, so called, was discovered by Pons in 1818. Encke, in taking up its study, found it to be an old comet that was seen in 1786, and that it had the short period of 1,207 days. In calculating its orbit, and allowing for all possible perturbations arising from planets, he found there was still an irregularity that could only be accounted for by supposing that the comet was traveling through a resisting medium. He found that its period was shortening, that it was gradually being wound up into the sun. The comet, being spread out over so great a space, would offer a great surface to the action of this resistance, and thus be gradually drawn in; but its velocity, instead of being diminished, would, from the great decrease in the extent of its orbit, be really greatly increased. Encke published a complete account of this theory. Professor Müller had a similar theory in regard to Faye's comet, whose motion he could satisfactorily account for in no other way than by assuming there existed this resisting medium. Encke held this result of Müller's as a confirmation of his own theory, but unfortunately, in revising his work afterward, Müller found that he could account for all the irregularities of Faye's comet without the theory, and he threw it aside. Since Encke's death, Doctor Von Asten of Pulkova has commenced a calculation of the motion of Encke's comet, and he has shown that although through certain periods of the comet the theory is not necessary for an exact determination of the orbital motion, during other periods some such assumption still seems to be called for. His calculations, however, are not yet completed. The motion of Winnecke's periodical comet has also been carefully discussed by Professor Oppalzer of Vienna, and no trace of a resisting medium has been found. The question, therefore, is still a doubtful one.

Now, should this theory be true, it might possibly be the case that such a medium surrounds the planets, and in the case of Mars's comparatively tiny satellite such action might take place, and the satellite, by being drawn in toward its primary and thus forced into a smaller orbit would increase its speed until it surpassed even that, of the planet's rotation.

Kepler discovered that the planets moved in elliptical orbits. Newton discovered the laws that made them so move. Hall points out the wonderful satellite and tells us what it does. It remains for some one to give the reason why.—E. W. STURDY.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE injustice of genial criticism was alluded to last month. It is in order now to say something about the injustice of ungenial criticism, although criticism is a delicate subject for any one to write about, if he knows anything about what he writes. I met an old Jersey acquaintance the other day who used to belong to the state legislature. He was one of the few members of that body heartily respected for intelligence as well as honesty. "I tell my friends," said the senator, "that I had a much higher opinion of the laws before than after I helped to make them."

One of the greatest faults of the better class of current criticism is its lack of proportion. The critic will condemn sharply two books, or two pictures, in language and in a tone which would lead the reader to suppose that the books are of an equal badness. In point of fact, the critic knows, or ought to know, that while one of the works criticised is bad throughout, and by a man who can do nothing but bad work, the other work has a great deal in it that is good; it is bad perhaps by the excess of its virtues: *i. e.*, by too heavy stress here and there on a quality which in other places is an element of strength. In other words, discrimination seems to be the rarest critical faculty. Nobody wants to read those see-sawing, now-we-go-up-up-up and now-we-go-down-down-down "reviews" that some of our young men are fond of writing, and which have such a look of judicial fairness, but which, in point of fact, are very far from being judicial, on account of the total absence of either judgment or insight. But it is manifestly unjust to condemn in the same terms a not entirely successful work by Michael Angelo, and an entirely unsuccessful painting by Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

Some of the most unjust criticisms that I have ever read were written by young men who started out to do their part in reforming criticism in general. They were going to be honest, and conscientious, and outspoken. One of these young men was an art critic. He had had a quickening in his own artistic thought, and artistic taste. Under the influence of a fresh and interesting mind, he had learned to look at nature with new eyes. He had learned to demand of painters that they also should, as the expression is, "go to nature." His reviews were all written with this idea. If the painter had not gone to nature, the critic "went for" him. Among the pictures that the young critic condemned with special severity was one full of the most exquisite and profound sense of nature; in color luminous, rich, solemn,—a picture painted from nature, with repeated study and with a fidelity as exact in its poetry as in its literalness. "Here," said the young critic, "is the same old shallowness, the same lack of out-door observation, the same convention, the same studio-manufacture. Why does not this artist go to nature?" The young critic of those days,—now grown gray and wiser,—

if he should come upon that very picture in a gallery of to-day, would be likely to use it as a text for half a column of preachment; he would hold it up as an example of the work of a man who always "goes to nature."

There is nothing that so pleases the young literary critic as to make sarcastic allusion to the old fellows who failed to appreciate the young Byron, and the young Keats, and the young Tennyson. They delight in painting in its true colors the asininity of the ancient Quarterly Reviewers, who made such fearful mistakes about the first books of those illustrious poets. One of these young men it was, if I am not mistaken, who, in reviewing (I will not say how many years ago) an old poet's prose sketch of the poetic career of Keats, took two or three columns in a daily paper to say that the review might have been better, and,—especially,—that the old poet who wrote it did not appreciate Keats as fully as did the youthful critic himself. If Keats's first book had been sent to the youthful critic when he was in this frame of mind, I fear that it would have fared badly at his hands.

It was long ago found out that those people who, according to their own stories, are the most unfortunate, are, by no means, the most unhappy. All of us know what it is to enjoy the luxury of a grievance, but there are some of whom it is justly said, that they are unhappy unless they are miserable. I have a friend who seems to me one of the most contented of mortals. He is a painter by profession; he does not paint well, but his pictures find a ready market, and he is pleased with them himself. He likes his pictures, but he likes better his misfortunes. There is nothing that delights him so much as to tell about some calamity that has just struck him. Every time we meet, he brings out a precious morsel of this kind for my entertainment. He was just finishing his most profitable order when somebody knocked over the easel and plumped a hole through the "Sleeping Beauty's" left cheek; or, the savings bank went up with all his earnings for the past winter; or, a "hall thief" walked off with his new ulster; or, the Academy hung his best picture over the south door in the corridor. When I first knew him, I used to make light of these unpleasant experiences; I tried to "chirk him up a bit," as they say in New England. But I soon found that comfort was not what he wanted.

I know a man whose first play was accidentally damned. If that play had succeeded, he would have had a career! Over how many lives has there been thrown a pleasing melancholy, by the inability to obtain a publisher. A young friend of mine is trying to get a volume of amiable amateur essays published; I am sure that it will be a sad day for him if his desire is gratified. Years ago, a young American musician was struggling to obtain a musical education. His friends thought, and he was sure, that

if he could only enjoy the advantages of foreign study, he would turn out a tremendous fellow. Enough money was got together finally to enable him to obtain the education he needed. He came back from Germany, and began to play at concerts, and to publish "pieces." But it proved that the musical personality which had, at last, been given a means of expression was not a beautiful one. There was something hideous in the man's compositions. The ugliness that existed in his early attempts at expression had been supposed to be the result merely of his lack of training. But it was finally evident that this unpleasantness was inherent. The better he learned to express himself the worse he was off. His life, from being merely pathetic, turned into something tragic.

I WAS once talking with a very interesting person, and one with whom it is always a pleasure to talk. After leaving him I found myself feeling like a pickpocket,—for I remembered that I had been led into criticising an acquaintance of ours in a free and uncharitable manner. In thinking over the incident, it became clear to me that this

was the way it happened: The person with whom I was conversing was a man himself given to free and uncharitable criticism of others, to the kind of insinuation which puts himself in the right, and all others in the wrong. He was also a person of such knowledge, and such intellectual force and insight, that no one could escape the desire to win his good opinion. So, before I knew it, I was forced into the contemptible business of asserting myself and depreciating others.

I sometimes think, when I look around upon the community and see the selfishness and lack of consideration that make so much trouble and misery; when I see the absence of conscience and the want of generosity in public and in private life; when I see young married people—nourished upon a diluted "culture," and trained in a sentimental and bogus spirituality—breaking up their homes and forgetting their solemn vows of companionship and protection as soon as they discover that life is a more serious business than they had imagined;—when I see all this, I sometimes think that after two or three centuries more of such criticism and despal as Christianity is getting nowadays, the world will awake to the fact that there is something in it, after all.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Shall we Have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty from Children?

THERE is no denying that in hotels and boarding-houses, cars and steamboats, street and parlor, children are coming to be dreaded more and more. As a class, their manners are almost universally bad; their voices are appalling; they eat like savages, and, in fact, set at naught all the social amenities.

Who is to blame for this? Certainly not the children. How can you expect a child to eat in a civilized way if it has never been trained to it? We are not so many degrees removed from the aborigines that refinement is always instinctive. It is hardly fair to condemn and dislike a child for monopolizing or interrupting conversation when no education has taught it differently; and why should the ears of the public be deafened by the shrill voices of Young America till such time as it shall learn that all the world does not care to hear its innocent remarks? Why—to be comprehensive—should children, as a rule, be regarded by their parents, friends, and the public generally as a curse instead of a blessing? Simply because the parents do not respect the rights of the public. Let me mention a few instances in my own experience which will recall similar cases to every mind.

Only a few days ago, I went in the cars from No-matter-where to A-place-of-no-consequence. It was a warm, damp, muggy day,—one of those days when dust will stick to the most immaculate, and when eating, except with the most attractive sur-

roundings, is not to be thought of. The cars were quite full of returning city families, and I did not notice till we had moved from the station that I had placed myself in the seat directly behind a mother and four children, the eldest of whom might be ten and the youngest two. The appearance of the party was not unprepossessing, and for a short time things progressed quietly; but before long the baby became fretful, and finally asked for milk. Now began my trials. A basket of portentous size, which I had not before noticed, was drawn forth from among the family feet, and a bottle and a cup were extracted from it. But what a bottle! What a cup! The first was flat and brown, suggestive of rum, and the latter was silver, with greasy finger-marks upon it. Some milk was poured out and given to the child in a back-handed kind of way, which caused about two-thirds of the liquid to run in streamlets over its clothes, and the remaining portion to go down its throat with a "glug" which meant a choking fit before long. I will not particularize. Handkerchiefs were brought into requisition, thumps on the back administered, and quiet restored only to be broken by cries from the remaining three for something to eat. A peach was now given to each child and the juice from the fruit, mingling with the dust which had by this time accumulated on their small faces, soon painted them in colors which memory dreads to recall. The peach refecton was followed by sandwiches. And why will people persist in making sandwiches of a large and substantial slice of ham between two

uncertain pieces of bread? Need I tell how the bread vanished, and the ham straggled forth in hopeless strings? Who cannot imagine the greasy shine which surrounded their mouths and glistened on their fingers,—fingers which soon seized on the glasses of the ice-water boy and made you feel that if you had not had your individual drinking-cup with you, death, in the agonies of thirst, would be preferable to nectar from those tumblers? A damp bread-and-butter smell now pervaded the atmosphere, and from time to time a dive would be made into the depths of the basket, and more peaches, more sandwiches, and then crackers were brought up,—crumbly crackers, crackers which fell to pieces in unwholesome-looking flakes, and stuck to the children's faces. Then as if to top the climax, the lunch-basket at last produced—molasses-cakes!—small oblong cakes, so full of the sticky fluid that they seemed perspiring with it; the kind of cake which left its shiny surface in brown patches on faces and fingers till the latter were cleansed—shall I tell it?—by a series of licks—there is no other word. Had I remained in their vicinity longer, I have no doubt that either gingerbread or cream-cakes would have been the next course; but at this point I reached A-place-of-no-consequence, and hastily left. My last view of those children haunts me like a nightmare.

Very much the same thing goes on at hotels. There are few of us who have not sat at the table with children whose food has been put in their mouths *en masse*; children who have reached before and across you for anything and everything they fancied; children who have talked about you and commented on your appearance with perfect freedom; and we exclaim, "What dreadful children!" when we should say, "Wretched parents, so to neglect your duty to the public!"

On a breezy day in June, "when, if ever, come perfect days," I left the wear and tear of my work-a-day life and went to a lovely country home to spend a long day. I had looked forward to the visit with the brightest anticipations. Alas! I had forgotten that since my last sojourn in that earthly paradise a baby had appeared there. Immediately on my entrance to the house I was reminded of the fact, and during the whole day I was not permitted for a moment to forget it. Baby's doings and sayings, its infantile ailments, its wonderful cleverness, were all canvassed again and again. I tried to become enthusiastic, but felt that I was failing. I sank rapidly in my friend's estimation. I returned to the city a baffled individual, having had but little enjoyment of the long-wished-for day. I felt embittered toward the whole race of infants, and thought that the Murder of the Innocents might, under some circumstances, be condoned. I am glad that people in general are satisfied with their babies, but that you and I and the public generally should undergo this sort of thing is most unreasonable.

My friends, the H's, are among the brightest of my acquaintances. They have a charming home, and—four boys. "I used to dine at Sally's every

Sunday," said a bachelor brother of the lady; "but, since the boys left the nursery, there's no comfort at the house, so I dine at my club, and drop in after the imps are asleep." Disregarding this dismal view of things, I went one day to dine at Sally's, as her note said, "to meet informally two other friends whose ideas I know will prove congenial." On the occasion specified, I had no opportunity to find out whether they had any ideas or not; and I have since made up my mind that the bachelor uncle was not too severe. Hereafter, when I dine at the H's, may it be "formally." Four well-dressed, bright-looking boys made their appearance as dinner was announced. They scuffled into their seats, and all four immediately entered into a brisk discussion with reference to a pair of rabbits which lasted through the soup and fish, when a brief respite ensued, owing to their steady application to roast turkey. During the "cutting up" process, I received numerous thrusts from the elbows of my two vigorous young neighbors, with an occasional splash of gravy by way of variety, or an arm reaching across me to secure some desired article of food which the waiter could not at that moment hand. Conversation among the elder members of the party had hardly begun, when it was interrupted by a question from one boy, which drew forth violent opposition from the other three, and with the exception of "five minutes for refreshments" which the quartette allowed themselves for ice-cream, they kept the ball going till we rose from table. On entering the parlor, the attention of the guests was demanded to decide on the respective merits of two postage-stamp albums, and requests for stamps now poured forth with startling rapidity and perseverance. Eight o'clock came, the nominal bed-time for the two younger tormentors. They argued and resisted, however, and before the point was settled, the two other guests, who had a second engagement, took their leave. When the boys finally did go to bed, and quiet was restored, Mrs. H. asked me if I thought her boys were worse than other people's. Returning a guarded answer, which I fear was not wholly re-assuring, she said: "I never let them do anything wrong, and, really, if I undertook to discipline those boys with their different natures, it would leave me no time for anything else." I did not argue the matter.

In my judgment, nothing too severe can be said about that large and ill-advised class of persons who permit their boys to harass travelers on the highways and byways, with that invention of the arch-fiend known as a velocipede. You are hardly more alarmed by the suddenness of the attack than by the uncertainty of its direction. You are startled out of your wonted repose of manner by the enemy dashing round a corner; you hastily take refuge in a puddle to avoid a rear attack, and perhaps run part way up the steps of strange houses to save yourself from the combined charge of three racing abreast down the sidewalk.

I have about given up going to matinées on account of the immense amount of school-girl gabble to which I am compelled to listen, instead of the

entertainment for which I purchased my ticket. If the gabble should stop, it is only to be superseded by munching of candy and suppressed giggling. If girls must go through the vealy age, let them undergo it at home, and not invade the domains of the public.

Another cause of complaint is the way in which the public are called upon to listen to recitations of "We are seven," "Little drops of water," etc. The increase of kindergartens has done much to bring about this sad state of affairs, but parents ought to interpose to save the public. Let me suggest that if the public met with more consideration, life would be made much more pleasant to children. I know those who never enter a place of amusement except when accompanied by little faces, whose bright eyes fail to see aught but the beautiful. I could tell of many a drive and picnic postponed till Saturday or vacation gave the children a chance to go. But, they were children whose parents recognized the public, and upheld their rights. I could also name several libraries, picture galleries, greenhouses, and museums, whose treasures never unfold themselves to children, because the little fingers are so rarely taught not to touch. Most children love music. Witness the crowd around a grinding organ, even when unattended by the attractive monkey. Yet, how many children does any one know whom she would risk inviting to a *musicale*?

I cannot say I wholly agree with the man who thought a boy should be brought up in a hogshead, and fed through the bung-hole, for I doubt not that on being released the wild ox of the desert would be a more desirable companion; but I do think that parents should so bring up their offspring that no one should have occasion to make the suggestion. Yet many of us feel with and for the sufferer who said his sister followed to the letter one Bible injunction with regard to children, namely: "Forbid them not."

M. REBÈQUE.

Letters from Correspondents.

A SUGGESTION.

It is something in favor of healthful public feeling that greater freedom now than heretofore is allowed in the ceremonies and the etiquette that belong to death. Very few now gauge grief by the old conventional signs of mourning. People who choose to do so may still close their houses for months; they may shut out air and sunshine, and live in a gloom that corresponds with their sad hearts; women may exclude themselves from all society, and walk slowly through the streets shut in by hanging crape veils; but such things are not insisted upon. The windows may be opened, the veils may be thrown back; it is a choice whether black shall be worn or not. It is not that we grieve less, nor that the world is not so much the poorer and more wearying for our loss, but life in these days presses on us, and we have little time to stop and

weep. The tears may fall, but the work must go on. But the revulsion of feeling against funeral etiquette is most shown in the conduct of the funeral itself, and our friends are best pleased when the ceremonies are the most simple. While this is so, there is one custom which it would be well to establish more firmly. The friends who attend the funeral ought to leave their cards. There is no time in the life of a family when respect and sympathy are so fully realized as at the time of death, and silence is so often construed into indifference that there ought to be some sign given by those who care to show their feeling. It is impossible ever to know who follows us as we follow our dead, and it would knit many a friendship more tightly, it would condone for many offenses, if it were possible for us to know which of our friends, which of our acquaintances, and which of our supposed enemies cared enough for us and for our dead to make our sorrow their own. It is not pleasant to go to funerals; it is often inconvenient, and always burdensome; and if neither the dead nor the living know that we have paid this last respect, what use is there in the doing it?—S.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' STUDY-HOUR.

WHEN are the children to study their lessons? After school is out and dinner is over there is but little time before dark for them to exercise in the open air, and this exercise should be firmly insisted upon. On the other hand, the mornings are short and dark, and if any home-study is done, it is generally at night. It is this night-study that is bad for the tired bodies and brains, and that brings the nervous manner and the unquiet sleep.

How to help the children so their studying may be a pleasure rather than a constant weariness becomes a serious question for the most of us. From my own experience, I find the following plan answers well:

Let the children have one hour or more after the gas is lit, but at eight o'clock precisely send them to bed, with the promise that you will call them at six in the morning. Do not allow them to have the waking up on their own minds. This would disturb their sleep, which ought to be free from care. To do away with the darkness and the oppressive stillness of the house before day, rise instantly at the sound of the alarm-clock, light the gas, and put a match to a small lot of wood on the hearth. (My boys take turns in bringing up and arranging this wood the day before, their aim being so to lay the sticks and splinters that they will instantly burn on the application of a lighted match.) When the fire is well under way, call the boys. Expecting light and heat and cheerfulness, they will come down with alacrity,—the only trouble then being to get them dressed, for turning over the logs and picking up the hot coals are more pleasant than pulling on shoes and stockings. The gloomier and colder the morning, the more pleasant it is, and the more hilarious the children become. While they are dressing and playing, get ready a cup of something hot for them to drink. I prefer beef-tea, but I vary it with chocolate or coffee made five-sixths of

boiling milk. Cold milk does not cheer them like something hot. To boil the milk for the coffee or chocolate takes only a few moments. I put the tin cup upon a little fixture called the "Pet" that fits over any common gas-burner, and costs but thirty cents. This will heat without burning or smoking the cup. After they have taken their hot drink and eaten a cracker or two, the boys will be ready for their books. In one hour now they can do more hard work, and do it with more cheerfulness and courage, than at any other time of day.

Now see how little it costs, all this pleasure. For the best hickory-wood I have just paid \$7.25 the cord, \$1.50 for hauling it to the house, \$1.00 for

sawing once, and 50 cents for piling in the cellar. For this morning fire, I had one cord sawed into three pieces, which made its cost \$11.25. As this fire only burns till eight or nine o'clock, the one cord may last the whole winter. Even if it uses two cords, how else can so much comfort be had from so small a sum? I have been told that in New York City hickory-wood can be bought for the same price as pine, because there is so little demand for it. Outside of the cities the cost of the wood would hardly be a consideration. Even if the use of it lightens the purse, it will just as surely lighten children's hearts and clear their brains.

HANNAH SNOWDEN.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mrs. Browning's "Earlier Poems."*

FIFTY-THREE years ago, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, a ripe scholar, with a wide range of reading, edited a collection of feminine verse, which he entitled "Specimens of British Poetesses,"—an excellent work, which ought to be reprinted and brought down with additions to the present time. It covers a period of about four hundred and twenty-five years, and contains specimens of the capacities and incapacities of nearly one hundred English ladies who were addicted to rhyming, beginning with Dame Juliana Berners, and ending with Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whom Jerdan was airing in the "Literary Gazette." All the great and all the little songstresses figure here,—Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Countess of Pembroke; the Princess Elizabeth (afterward Queen of Bohemia), Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle; Anne, Marchioness of Wharton; Lady Chudleigh; Anne, Countess of Winchelsea; Henrietta, Lady Luxborough; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Anne, Countess Temple; and Lady Anne Barnard. These were the greater lights of the poetic firmament. The lesser (yet greater) lights were our own Anne Bradstreet; Mistress Katharine Phillips, "the Matchless Orinda;" Mistress (and a very disreputable one) Aphra Behn, Miss Hester Vanhomrigh (whose heart Swift broke), Mistress Mary Robinson (friend of the Prince of Wales), Mistress Charlotte Smith (who was a pensive sonneteer), Miss Anna Seward (who was a silly pedant), Mistress Hester Piozzi, Mistress Anna Letitia Barbauld (who wrote eight or ten immortal lines), Mistress Hannah More, Mistress Joanna Baillie, Mistress Felicia Hemans, and Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon. The world of English readers were glad to possess themselves of Mr. Dyce's beautiful volume, but they would be more glad to possess it now, with its necessary continuation, for

great poetesses have arisen in England since it was first published, and good, if not great, poetesses have arisen in America, also. Among the former may be named Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, Augusta Webster, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We know but little about Sappho, one of whose reputed poems has come down to us; but setting Sappho aside, Elizabeth Barrett Browning must certainly be pronounced a most extraordinary genius,—as extraordinary in English poetry as George Sand was in French prose and fiction. (This comparison, which is intellectual only, ends here, of course.)

We know almost as little about this great woman as we do about her impassioned sister, Sappho, who died about twenty-five hundred years before she was born. It seems to be settled that she was born near London in 1809; it is certain that she died in Florence in 1861. Bibliography traces the dates of her publications, but gives no idea of the poetical value of her first and second volumes. She herself was averse to them, being anxious as Mrs. Browning to disown the girlish and young-womanly verses of Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. She was right perhaps in so doing, and during her life-time they were not laid up against her. An author has a right to ignore his or her work if it be outgrown, and the greatest have done so. The world has also—or thinks it has—a right to all the works of those who have been its instructors and benefactors, and, willy-nilly, when the pens have once dropped from their hands, and their eyes are closed in the last sleep, it sets its literary detectives to mousing about until they find what has long been missing,—it may be in the linings of many portmanteaus, or in huge depositories of waste-paper. One of these acute gentlemen, who probably represents the Scotland Yard of literature, has lately unearthed Miss Barrett Barrett's first fugitive from the bar of criticism, and passed it into the open court of publication. It is called "An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems," and it was originally issued in 1826, when she was in her seventeenth year. It is a curious, not to say an

* Earlier Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 1826-1833. London: Bartholomew Robson, Cranborne street, 1878.

astonishing, production for a young lady of that age. We turn its pages with amusement, for we stumble over the wit that comes of miscellaneous reading and marvelous memory in the first paragraph of her preface, which is flavored with Bottom, and Snug the Joiner, and the exquisite foolery of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tacitus is quoted on the next page, and Plato and Newton referred to on the third page; Locke, Boileau, Lucretius, Dante, Quintilian and Gibbon follow. Byron (who had been dead two years) is mentioned as "that immortal writer we have just lost," and his dictum that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth," is re-asserted and made the text of a lecture, which this fair girl-graduate in her golden hair (but was her hair golden?) straightway proceeds to deliver. We shall not quote any of Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's prose, which is smart and jaunty, but turn to her "Essay on Mind," which is divided into two books, and which, as might have been expected, is superimposed upon Byron's basis of ethical poetry. Milton wrote arguments for each of the twelve books of "Paradise Lost," so of course Miss Barrett Barrett wrote analyses for the two books of her "Essay on Mind."

The "Essay on Mind" is a singular performance, —pert, flippant and pretentious. The models which Miss Barrett Barrett set up before herself in writing it were Pope, in his "Essay on Man," Byron, in his heroic narrative poems, and, possibly, Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope,"—a trinity of interblending strength and weakness. The versification is hasty and careless, "cares" rhyming to "hexameters" very early in the poem. Byron is complimented two pages further on as "the Mont Blanc of intellect,"—a phrase which would have tickled his lordship if he could have heard it when alive, quite as much as Lamartine's lurid "Chanteur d'Enfer." The cleverness of such a couplet as this is undeniable, and the clap-trap character of it likewise:

"The scale of life is link'd by close degrees:
Motes float in sunbeams, mites exist in cheese."

Jeffrey comes in for six lines of eulogy, in which he figures as "The letter'd critic of a letter'd age," who judges justly, discerns rightfully, teaches wisely, and learns candidly! (What do you think, Miss Barrett Barrett, of his "This wont do," when he reviewed "The Excursion"?) Here is a good couplet in regard to the opulence of Mind, who

"Gives the dank wreath and dusty urn to fame,
And lends its ashes—all she can—a name."

Here are four lines which are better still:

"Go! let the tomb its silent lesson give,
And let the dead instruct thee how to live!
If Tully's page hath bade thy spirit burn,
And lit the raptur'd cheek—behold his urn!"

Here are three couplets which are terse and striking:

"Important trust! the awful dead to scan,
And teach mankind to moralize from man!

"The hallowed page of fleeting Time prophane,
And prove to Man that man has liv'd in vain;
Pass the cold grave with colder jestings by;
And use the truth to illustrate a lie!"

The eight lines which follow are perhaps the most brilliant in the whole poem, and were certainly inspired by intense admiration of Byron:

"Man! Man! thou poor antithesis of power!
Child of all time! yet creature of an hour!
By turns chameleon of a thousand forms,
The lord of empires, and the food of worms!
The little conqueror of a petty space,
The more than mighty, or the worse than base!
Thou ruin'd landmark in the desert way,
Between the all of glory and decay!"

And so on, for ten or twelve more clever, but cloying, lines of smart antithesis.

The young female philosopher (whose system we don't pretend to understand) demolishes Buffon in four savage lines, Leibnitz in four more, and the Cynics and Cato, each in a couplet:

"E'en Cato, had he own'd the senate's will,
And washed his toga, had been Cato still."

(Poor Cato!) We turn next to the notes that illustrate and elucidate, and consecrate this unique contribution to English poetry, and obtain several clews to the reading of the youthful writer. Among the authors quoted from, or mentioned by her, are the elder Disraeli, Cowley, Alfieri, Thucydides, Virgil, Mitford, Voltaire, Archimedes, Cicero, Gray, Buffon, Leibnitz, Southey, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Plutarch, Berkeley, Condillac, Strabo, Plato, Longinus, Milton, Dugald Stewart, Herodotus, Moschus and Bion, and Calmet.

"What, will the line stretch out to the crack o' doom?"

And what adds to our wonderment is, that they appear to have been read at first hand, and in their original languages!

The little volume in which the "Essay on Mind" was published, contained fourteen minor poems of a marked character and of varying excellence. They are, first, a tender, pleasant address "To my Father on his Birthday;" two Spenserean stanzas (which are too Spenserean in their archaic spelling), "On a Boy of three Years old"; a loving copy of "Verses to my Brother," which show genius; four Spenserean "Stanzas on the Death of Lord Byron," a charming octo-syllabic poem on "Memory," and eight stanzas "To ———," in a favorite measure of Mrs. Hemans. The manner of Mrs. Browning is fixed in the last:

"Hast not thou look'd upon
The flowerets of the field in lowly dress?
Blame not my simpleness—
Think only of my love! my song is gone."

This is followed by eleven stanzas in a ringing ballad measure, celebrating the memory of Captain Demetrius, an old Roumelian, who burst into tears at the mention of Byron's name; one of them is worthy of Wolfe.

"Ye left his HEART, when ye took away
The dust in funeral state;
And we dumbly placed in a little urn
That home of all things great."

"The Past" fills out eight grimly rollicking stanzas, of which we give the second:

"The winds beat not their drum to the waves,
But sullenly moan in the distant caves:
Talking over, before they rise,
Some of their dark conspiracies."

Next come three Spenserean stanzas, "The Prayer" (which is poor but pious); ten ballad stanzas "On a Picture of Riego's Widow," and a wonderful "Song," which seems to have wandered down from the age of Elizabeth:

"Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes;
And think life's green well worth its rose!

No sorrow will your heart betide,
Without a comfort by its side;
The sun may sleep in his sea-bed,
But you have starlight overhead.

Trust not to joy! the rose of June,
When opened wide, will wither soon;
Italian days without twilight
Will turn them suddenly to night.

Joy, most changeful of all things,
Flits away on rainbow wings;
And when they look the gayest, know
It is that they are spread to go!"

We have not left ourselves room to speak of the rest of the poems in this volume, the last of which, "The Vision of Fame," is a very remarkable piece of imaginative writing.

Seven years later, Miss Barrett Barrett published her first version of "Prometheus Bound," and with it other smaller poems, in which her future greatness was as unmistakably shadowed forth as the future greatness of Keats in "Endymion." They are for the most part large in conception and utterance; not very musical in structure, but filled with creative energy, and a latent force of tremendousness. "The Tempest, a Fragment," reads like a discarded section of "Hyperion." The American publisher of Mrs. Browning has announced that he will reprint this volume at once.

The American Edition of Lübke.*

THE publication of a specifically American edition of a book like Lübke's "Outlines of the History of Art" gives pleasant assurance of the fact that the interest in art in our country is not only spreading, but also deepening. In view of the great amount of dilettanteism in matters of art with us, this deepening of interest is one of the most hopeful signs of healthy progress. To comment on the character of Professor Lübke's book itself would seem to be superfluous. The fact that it has gone through seven editions in its German garb, and through two editions in Miss Bunnètt's English translation, is evidence sufficient

of its popularity, if of nothing else. That the author shows a marked partiality for German art, especially in its modern phases, as Mr. Cook points out, certainly cannot be denied. But even in spite of this limitation, it must be conceded that there are probably but few persons, if any, better qualified to undertake so stupendous a task as the writing of a general history of art than Professor Lübke. In proof of his qualifications, it is only necessary to point to the many works from his pen which embody the results of his diligent research in various departments of art.

There is, however, another part of the work under review which demands a somewhat fuller discussion at our hands, *i. e.*, the work of the translator and of the editor. But before speaking of this translation in particular, we are tempted to say a few words on translations in general. There is evidently a curious misapprehension in the mind of the public in regard to work of this kind. It seems to be almost taken for granted that no, or at best but very little, literary talent is needed by the translator, that his work is purely mechanical, and that almost any one can make a translation who can write his own language grammatically and has a smattering of the language from which he translates. Not very long ago, a popular author gave shape to this erroneous idea in an article which was widely circulated in the papers. This author recommended those who have a taste for literary work, but lack the power of original composition, and yet are *too good to be mere translators*, to make indices of books already published. The custom, which is constantly growing, of omitting the name of the translator on the title-pages of translated books, is likewise a result of this curious misapprehension. And yet a moment's reflection ought to be sufficient to show that a good translator needs very many qualities which entitle him to a tolerably advanced position on the literary ladder. He must have a good command of language; he must be able to analyze and thoroughly to penetrate into the innermost peculiarities of his author, and this it will be utterly impossible for him to do unless he has not only a good grammatical, but also a perfect idiomatic knowledge of the languages with which he has to deal. To this must be added, in the case of technical books more especially, a pretty full understanding of the subject-matter of the work to be translated, or, in default of this, a painstaking conscientiousness which will shun no trouble in endeavoring to arrive at the meaning and the correct rendering of the technical terms employed.

We are sorry to say that, measured by this standard, the American translation of Professor Lübke's "Outlines" is not quite satisfactory. There is little fault to be found, indeed, in the matter of style; but occasionally the meaning of the author has been missed, and the technical terms, especially in that part of the work which relates to the architecture of antiquity, are very frequently incorrectly rendered. That, of course, is a grievous fault in a work of this nature. The editor was perfectly justified in rejecting Miss Bunnètt's trans-

*Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. W. Lübke. A new translation from the seventh German edition. Edited by Clarence Cook. Two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

lation, but it is a pity that he did not exercise a more vigilant control over his own translators. The following examples may serve to verify our assertion:

Volume I., page 6, "of which that of Teocalli" should be, "of which the Teocalli," as Teocalli is not a place, but means "the house of God." Page 26: "A ribbon-like astragal" is a contradiction equal to saying a flat round; for a ribbon is flat, and an astragal is a half-round. Professor Lübke speaks of "a round molding ornamented with a sort of ribbon wound around it." On the same page the "abacus" of a cornice is spoken of, but the term "abacus" applies only to the upper member of a capital. Page 38: "Imperious bearing" should be the very reverse,—"attitude assumed as command." Page 135: "Substructure" (as Miss Bunnètt correctly has it) is rendered "stylobate," while, if a Greek word was necessary at all, it should have been "stereobate." Page 154: "Temple of Ilissus" should be "temple on the banks of the Ilissus," the Ilissus being, not a god, but a river. Page 157: "Modillions" should be "coffers." Modillions are a sort of brackets, while Professor Lübke speaks of the sunken panels (Kassetten) in the ceiling. Volume II., page 10: the German "Dienste" (bowtells or shafts) is translated "servants." This is neither an English technical term, nor is it a correct literal translation, as "Dienste" signifies "services." Other examples might be given, but lack of space prevents.

Mr. Cook's notes will prove very valuable to American students, especially through their continual reference to American collections and to English books not mentioned by the author. These notes show that Mr. Cook has followed the literature of art in the main very carefully, and it is, therefore, all the more to be wondered at that he nowhere informs his readers of the existence of an English edition of the "Denkmäler der Kunst" (Monuments of Art), although this work is, in fact, an atlas to Professor Lübke's book, and is mentioned on almost every page. Only in a very few instances, as far as we are able to judge, has Mr. Cook allowed himself to be betrayed into error. Thus, in a note on page 155, volume I., the "string of beads above the triglyph frieze" of the Parthenon is questioned, while it is plainly indicated in the cut on the same page, and also (perhaps somewhat more plainly) in cut 129, page 227 of the first volume of Fergusson. On page 176, Dædalus is made the inventor of the fish-hook, although the Greek word, "ichthyocolla," signifying fish-glue, is added in brackets. A third mistake, finally, and rendered all the more apparent because Professor Lübke is severely taken to task for it, is to be found in the note, volume II., page 466. Mr. Cook has evidently allowed the last developments of the Holbein controversy to escape his notice. If he will look up the second edition of Woltmann's "Holbein" (mentioned by Lübke on page 490), he will find that all the facts heretofore held to be established have been upset by the discovery of the astounding forgery of which Eigner made himself

guilty, and that even Grandpapa Hans Holbein, to whom reference is made in a note on page 468, has again been ousted from the history of art, into which he had been introduced by fraud, and simply for the purpose of upholding the theories of an infatuated man.

The position which Mr. Cook assumes in reference to German art is, to say the least, as extravagant on the one side as Professor Lübke's is on the other. A person of Mr. Cook's information *must* know that the exhibition of German pictures at Philadelphia consisted mainly of sweepings, and that hardly one of the names of which Germany is proud was represented in it.* But if he knows this, his assertion is unfair, while, if he does not know it, he must give up his claims to be considered an authority.

Desiring to be counted among the "faithful critics" to whom Mr. Cook appeals in his preface, we have been reluctantly compelled to make these remarks. Mr. Cook undoubtedly deserves well of art in America. He has for years been the best, if not the only representative of courageous and outspoken criticism in matters of art among us; for while the general run of so-called criticism was really nothing but indiscriminate praise, born out of ignorance, and degrading alike to those who lavished it and to those upon whom it was lavished, his writings always carried with them the force of conviction, and therefore commanded the respect even of those who radically differed with him. To maintain this honorable position, however, scrupulous exactness in statements of fact and incorruptible justice toward all are the most necessary requisites, without which even indomitable courage will avail nothing.

But in spite of the short-comings which we have felt it our duty to point out, Mr. Cook's edition of Lübke still has our most cordial wishes for success, as there is no other book in American, or even English, literature, so far as we know, which might take its place. In a second edition, which we trust the book may soon reach, most of the defects alluded to can easily be repaired. It will then, also, be time to rid the book of the many typographical errors in which, unfortunately, it abounds, and to add the index of technical terms, with which the German edition is provided, but which, in the American edition, has been omitted.

"The Final Philosophy."†

THIS book of the Princeton Professor is in several respects a remarkable one; and in no respect more remarkable than in the fact that it is readable. From so imposing a title we are led to expect a learned volume, and in this we are not disappointed. We naturally look for evidence of more than ordinary depth of thought, and here our expectation is met. But on such a subject we do not usually an-

* See note, page 592, vol. II.

† The Final Philosophy, or System of Perfectible Knowledge, Issuing from the Harmony of Science and Religion. By Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D. N. Y.: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ticipate such lucid arrangement of material, or such brilliancy of style, as shall render the subject attractive and clear to what we may call the lay reader. The book is indebted for its charm to several particulars. It is characterized by a well-digested method, by a thorough survey of the field of thought it discusses, and at times by an epigrammatic force of expression which fixes the thought with the incisiveness of a proverb. As an instance of this last quality, what could be happier than the description of the Act of Uniformity in Great Britain under Elizabeth, as "that political massacre of dissent whose ghost now comes back in the shape of disestablishment;" or what more terse than, when speaking of Mr. Mansel and Mr. Spencer as the extreme right wing and left wing of the same philosophical tendency, he says, "Thus the very cant of divines is becoming the creed of thinkers, at the same time that the speculations of thinkers are made the dogmas of divines." Again, "Mr. Mansel's school professed at least to know what they worshiped; Mr. Spencer's, that they worshiped they knew not what." Sometimes the style sparkles too much; and the rhetoric seems caught from the atmosphere of the classes to whom it was originally addressed, as *e.g.*, page 750: "Terrene, solar and stellar influences, wielded by human prowess and prayer, may unfold the commerce of heaven, the telegraph of the skies, and the worship of the one universal Father, until the ripe scient earth echoes back the anthem that erst hailed her novitiate." But though there are occasional blemishes of style, no one can say that this is a dull book. "The Final Philosophy" is readable.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to the subject-matter of the book. It does not give us the constructed system of the final philosophy. It simply indicates its need, and its task. Its history of what has been done in science, philosophy and theology is intended to show the necessity of a thorough reconciliation, and to point out the line in which it is to be brought about. The author insists, in the introduction, that science and religion are related logically, historically and practically, and that these relations are very extensive, complicated and vital; that they are not what they should be, might be, or will be; and that it is important that philosophy, as the friend of both science and religion, should recognize and pursue their harmony. Hence this book.

It is divided into two parts. The first treats of the philosophical parties as to the relations between science and religion; the second, of the philosophical theory of the harmony of science and religion. In the first part he discusses, first, "The early conflicts and alliances between science and religion, as in the pre-Christian age of Pagan science, when religion and science dwelt apart in a state of local seclusion; the post-Christian age of Pagan science, when religion and science met as strangers, mistaking each other for foes; the Patristic age of Christian science, when under the Greek Fathers, philosophy had subjugated theology; the scholastic age when, under the Latin schoolmen, theology had

subjugated philosophy; and the reforming age of Christian science when theology and philosophy were torn asunder."

He traces next the "modern antagonism between science and religion," and treats severally of the conflict in astronomy, geology, anthropology, psychology, sociology, theology and philosophy, and the results in civilization. This conflict represents the Extremists, whom he describes on the one hand as infidels, on the other as apologists. Next he treats of the Indifferentists, divided into sciolists and dogmatists, and portrays their conflicts as resulting in the schism in the sciences before mentioned, and of the breach in civilization consequent on this rupture in philosophy. Then follows a criticism on the Eclectics, or Impatients as he defines them, who seek to blend hypothesis and dogma prematurely; and he carries this criticism through the same cycle of sciences and philosophies. He ends this Part First by a statement of modern skepticism, the skeptics being the Despondents who would abandon science and religion as contradictory and irreconcilable; following with them the same course as with the other three classes.

So far the criticism is destructive. In Part II., which treats of "The Philosophical Theory of the Harmony of Science and Religion," we gain the nearest approach to the constructive portion of the work. Without giving so complete an analysis of this as of the first part, suffice it to say that, after maintaining philosophy as the umpire between science and religion, and reviewing the unsolved problems of both the physical and psychical sciences, our author proceeds to give a searching criticism of the positive philosophy or theory of Nescience, and the absolute philosophy or theory of omniscience; as he concludes that neither science nor religion can furnish the adequate solution, but philosophy only, so he decides that neither the positive nor absolute philosophy of themselves will suffice. Not the former, for it would ignore that whole metaphysical region which is largely occupied by revelation; not the latter, because it would supersede religion throughout that region. Neither can we, he thinks, remain satisfied with the "Prudent Nescience" of Sir William Hamilton; he requires a final philosophy which shall furnish the logical conciliation of both absolutism and positivism; for, while the positivist becomes atheistical in religion, the absolutist becomes mystical in science. Both, he claims, are essential elements in the reconciliation, because both are deeply rooted in the human mind; and because they have always acted and reacted on each other; logically adjusted and combined, they check and complete each other. This combination is the task of the final philosophy. This must prescribe a *method* of perfect knowledge and furnish the *ultimatum organum*; it must provide a *theory* of perfect knowledge, the *omne scibile*; and organize a *system* of perfect knowledge, the *scientia scientiarum*. And this is possible, because positive science is indefinitely extensible toward absolute science, and absolute science is only perfectible through positive science. The final philosophy has thus before it

three tasks. It must furnish an expurgation of the sciences, a survey of the sciences, and a theory of the sciences. This would mark the utmost limit of human cognition, and would unite an ultimate system of the sciences, an ultimate system of arts or applied sciences, and an ultimate system of society, of which the arts and sciences are but functions. The present age and the western hemisphere offer the proper time and place for this achievement. He closes as follows: "Behold then at one glance the issue to which we are come. The summary want of the age is that last philosophy into which shall have been sifted all other philosophy, which shall be at once catholic and eclectic, which shall be the joint growth and fruit of reason and faith, and which shall shed forth, through every walk of research the blended light of discovery and revelation, a philosophy which shall be the means of subjecting the earth to man and man to God."

In making this rapid survey of the volume before us, we have left no room for criticism, which would require a larger spare than we can give to it. One great defect, it strikes us, is the haziness in which the doctrine of revelation is involved. The fact is accepted, but no criticism is offered by which to test it. The author frequently speaks of revealed geology, revealed astronomy, etc. What is this, or is there such a thing? He speaks in one place of "sacred cosmogonies, one after another, like children's bubbles, living their little hours of applause," but we are left in doubt as to the true cosmogony. It would seem that the problem he seeks to solve would be greatly simplified if revelation were confined to spiritual truth, and its scientific illustration received as a vehicle of expression, and not as a rigid definition of a subject which may be presumed to lie without the boundary or purpose of a revelation. But we have no room to do more than state the objection, and we leave the subject, with thanks to the author for having done so much so well.

New English Books.

LONDON, January 7.

The chief thing in the way of a sensation caused by any recent publication has been derived from the new volume of "The Memoirs of the Prince Consort" (Albert), written by Theodore Martin from materials furnished by the queen. As it includes the period of the Crimean war, and consequently shows the decided anti-Russian feeling of the court and the people at that time, it is supposed by many, in the present uncertainty that prevails as to the intention of the government, to have been issued now with the object of exciting a similar state of the public mind under the pressure of the stirring military news daily received from the east of Europe, but apparently with little effect. Considered as materials for an important period of European history, the work is very valuable, and all that can be made known of Prince Albert only serves to exalt his character as one of the best men, and wisest, noblest, and most far-seeing statesmen of his age.

The literature of archæology, so well exemplified in the splendid books recording the achievements of Dr. Schliemann and General Cesnola, continues to receive a large share of the public attention. There is a promise of some startling news from Captain Richard Burton, the cosmopolitan traveler, who is now engaged in exploring the ancient land of Midian on the eastern side of the Gulf of Akaba and the Red Sea. Besides antiquities, and the sites of ancient cities, something more tangible is looked for by the paymaster of the expedition, the ruler of Egypt, who has a keen eye for the precious metals and hopes to discover in these solitary and unexplored regions the mines and mineral riches whence the wealth of King Solomon was in a large measure derived. In another direction, the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, the immense mass of information now at the command of the learned, from the continued deciphering of the early Babylonian monuments and inscribed records, is really astonishing. A small volume of "Lectures on Babylonian Literature," delivered at the Royal Institution by Rev. A. H. Sayce, the Oxford Professor of Comparative Philology and one of the pioneers of the study, will give an idea of its extent; and furnishes an excellent outline of the subject. Ten years ago the very title of the book would have been an absurdity as Babylonian literature was as non-existent as the lost books of the Sibyl. Now it engages the attention of learned men, especially in England and France; though the death of Mr. George Smith, who seemed to possess a peculiar aptitude for the study, has left a void that has scarcely yet been filled. It will be long before the results arrived at filter down into our manuals and school histories, though they are of the utmost importance toward the promotion of the true history of the early progress of mankind. In the meantime they can be followed in the series of "The Records of the Past: English Translations of Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments," now advanced to its ninth volume; "The Journal of the Victoria Institute," and the "Archaic Classics, Assyrian and Egyptian," now in course of publication. A work also by M. Lenormant, the distinguished French Oriental scholar, "Chaldean Magic, its Origin and Development," has just appeared in an English dress, with many additions by the author. It yields to the reader much more than the title promises, being a perfect store of information on the religious superstitions, etc., of the ancient Chaldaic or Accadian people, all derived, at first hand, from the ancient records themselves. Egypt can never lose its charm, and the translation of M. Mariette Bey's work on "The Monuments of Upper Egypt," is a welcome present both to the actual and the stay-at-home traveler. M. Mariette Bey has been strangely reticent of the information he possesses on Egyptian antiquities, probably in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, and on them he speaks as one having authority that none can question.

As Mr. Stanley has not yet reached England, but is enjoying richly deserved welcome from the con-

tinental representatives of science, nothing certain is known about the publication of his journal. "Livingstonia. A Journal of Adventures in Exploring Lake Nyassa and Establishing a Missionary Settlement," by Captain Young, the commander of the first European vessel ever launched on that inland sea, is a narrative of great interest. It is edited by Rev. H. Waller, who performed the same office for Dr. Livingstone's last journals. The most important general work on Africa ever published is the book enlarged and founded on Professor Hellwald's German work forming a portion of his "Earth and Man." It is entitled "Compendium of Geography and Travel in Africa," and is edited and extended by Keith Johnston, and brought out under the auspices of Mr. Edward Stanford,—the two names best known to all who are conversant with geographical literature in England. As a condensation of existing knowledge, with the addition of much original information, its value is great. The name of the editor is sufficient authority for the maps, and the ethnological and Livingstonia features of the continent are thoroughly treated in appendices by Professor A. H. Keane. It is intended to continue the series, and the volumes respecting the other portions of the globe are now intrusted to the scientific men most competent to do justice each to his subject. "The Country of the Moors: A Journey from Tripoli, in Barbary, to the Holy City of Kairwan," is a pleasant volume, recording some eventful experiences in a rarely trodden track, by Mr. Edward Rae, who seems regardless of climate, as his last book, "The Land of the North Wind," describes his adventures within the Arctic circle. His account of Mohammedan fanaticism connects his book with Major Osborne's work, "Islam Under the Khalifs of Bagdad," a continuation of the important work commenced by his "Islam Under the Arabs,"—the most thorough review of the spirit and results of that faith ever brought within the reach of the English reader. In another portion of the globe, the list of recent books of travel is completed by "Fifteen Thousand Miles on the Amazon and its Tributaries," by C. Babington Browne and William Lidstone. The authors were members of an expedition for the exploration of the Amazon and its tributaries and the neighboring territory, sent out by the Amazon

Steam Navigation Company. Possessing more than ordinary facilities on this account, they accomplished within two years the ordinary work of five, and their handsomely illustrated volume furnishes the most full and trustworthy account of that region ever accessible to the public. The only recent contribution to the literature of the war in the East is "The Armenian Campaign: Diary of the Campaign of 1877 in Armenia and Koordestan," by C. Williams, attaché to the staff of Muktar Pasha.

The general reader may be pleased at the production of the first complete and uniform edition of the works of George Eliot, elegantly printed in new and legible type on fine paper, about to appear in monthly volumes, to be completed in eleven, within the present year. It will include the dramatic writings, besides some shorter stories hitherto uncollected, and commences with "Romola,"—a work formerly unattainable in the same style as its fellows from being issued by a different publisher. The elegant edition of Sir Henry Taylor's works, also for the first time, comprises in one series his "Notes from Life and from Books," lately very scarce. The complete works form only five volumes, as the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" has always been more solicitous of writing well than writing much. A new and enlarged edition of "A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical, with Appendix of English Metres," by Thomas Arnold, forms now the best small work on the subject. The writer's acquaintance with early English literature has been shown by the editions of "Beowulf" and of Wyclif's English works from the Oxford University press. His book is accordingly not a compilation, like most of its kind, but one of original criticism and literary history, embodying a great amount of information in a small compass. "A History of English Humor, with an Appendix on Ancient Humor," is written by Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. His theme is so extensive that two modern-sized volumes seem scarcely sufficient to do it justice. "The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border, their Main Features and Relations," is by Professor Veitch of Glasgow, in one volume. A handsome volume in small 4to, "St. Kilda, Past and Present," by George Seton, Advocate, shows what strange extremes of civilization may be experienced even within the limits of the British Isles.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

"Muslin" Glass.

THE demand for translucent glass in building and furnishing has led to the use of acids in etching, grinding, abrasion by the sand-blast, painting and burning, and other methods of destroying the transparency without making the glass perfectly opaque. All of these processes have their advantages and give highly decorative work, either in two colors or in plain glass. A new method of making an orna-

mental semi-transparent glass, called "muslin-glass," has been introduced that admits of the use of a number of colors on the same sheet of glass. By this process the glass is first carefully cleaned, and is then covered with a thin coating of vitrifiable color or pigment. This coloring matter is mixed with gum-water into the form of a thin paste, and when evenly and carefully spread on the surface of the glass is suffered to dry. A gentle heat may be used

to hasten the evaporation of the water and fix the pigment on the glass. When the gum is dry, a stencil is laid over the glass, and, by means of a stiff brush, the pigment is rubbed off where it is exposed by the design cut in the stencil. These parts are to be transparent, and they may be left in this condition without any further ornamentation if it is desired. To add other colors, or to decorate these blank places, the process is continued by placing lace, muslin, or embroidery of a suitable design, in keeping with the pattern of the stencil, over the stencil at the exposed places. The plate, with the stencil and the lace, is put in a frame, to keep them in position, and is then put into a tight box. In this box is a small quantity of dry color of a different tint or shade from the first pigment, and by means of an air-blast the dry powder is blown over the glass. It lodges on the exposed parts of the stencil and the spaces between the threads of the lace, and when the surface is well coated, the plate is carefully taken from the box and submitted to the action of hot steam. This causes the gum to soften on the exposed parts, and the dry powder sticks to the surface wherever not protected by the threads of the lace. On cooling the plate, the lace and the stencil may be removed, and the glass, with the two pigments adhering to it, is put in the furnace and burned in the usual manner. The colors are fused into the glass just as they lie on the plate, and the pattern of the stencil and the transparent places, more or less covered by the lace, are permanently decorated in the two colors. It will be noticed that by this most promising method of treating ornamental glass any number of colors may be laid on one sheet in any desired pattern. The present range of colors may be also greatly enlarged by placing one pigment over the other, and thus blending them into new tints and shades.

Water Pressure Regulator.

THE use of water under pressure for domestic and manufacturing purposes, as in the Holly system, often necessitates the employment of some means of controlling the pressure of the water so that it may remain constant at the delivery pipes under varying pressure in the street mains. An apparatus designed for this duty, and easily adjusted to any size of service pipe, has been brought out and is reported to be reliable and effective. It consists of a tubular chamber of iron having an inlet for the water at one side near the top, and a delivery pipe at the opposite side near the bottom. On top of this chamber is fastened a cylinder open at the top and connected with the chamber at the bottom. At the bottom is fixed another of somewhat smaller diameter. In the center of the chamber is a diaphragm having an opening in the middle of the same diameter as the top cylinder and in a vertical line with it. In the two cylinders, above and below, are pistons, fitting water-tight, and joined together by a rod that passes through the opening in the diaphragm. On this rod is secured a cone-shaped valve that closes the hole in the diaphragm when drawn

up against it. Attached to the piston in the lower cylinder is another rod extending below and designed to support a weight that may be fastened to the lower end. When in position and ready for use, the water is let on from the main and fills the upper half of the chamber and tends to push up the piston in the upper cylinder, and this lifts the rod bearing the conical valve and thus closes the opening into the lower half of the chamber. To counterbalance this upward pressure, weights are placed on the rod extending below the lower cylinder till the weight exceeds the water pressure when the valve opens and the water flows through the apparatus, escaping at the outlet. Now if the pressure in the mains increases beyond the weight, the water lifts the weight and closes the valve just in the proportion that the pressure exceeds the weight. In this manner the varying pressure continually adjusts the valve, and the pressure at the delivery pipe remains constant. If the pressure falls below the weight, then the valve opens wide and the water flows through the regulator without obstruction, and at its initial pressure. It will be seen that by this device any required pressure at the service pipe may be fixed by the weight, and when once adjusted the regulator delivers the water at a uniform pressure, so long as the initial pressure exceeds the weight.

Economy of Fuel.

THE waste of heat by the escape of unconsumed gases from coal burned in the furnaces commonly in use is excessive, and experiments are constantly being made to secure a more perfect combustion of the fuel to save the heat thrown uselessly up the chimney and to prevent the production of smoke. Among the later and more promising of these experiments is one employing two fires, one fire designed as a gas-producer, and the other as a gas-consumer. This double fire system, or twin furnace, has been applied to steam-boilers, and from the reports of experts, it is said to give excellent results. The twin furnace is applied to horizontal tubular boilers, either by placing a fire-box at each end of the boiler or side by side at one end. By the first plan, the boiler is set in brick-work, with a fire-box at each end, and with a bridge between them, precisely as if a second fire-box was placed in the empty space behind the bridge of an ordinary boiler. The doors for the two fires are at the side, and the chimney is at the opposite side, half-way between the ends of the boiler. The flues of the boiler open at each end into a chamber that communicates, by means of a flue over the top of the boiler, with the chimney. Fire-brick doors, or horizontal dampers, are hung on rods in these chambers, and by means of chains and suitable lifting apparatus they may be raised or lowered so as to close or open traps or doors at the top and bottom of these chambers, the dampers being so arranged that while the top or bottom of one chamber is open, the top or bottom of the other chamber is closed. A movement of the apparatus reverses this, and the position

of the dampers is changed. In operating the twin furnace, a fire is started, say, in the rear or left-hand fire-box. The flue-door is open next the fire, and the smoke and unconsumed gas pass into the rear chamber, and as the damper above is closed, they pass through the flues to the front chamber and thence upward into the chimney. When the fire is bright, the dampers are reversed, and the front fire is started. The smoke and unconsumed gas, finding no escape through the chamber, pass over the bridge into the rear fire-box. Here the unconsumed gas meets the hot air from the first fire that is now at a white-heat, and at once takes fire and is consumed as it flows on into the flues toward the chimney. This process continues till the rear fire needs more fuel, when the position of the dampers is reversed. Fresh coal is put on the rear fire, and the unconsumed gas turns to the right or toward the front over the bridge and sweeps over the front fire that is now burning brightly. The gas, supplied with fresh hot air, breaks into flame as before, and flows on into the front chamber, and thence through the boiler flues from front to back (right to left) to the chimney. When, in turn, the front fire needs replenishing, the dampers are changed again, the current of the products of combustion is reversed, and the two furnaces change duties, one making gas, the other consuming it. Another form of twin furnace has the two fire-boxes placed side by side at the front, the space under the boiler being divided by a brick wall extending the whole length of the boiler. In this form of furnace, a single damper of fire-brick, pivoted at one end, is placed between the two fires so that it may be shut down over either one at will. The fire being started in one of the fire-boxes, the smoke and unconsumed gas pass backward under the boiler to the rear and through an opening in the dividing-wall to the opposite side of the boiler, thence along the outside to the front again. Here the damper is open, and the gases move through the other fire-box to the flues of the boiler, and thence to the chimney in the usual manner. When the fire is burning brightly, the position of the damper is changed, and the second is started. The gas from this fire passes backward under the boiler, forward along the side, and then through the first fire. Here the unconsumed gas and smoke meet with fresh supplies of hot air and are immediately burned. When the first fire needs more fuel, the process of gas-making and burning begins again in the other direction. This novel form of furnace presents features of practical value as a gas-consuming furnace and fuel economizer. The waste of fuel and heat in ordinary furnaces results from the escape of gas driven off and sent up the chimney before it can be ignited. By passing it over a second fire, where fresh supplies of highly heated air are combined with flame, it is set on fire and consumed before escaping to the open air. The twin furnace is already in practical operation, and, so far as tried,

is reported to show no smoke at the top of the chimney with Cumberland coal, except for a few seconds, just as fresh fuel is placed on one of the two fires, and except when only one fire is lighted. A decided saving of fuel is also reported.

Memoranda.

A COMBINED scoop and weighing apparatus for the use of tea and sugar dealers has been brought out. The scoop is of the usual form, and has a double stem or handle, one stem sliding within the other. A spring balance is secured within the hollow handle and supporting the inner stem that is attached to the scoop. Friction-rollers are placed on the stem so that it will play freely in the outer handle, and, by means of a spring-catch, the stem may be fixed in any position desired. To use the apparatus, the catch is pressed by the thumb, while the handle is grasped in the hand, and the sugar or other material to be weighed is gathered in the scoop. The scoop is then held upright, the catch is released, and the weight of the scoop is thrown on the spring. By means of a pointer and scale on the handle the weight may then be read. A set-screw is added to the apparatus for compensating for the wear of the spring by usage.

Pæsi, of Italy, recommends the use of perchloride of iron and sea-salt in solution as a tanning liquid. The perchloride of iron has the advantage of being a disinfectant, thus preventing much of the unwholesomeness attending the usual methods of tanning. The solution is reported to tan the hides at a gain of one-half the time needed where bark is used.

A new form of foundations for buildings has been made the subject of some recent experiments. Trenches were cut down to the hard-pan and then filled with water. Sand was then sifted into the water till the trenches were filled with the mingled sand and water, and when the sand had settled into a compact mass concrete was spread over it, and on this the walls were erected.

The gum of the *Prosopis glandulosa* or mesquite of Texas has been examined to test its value as a mucilaginous gum, and it is reported as almost identical in properties with the common gum-arabic. The mesquite is a mimosa, several species of which may be found in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The gum exudes from the stem and branches of the plant, and large quantities of the gum have been gathered and sold within the past season.

In the manufacture of files a new method of making round files has been tried. Fluted bars of steel are twisted in a spiral, and the teeth are cut on the spiral ribs thus formed. The fluting of the file gives a convenient means of clearing away the refuse from the work.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

FABLES "OUT OF THE WORLD."*

The Merchant of Venice.

A VENETIAN merchant who was lolling in the lap of Luxury was accosted upon the Rialto by a Friend who had not seen him for many months. "How is this?" cried the latter; "when I last saw you your Gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own Gondola." "True," replied the Merchant, but since then I have met with serious losses and been obliged to compound with my Creditors for ten Cents on the Dollar.

Moral.—Composition is the Life of Trade.

The Two Turkeys.

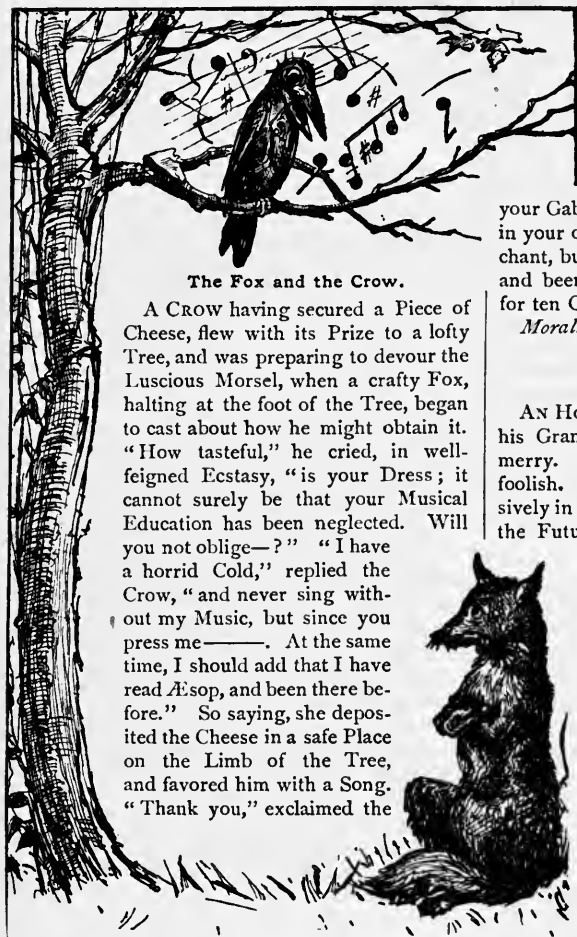
AN HONEST Farmer once led his two Turkeys into his Granary and told them to eat, drink and be merry. One of these Turkeys was wise and one foolish. The foolish Bird at once indulged excessively in the Pleasures of the Stable, unsuspecting of the Future, but the wiser Fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his Flesh and devoted himself to gloomy Reflections upon the brevity of Life. When Thanksgiving approached, the Honest Farmer killed both Turkeys, and by placing a Rock in the interior of the Prudent Turkey made him weigh more than his plumper Brother.

Moral.—As we Travel through Life, Let us Live by the Way.

The Glow-worm and the Famished Nightingale.

A FAMISHED Nightingale, who had been singing to very Thin Houses, chanced to encounter a Glow-worm at Eventide and prepared to make upon him a Light Repast. The unfortunate Lampyrus Splendidula besought the Songster, in the sacred Name of Art, not to quench his Vital Spark, and appealed to his Magnanimity. "The Nightingale who needlessly sets Claw upon a Glow-worm," he said, "is a Being whom it were gross Flattery to term a Luscina Philomela." The Bird, however, turned a deaf Beak to these Appeals and was about to douse the Glim, when the Glow-worm cried out, "Beware, lest I give you the Heartburn; remember how Herod and Luther died of a diet of Glow-worms," and while the Nightingale (who was by no means a bad Bird at Stomach) was considering these Propositions, escaped, hanging out false Lights to baffle his Enemy's Pursuit.

Moral.—Let the Dead Past bury its Dead; Act, act in the Living Present.



The Fox and the Crow.

A CROW having secured a Piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty Tree, and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a crafty Fox, halting at the foot of the Tree, began to cast about how he might obtain it. "How tasteful," he cried, in well-feigned Ecstasy, "is your Dress; it cannot surely be that your Musical Education has been neglected. Will you not oblige—?" "I have a horrid Cold," replied the Crow, "and never sing without my Music, but since you press me——. At the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and been there before." So saying, she deposited the Cheese in a safe Place on the Limb of the Tree, and favored him with a Song. "Thank you," exclaimed the



Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in Quality to the animate Variety.

Moral.—The foregoing Fable is supported by a whole Gatling Battery of *Morals*. We are taught (1) that it Pays to take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not Always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with Contentment is better than No Bread, and (4) that the Aim of Art is to Conceal Disappointment.

The Good Samaritan.

A CERTAIN Man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among Thieves, who beat him and stripped him and left him for dead. A Good Samaritan, seeing this, clapped Spurs to his Ass and galloped away, lest he should be sent to the House of Detention as a Witness while the Robbers were released on Bail.

Moral.—The Perceiver is worse than the Thief.

* Fables by G. Washington Æsop. Taken "Anywhere, anywhere, out of 'The World.'" With illustrations by F. S. Church. New York: "The World," 35 Park Row. 1878. Price, 50 cents. By courtesy of the publisher we are permitted to reproduce some of the fables from this clever little book, with specimens of Mr. Church's illustrations.

The Grasshopper and the Ant.

A FRIVOLOUS Grasshopper, having spent the Summer in Mirth and Revelry, went on the Approach of the inclement Winter to the Ant, and implored it of its charity to stake him. "You had better go to your Uncle," replied the prudent Ant; "had you imitated my Forethought and deposited your Funds in a Savings Bank you would not now be compelled to regard your Duster in the light of an Ulster." Thus saying, the virtuous Ant retired, and read in the Papers next morning that the Savings Bank where he had deposited his Funds had suspended.

Moral.—*Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.*

The Honest Newsboy.

A NEWSBOY was passing along the Street, when he chanced to discover a Purse of Greenbacks. He was at first inclined to conceal it, but, repelling the unworthy Suggestion, he asked a Venerable Man if it was his'n. The Venerable Man looked at it hurriedly, said it was, patted him on the Head, gave him a Quarter, and said he would yet be President. The Venerable Man then hastened away, but was arrested for having Counterfeit Bills in his possession, while the honest Newsboy played penny-ante with his humble Quarter and ran it up to \$2.62.

Moral.—Honesty is Sometimes the Best Policy.

The Socratic Chimpanzee and the Shallow Baboon.

A CHIMPANZEE who had long viewed with Envy the Popularity of a Shallow but Pretentious Baboon, asked him to account for the presence of the Milk in the Cocoa-nut. The Baboon replied that his Questioner believed in the Darwinian Theory that Monkeys degenerated into Men; an answer which so delighted the Spectators that they tore the Chimpanzee into Pieces, while the Baboon's work on the Conflict of Science and Orthodoxy attained a Hundredth Edition.

Moral.—A Hard Question turneth away Argument.

The Prudent Tiger.

A PRUDENT Tiger having observed a Procession bearing the Remains of a Sainted Brahmin to the Tomb, communicated the Intelligence to his Wife, who said, "My dear, we are almost out of Meat, and though the Deceased, from the Austerities of his pious Life, was in poor Condition, I make no Doubt that among his surviving Friends we may encounter others more Succulent." "Miserable Tigress," exclaimed her Lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the Deceased to be canonized, Pilgrimages will be instituted to his Tomb, and the Producer and Consumer will be brought together in accordance with the True Principles of Political Economy? Rather let us, then, offer a Chromo for each new Pilgrim." This prudent Advice being followed, the Tiger enjoyed a Free Breakfast Table to the End of his Days.

Moral.—Beware of Breaking the Egg that Hatches the Golden Goose.



The Hare and the Tortoise.

THE Hare once challenged the Tortoise to a Trial of Speed. The Hare frisked about merrily, paying little attention to his Rival, or jeering him for his Slowness. The Tortoise, however, plodded along steadily and had well-nigh reached the Goal, when the Hare observed his Progress. Away darted the Hare like lightning and won the race.

Moral.—The race is not always to the Slow.

"How Women Love Dress!"

BY W. W. CRANE.

HE sat by a window at twilight,
And placidly puffed his cigar,
He gazed on a neighboring sky-light,
And thought of his bank stock at par.

Two voices came upward, as high as
The place where he sat, from the street;
Two ladies, on "gored" and on "bias,"
Were holding communion sweet.

Then he mused upon feminine folly
And fashion's absurd excess;
And he said with a tone melancholy:
"How women do rave over dress!"

"Just get any two of them started
And they'll talk for a month about clothes."
He spoke like a hero, strong-hearted,
Who all such frivolity loathes.

"And the way they oppress the poor creatures
Who build all those dresses and things!
They'd like to make marks on their features
For a little mistake in the strings."

Here a knock at the door. Then a waiter
And a new suit of garments appear.
"Oh, they've come, have they? Strange they're
not later.
Quick, light up the whole chandelier!"

One glance from a proper position
Suffices their fate to decide;
The linings are only Silesian,
The trowsers a trifle too wide.

"Well, if I don't pitch into that Schindler!
I never did see such a bilk."



THOUGHTFULNESS.

BILLY (who is underneath): "I say, fellers, I guess one of us will have to git off."

Why I *told* the outrageous old swindler
I wanted the linings half silk!

"Oh, hang all the scoundrely tailors!
The collar's a half-inch too high.
The trowsers—They might be a sailor's!
Now *wouldn't* I look like a guy?"

Each glance makes him more and more irate.
"Why, they look even worse from behind!
I'll blow up the sneaking old pirate;
I'll give him a piece of my mind.

"I'm done with the scoundrel, that's certain.
Now, if ever I saw such a sight
May I be eternally ——" (*Curtain!*)
The rest wouldn't suit ears polite.)

De Ole 'Oman an' Me.

WE doesn' live as onst we did:
De grub's done struck a change;
An' when I mentions ash-cake now,
My wife she thinks it strange.

She's got sot-up dese las' few years,
An' wheat-bread's all de go;
But somehow seems I'd like ter tas'e
Some ash-cake pone onst mo'.

De buttermilk has done give way
Ter tea an' coffee now;
"An' 'possum-fat," she always says,
"Is low-flung grub, nohow!"

She doesn' ever foot it now
Like how she used ter do,
But drives my yaller mule ter town,
An' wushes he was two!

She hasn' had a homespun coat
For many a long day,
But w'ars de fines' sort o' clo'es
Made jes de white folks' way.

She doesn' call me "Ichabod"
Or "Ich," or "Ole Fool" now;
An' ef I mentioned "Annikey,"
'Tud sartin raise a row.

'Tis "Mister Brown" an' "Mistis Brown,"
Ontwel it seems ter me
We's done gone changed our natrel selves
F'om what we used ter be.

I knows, beca'se as how Ise tried,
An' never seed it gee,
It's awful hard ter teach new tricks
Ter ole dogs,—sich as me!

Dat broadc'lof coat she made me buy—
It don't feel half so good
As dat ole jeans I used ter w'ar
A-cuttin' marster's wood.

An' beefsteak aint for sich as me
Instid o' 'possum-fat;
An' "Mister Brown" aint "Ichabod"—
I can't git over dat!

So "Mistis Brown" may go ter town
A-drivin' o' dat mule
Jes when she wants; but sartin sho
I aint gwi' play de fool!

An' as for her insistin' how
Dat I should try ter learn
Dem A B C's de chillun reads,—
'Tis no consarn o' hern.

I doesn' keer what grub *she* eats,
Or what she calls herself,
Or ef she has a bofy now
'Stid o' a cupboard-shelf.

I doesn' keer how fine her clo'es
May be, or what's de style;
I'm able for ter pay for dat,
An' has been so some while.

'Tis only one o' all her ways
Dat troubles me, for sho':
I'd like ter eat some 'possum-fat
An' ash-cake pone onst mo'!

A. C. GORDON.

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DEER-HUNTING ON THE AU SABLE.



A GENERAL SURPRISE.

AN invitation to a few weeks' deer-shooting in the wilds of Michigan was not to be foregone. There had been occasional rumors heard in the East of the winter sports of the Michigan backwoods; rumors that had lost none of their attractiveness by their

journey from the West, and which served to make the opportunity, when it did arrive, wholly irresistible. I was to join a party of gentlemen, who for several years have hunted upon the Au Sable River in northern Michigan, upon one of their annual trips;

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UP SAGINAW BAY.

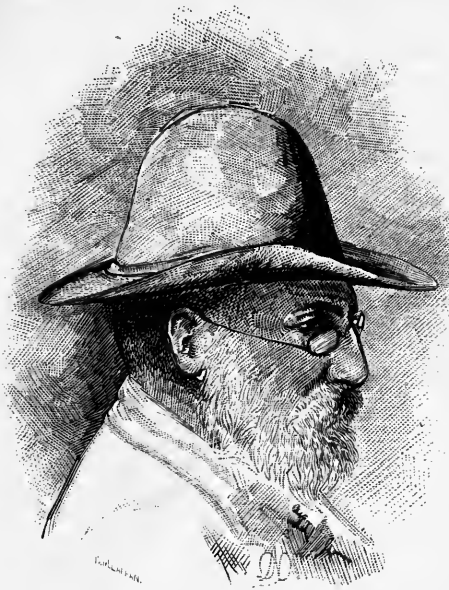
and we were all to meet upon an appointed day at Bay City, which is at the head, if head it can be called, of Saginaw Bay. Our route thence was by steamer to Tawas, and from Tawas by teams to the hunting-grounds in the Michigan backwoods.

The steamboat wharf at Bay City was full of bustle and activity. There were piles of baggage and numbers of anxious owners. Conspicuous among the parcels were the gun-cases, some made of new pig leather or water-proofing, and evidently out for the first time, and others of weatherworn aspect telling of many a campaign and of much serious usage. Every object upon the wharf and about the freight office to which a dog could be tied had a dog tied to it, and all these dogs were rearing, and plunging; and tugging at their chains and giving vent to occasional sharp yells, in a condition of great excitement—a feeling more or less shared by the numerous higher animals who were present. The crowd was composed of hunting parties bound for the backwoods by way of the various settlements on the Lake Huron side of the Michigan peninsula; of lumbermen going to the camps; of farmers going home, and of the usual variety of more or less accentuated Western types. There was a good deal of confusion about it, and among it all our party met, and, after a few moments of spasmodic and pleasant welcome, and the interchange of hearty greetings, got on board the

steamer. Our dogs, twelve in number, were safely bestowed between decks, and as remotely from the dogs of other people as possible; all our baggage was put away, nothing missing or forgotten, and we moved off from the wharf with that sense of entire comfort that is incident only to well-ordered and properly premeditated excursions.

We had a delightful run up Saginaw Bay on a beautiful October evening, on which the sun went down with one of those gorgeous displays of color which England's most eminent art critic has told us are seen but very seldom in a life-time. It was an impressive and singularly beautiful spectacle, but one of which our West is prodigal, and which is not consistent with insular conditions of fog and moisture. A note of admiration sounded within the captain's hearing had the effect of eliciting his practical valuation of it. "Humph!" he said, "rain like blazes all day to-morrow." It was a matter of common regret that the barometric impressions of this worthy navigator were invariably correct. We made some stoppages at points upon the shore, where seemingly unaccountable wharves projected from the outskirts of desolation. At these we took off people who might have been fugitives from some new Siberia, and debarked people who might have been exiles going thither. But at half-past eight o'clock we reached East Tawas, where, as the boat came alongside, we were cheerily hailed out of the darkness by a mighty hunter of the wilderness named Curtis, who had come down with his stout team to meet us and help to carry our multifarious traps. We disembarked amid a dreadful howling of the dogs, who charged about in every direction, dragging their masters in the darkness over all manner of calamitous obstructions, regardless of kicks, cuffs or vigorous exhortation. In half an hour we were comfortably ensconced in an inn with an enormous landlord, whose mighty girth shook with unctuous premonitions of an excellent supper. He produced half of a deer slain that very day, and gave us an earnest of our coming sport in the shape of a vast quantity of broiled venison, all of which we dutifully ate.

Our captain, for we had a captain, as every well-constituted hunting party should, was Mr. John Erwin, of Cleveland, a gentleman at whose door lies the death of a grievous quantity of game of all kinds, and whose seventy years seem to have imparted vigor and activity to a yet stalwart and sym-



OUR CAPTAIN.

metrical frame. Hale, hearty, capable of enduring all manner of fatigue, unerring with his rifle, full of the craft of the woods and an inexhaustible fund of kindly humor, he was the soul of our party. We were under his orders the next day, and so remained until our hunt was over. He was implicitly obeyed; none of his orders were unpleasant; they simply implied the necessary discipline of the party. We left Tawas in the early morning. We had two wagons, one of which carried nine of us, the other, Curtis's, had the heavier baggage in it, and was accompanied by the remaining three on foot. They had the option of getting into the wagon by turns, if tired, but they were all good walkers. We had twenty-five miles to make to "Thomp-

is nothing particularly exhilarating in driving in a drenching rain, even when it is done under particularly favorable auspices. There was some novelty for one, to be sure, in the great wastes of scrub-oak, the groups of stout Norway pines, the glistening white birch, the maples, the spruce-pines and the beeches; in the impenetrable jungles of tangled undergrowth and in the iteration and re-iteration of landscapes with no landmark or peculiarity whereby one might distinguish one from the other. All this was in one sense a novelty, inasmuch as one might never have seen anything like it before, but the enjoyment of it, were it really susceptible of being enjoyed, was marred by the steadiness with which the cold rain beat in our faces; extinguishing cigars and making pipes a doubtful blessing; drenching everything exposed to it, and imparting that peculiar chill to which mind and body are alike liable under such conditions. One of our party, a veritable Mark Tapley, who was sure to "come out strong" under the most discouraging conditions, whistled fugitive airs in a resolute way; but they got damp and degenerated into funereal measures, suggesting that possibly the Dead March in "Saul" was originally conceived in a spirit of inferior vivacity or sprightly insincerity and becoming wet had been recognized as a thing of merit, and had therefore been permanently saturated for use on occasions of public grief. Another dispiriting element was the road, of which a large part was what is known as "corduroy," from some obscure resemblance, which does not exist, between its structure and a certain well-known fabric affected by "horsey" gentlemen. The jolting we got over this was painful to a degree which it is disagreeable to recall. It jarred



THOMPSON'S.

son's," where we were to halt for the night, and on the following day proceed leisurely to Camp Erwin, six miles further. As we left Tawas it rained, according to our nautical prophet of the previous evening, and it continued to rain during the entire day. There

every bone in one's body, and embittered the whole aspect of life. It alternated with a series of diabolical mud-holes, into which we dived, and rocked, and swayed, and splashed interminably. Bunyan's Slough of Despond is all very well in its way, but the possibili-



OUR BACKWOODSMAN.

ties of figurative description of that kind are as a closed book to one who has never ridden on a corduroy road in a wagon with inferior springs. At last we emerged on a higher plateau of sand, and left the marsh behind us for good. The rain had become a milder and tolerable evil, compared to the swamp road. All was sand, but the wet made it "pack" beneath the horses' feet and the wheels, and we went over it at an excellent pace. Around us was the Michigan forest in all its wonderful variety of growth and richness, and in all its drear monotony and desolation. Grass there was in tufts, and thin and poor. Thick gray lichens and starving mosses strove to cover up the thankless sand, but nothing seemed to prosper in it but the trees for which it held mysterious sustenance, where their deep roots could reach it. But even they made an unlovely forest. The great fires that sweep across this region, leave hideous scars behind them. One sees for miles and miles the sandy plain covered with the charred trunks of the fallen forest. Great lofty pines, whose stems are blackened from the root as high as the fire has reached, huge, distorted and disfigured, stand gloomily above their moldering brethren, their white skeletons extending their dead and broken arms, in mute testimony of lost grace and beauty. Nothing could be more desolate than these "burnings," as they are called. They present an aspect of such utter, hopeless dreariness, and such complete and painful solitude as one might imagine to exist only within the frozen circle of the Arctic.

The rain continued and wet us until we began to get on good terms with it, as if we were Alaskans or Aleuts and rather liked it. Besides, we got stirred up over the deer tracks in the sand. They were very numerous and fresh, and one or two rifles were loaded in hopes of a shot at one "on the wing." None came in sight, however, and the undergrowth and scrub-oaks effectually kept them from our view.

At half-past one o'clock, after a few premonitory symptoms in the shape of fences, of which the purpose was obscure, since they hedged in nothing and looked as if they had only been put up for fun or practice, we came suddenly to the edge of a basin or depression in the plateau over which we had been driving, and there, beneath us, lay Thompson's. Here in the midst of the wilderness was a prosperous, healthy-looking farm, actually yielding vegetables and cereals, and having about it all manner of horses, cows, pigs, hay-stacks, barns, dogs to bark, pumpkins, and all the other established characteristics of a well-regulated farm. We rattled down the declivity to the house and met with a hearty welcome, most of the party having known Thompson for years. He is a bluff, hearty backwoodsman, whom years of uninterrupted prosperity have made rich. He owns thousands of acres of timberland, and his house is known far and wide as the best hotel in Michigan. Mrs. Thompson is not exactly a backwoods-



IT MUST BE IN THE CLIMATE.

woman; indeed, she is quite as much of a surprise to one as is the place itself. She is an excellent lady; and her refining influence has been felt in a very marked degree in that wild region. She can shoot, though. Indeed, she handles a rifle with the greatest coolness and skill,—thinks nothing of knocking over a deer, and confesses to aspirations in the direction of bear. Mr. Thompson's welcome in the course of an hour took a practical form, when we all sat down to a magnificent roast of venison, broiled chick-

(this in the heart of a Michigan wilderness!) ditto, and everything just as it should be, and just as one would least have expected to find it.

Thompson's hands came in the evening,—Canadians for the most part, and talking an inexplicable jargon called French. Re-enforced by a few lumbermen and trappers, they filled the big, dimly lighted room which would be ordinarily called the bar-room, but which, having no bar, owing to Mrs. Thompson's way of inculcating temperance princi-



CAMP ERWIN.

ens, and the most delicious of vegetables, for it seems that when one does get a bit of Michigan land which will consent to be cultivated, it turns out to be remarkably good land indeed. There were great glass pitchers of excellent milk upon the table, similar pitchers of real cream, and everything was neatly served. The table-cloth was fine and of snowy whiteness, the napkins

ples, cannot so be called. They were noisy, well-behaved, and good-humored, and they crowded around the stove, and bedewed it pleasantly and copiously with infusion of Virginia plug. There was a great deal of talk about lumber; how many feet such and such an one expected to "get out;" where such and such camps were about to be located; the prospect of sufficient snow

to move the heavy lumber-sleighs, and a variety of topics that had more or less sawdust in their composition. They spoke with loud, individual self-assertion, and there was a curious touch of defiance in every sentence that involved a direct proposition. This

state. We could not meet a man in the country all about that had ever seen a small deer. The word fawn, from desuetude, will be dropped from their language. It was always "the blankest biggest buck! blank me!" or "the blank, blankest blank of a blank of a blank doe! running like blank and blankation for the blank river!" That was all we could ever get; and when perchance one of these identical, peculiarly qualified animals happened to be shot, the speaker stood wholly unabashed and unconscious in the presence of his refutation. It must be in the climate.

We left Thompson's hospitable place the next morning after an early breakfast. Curtis and his team carried all our traps, and after a tramp of two hours or so over the wet sand and through the desolate "burnings," we arrived at Camp Erwin. It is a deserted logging camp. The building on the left in the little sketch I have made is a rickety old barn; that behind it is a blacksmith's shop, and the remaining house is that in which we had our quarters. It contains, on the upper floor, one large and finely ventilated apartment; and below, the kitchen, dining and "living" room and two small bedrooms. One of these was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William Bamfield,



ON THE AU SABLE.

quality of their speech, coupled with a degree of profanity which was simply startling in its originality, its redundancy, and its obscurity of purpose, made a stranger feel as if a fight might occur at any moment. But there is no danger of anything of the kind. They live in this atmosphere of exploitation and brag, with entire amicability and good nature, and only fight when the camps break up and the men are paid off. Then they congregate at the lake settlements and elsewhere, and get frightfully drunk for weeks, and shoot and stab with a liberality and self-abnegation that suggest that they ought to have a literature built for them like that which a kind and artistic hand has so deftly erected for the favored miner of the Pacific slope.

A curious effect which this native windiness produces upon the stranger who comes to hunt is, that after a week of it he finds himself impelled to the conclusion: that he has shot the only small deer there are in the

the latter of whom had engaged to cook for our party, while the former, a stalwart and extraordinarily powerful backwoodsman, chopper and blacksmith, "assisted," and made himself indispensable by his general handiness and utility, his readiness to do anything and everything, his good-humor and his entire novelty. Recurring to my sketch again; the stream in the foreground flows a mile away into the Au Sable (pronounced up here Sawble, the Au, too, being generally dropped), and around the house, as far as one may see, is the everlasting "burning." In summer all is dry, yellow sand; in winter, a mantle of snow sometimes covers it charitably, and conceals some of the blackness and deformity of the dead pines.

The first day in camp was devoted to unpacking our traps and provisions, filling our ticks with straw, disposing handily of our various knickknacks, overhauling the rifles, and wasting ammunition under excuse



HEAD OF CERVUS VIRGINIANUS.

of getting one's hand in. My share being accomplished at noon, some of us started down to take a look at the Au Sable River. After a walk of fifteen minutes or so, we came out of the forest abruptly on the edge of a high sand-bluff, and there it lay about one hundred and fifty feet below us. It came around a short bend above; it swept around another in front of us, and below us it wound around a third. Its waters were the color of dark-brown sherry, and its current was silent, swift and powerful. Beyond, the bank was low, and the forest stretched back over successions of slightly rising plateaus to the horizon. Here and there one could see the scars of the fires, and a sinuous track of the darkest foliage revealed the tortuous course of the Au Sable. This description would seem to apply well enough to the sketch I have made, but it was taken from a higher bluff some few miles further down the river. From any similar elevation upon its banks the scene would be the same. Say that the river gains in volume as it travels, its scenery throughout almost its entire length does not vary. It is a succession of interminable twists and turns past high or low bluffs of sand, long reaches of "cedar-swamp," and "sweepers" innumerable. This singular river is one that knows neither droughts nor freshets, which is always cold, but never freezes, and which will always preserve its wildness and its desolation, since, in the future, the wilderness through which it flows will be even wilder and more desolate than it is now.

The first evening in camp, around the council-lamp, was spent in discussing the prospects of the morrow, in shooting over again all the deer that had been shot upon previous occasions, in comparing the target shooting of the day, and in the assignment by the captain of each man to his position

on the river. Curtis and two of our party were to "put out the dogs," and the rest were to be stationed at the different runways. This explains the method of hunting. The river for a certain number of miles was divided into run-ways or points at which deer, when hard pressed by the dogs, would probably take to the water and afford a chance for a shot. The dogs, twelve in number, were divided among those who were to have charge of them for the day, and they took them in various directions into the forest. When a fresh and promising track was discovered, a dog was let loose upon it, or perhaps two dogs, and the deer, after a run of greater or less duration, took to the river in order to elude pursuit. If it went in at a guarded runway, it stood an excellent chance of being shot; but, of course, a large majority of the deer driven in entered the river above or below, or crossed it shortly after reaching it.

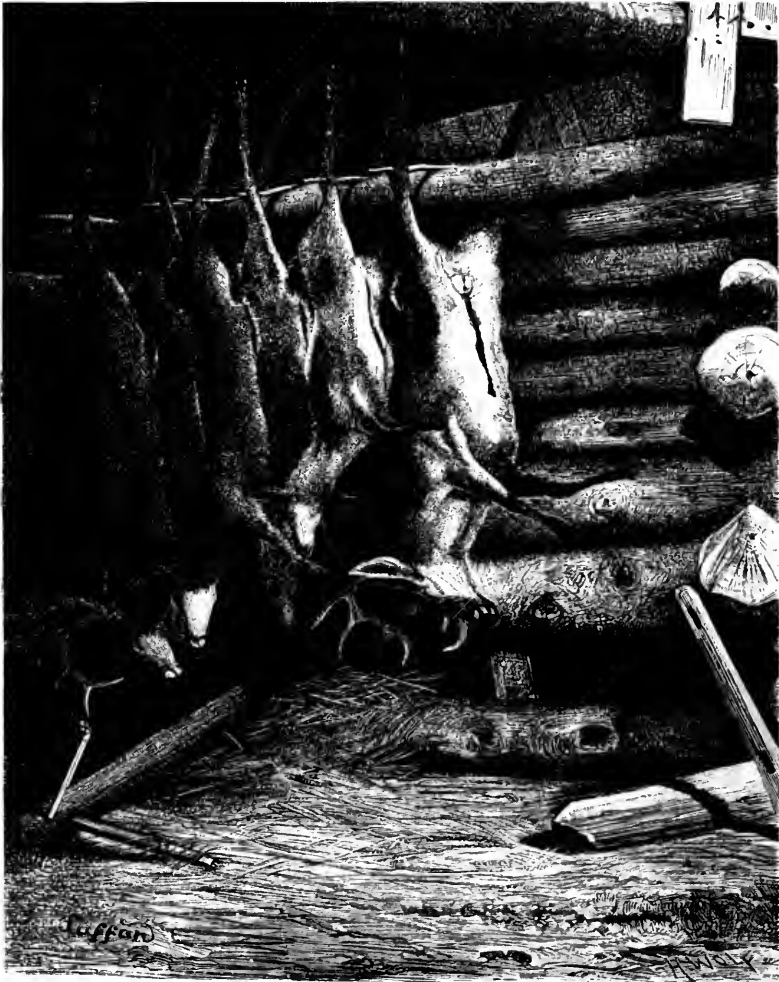
A tick filled with straw and laid upon the floor makes an excellent bed, and sportsmen's consciences are always good, for they sleep with exceeding soundness. The ventilation of the apartment was generous in the extreme. The roof was tight, but all around were the open chinks between the logs, and through these the stars could be seen by anybody that had nothing better to do than



A TALE OF LOVE, JEALOUSY AND DEATH.

look at them. Up through the middle of the floor and out through a big hole at the ridge-pole went the stove-pipe, always hot enough to worry an insurance man, and an excellent spot to hang wet clothes. Elsewhere it was as cold as charity, and I supplemented my blankets with my heavy frieze ulster, and went asleep to dream of giant bucks and a rifle that wouldn't go off.

grouse exist in great numbers. The elk has almost wholly disappeared from the peninsula, but I heard that some were occasionally found in the extreme northern portion, and I saw a magnificent pair of antlers, having a spread of nearly six feet, which a half-breed had found imbedded in the trunk of a cedar-tree. The skin of the head and the greater portion of the skull were attached,



HUNG UP.

The Michigan forests abound in a variety of game, but the animals that are valued for their fur have been thinned out by trappers, who, in turn, have disappeared to newer hunting-fields. One still finds the beaver, marten, fisher, lynx and others. Bears are quite numerous, and there are plenty of wolves. Rabbits and Arctic hares and ruffed

the remainder having been torn away and scattered by wolves. The deer of the region is the *Cervus Virginianus*, or common deer of America, which is distributed over such a large area of our continent. It probably attains its greatest weight in Michigan. I learned from credible sources of bucks which weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds

Judge John Dean Caton, in his admirable work on the deer and antelope of America, speaks of having killed a buck in Wisconsin that was estimated to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, and adds that the largest common deer of which he had any authentic account was killed in Michigan and weighed, undressed, two hundred and forty-six pounds. Of the deer killed by our party, there were no less than three that weighed over two hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is the most beautiful of the *cervidae*, and in its graceful carriage, its exquisite agility, and the delicacy and symmetry of its form, no other animal approaches it. It varies somewhat, of course; but the buck with the shorter legs, the rounded and compact body, the tapering nose and the well-erected, open antlers is the proudest and handsomest animal of the forest. The eye of the deer is large, and has the softest and most tender of expressions. The marked convexity of the ball, the deep, calm and gentle radiance of the iris, and the length of the shadow-line from the lamer to the posterior angle of the lids make up the more obvious anatomy of this amiability. In the rutting season, which occurs during the earlier part of the winter, the bucks discard their gentleness in a great measure and fight in the fiercest way. It is doubtful if they ever kill or seriously injure each other, formidable as their antlers are when they have sharpened and polished them by persistent rubbing against the bark of young trees. They charge at each other, head down, and meet with a crash, and then stand or walk round and round in a circle with interlocked antlers swaying to and fro and moodily watching each other's every movement. They continue at this sort of thing for hours, and superior prowess is more a matter of endurance and pertinacity than anything else. It would seem that the buck that holds out the longer completely wears out and exhausts his antagonist, who then withdraws and leaves him victor,—whereby Mr. Darwin holds that in the stronger and more favored males carrying off the females and begetting offspring possessed, by heredity and otherwise, of the same characteristics, we find an explanation of the origin of species. The argument finds a strong illustration in the case of the deer, and back-woodsmen say that the younger and weaker males go unmated and are constantly being pursued and driven about by the stronger and older bucks. Some of these combats between the bucks result in mutual disaster when the antlers interlock and they are



RATHER UNEXPECTED.

unable to withdraw from each other. They probably could if they made the effort at once, but they butt and push at each other, and each so studiously avoids giving the other an opening that both are too exhausted to make the effort at separation, and there they remain until the wolves arrive on the scene and close the drama. Our back-woodsmen had recently found two bleached skulls with antlers fast in each other's embrace, mutely telling a dark tale of love, jealousy, and a wedding unavoidably postponed. The fawns, betraying by their spots a former characteristic of their species, are timid, pretty little things. They do not seem to have the instinct which leads the adult animal to the water when pursued, and consequently when a dog gets on the scent of a fawn, he will hunt it bootlessly for hours, to the great annoyance of his master. A young fawn, just born, knows no fear of man. If picked up, fondled a few minutes, and carried a little distance, it will, when put down, follow one just as it would its mother.

A tremendous uproar awoke me at the moment when for the hundredth time my rifle had exasperated me. It was Mr. B., shouting, "Breakfast! breakfast! Turn out for breakfast! The captain's up and waiting!" It was half-past four, and everybody woke up at the summons, as was indeed unavoidable. There was a scratching of matches and a discordant chorus of those sounds which people make when they are forcibly

awakened and made to get up in the cold, unusual morning. Down-stairs there was a prodigious sizzling and sputtering going on, and the light through the chinks in the floor betrayed Mrs. Bamfield and her frying-pans and coffee-pot, all in full blast. Somebody projected his head through an immature window into the outer air and brought it in again to remark that it rained. A second observation made it rain and snow, and rain and snow it was,—a light, steady fall of both. We were all down-stairs in a few minutes and outside making a rudimentary toilet with ice-water and a bar of soap. Breakfast was ready,—plenty of rashers of bacon, fried and boiled potatoes, fried onions, bread and butter, and coffee, hot and strong. These were speedily disposed of. Coats were buttoned up, rubber blankets and ammunition belts slung over shoulders, cartridge magazines filled, hatchets stuck into belts, rifles shouldered, and out we sallied into the darkness through which the faintest glimmer of gray was just showing in the east. Half an hour or so later, by the time we had gotten to our runways, the dogs would be put out. Off we trudged over the wet, packed sand of the tote-road, the gray dawn breaking dimly through the wilderness. Leaving the road, we struck into the pines, and a walk of a mile through the thick sweet-fern, which drenched one to the waist, brought us to the edge of the cedar swamp by the river. The narrow belt of low bottom-land on each side of the river is called Cedar Swamp. It is a jungle through which it is extremely difficult to progress, and in which one may very readily lose one's bearings. Great cedars grow in it up to the water's edge and as thickly as they can well stand. Among them lie fallen trees in every stage of decay, heaped one upon another in inextricable and

hopeless ruin and confusion. There are leaning cedars that have partly toppled over and rested against their stouter fellows, and there are cedars that seem to have fallen and only partly risen again. Their trunks run for several feet along the ground and then stretch up toward the light, in a vain effort to become erect once more. These trunks and all the fallen giants are covered with a thick carpet of the softest moss; everything, in fact, is covered with it, and here and there it opens, and down in the rich mold is a glimpse of a bright little, wine-colored, trickling stream stealing in and out among the cedar roots and losing itself in miniature tunnels and caverns on its way to the river outside. One's foot-fall is noiseless, except when a branch beneath the moss breaks, and the sunlight struggles but feebly down through the trunks and dense foliage above. Sometimes the walking is treacherous, and the giant forms that lie about are hollow mockeries and deceptions beneath their pretty wrapping of green. Standing upon one of these and doubtful whether to adventure a leap or more circumspectly climb to my next vantage point, I executed a sudden disappearance, much after the fashion of a harlequin in a pantomime. A hole opened beneath my feet and I shot through that hollow shell



UNDER THE CEDARS.

into the swamp beneath, leaving my broad-brimmed hat to cover the aperture by which I made my exit.

After a couple of hundred yards of climb, crawl, and tumble through one of these swamps, my companion took his place under the shelter of the cedars and indicated mine at a little distance up the river. It was one of the best of our runways,—a long stretch of open bank, where the cedar swamp did not reach the river's edge. I got there, took my stand, and indulged in expectation. The exertion of getting through the swamp had warmed me uncomfortably, but I soon ceased to regard that as an objection. The place was exposed; there was no shelter; the cold wind and the driving snow and rain had it all their own way with me. My hands became numb, and the metal of my rifle stung them. I did not put on my heavy gloves, lest a deer should come and they should prove an awkward impediment. I stood my rifle against a tree, stuck them in my pockets, and watched the river, while my teeth chattered like miniature castanets. The wind howled down through the trees, and clouds of yellow and russet leaves came sailing into the river and hurried away upon its surface. I was undeniably, miserably cold. But hark! I seized my rifle. Yes, there it was, sure enough, the bay of a dog in the distance! I forgot to be cold. Nearer it came, and nearer and nearer, and each moment I thought would bring the deer crashing through the thickets into the river. Nearer and nearer the dogs came, until their deep bays resounded and echoed through the forest as if they were in a great hall. But no deer appeared, and the dogs held their course, on, down, parallel with the river. "Better luck next time," I said to myself, somewhat disconsolately; but I was disappointed. Presently the sharp, ringing crack of a rifle rang out and reverberated across the forest; another and another followed, and as I began to get cold again, I tried to console myself by meditating on the luck of other people. I stamped my feet; I did the London cabman's exercise with my hands and arms; I drew beads on all manner of objects; but steadfastly I watched the river, and steadfastly I listened for the dogs. The snow and rain abated, and the hours went by; and stiff and chilled was I when, at half-past twelve, young Curtis's canoe came poling up the river to pick up deer if any had been shot above and had lodged in the drift-wood, instead of floating down to his watching-place, three miles below. The dogs were all in, he said, and the doctor had shot a big buck and a fawn.

At camp the doctor was the center of an animated circle. He was most unreasonably composed, as I thought, and told us, with his German equanimity, how Jack and Pedro had run in a large buck which immediately



ON THE RUNWAY.

swam down the middle of the river. He fired from his place on the side of a bluff and missed. At the second shot he succeeded in hitting the deer in the neck just below the mastoid something or other. As if this were not sufficient, there presently appeared and crossed the river a very pretty fawn, whose young hopes were promptly blighted. They said it was not always that the first day yielded even one deer, and it was an excellent augury. During the afternoon, Curtis brought both deer up to camp and dressed them. The buck was



A YOUNG BACKWOODSMAN.

finely antlered, and was estimated to weigh over two hundred pounds.

The next day I was appointed to the same runway, and I took my stand and, acting on the advice of the others, built a brave little fire. Deer being driven into the river or swimming down it pay no attention to a small fire, and the making of it and the keeping it alive furnish excellent occupation. Indeed, there is something quite fascinating about building a fire in the woods, and it is quite inexplicable what a deep concern all the little details of its combustion create in even really thoughtful minds. My fire burned cheerily and blew lots of sharp smoke into my eyes, with the aid of the fitful wind; but I was not called upon to shoot any deer. I did not even hear the dogs, and at two o'clock I went home to camp persuaded that I had not yet learned to appreciate our style of hunting. Our captain had a handsome young buck and was in a wholly comfortable frame of mind.

We had a larded saddle of venison during the afternoon for dinner. It was flanked by a dish of steaming bacon and cabbage, and quantities of mealy potatoes and fried onions. The fragrance that filled the air

of the cabin surpassed the most delicate of vapors that ever escaped from one of Delmonico's covers and we fell upon the table with appetites like that of the gifted ostrich. The air of the Sable would be worth any amount of money in New York.

The next day I passed in a meditative fashion on my runway. I was not disturbed by any deer, but Mr. M. and Mr. B. each scored one. The next evening, one of the dogs, foot-sore and worn out, remained in the woods. His master and one other sallied out into the inky darkness to look for him at points near which they deemed it probable he would have lain down. They took a lantern, without which it would have been impossible to walk, and after a fruitless search, extending to a distance of three miles or so, turned back. Suddenly they heard light footfalls in the tote-road, and with two or three beautiful bounds, a young doe alighted within the circle illuminated by the lantern, approached it in wide-eyed wonder and almost touched it with her nose. A young spike-horn buck followed her and both stared at the light, their nostrils dilated and quivering, and every limb trembling with mingled excitement and fear. There was an exclamation that could not be suppressed, a vain effort to shoot, and the deer



A CLEAN SHOT.

were gone like a flash into the darkness. It was curious to hear both gentlemen, on returning to camp, protesting that to have shot deer under such circumstances would have been wholly unsportsmanlike.

It was upon my sixth day, when a dozen deer were hanging in the barn and I, quite guiltless of the death of even one of them, had gone to the river. The hours passed tediously up to noon, when I heard a splash and saw a deer take the water 300 yards or so above me. She was a large doe, and came down the middle of the river swimming rapidly, and looking anxiously from side to side. I felt unutterable things, and just as she got abreast of me I brought up my Winchester and fired. She sank, coming up again some little distance down, and floated quietly away out of my sight around the bend. This performance produced a sense of pleasant inflation. All my fears were dispelled and I felt a keen desire for the presence of others to whom to impart the agreeable fact. It was one of those things about which one always feels as if he could not, unaided, sufficiently gloat upon it. At half-past twelve, the canoe came around the bend, and I prepared to be indifferent, as should become a person who could shoot deer every day if only he were so minded. Strange, I thought, that the legs do not project over the side of the canoe, and how is it that—At this moment the canoe gave a lurch, and I saw young Curtis's coat with painful distinctness lying in the bottom of it,—nothing else. I immediately inferred that he had missed the deer among some drift-logs as he came up. He protested he had not, but agreed to go back and search. I went with him and just a few yards around the bend we found in the oozy bank tracks which indicated that the animal had fallen to its knees in leaving the water, and up the bank to the top a trail marked with blood. The remarks of Mr. Curtis, though fluent and vigorous, were inadequate to the occasion. I was in a condition of unbounded exasperation. For a little distance through the grass and the bushes the

marks could be seen plainly enough, but there they disappeared and that was the last I saw of my deer. The captain put two dogs out on the trail that afternoon, but the wounded animal had probably died in some dense thicket, for they soon returned without having run any great distance. Four fine deer were killed the next day, without any participation upon my part, and in the evening some of us with lanterns went



A TORCH OF THE AU SABLE.

down to the river to secure one that had lodged somewhere in the drift-wood. We found it by the light of the birch-bark. As we made our way along the bank, our backwoodsman would pick out here and there a large white birch and apply a match to the curling ringlets of bark at the foot of its trunk. In a minute the whole stem of the tree was in a roaring blaze that lit up the river bank all round about and made the great cedars look like gigantic skeletons. Each birch was a brilliant spectacle, while it burned in a crackling, sparkling column

of flame, sending showers of sparks through the forest and then dying out in an angry red, and a cloud of murky smoke. Our deer was found, dressed, and hung up on a dead cedar, out of the reach of predatory animals, and we went home to camp by the light of our lanterns.

Next morning I was at my place, still unsubdued and hopeful. I heard a shot fired on the river below me; I heard the baying of the dogs and listened to it as it died away in the direction of



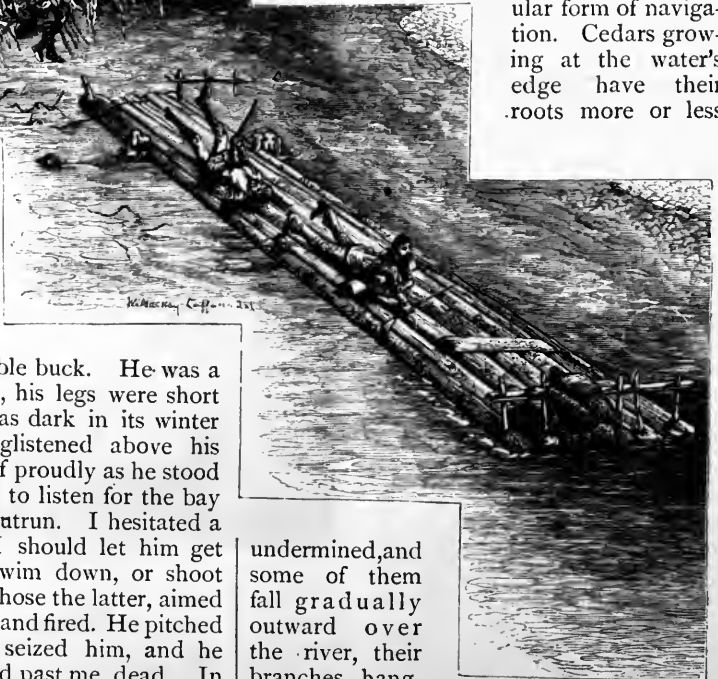
some other runway. But I watched steadily. And as I watched I saw the brush about some cedar roots open, and out there sprang into the shallow water a noble buck. He was a stalwart, thickset fellow, his legs were short and compact, his fur was dark in its winter hue, and his antlers glistened above his head. He bore himself proudly as he stood in the water and turned to listen for the bay of the dogs he had outrun. I hesitated a moment, doubtful if I should let him get into the stream and swim down, or shoot at him as he stood. I chose the latter, aimed quietly and confidently, and fired. He pitched forward; the current seized him, and he floated down with it and past me, dead. In eight minutes, by my watch, Mr. M.'s "Jack" came to the bank, at the spot where the buck had come in and howled grievously over the lost scent. He was worn out and battered, and he came to me gladly when I called him. I had brought some luncheon down with me that morning, and I must confess that I was weak enough to give Jack every bit of it.

That afternoon when I reached camp, I found that I was the last to come in, and that my buck had already been seen and his size noted. I was received with acclamations, and a proposition to gird me, as a measure of affected precaution, with the hoops of a flour-barrel, was made and partly carried into execution. There were sung, moreover, sundry snatches of the forester's chorus from "As you Like It:"

"What shall he have that killed the deer?"

Of the Au Sable as a navigable river, I am pained to state that I cannot speak in a way calculated to allure people thither for the purpose of sailing upon it. Three of us were induced by our backwoodsman to embark upon a raft and make a run of fifteen miles to Thompson's. We did so, and failed to acquire upon the journey any marked prejudice in

favor of that particular form of navigation. Cedars growing at the water's edge have their roots more or less



undermined, and some of them fall gradually outward over the river, their branches hanging in the current and becoming denuded of their foliage or dying. The trunk or stem of the tree is in some cases parallel with the water's surface, and in others it dips below it or inclines gradually upward from it. These trees have been named, with a nice sense of the fitness of terms, "sweepers." We found them such. Our raft was guided

THE BEAUTIES OF RAFTING.

by poles, one aft and the other forward. A vigorous use of these might have had something to do with determining the course of the craft, but one was dropped and another broken, and she forthwith proceeded to work her sweet will of us. She seemed possessed of a mischievous intelligence, and if an obstruction came in view, made directly for it. There was generally room for her to pass beneath a "sweeper," which she always did; but it was different with the passengers, who, with a couple of unhappy dogs, were rasped from one end of her to the other, sometimes into the water, and sometimes only half into it, but always holding on to the logs with grim desperation. It was only by a united effort that the runaway was ultimately turned into the fence, so to speak, and held there long enough for us to jump off.

When the day arrived for breaking up camp, we had hung up in our barn twenty-three deer, my buck being accorded the place of honor at the head of the line. Our dogs were in, looking, it is true, rather the worse for wear, but all there, which is something unusual at the end of a hunt in this part of the country. The fact is, the natives discourage hunting with dogs, if not, indeed, all hunting in which they themselves do not participate. They place meat which contains strychnine on the deer-paths, and also, when occasion offers, shoot the dogs. A party of gentlemen from Bay City came into our neighborhood, a few days later than we did. They contemplated a three-weeks' hunt, but during the first three days had two dogs

shot and three poisoned. They were discouraged, and left, their leader, Colonel Fitzhugh, offering three hundred dollars reward to any one who should afford him a few minutes' conversation with the individual that had done the mischief. Colonel Fitzhugh is a gentleman with whom a conversation of the kind would be preferable for being conducted vicariously. Some years ago a party of Ohio people lost their dogs in the same way, and unluckily for the active toxicologist, they found out who he was. When I passed that way he had rebuilt his barns and various out-buildings, and it was thought that until the region commanded the services of a reliable insurance company he would abstain from the use of strychnine. The immunity our party enjoyed had been gained somewhat as an ancient proprietary right, they having hunted there for so many years. Besides, they had in various ways rendered themselves popular with the natives; no visitor ever left the camp hungry—or thirsty, and the Herr Doctor's periodicity was a matter of importance to a widely spread, if not numerous, community. They saved up fractures of six months' standing for him, and events of a more strictly domestic nature seemed to happen adventitiously during his hunting sojourn.

We brought out our venison safely and in good condition,—a ton and a half of it or thereabouts. At Detroit we went our ways, ending an expedition which had in it, luckily, no mishaps to mar it, but plenty of wholesome recreation to make one's recollection of it wholly pleasant.



A TON AND A HALF OF VENISON.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"I'LL PAY HER UP!"

CHAPTER XXV.

SAINT THERESA OF THE HONEYSUCKLES.

MYSTIC that she was, Roxy was ever looking for some celestial communication. To such a nature, heaven is all about. There are no accidents; the angels minister in whatever befalls. So when Mark came, he found her with the old gladness shining from her face, singing with irrepressible spontaneity and the delicious melody of a Virginia wood-robin. Nothing could be more inspiring than the martial enthu-

siasm and fire of fine sincerity with which she rendered Charles Wesley's hymn, beginning:

• "Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before him fall
And devils fear and fly."

Mark came into hearing as she concluded the singing of this first verse, and he paused involuntarily to hear the rest. Roxy omitted the next stanza, and struck into the third, which exactly fitted her mood:

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace,
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

The rich voice gave a new meaning to the words, and Bonamy could see in her face, framed in the honeysuckle that grew over the window, the reflex of all she sang, as she plied her needle and rocked slowly to and fro. Again she skipped—she was thinking of the dangers of life in Texas, perhaps, but she dropped now to the last verse of the hymn, and Charles Wesley himself would have found new meaning in his own words, could he have heard her sing, in a tone now soft and low, but full of pathetic exultation still:

"Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

While she sang these words, Bonamy came softly into the yard and walked up to the window, pulling aside the honeysuckles. Roxy was not startled. Mark had been so present in her imaginings that it seemed to the rapt girl the most natural thing in the world to see him standing there looking at her, with his face suffused with emotion.

"A body could suffer and die, with you to strengthen," he said.

"No, with God. It is God that gives me this desire to suffer or to die for him. I know it is given for something, but I must wait until the way is open for me."

"The way is opened to-day. Before New-Year's, I hope that you and I will be carrying out the spirit of that hymn in the republic of Texas."

"Why? How? Come in and tell me."

Mark went in, and, saluting her with a lover's warmth, told her what his father had said. Help from this quarter was just the most miraculous thing in the world. The Maid of Orleans was not more sure of a divine vocation, than was Roxy at that moment. She pushed her chair back from the window, beckoned Mark to kneel down with her, and then, with the enthusiasm of Saint Theresa when she sought in childhood a martyrdom among the Moors, Roxy poured out thanks to God for the inestimable privilege of suffering, and perhaps of dying, for the Lord.

Mark left Roxy when the tavern bell was ringing its muezzin call to supper. He

went away as he always left her presence, in a state of sympathetic exaltation, which would have lasted him until he could have sunned himself again in her religious experience, had it not been that in his walk toward home, he passed the house of Haz Kirtley. The sight of the house disturbed his complacency with recollections of his past failures. He had no fear now of any enticement from Nancy, but he was growing a little more distrustful of himself, in a general way. A lurking feeling that underneath this missionary Mark was a treacherous other self, capable of repeating the follies of the past, troubled him. He longed for Texas, not as of old, to leave Nancy behind, but because he felt, as who does not, that a great change in circumstance would help to make a change in him. He forgot, as we all forget, that the ugly self is not to be left behind. There is no way but to turn and face a foe who must needs be mess-mate and bed-fellow with us to the very end.

That night, at supper, Amanda, the elder of the sisters Bonamy, told Mark that he would better learn to make shoes. This obscure allusion to the trade of Roxy's father was meant for wit and sarcasm, but to Amanda's surprise, her father took up for Mark. Roxy Adams was a fine girl,—a little too pious, but at least that was not a common fault with girls. And Janet, the impulsive younger sister, said she wished Mark would marry Roxy. She had such a handsome face, with a glad look shining out from behind.

"What a little goose you are!" said the dignified Amanda; "did ever anybody hear such nonsense?—a glad look shining out from behind! Silly! For my part, I don't like a girl that is always smiling."

"But she don't smile. She only looks glad," persisted Janet.

"As if anybody could look glad without smiling! Let's see you try."

"Oh, I can't! It's just like before the sun comes up in the morning,—the hills on the other side of the river show the bright sky through the trees, the water looks like gold, the houses seem to stand out with light all around them, in a splendid kind of a way. It's sunshine just agoing to come, like Roxy's smile, that isn't quite a smile, you know."

The father laughed, as he might have laughed at baby-talk. Mark patted the young girl on the shoulder, with:

"A poet in the family, I declare."

"A goose in the family," said Amanda. "A smile that isn't quite a smile is a sensible remark! You'd better go to school to Roxy. She's teaching one idiot now, and I don't know but she's got two." This last with a look at Mark.

As for Mrs. Hanks, she was not quite satisfied when she heard of the arrangement. She thought the colonel should have insisted on Mark's staying at home. But he would come to be somebody yet,—a presiding elder and may be a bishop. She was glad, for her part, that Roxy had taken her advice. It was a good deal better than marrying a Presbyterian, anyhow. Roxy would have a good and talented husband, and a Methodist, with real heart religion.

"Wait till the pie's cut before you say whether they's blackberries, or elderberries, or pisen poke-berries insides," said Jemima.

Twonnet tried to think the best when Roxy told her. But the knowledge that Roxy had of her friend's opinion of Mark was a wedge of estrangement between them. They visited each other, but their intercourse became more and more constrained. Each blamed the other for the cooling of a friendship which they had often vowed should be eternal. In such gradual dissolutions of eternal friendships, each party, feeling herself innocent, is sure that the other must be censurable. They never think of falling out with those deep and irresistible currents in human nature before the force of which we are all helpless.

The whole town was agitated by the news of the engagement. For it was news. What battles and bankruptcies are to a metropolis, such are marriages and deaths to a village. The match-makers were generally pleased; for there was romance in the wild stories of how Colonel Bonamy had quarreled with his son about going to Texas, but had finally consented to the marriage and the mission. It was generally agreed that the old man was not "nigh so hard-hearted since his wife died." He might get over his infidelity yet, some day—though he did swear dreadful, you know. Some thought that he meant to run for Congress, and wanted to get Mark out of the way and purchase the favor of the Methodists at the same time.

Mr. Highbury was delighted that his own words had weighed with Whittaker, and Mrs. Highbury rocked her little fat body to and fro, lifting her toes off the floor each time, and rhythmically echoed Mr. Highbury's opinion that no man ought to preach without a theological education.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PANTHER.

JIM MCGOWAN, of Rocky Fork, who had felt keenly his insecurity in the affections of Nancy Kirtley ever since the advent of young Bonamy on his electioneering trip, heard of Mark's engagement with relief. He had brought a load of wood to town and sold it to old Mrs. Tartrum, the ideal town gossip, who assailed the very children upon the street with persistent catechisms about the affairs of their parents, and whose love of hearing was only equaled by her love of telling. In the absence of any other uninformed hearer, she poured the whole story of the colonel's opposition and the colonel's arrangement and Amanda's "dudgeon," into the ears of the eager Jim McGowan, while he was throwing a cord of ash wood over her back fence. She added the information that the Bonamys were a regular big fish family, and that it was a great rise for a poor girl.

Jim drove home in a state of glorification. He was sure that Nancy would be humble enough now. She had always been gracious to him in proportion to Bonamy's remoteness. Now that Bonamy was gone entirely, Nancy would set her lines for Jim more carefully than ever. He would hold back, and let her see how it felt to be kept off. It was her turn to fish awhile. Jim McGowan is not the only man who finds, to his sorrow, just when he thinks he understands, that he has not begun to understand a woman.

Jim was a little distant with Nancy. She was looking her best in a new calico, for she had seen him go down in the morning. It was all the poor fellow could do to keep up his lofty and half-injured air. He wanted to introduce the news he had to tell in an accidental way, as though it were a matter of indifference to him. But the girl was so dazzling that he could not well keep his head.

Nancy Kirtley was a flower of that curious poor-whitey race which is called "tar-heel" in the northern Carolina, "sand-hiller" in the southern, "corn-cracker" in Kentucky, "yahoo" in Mississippi, and in California "Pike." They never continue in one stay, but are the half gypsies of America, seeking by shiftless removals from one region to another to better their wretched fortunes, or, more likely, to gratify a restless love of change and adventure. They are the Hoosiers of the dark regions of Indiana and the Egyp-

tians of southern Illinois. Always in a half-barbarous state, it is among them that lynchings most prevail. Their love of excitement drives them into a daring life and often into crime. From them came the Kentucky frontiersmen, the Texan rangers, the Murrell highwaymen, the Arkansas regulators and anti-regulators, the ancient keel-boatmen, the more modern flat-boatmen and raftsmen and roustabouts, and this race furnishes, perhaps, more than its share of the "road agents" that infest the territories. Brave men and generous men are often found among them; but they are never able to rise above Daniel Boones and Simon Kentons. Beautiful women, of the magnificent, swarthy, half-oriental, animal sort, spring now and then from this stock, and of these Nancy was one,—a perfect gypsy queen of beauty as she stood there that day and set poor McGowan wild. She was more cordial than usual, and the poor, distracted fellow found himself prone to receive gratefully so much sunshine. Getting desperate, he came out at last with:

"Nancy, you remember that air Mark Bonamy that come foolin' roun' here last year, runnin' fer the legislater?"

"I 'low *you* ricollect him, Jim. You've been mad enough about him ever since. And you got fined over't Republican meetin'-house for disturbin' his meetin'. And I'll bet he don't forgit me." With that Nancy tossed back her abundant dark-brown hair and threw out her chin in a saucy, triumphant fashion that set her lover wild. "I haint a gal to be forgot easy, now, am I, Jim? And he's a feller worth while," she added, getting up and posing her magnificent figure on the hearth where Jim could see to the best advantage her perfect shape, her great, black eyes with a soft sensuous droop in them, her rich complexion, her well set red lips and white teeth.

"What a creetur you air, Nance!" cried Jim, leaning forward in a frantic state of mingled love and despair. "I was going to tell you some news, but I sha'n't if you go on that way."

"What way, Jim? Don't be a fool about Bonamy jest because he's so handsome. What about him? Is he coming out here to see me? I wish he would. He's as big a fool as you air."

"I 'low I'd better go," said Jim, rising with an air of offense, but sure that his news would humble Nancy. "All they is about it is that Mark Bonamy is goin' to marry

shoemaker Adams's girl, and both on 'em is off fer Texas in a month or two. It aint no matter of mine, you know, but I knowed you'd keer, seein' you was so all-fired sweet to him."

Nancy bridled proudly.

"I'll show you whether he'll marry that girl or not, dog-on her." She turned to the high mantel-shelf and lifted an old tin cup which was turned upside down, and picked up a watch seal.

"May be you don't know who give me that?" she said, with her great black eyes snapping fire triumphantly under her dark brows. Then she seized from the other end of the shelf a red morocco Testa.ent. "May be you kin read writin', Jim. I can't. But that's his name. I'm agoin' off to Luzerne to-morry mornin'. And you look at me, Jim." Here she straightened herself up proudly, and her swarthy, almost oriental, beauty became more wonderful when her whole countenance was lit up with defiance.

"How long kin Roxy Adams stan' agin me? Look at me, Jim, and say whether I'm purty or not. You come here saying to yourself: 'Now, when that Nancy hears that Bonamy's clean gone she'll be down on her knees to me.' Jest as ef I haint got more beaus than I kin count. Jim McGowan, you may jest go to thunder, the quicker the better." And she turned fiercely away.

Jim saw his defeat too clearly to tarry. With a few testy words of retort he made his way out to his wagon and started home. But ever as he drove over the rough road of Rocky Fork he recalled the vision of the fierce, dark, magnificent woman standing on the hearth and stamping her foot as she dismissed him. And over and over in his mind he compared her to a panther, thinking aloud as men of his class are prone to do.

"Blamed ef she haint a painter. A reglar painter, teeth an' claws an' all, by hokey! Looked jest like a painter ready to spring on me and tear me all to flinders. And that's what she is, painter an' nothin' else. • But gosh! she's a splendid creetur! Confound her picter."

CHAPTER XXVII.

NANCY IN TOWN.

THE solitary horse of the Kirtley family was in use in the corn-field. Only one more day's work was needed to "lay by" the field, but Nancy had come to be dictator;

so instead of being hitched to the plow, old Bob was side-saddled for Nancy. The old woman scolded, but the arrangement suited the father as well as it did the daughter—it gave him an excuse for spending the day at the grocery in Canaan, a promised land comprising three drinking-places and a shoe-shop. All the way up and down the hills to town Nancy turned over and over again in her mind various plans of attack. To exhibit the keepsakes to Roxy asserting an engagement between Mark and herself might serve her purpose far enough to break off the marriage with Roxy, but it would probably anger Bonamy and defeat her main hope. She was shrewd enough to see that if she should threaten Mark, or attack him in any way, all expedients for entrapping him would fail. She therefore resolved to keep vindictive measures till the last.

Her first objective point was an interview with Mark, and to this end she seated herself in his office, early in the afternoon, and awaited his entrance. When he appeared on the door-step she was offended to note that he drew back for a moment as though he would fain avoid meeting her. For Mark had just been licensed to preach, the day before, and with a freshened sense of his responsibility, not only to God but to the public, he was chagrined to come upon Nancy lying in wait. He greeted her as "Sister Kirtley," after the inflexible Methodist fashion of that day, but his friendliness went no further. She was piqued at this, and set herself to be attractive, but Mark was in no mood to be attracted. To dally with the belle of Rocky Fork at a hoe-down on Rocky Fork was easy enough; to have her obtrusive beauty thrust upon him, in his own office in Luzerne, when he had a brand new license to preach in his pocket, a mission to Texas in his mind and a fresh and most religious betrothal to a saint like Roxy Adams in his heart, was quite another thing. Besides he momentarily expected the advent of his father. What would the cynical old atheist say or do if he should find his pious son in such company? In his eager desire to be rid of her he was almost rude.

Entered after awhile Bonamy the elder, who affected not to see the girl and who immediately absorbed himself in writing. But Nancy's observing vanity had detected the furtive glance with which the surprised senior had taken her in. She noted also the increased constraint of Mark, who now

answered her in curt, half-defiant monosyllables.

Seeing that she was gaining nothing by blandishment she thought to try a little skillful intimidation. She began to feel for her handkerchief. But as a woman has but one pocket it often becomes a necessary and natural thing for her to remove the superimposed strata in order to reach those below. Nancy first pulled out the pocket-Testament Mark had given her in a moment of effusive zeal.

"Do you know that?" she said. "May be you don't recollect. Folks forgits their country friends mighty easy. I pack this Testament around with me all the time." She saw on Mark's face signs that the torture was working, and she was happy.

"I declar'! ef I haint got this with me too," and she fished out the watch seal. "I hadn't oughter keep that in my pocket. I wouldn't lose it fer money," and she held it up and looked at it. "When folks talks about your marryin' somebody they don't know't I've got this purty thing in my pocket, do they?"

"Mark," said Colonel Bonamy, who had now heard enough to guess at the state of the case, "take this over to the clerk's office," handing a paper. "See that it is fixed up all right. Don't hurry." The junior started off. "Take plenty of time and be careful," the old man called after him.

Mark had turned toward his father with his face aflame with mortification. But the old man spoke dryly as though he were particularly interested in the business intrusted to his son. The young man had no doubt that his father had some ulterior purpose in thus sending him away, but he was so glad to be rid of his position between the uncomfortable Nancy on one side and the uncomfortable parent on the other, that he was quite willing to take the risk of his father's adroit cross-questioning of the girl. He could not divine what was Colonel Bonamy's purpose, but he knew that all the information that Nancy could give would be extracted in the interest of that purpose. When he arrived at the county clerk's office and opened the carefully folded paper, only to find to his confusion that it was blank, he understood that he had been sent out of the office to remain away until Nancy should depart. He made a bungling excuse to the clerk for having brought a blank paper, but he drew a favorable augury from his father's action.

It was characteristic of the elder Bonamy that he did not begin to speak at once. He scratched a few lines with the pen, to put possible suspicions out of the mind of the witness, then began with commonplace remarks about her father and his local influence on Rocky Fork, proceeded with some very bold flatteries quite suited to the palate of the girl, who seriously began to debate, whether, failing the son, she should not try for the father. Then the old lawyer set her to talking about Mark; drew from her first one and then another particular of the young man's conduct; chuckled with her over her adroitness in capturing the watch-seal; took her side in the whole matter, laughed at Mark's piety; got out of her an account of the transfer of the Testament to her; led her off on an unsuspecting account of her other numerous triumphs; applauded her victory over McGowan; got her to boast in detail of the arts she made use of in capturing her admirers; drew out of her by piecemeal a statement of her motives in getting the testament from Mark; and even, by espousing her side of the case, compelled an implied admission of her intent in coming to town at that time.

He had now given the fish all the line that seemed best. It was time to reel in as he could. But while her complacent vanity was yet untouched by any suspicion of his purpose he made a vain endeavor to get possession of the Testament and watch-seal.

"No sir--no sir-ee--no-sir-ee, Bob!" cried the girl with a you don't-catch-me air. She did not for a moment doubt that she could outwit any lawyer. She would show him!

"Oh, I only wanted to use it to plague Mark with. You see I'm determined to have *my* way with him."

But the girl was not at all sure that Colonel Bonamy's way was her way. She put the keepsakes back in her pocket, and then gave the pocket a little pat with her hand, as though she said: "Let him get them, if he can." This little dumb show did not escape Bonamy's quick observation, and he saw the hopelessness of trying to replevin the trinkets, only saying,

"You know what you're about, don't you?"

But he began cautiously to tighten the line. He questioned Nancy now in a harder tone, putting her conduct in a light not so favorable to herself. Seizing on points here and there, he grouped them so that they

seemed ugly. Nancy became irritated and denied what she had said before. Then the lawyer, with a good-natured smile, that had just a tinge of something not so pleasant as a smile, pointed out the contradiction. It was vain that Nancy went into a passion—the lawyer was quiet, and even friendly. He wished to help her out of some vague legal difficulty and shameful disgrace that he pretended to see in store for her. For the first time in her life afraid to give vent to her wrath, contending as she never had before, with a man who cared no more for her blandishments than he feared her temper, and who was as superior to her in craft as in knowledge, with pride and vanity wounded, and without power to avenge the injury, or certainty even that there was any injury to avenge, she found herself badgered and hemmed in on every side. The lawyer made her words seem something else than she meant. She was not very scrupulous about telling the truth, but Colonel Bonamy, without saying anything discourteous, made her appear a monstrous liar, by giving back her words in senses different from what she had intended. At last, in sheer despair and defeat, she rose to go, red with suppressed irritation, and biting her lips.

"Don't hurry," said the colonel. "Sit down. Mark will surely be here soon, and if he thinks as much of you as you seem to think he does, he'll be sorry to have you go while he is away. You say he is fond of you, and I suppose it is so, but you must not say one thing now and another after awhile. Sit down."

Cowed by the steady, penetrating gaze of the old man's hard gray eyes, she sank back into the chair, to undergo again a process of mental and moral dissection, even more severe than that she had before experienced. Defeat is a thousand-fold worse to an overbearing person accustomed to triumph, than to another, and Nancy was by this time in a state of frenzy. She must break out in some desperate fashion, or die.

"Colonel Bonamy," she cried, getting to her feet, and looking now like a volcano in eruption. "What do you keep on axin an' axin sech questions fer? Confound yer lawyers' questions! You set me crazy, and make me out a liar in spite of myself. Go to thunder, I tell you, with yer blamed axin me this and axin me that. I'll do as I please, and say what I want to; you see if I don't, dog-on you!"

"I would," said the colonel, chuckling.

"If I was pretty like you, I'd do as I pleased, too." And after a pause, he added, in an audible aside,— "if I went to penitentiary for it. Those trinkets of Mark's would do to begin suit against him in case he don't marry you, and I don't believe he will. But then, there's all the rest that gave you things,—let's see, McGowan, and Jackson, and Lumbkin, and Billings, and all of them. It might go awful hard with you, if it could be proved you were engaged to so many at once. That's more'n the law allows. You know there's a law against a girl being engaged to so many at once. Let's see, how many was it all at once that you said? McGowan, that's one, and Jackson is two, and——"

"I'm agoin'; blamed if I haint! I don't want no more jaw, lawyers or no lawyers. I'm one as can take keer of myself, anyhow!"

"Well, I'm sorry you wont wait longer. Mark'll be back——"

But Nancy was already going out of the door, crying with vexation.

The colonel went after her. He wanted to say just one thing more, he told her. She stopped, and he held her by his awful gray eyes while he asked, severely:

"Did you say, or didn't you say, that Major Lathers was at your house the night you say you danced with Mark?"

"Your axin questions ag'in, an' I wont stan' no more of yer axin, I tell you! You may ax tell ye're blind."

"You'd better answer that. Remember I know all about these things, now. You've told me yourself."

"No, you don't. I sha'n't tell you whether Lathers was there or not. You're just windin' me up and windin' me up, with yer axin. You may ax tell yer blind."

"Was Lathers at your house the night you say you danced with Mark? You say so. I don't know whether it is so or not. You don't always tell the same story. It mayn't be true."

"I tell 'you it is true, you old——"

"Well, what? Speak right out. It'll do you good. I'm an old what?"

But Nancy choked herself, and kept down her epithets, fearing something, she could not tell what.

"I was going to give you some good advice," proceeded Bonamy. "But it don't matter to me what becomes of you, if you talk that way. I don't believe now that Mark danced with you at all."

"You don't, hey? You jest go right straight and ax Major Lathers. Didn't he try to keep Mark from dancin' with me? He'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, that's what I wanted to know—whether Lathers was there or not. You've told me now."

"No, I haint, nuther."

"Why, how could Lathers tell me about Mark's dancing with you, and how could he try to keep Mark from dancing with you, if he was not there? But I wont tell Lathers," he added, as though in a half soliloquy, "for I don't want to get you into trouble. You know he's sheriff, and the sheriff takes up people. If I should tell him you were in town now——. But you said he was there that night, didn't you?"

"I haint agoin' to talk to you no more. You'll make me tell more'n I ever know'd, in spite of myself, with yer everlastin' talkin' an' talkin', an' axin an' axin. Go long with yer old——"

But Nancy did not finish her sentence. Bonamy had cowed her so that she feared she knew not what of defeat and mortification if she should say another word, and she was utterly choked with vexation.

Colonel Bonamy had at least made sure that Nancy would carry no confidences to the ingenious sheriff. His vague hints had excited an undefined fear in her ignorant mind, already cowed by the badgering and tormenting course of cross-questioning to which she had been subjected. The whole machinery of the law was incomprehensible by her, and she was not sure but that Major Lathers, if he should come to know how many engaged lovers she had had at one time, might send the jury to arrest her, whereupon she would be in danger of being tried by a lot of lawyers and colonels, and then locked up by the judge.

She went back to Haz Kirtley's full of wrath, but all her ferocity was dammed up and turned back in a flood of bitterness upon herself. So entirely had the lawyer daunted her that she even feared to resort to her extreme revenge of an interview with Roxy. Roxy might triumph over her also, exulting in her own success. She sullenly put the saddle on old Bob and rode away up the hill, stopping at the top to shake her fist and threaten that she would yet come back and tell that good-for-nothing town girl something that would make her hate Mark Bonamy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVERMORE.

MRS. HANKS offered to make a wedding for Roxy. She was quite willing to increase her own social importance by this alliance of Roxy's. But the bride would not have her aunt's fine wedding. She did not want a fine wedding at all. To marry the hero she worshiped and then to start hand in hand with him to the wildest and savagest country they could find, there to live and labor for the rescue of the souls of wicked people, entirely satisfied her ambition.

She did not like to accept a wedding from her aunt, for Roxy's humility was purely a religious humility; her pride was quick; to be poor did not trouble her—to be patronized was intolerable, most of all to be patronized by Mrs. Hanks. And had Roxy been willing, Adams would have refused; all his native crookedness was intensified by his antipathy to his sister-in-law. But Roxy accepted from her aunt the loan of Jemima, whose hands rendered an energetic assistance, but whose tongue could not be quite still. Instead of denouncing Mark in particular, she now gave way to philippics against men in general. Roxy's dreams of a lodge in some vast wilderness, with Mark's love to comfort her and a semi-martyrdom to glorify her, were rudely disturbed by Jemima's incessant exposition of the faithlessness and selfishness of the "male sect," as she called it. "They can't no more be depended on than a rotten log across a crick. Looks all right, kivered over with moss; but jest try to cross on it onst and the crick'll come flyin' up in yore face. I wouldn't marry the whole twelve apossils theirselves. Jest look at Simon Peter and Judas Iscariot, fer instance. I tell you what it is, Roxy, the heart of *man* is deceitful, and some men's hearts is desperate."

Twonnet helped also in the wedding preparations, and she was rather more comfortable than Jemima. For when once a wedding is determined on, one ever hopes for the best. The parson, when he blesses the most ill-starred match, hopes for impossible good luck to give happiness to a couple fore-ordained to misery. Twonnet showed her solicitude now and then by lapses of silence quite unusual. Between the silence of the one and the speech of the other of her help-mates, Roxy wished for Texas.

As Colonel Bonamy considered Mark's marriage with Roxy the surest means of defeating the missionary project, he wished to

hasten the wedding, lest something should happen to interfere with his plan. In particular did he appreciate the necessity for haste after his meeting with Nancy. Nancy might appeal to Roxy, or Lathers might get hold of the story and use it to Mark's discredit and his father's annoyance. If he could once get Mark married, he would have placed him in a position of dependence. However, the colonel had a liking for a good wife as a thing that was sure to be profitable to a man. Roxy probably had no extravagant tastes, would be flattered by her marriage into such a family as the Bonamys, and her influence over Mark would, after a while, be just sufficient to keep him sober and steady at his work. Besides, he feared that, if Nancy had any real hold on Mark, she would find it greatly increased in case both the marriage with Roxy and the mission to Texas were given up. So it happened, through the planning of the colonel, that the wedding was fixed for the second week following the raid of Nancy.

There was little out of the ordinary about Roxy's wedding. There were present her aunt's family and Twonnet's; Miss Rachel Moore, who was to take her place as mistress of the house the next week, was there, of course, and Colonel Bonamy and his daughters, and as many besides as the old house would hold. Adams had asked Whittaker, but the minister had not come. Jemima stood in the background, the most impressive figure of all. The Methodist presiding elder, a venerable, white-haired man, familiarly called "Uncle Jimmy Jones," conducted the simple service.

I said there was nothing out of the ordinary. But Bobo was there. For days he had watched the cake-baking and the other preparations. He heard somebody say that Roxy was to be married, and he went about the house conning the saying like a lesson, as though he were trying to get some meaning out of it.

"Roxy is going to be married," he would say over and over, from morning till night. When he saw the company gathering, he went into an ecstasy of confused excitement. And when at last Roxy came into the room, in her simple bridal dress, he broke from his mother's side and seized Roxy's disengaged hand. Jemima and his mother made an effort to recapture him, but Roxy turned and said, "Let him come."

"Let him come," echoed Bobo, and walking by the side of the bride and her bridegroom till they halted in front of the

minister, he looked up at the stately old man and said with childish glee, "Roxy's going to be married."

This outburst of Bobo's sent the color of Mrs. Hanks's face up to scarlet. What would the Bonamys think? Jemima put her handkerchief over her mouth to stifle a laugh, and Amanda Bonamy turned her head. Couldn't they keep the simpleton at home? The old minister was confused for a moment, but the smile on Roxy's face reassured him. The lad stood still listening to the ceremony and repeating it over in an inaudible whisper. When the minister concluded the benediction with the words: "Be with you evermore," Bobo caught at the last word and cried: "evermore, Roxy, evermore!"

"Yes, Bobo, dear," said the bride, turning to him and looking down into his wistful eyes. "Yes, evermore and evermore."

Perhaps because they were embarrassed by this unexpected episode, the company were silent, while Bobo for a moment turned over in his mind the word. Then by some association he connected it with the last words of the prayer Roxy had taught him. He went in front of her and looked at her with the awed look he had caught from her in repeating his prayer, he pointed up as she had pointed in teaching him, and said: "Forever and ever, amen."

"Yes, Bobo, forever and ever, amen, and now you shall have the very first kiss."

"The very first kiss," chuckled the innocent, as he turned away after Roxy had kissed him.

Through all this interruption Adams stood by the long clock and held on to the lappel of his coat firmly and defiantly. He had a notion that the Bonamys thought that their family lent a luster to Roxy and he wanted to knock some of them over, but he kept firm hold of his coat and contented himself with looking like a wild beast at bay.

Mrs. Hanks whispered to her husband that she felt as if she could sink through the floor, and, indeed, she was quite flustered when she came to wish the newly married "much joy," and quite thrown out of the fine speech she had prepared for delivery to Mark. Amanda Bonamy kissed Roxy condescendingly as became a well-bred girl; but when it came to Janet's turn, she kissed Roxy first on one cheek and then on the other, called her a dear, dear sister and said:

"Wasn't that sweet that poor little Bobo

said? It made your wedding so solemn and beautiful—just like your wedding ought to be."

And from that moment Roxy took the enthusiastic girl into her heart of hearts. She made her sit by her at the wedding dinner to make which had exhausted all the skill of Roxy and her helpers, and the whole purse of her father. For the custom of that time did not allow of coffee and sandwiches and cake passed around the room. As for light breakfasts and an immediate departure on a tour to nowhere in particular, that only came in with locomotives and palace cars. In the good old days it cost as much to get married as it does now to be buried; one must then feed one's friends on fried chickens and roast turkeys and all sorts of pies, and pound cake and "floating island," and "peach cobbler,"—a monstrous dish of pastry inclosing whole peaches, pits and all—and preserves with cream, and grape jellies, and —but this is not a bill of fare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INFARE.

THERE could be no wedding in a Hoosier village thirty or forty years ago without an infare on the following day. In those days the *faring* into the house of the bridegroom's parents was observed with great rejoicing. At an earlier stage of the village's history the little brass cannon was fired in honor of weddings and almost the whole town kept holiday. On the day after Roxy's wedding Colonel Bonamy made a great infare as became a great man like himself. It was preceded by a week of cooking and baking. On the day of the infare, "Uncle Billy," a skillful old negro, was imported from Kentucky to roast the pig which hung suspended by a wire in front of the wide kitchen fire-place, while Billy turned it round and round, basting it from time to time. For roast-pig at a wedding feast was the symbol of aristocracy,—a Bonamy might lose his soul but he could not be married without a pig.

Everybody who could be considered at all invitabile was there. The Boones and Haz Kirtley's family and the fishermen's families and the poor-whiteys generally were left out, but everybody who was anybody was there. Not only from town but from the country and even from the Kentucky shore guests were brought. Neither

age nor sex was respected. Old Mother Tartrum was there engaged in her diligent search after knowledge. She was in herself a whole Society for the Collection and Diffusion of Useless Information. She also collected various titbits of cake off the supper-table which she wrapped in her red silk handkerchief and deposited in her pocket. She was a sort of animated Dictionary of Universal Biography for the town, able to tell a hundred unimportant incidents in the life of any person in the place, and that without being consulted.

Whittaker had sunk into a helpless despondency as Roxy's marriage approached, and he could not bring himself to be present at the wedding. But fearing unfriendly remark he had brought his courage to the point of attending the infare. He came late, however, and the house and ground were already filled with guests. He walked up between the long row of Lombardy poplars, looking at the brightly illuminated house of the Bonamys, which, lying on the outskirts of the town, combined in itself something of the spruceness of the town-house with the isolation of a farm-house. The house was a squarish brick one, the walks were of gravel. There was a lawn of green-sward on either hand with a vineyard and fields of tasseled corn in the moonlit background. People were all about him as he approached the house, and many greeted him as he passed. But Whittaker was a man marching in his own funeral procession. Despite his utmost exertion to address Mark and Roxy with cheerfulness, there was that in his face which caused Mark to say to Roxy as he turned away:

"What a serious looking man he is!"

And his seriousness had something infectious about it, for Roxy did not recover a bridal cheerfulness for some time afterward.

Out of respect for Mark's and Roxy's scruples, and, too, for Mark's semi-clerical position as a "lay" or local preacher on his way to a further promotion into the "traveling" ministry, there was no dancing. The company promenaded in the halls and up and down the gravel walks between the Lombardy poplars, and among the sprucely trimmed pyramidal cedars that stood about the house.

Something in Whittaker's gloomy mood made him averse to the throng of merry people, the more that, on account of the rumors which had circulated about his attachment to Roxy, he was closely watched.

About ten o'clock Mother Tartrum met him and put him through his catechism with vigor. *Had* he ever been engaged to Roxy? He might tell an old woman like herself, in confidence! How was it broken off? Was it he that withdrew, or did Roxy refuse him? *Had* Mr. Highbury given him a piece of his mind? Wasn't he feeling rather bad to-night?

To all of these questions the minister flatly refused to reply, and at last brusquely walked away, turning into an unfrequented path bordered by a privet hedge. This led him to the garden, into which he entered by a gate through a paling fence. He went down under the grape-arbor that stood, according to the unvarying fashion of the country, in the middle of the garden. Walking quietly and meditatively, he came to the other side of the garden, where he turned and saw full before him the brilliantly lighted house, and the company moving up and down the walks and through the rooms. He could plainly see the figure of Roxy, as she stood by her husband, cheerful now and diffusing light on all about her. Mark, for his part, was always cheerful; there was not a vein of austerity in his composition. He was too hopeful to fear for the future, and too buoyantly happy and complacent to be disturbed by anything. Certainly he was a fine-looking man, standing there in the light of a multitude of candles, and entering with his limitless heartiness into the merriment of the throng about him, giving back banter for banter with the quick sallies of the racy humor of the country. But there was something about this popular young fellow, carrying all before him, which gave Whittaker a sense of foreboding. Does a rejected lover ever think that the woman has done quite so well for her own interest as she might?

Fast by Roxy stood Twonnet. There was a sort of separation of feeling between them now; but Roxy was soon to go away, and Twonnet determined to stand by her to the last. If she had looked upon the marriage as the town saw it,—as an ascent for Roxy,—she would have chosen to be elsewhere; but because Roxy had not done as well as she might, Twonnet stood by her with a chivalrous faithfulness. Whittaker, in his mood of unreason, took Twonnet's fidelity to Roxy in umbrage, as a sort of desertion of himself. It is so hard for us to understand why our friends do not feel our wrongs so poignantly as we do.

Whittaker could not help wondering what

Adams was thinking of, as he stood defiantly against the wall, grasping the lapel of his coat, as though he would hold firmly to his propriety by this means.

The minister had stood thus more than a minute, when the company were summoned to supper. The table was spread on the porch which ran along the side of the L of the house, in full view from his stand-point. He could see the fine-looking bridegroom lead the procession to the table, and all the company following. He thought that he ought to return to the house, lest his absence should be observed.

But just as he was about to make a languid movement in the direction of the supper, he heard a stealthy tread on the outside of the vine-covered garden fence. He listened until the person walking along the fence had passed a few feet further on. A cluster of lilac-bushes intervened between him and the position of the new-comer; but he could hear a suppressed voice, as of a woman in soliloquy;

"That's her, shore as shootin'. She aint purty, neither, nor never was. I'll pay her up! See ef I don't. She thinks she's got him now. An' all that finery and flummery. I ort to be there at that table. Folks would see somebody ef I was there. But she's ornery,—ornery as git out. I kin git him away from her ef I ever git half a chance. They'd better go to Texas purty shortly, ef she knows what's good fer her. I'll show her. Saltpeter wont save 'em ef they stay here." Then, after a long pause; "She'll wish she was dead afore I'm done. Let her larn to steal *my* beau. Ef she packs him off to Texas, I'll foller, sure. An' I'll pay her up, or my name haint Nancy Kirtley."

To Whittaker the whole speech was evidently the thinking aloud of an ignorant person full of suppressed passion. The tone frightened him, and he moved cautiously so as to get a view of the speaker. Her hair was pushed back from her low forehead in a disheveled fashion, and even in the moonlight he could see the great eyes and the large, regular features, and could feel a certain impression of the great animal beauty of the woman standing there, not ten feet from him, with fists clenched hard, and a look of ferocity on her countenance that he had never seen on human face before. She reminded him of nothing so much as an old steel-plate print he had seen of Judith with the bloody head of Holofernes. Having no knowledge of Nancy, Whittaker did not understand the meaning of her words;

but he could make out that some evil was intended to Roxy.

His first impulse was to call Colonel Bonamy. Then in his confused thought came a pity for the poor girl torn thus by her evil passions, and a sense of his duty to her; he would go and try to exorcise the demon.

Nancy had come to town resolved to prevent Mark's marriage at any cost. She would show the watch-seal and the Testament to Roxy, and thus awaken her jealousy if she could. She would even threaten Mark with exposure of some sort, or with slanderous charges. She would not be outwitted by the old man any more; she would go to jail, if she had to go to jail; but she would have her revenge. Great was her chagrin at finding the wedding already past and the infare set down for that very evening. There was nothing left for her but to fume and threaten retribution. Her rage had brought her here,—envy and malice are devils that drive possessed souls into the contemplation of that which aggravates their madness.

Nancy stood thus in this torturing perdition of Tantalus,—maddened by seeing the pomp into which another poor girl had come instead of herself,—maddened by the very sight of happy faces and the sound of merry voices, while she was in the outer darkness where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. She stood there with her fist shut up and her face distorted by wrath—as a lost soul might curse the far-away heaven—when she heard from the bushes behind her the voice of Whittaker.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" He had almost said Judith, so much was his imagination impressed by the resemblance of the swarthy beauty to the picture of that magnificent Hebrew assassin.

When he spoke Nancy gave a sudden start, not of timidity, but of wrath—as a wild beast might start at an interruption when about to spring upon the prey.

"What do you want with me?" she muttered in sullen fierceness.

Whittaker drew a little nearer with a shudder.

"Only to help you if I can. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, I reckon, unless you kill that woman."

"What woman?"

"That Adams girl that's gone and married Mark Bonamy."

"What should I kill her for?"

"Bekase I hate the sight of her."

"What harm has she done?"

"She stole my beau. Do you know that I had ort by rights to stand there at that there table by Mark Bonamy, and that mean, hateful huzzy's scrouged into my place—confound her! Now then, anybody that meddles with Nance Kirtley is sorry fer it afore they're done. Ef Mark and the old man and that ugly, good-fer-nothin', prayin', shoutin' Roxy Adams don't wesh they'd never hearn tell of me, then I'm a fool. You jest let anybody cross *my* path onst ef they want to be sorry fer it."

"Don't you know that you oughtn't to talk that way? Roxy didn't do you any harm. You hadn't any right to Mark because you loved him."

"Stranger, looky there—that's his Testament. He gin me that weth his own hands. There! that's his watch-seal. Pulled it off and gin it to me. Now, what made him leave me and go to that homely, lantern-jawed, slab-sided thing of a shoe-maker's gal! Hey? She done it. That's what she was up to weth her prayin' and talkin' and singin'. I'll pay her up yet. See ef I don't."

At sight of these ocular proofs of Mark's attachment to Nancy, Whittaker was silent a moment.

"Does Roxy know anything about these things?" he said after a while.

"In course not."

"What do you hate *her* for?"

"What fer? Thunder and blazes! Jes look at the blamed, stuck-up, good-fer-nothin' thing there! She's got my place—why shouldn't I hate her? Ah—h—h you—ugh—h—h, you ugly old thing you—I'll make you cry nuff afore I'm done weth you." And Nancy shook her fist in the direction of Roxy.

"You oughtn't to talk in that way. Don't you know there's a God?"

"God or no God, I'm agoin' to git even weth Mark Bonamy and that hateful wife of his'n. Why didn't he ax me to his infare? Hey? Comes to my house and dances weth me the livelong night. Gives me presents and talks as sweet as sugar-water.* Then he marries old Tom Adams's girl and don't ax me to the party, nur nothin'. I'll pay him back one of these yer days."

Seeing that further remonstrance was of no use Whittaker went down the walk to the house. Colonel Bonamy met him.

"Why, where have you been? We looked for you to say grace," said the old man.

"Colonel Bonamy, there's an infuriated young woman standing behind the bushes down at the other end of the garden. She is mad about something and I'm afraid she means some violence to Roxy."

"Oh yes, I guess I can tell who she is. She's a maniac after Mark. I'll go and see her."

And while Whittaker went in to supper with melancholy suspicions of Mark, the colonel walked swiftly round the outside of the garden and came up behind Nancy.

"Well, what's all this about?"

"You old brute, you," said Nancy; "why didn't you give me an invite? I'll pay you all back yet, see if I don't!"

"Don't talk so loud. The sheriff might hear you. He's in the house."

"Call him out here if you want to, you blasted fool," said the girl, now fully roused, and not fearing any danger that looked her fair in the face.

The colonel saw that he must take another tack.

"Oh no! I wont call him. Only be quiet, and come in and get some supper. I want to ask you some more questions about the things we talked about the other day."

"No, you don't. You don't ax me nothin'. You want to wind me up and tangle me up, tell I don't know my own name. No more of yer axin fer me."

"You've got a seal of my son's?"

"Yes, I have."

"Did anybody see him give you that seal?"

"No, they didn't."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"Did he give it to you?"

"In course he did. How else did I get it?"

"You could steal it, couldn't you?"

"You—you—you durn't say I'm a thief!"

"Did you say that you stole it?"

"No, I didn't! You know I didn't, blast you!"

"You said nobody saw him give it to you, and I didn't say you stole it. But you just as good as say you did by getting so mad."

"You lie!"

"He was on his horse when you got it from him, wasn't he?"

* The sap of the sugar-maple.

"None of your axin, I tell you."

"There 'tis again. You know you stole it, or you wouldn't be afraid to answer."

"You lie! He give it to me when he was a-settin' on his horse, in front of our house."

"And your father didn't see him?"

"No, he didn't."

"Nor your mother?"

"No."

"Nor nobody?"

"No."

"You got it from him when he was on his horse?"

"Yes."

"How did it come off his chain?"

"He unhooked it."

"You unhooked it, you said the other day. Now tell me the truth."

"Well, he let me." The girl began to quail under this steady fire of questions.

"You say you *got* it from him. What's that but stealing?"

"He give it to me."

"You unhooked it."

"Go 'way with your axin."

And the girl started to move off.

"Hold on. I'm not done yet."

"Yes, you air, too. I wont have no more of your fool axin. I'm agoin'."

"Stop! I say. You're on my ground, and I'll call the sheriff, if you don't stop."

"Call him ef you want to, an' go to thunder with you both!" And with this she went sullenly off, the colonel affecting to detain her. Nancy was afraid of nothing in the world so much as of his fire of questions, and the irritation and mortification sure to ensue from the confusion into which he would lead her.

The terror which these questions inspired, added to the reaction from her burst of passion, served to give her a general sense of fear, that drove her away into the darkness, though she muttered defiance as she slowly retreated into the corn-field.

"They'll be sorry they ever crossed my path," were the last ominous words the colonel heard from her, as he lost sight of her among the tall rows of tasseled maize.

(To be continued.)

AN APRIL SONG.

SWEET April, when you try, with your sunshine and your sky,
Your wind breathing low and your birds that sing together,
Your misty blue that fills the hollows of the hills,
You can make a day of most enchanting weather!

But on this lovely morning you have for your adorning
The presence of my only love, my darling, my dear—
So you have no need to try, with your sunshine and your sky,
To make this day the day of all the year!

Yet, April, do your best, with a soft wind from the west,
With sunlight on the springing grass, and tender blue above—
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—
So may you serve the lady of my love!

O month of changeful mien—your days may be serene—
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—
Each is a welcome day, for each it takes me nearer May,
When my only love and I shall be together!

KING DAVID.

THE scholars were dismissed. Out they trooped,—big boys, little boys, and full-grown men. Then what antics, what linked lines of scuffling, what double shuffles, leaps, and somersaults, what rolling laughter, interspersed with short yelps, and guttural cries, as wild and free as the sounds the mustangs make, gamboling on the plains! For King David's scholars were black,—black as the ace of spades. He did not say that; he knew very little about the ace. He said simply that his scholars were "colored;" and sometimes he called them "the Children of Ham." But so many mistakes were made over this title, in spite of his careful explanations (the Children having an undoubted taste for bacon), that he finally abandoned it, and fell back upon the national name of "freedmen," a title both good and true. He even tried to make it noble, speaking to them often of their wonderful lot as the emancipated teachers and helpers of their race; laying before them their mission in the future, which was to go over to Africa, and wake out of their long sloth and slumber the thousands of souls there. But Cassius and Pompey had only a mythic idea of Africa; they looked at the globe as it was turned around, they saw it there on the other side, and then their attention wandered off to an adventurous ant, who was making the tour of Soudan, and crossing the mountains of Kong, as though they were nothing.

Lessons over, the scholars went home. The school-master went home too, wiping his forehead as he went. He was a grave young man, tall and thin, somewhat narrow-chested, with the diffident air of a country student. And yet this country student was here, far down in the South, hundreds of miles away from the New Hampshire village where he had thought to spend his life as teacher of the district school. Extreme near-sightedness, and an inherited delicacy of constitution which he bore silently, had kept him out of the field during the days of the war. "I should be only an encumbrance," he thought. But when the war was over, the fire which had burnt within burst forth in the thought, "the Freedmen!" There was work fitted to his hand; that one thing he could do. "My turn has come at last," he said. "I feel the call to go." Nobody cared much because he was leav-

ing. "Going down to teach the blacks?" said the farmers. "I don't see as you're called, David. We've paid dear enough to set 'em free, goodness knows, and now they ought to look out for themselves."

"But they must first be taught," said the school-master. "Our responsibility is great; our task is only just begun."

"Stuff!" said the farmers. What with the graves down in the South, and the taxes up in the North, they were not prepared to hear any talk about beginning. Beginning, indeed! They called it ending. The slaves were freed; and it was right they should be freed. But Ethan and Abner were gone, and their households were left unto them desolate. Let the blacks take care of themselves.

So, all alone, down came David King, with such aid and instruction as the Freedman's Bureau could give him, to this little settlement among the pines, where the freedmen had built some cabins in a careless way, and then seated themselves to wait for fortune. Freedmen! Yes; a glorious idea! But how will it work its way out into practical life? What are you going to do with tens of thousands of ignorant, childish, irresponsible souls thrown suddenly upon your hands,—souls that will not long stay childish, and that have in them also all the capacities for evil that you yourselves have,—you with your safeguards of generations of conscious responsibility and self-government, and yet—so many lapses! This is what David King thought. He did not see his way exactly; no, nor the nation's way. But he said to himself, "I can at least begin; if I am wrong I shall find it out in time. But now it seems to me that our first duty is to educate them." So he began at "a, b and c;" "you must not steal;" "you must not fight;" "you must wash your faces;" which may be called, I think, the first working-out of the emancipation problem.

Jubilee-town was the name of the settlement; and when the school-master announced his own, David King, the title struck the imitative minds of the scholars, and, turning it around, they made "King David" of it, and kept it so. Delighted with the novelty, the Jubilee freedmen came to school in such numbers that the master was obliged to classify them; boys and men in the morn-

ings and afternoons; the old people in the evenings; the young women and girls by themselves for an hour in the early morning. "I cannot do full justice to all," he thought, "and in the men lies the danger, in the boys the hope; the women cannot vote. Would to God the men could not either, until they have learned to read and to write, and to maintain themselves respectably!" For, abolitionist as he was, David King would have given years of his life for the power to restrict the suffrage. Not having this power, however, he worked at the problem in the only way left open; "Take two apples from four apples, Julius,—how many will be left?" "What is this I hear, Cæsar, about stolen bacon?"

On this day the master went home, tired and dispirited; the novelty was over on both sides. He had been five months at Jubilee, and his scholars were more of a puzzle to him than ever. They learned, some of them, readily; but they forgot as readily. They had a vast capacity for parrot-like repetition, and caught his long words so quickly, and repeated them so volubly, with but slight comprehension of their meaning, that his sensitive conscience shrank from using them, and he was forced back upon a rude plainness of speech which was a pain to his pedagogic ears. Where he had once said, "demean yourselves with sobriety," he now said "don't get drunk." He would have fared better if he had learned to say "uncle" and "aunty," or "maumer," in the familiar Southern fashion. But he had no knowledge of the customs;—how could he have? He could only blunder on in his slow Northern way.

His cabin stood in the pine forest, at a little distance from the settlement; he had allowed himself that grace. There was a garden around it, where Northern flowers came up after a while,—a little pale, perhaps, like English ladies in India, but doubly beautiful and dear to exiled eyes. The school-master had cherished from the first a wish for a cotton-field,—a cotton-field of his own. To him a cotton-field represented the South,—a cotton-field in the hot sunshine, with a gang of slaves toiling under the lash of an overseer. This might have been a fancy picture; and it might not. At any rate it was real to him. There was, however, no overseer now, and no lash; no slaves and very little toil. The negroes would work only when they pleased; and that was generally not at all. There was no doubt but that they were almost hope-

lessly improvident and lazy. "Entirely so," said the planters. "Not quite," said the Northern school-master. And therein lay the difference between them.

David lighted his fire of pitch-pine, spread his little table, and began to cook his supper carefully. When it was nearly ready, he heard a knock at his gate. Two representative specimens of his scholars were waiting without,—Jim, a field-hand, and a woman named Esther, who had been a house-servant in a planter's family. Jim had come "to borry an ax," and Esther to ask for medicine for a sick child.

"Where is your own ax, Jim?" said the school-master.

"Somehow et's rusty, sah. Dey gets rusty mighty quick."

"Of course, because you always leave them out in the rain. When will you learn to take care of your axes?"

"Don' know, mars."

"I have told you not to call me master," said David. "I am not your master."

"You's school-mars, I reckon," answered Jim, grinning at his repartee.

"Well, Jim," said the school-master, relaxing into a smile, "you have the best of it this time; but you know quite well what I mean. You can take the ax; but bring it back to-night. And you must see about getting a new one immediately; there is something to begin with. Now, Esther, what is it? Your boy sick? Probably it is because you let him drink the water out of that swampy pool. I warned you."

"Yes, sah," said the woman impassively.

She was a slow, dull-witted creature, who had executed her tasks marvelously well in the planter's family, never varying by a hair's breadth either in time or method during long years. Freed, she was lost at once; if she had not been swept along by her companions she would have sat down dumbly by the way-side, and died. The school-master offered supper to both of his guests. Jim took a seat at the table at once, nothing loth, and ate and drank, talking all the time with occasional flashes of wit, and an unconscious suggestion of ferocity in the way he hacked and tore the meat with his 'clasp-knife, and his strong white teeth. Esther stood; nothing could induce her to sit in the master's presence. She ate and drank quietly, and dropped a courtesy whenever he spoke to her, not from any especial respect or gratitude, however, but from habit. "I may possibly teach the man something," thought the school-master; "but

what a terrible creature to turn loose in the world, with power in his hand! Hundreds of these men will die, nay, must die violent deaths before their people can learn what freedom means, and what it does not mean. As for the woman, it is hopeless; she cannot learn. But her child can. In truth, our hope is in the children."

And then he threw away every atom of the food, washed his dishes, made up the fire, and went back to the beginning again and cooked a second supper. For he still shrank from personal contact with the other race. A Southerner would have found it impossible to comprehend the fortitude it required for the New Englander to go through his daily rounds among them. He did his best; but it was duty, not liking. Supper over, he went to the school-house again; in the evenings, he taught the old people. It was an odd sight to note them as they followed the letters with a big crooked forefinger, slowly spelling out words of three letters. They spelled with their whole bodies, stooping over the books which lay before them until their old grizzled heads and gay turbans looked as if they were set on the table by the chins in a long row. Patiently the master taught them; they had gone no farther than "cat" in five long months. He made the letters for them on the black-board again and again, but the treat of the evening was the making of these letters on the board by the different scholars in turn. "Now, Dinah—B." And old Dinah would hobble up proudly, and, with much screwing of her mouth and tongue and many long hesitations, produce something which looked like a figure eight gone mad. Joe had his turn next, and he would make, perhaps, an H for a D. The master would go back and explain to him carefully the difference, only to find at the end of ten minutes that the whole class was hopelessly confused; Joe's mistake had routed them all. There was one pair of spectacles among the old people; these were passed from hand to hand as the turn came, not from necessity always, but as an adjunct to the dignity of reading.

"Never mind the glasses, Tom. Surely you can spell 'bag' without them."

"Dey helps, Mars King David," replied old Tom with solemn importance. He then adorned himself with the spectacles, and spelled it—"g, a, b."

But the old people enjoyed their lesson immensely; no laughter, no joking broke the solemnity of the scene, and they never

failed to make an especial toilet,—much shirt-collar for the old men, and clean turbans for the old women. They seemed to be generally half-crippled, poor old creatures; slow in their movements as tortoises; and often unwieldy; their shoes were curiosities of patches, rags, strings, and carpeting. But sometimes a fine old black face was lifted from the slow-moving bulk, and from under wrinkled eyelids keen sharp eyes met the master's, as intelligent as his own.

There was no church proper in Jubilee; on Sundays, the people, who were generally Baptists, assembled in the school-room, where services were conducted by a brother who had "de gif' ob preachin'" and who poured forth a flood of Scripture phrases with a volubility, incoherence and earnestness alike extraordinary. Presbyterian David attended these services, not only for the sake of example, but also because he steadfastly believed in "the public assembling of ourselves together for the worship of Almighty God."

"Perhaps they understand him," he thought, noting the rapt black faces, "and I, at least, have no right to judge them,—I, who with all the lights I have had, still find myself unable to grasp the great doctrine of Election." For David had been bred in Calvinism, and many a night when younger and more hopeful of arriving at finalities, had he wrestled with its problems. He was not so sure, now, of arriving at finalities, either in belief or in daily life; but he thought the fault lay with himself, and deplored it.

The Yankee school-master was, of course, debarred from intercourse with those of his own color in the neighborhood. There were no "poor whites" there; he was spared the sight of their long, clay-colored faces, lank yellow hair, and half open mouths; he was not brought into contact with the ignorance and dense self-conceit of this singular class. The whites of the neighborhood were planters, and they regarded the school-master as an interloper, a fanatic, a knave or a fool, according to their various degrees of bitterness. The phantom of a cotton-field still haunted the master, and he often walked by the abandoned fields of these planters, and noted them carefully. In addition to his fancy, there was now another motive. Things were not going well at Jubilee, and he was anxious to try whether the men would not work for good wages, paid regularly, and for their Northern teacher and friend. Thus it happened that Harnett Am-

merton, retired planter, perceived, one afternoon, a stranger walking up the avenue that led to his dilapidated mansion; and as he was near-sighted, and as any visitor was, besides, a welcome interruption in his dull day, he went out upon the piazza to meet him, and, not until he had offered a chair, did he recognize his guest. He said nothing; for he was in his own house. But a gentleman can freeze the atmosphere around him even in his own house, and this he did. The school-master stated his errand simply; he wished to rent one of the abandoned cotton-fields for a year. The planter could have answered with satisfaction that his fields might lie forever untillied before Yankee hands should touch them. But he was a poor man now, and money was money. He endured his visitor, and he rented his field; and, with the perplexed feelings of his class, he asked himself how it was, how it could be, that a man like that—yes, like that—had money, while he himself had none! David had but little money,—a mere handful to throw away in a day, the planter would have thought in the lavish old times; but David had the New England thrift.

"I am hoping that the unemployed hands over at Jubilee will cultivate this field for me," he said; "for fair wages, of course. I know nothing of cotton myself."

"You will be disappointed," said the planter.

"But they must live; they must lay up something for the winter."

"They do not know enough to live. They might exist, perhaps, in Africa as the rest of their race exists, but here, in this colder climate, they must be taken care of, worked, and fed, as we work and feed our horses—precisely in the same way."

"I cannot agree with you," replied David, a color rising in his thin face. "They are idle and shiftless, I acknowledge that; but is it not the natural result of generations of servitude and ignorance?"

"They have not capacity for anything save ignorance."

"You do not know then, perhaps, that I—that I am trying to educate those who are over at Jubilee," said David. There was no aggressive confidence in his voice; he knew that he had accomplished little as yet. He looked wistfully at his host as he spoke.

Harnett Ammerton was a born patrician; poor, homely, awkward David felt this in every nerve as he sat there. For he loved beauty in spite of himself, and in spite of his belief that it was a tendency of the old

Adam. (Old Adam has such nice things to bother his descendants with; almost a monopoly, if we are to believe some creeds.) So now David tried not to be influenced by the fine face before him, and steadfastly went on to sow a little seed, if possible, even upon this prejudiced ground.

"I have a school over there," he said.

"I have heard something of the kind, I believe," replied the old planter, as though Jubilee town were a thousand miles away instead of a blot upon his own border. "May I ask how you are succeeding?"

There was a fine irony in the question. David felt it, but replied courageously that success, he hoped, would come in time.

"And I, young man, hope that it will never come! The negro with power in his hand, which you have given him, with a little smattering of knowledge in his shallow, crafty brain,—a knowledge which you and your kind are now striving to give him,—will become an element of more danger in this land than it has ever known before. You Northerners do not understand the blacks. They are an inferior race by nature; God made them so. And God forgive those (although I never can) who have placed them over us,—yes, virtually over us, their former masters,—poor ignorant creatures!"

At this instant an old negro came up the steps, with an armful of wood, and the eye of the Northerner noted (was forced to note) the contrast: there sat the planter, his head crowned with silver hair, his finely chiseled face glowing with the warmth of his indignant words; and there passed the old slave, bent and black, his low forehead and broad animal features seeming to typify scarcely more intelligence than that of the dog that followed him. The planter spoke to the servant in his kindly way as he passed, and the old black face lighted with pleasure. This, too, the school-master's sensitive mind noted; none of his pupils looked at him with anything like that affection. "But it *is* right they should be freed, it *is* right," he said to himself as he walked back to Jubilee, "and to that belief will I cling as long as I have my being. It *is* right." And then he came into Jubilee, and found three of his freedmen drunk, and quarreling in the street.

Heretofore the settlement, poor and forlorn as it was, had escaped the curse of drunkenness. No liquor was sold in the vicinity, and David had succeeded in keeping his scholars from wandering aimlessly about the country from place to place,—

often the first use the blacks made of their freedom. Jubilee did not go to the liquor. But, at last, the liquor had come to Jubilee. Shall they not have all rights and privileges, these new-born citizens of ours? The bringer of these doctrines, and of the fluids to moisten them, was a white man, one of that class which has gone down on the page of American history, knighted with the initials C. B. "The captain" the negroes called him,—and he was highly popular already, three hours of the captain being worth three weeks of David, as far as familiarity went. The man was a glib-tongued, smartly dressed fellow, well supplied with money, and his errand was, of course, to influence the votes at the next election. David, meanwhile, had so carefully kept all talk of politics from his scholars, that they hardly knew that an election was near. It became, now, a contest between the two higher intelligences. If the school-master had but won the easily-won and strong affections of his pupils! But, in all those months, he had gained only a dutiful attention. They did not even respect him as they had respected their old masters, and the cause (poor David!) was that very thrift and industry which he relied upon as an example.

"Ole Mars Ammerton would nebber wash his dishes ef dey was nebber washed," confided Maum June to Elsy, as they caught sight of David's shining pans.

The school-master could have had a retinue of servants for small price, or no price at all; but to tell a truth (which he never told), he could not endure them about him.

"I must have one spot to myself," he said feverishly, after he had labored all day among them, teaching, correcting untidy ways, administering simple medicines, or binding up a bruised foot. But he never dreamed that this very isolation of his personality, this very thrift, were daily robbing him of the influence which he so earnestly longed to possess. In New England, every man's house was his castle; and every man's hands were thrifty. He forgot the easy familiarity, the lordly ways, the crowded households, and the royal carelessness, to which the slaves had always been accustomed in their old masters' homes.

At first the captain attempted intimacy.

"No reason why you and me shouldn't work together," he said with a confidential wink. "This thing's being done all over the South, and easy done, too. Now's the time for smart chaps like us,—transition,"

you know. The old Southerners are mad, and wont come forward, so we'll just sail in and have a few years of it. When they're ready to come back,—why, we'll give 'em up the place again, of course, if our pockets are well lined. Come now, just acknowledge that the negroes have got to have somebody to lead 'em."

"It shall not be such as you," said David indignantly. "See those two men quarrelling; that is the work of the liquor you have given them!"

"They've as good a right to their liquor as other men have," replied the captain, carelessly, "and that's what I tell 'em; they aint slaves now,—they're free. Well, boss,—sorry you don't like my ideas, but can't help it; must go ahead. Remember, I offered you a chance, and you would not take it. Morning."

The five months had grown into six and seven, and Jubilee-town was known far and wide as a dangerous and disorderly neighborhood. The old people and the children still came to school, but the young men and boys had deserted in a body. The school-master's cotton-field was neglected; he did a little there himself every day, but the work was novel, and his attempts awkward and slow. One afternoon, Harnett Ammerton rode by on horseback; the road passed near the angle of the field where the school-master was at work.

"How is your experiment succeeding?" said the planter, with a little smile of amused scorn as he saw the lonely figure.

"Not very well," replied David.

He paused and looked up earnestly into the planter's face. Here was a man who had lived among the blacks all his life, and knew them; if he would but give honest advice! The school-master was sorely troubled that afternoon. Should he speak? He would at least try.

"Mr. Ammerton," he said, "do you intend to vote at the approaching election?"

"No," replied the planter; "nor any person of my acquaintance."

"Then incompetent, and, I fear, evil-minded men will be put into office."

"Of course; the certain result of negro voting."

"But if you, sir, and the class to which you belong, would exert yourselves, I am inclined to think much might be done. The breach will only grow broader every year; act now, while you have still influence left."

"Then you think that we have influence," said the planter.

He was curious concerning the ideas of this man, who, although not like the typical Yankee exactly, was yet plainly a fanatic; while as to dress and air—why, Zip, his old valet, had more polish.

"I know at least that I have none," said David. Then he came a step nearer. "Do you think, sir," he began slowly, "that I have gone to work in the wrong way? Would it have been wiser to have obtained some post of authority over them,—the office of justice of the peace, for instance, with power of arrest?"

"I know nothing about it," said the planter curtly, touching his horse with his whip and riding on. He had no intention of stopping to discuss ways and means with an abolition school-master!

Things grew from bad to worse at Jubilee. Most of the men had been field-hands, there was but little intelligence among them; the few bright minds among David's pupils caught the specious arguments of the captain, and repeated them to the others. The captain explained how much power they held; the captain laid before them glittering plans; the captain said that by good rights each family ought to have a plantation to repay them for their years of enforced labor; the captain promised them a four-story brick college for their boys, which was more than King David had ever promised, teacher though he was. They found out that they were tired of King David and his narrow talk; and they went over to Hildore Corners, where a new store had been opened, which contained, among other novelties, a bar. This was one of the captain's benefactions. "If you pay your money for it, you've as good a right to your liquor as any one, I guess," he observed. "Not that it's anything to me, of course; but I allow I like to see fair play!"

It was something to him, however; the new store had a silent partner. And this was but one of many small and silent enterprises in which he was engaged throughout the neighborhood.

The women of Jubilee, more faithful than the men, still sent their children to school; but they did it with discouraged hearts, poor things! Often now they were seen with bandaged heads and bruised bodies, the result of drunken blows from husband or brother; and, left alone, they were obliged to labor all day to get the poor food they ate, and to keep clothes on their children. Patient by nature, they lived along as best they could, and toiled in their small fields

like horses; but the little prides, the vague grotesque aspirations and hopes that had come to them with their freedom, gradually faded away. "A blue-painted front do';" "a black silk apron with red ribbons;" "to make a minister of little Job;" and "a real crock'ry pitcher," were wishes unspoken now. The thing was only how to live from day to day, and keep the patched clothes together. In the meanwhile, trashy finery was sold at the new store, and the younger girls wore gilt ear-rings.

The master, toiling on at his vain task, was at his wit's end. "They will not work, before long they must steal," he said. He brooded and thought, and at last one morning he came to a decision. The same day in the afternoon he set out for Hildore Corners. He had thought of a plan. As he was walking rapidly through the pine woods, Harnett Ammerton on horseback passed him. This time the Northerner had no questions to ask; nay, he almost hung his head, so ashamed was he of the reputation that had attached itself to the field of his labors. But the planter reined in his horse when he saw who it was; he was the questioner now.

"School-master," he began, "in the name of all the white families about here, I really must ask if you can do nothing to keep in order those miserable, drinking, ruffianly negroes of yours over at Jubilee? Why,—we shall all be murdered in our beds before long! Are you aware of the dangerous spirit they have manifested lately?"

"Only too well," said David.

"What are you going to do? How will it end?"

"God knows."

"God knows. Is that all you have to say? Of course He knows; but the question is, do you know? You have brought the whole trouble down upon our heads by your confounded insurrectionary school! Just as I told you, your negroes, with the little smattering of knowledge you have given them, are now the most dangerous, riotous, thieving, murdering rascals in the district."

"They are bad; but it is not the work of the school, I hope."

"Yes, it is," said the planter angrily.

"They have been led astray lately, Mr. Ammerton; a person has come among them——"

"Another Northerner."

"Yes," said David, a flush rising in his

cheek; "but not all Northerners are like this man, I trust."

"Pretty much all we see are; look at the State."

"Yes, I know it; I suppose time alone can help matters," said the troubled teacher.

"Give up your school, and come and join us," said the planter abruptly; "you, at least, are honest in your mistakes. We are going to form an association for our own protection; join with us. You can teach my grandsons if you like, provided you do not put any of your—your fanaticism into them."

This was an enormous concession for Harnett Ammerton to make; something in the school-master's worn face had drawn it out.

"Thank you," said David slowly; "it is kindly meant, sir. But I cannot give up my work. I came down to help the freed-men, and ——"

"Then stay with them," said the planter, doubly angry for the very kindness of the moment before. "I thought you were a decent-living white man, according to your fashion, but I see I was mistaken. Dark days are coming, and you turn your back upon those of your own color and side with the slaves! Go and herd with your negroes, —but, look you, sir, we are prepared. We will shoot down any one found upon our premises after dark,—shoot him down like a dog. It has come to that, and, by Heaven! we shall protect ourselves."

He rode on. David sat down on a fallen tree for a moment, and leaned his head upon his hand. Dark days were coming, as the planter had said; nay, were already there. Was he in any way responsible for them? He tried to think. "I know not," he said at last; "but I must still go on and do the best I can. I must carry out my plan." He rose and went forward to the Corners.

A number of Jubilee men were lounging near the new store, and one of them was reading aloud from a newspaper which the captain had given him; he had been David's brightest scholar and he could read readily; but what he read was inflammable matter of the worst kind, a speech which had been written for just such purposes, and which was now being circulated through the district. Mephistopheles in the form of Harnett Ammerton seemed to whisper in the school-master's ears, "Do you take pride to yourself that you taught that man to read?"

The reader stopped; he had discovered

the new auditor; the men stared; they had never seen the master at the Corners before. They drew together and waited; he approached them, and paused a moment; then he began to speak.

"I have come, friends," he said, "to make a proposition to you. You, on your side, have nothing laid up for the winter, and I, on my side, am anxious to have your work. I have a field, you know, a cotton-field; what do you say to going to work there, all of you, for a month? I will agree to pay you more than any man about here pays, and you shall have the cash every Monday morning regularly. We will hold a meeting over at Jubilee, and you shall choose your own overseer; for I am very ignorant about cotton-fields; I must trust to you. What do you say?"

The men looked at each other, but no one spoke.

"Think of your little children without clothes."

Still silence.

"I have not succeeded among you," continued the teacher, "as well as I hoped to succeed. You do not come to school any more, and I suppose it is because you do not like me."

Something like a murmur of dissent came from the group. The voice went on:

"I have thought of something I can do, however; I can write to the North for another teacher to take my place, and he shall be a man of your own race; one who is educated, and, if possible, also a clergyman of your own faith. You can have a little church, then, and Sabbath services. As soon as he comes, I will yield my place to him; but, in the meantime, will you not cultivate that field for me? I ask it as a favor. It will be but for a little while, for, when the new teacher comes, I shall go, unless, indeed," he added, looking around with a smile that was almost pathetic in its appeal, "you should wish me to stay."

There was no answer. He had thrown out this last little test question suddenly. It had failed.

"I am sorry I have not succeeded better at Jubilee," he said after a short pause,—and his voice had altered in spite of his self-control,—"but at least you will believe, I hope, that I have tried."

"Dat's so;" "dat's de truf," said one or two; the rest stood irresolute. But at this moment a new speaker came forward; it was the captain, who had been listening in ambush.

"All gammon, boys, all gammon," he began, seating himself familiarly among them on the fence-rail. "The season for planting's over, and your work would be thrown away in that field of his. He knows it, too; he only wants to see you marching around to his whistling. And he pays you double wages, does he? Double wages for perfectly useless work! Doesn't that show, clear as daylight, what he's up to? If he hankers so, after your future,—your next winter, and all that,—why don't he give yer the money right out, if he's so flush? But no; he wants to put you to work, and that's all there is of it. He can't deny a word I've said, either."

"I do not deny that I wish you to work, friends," began David—

"There! he tells yer so himself," said the captain; "he wants yer back in yer old places again. I seen him talking to old Ammerton the other day. Give 'em a chance, them two classes, and they'll have you slaves a second time before you know it."

"Never!" cried David. "Friends, it is not possible that you can believe this man! We have given our lives to make you free," he added passionately, "we came down among you, bearing your freedom in our hands —"

"Come now,—I'm a Northerner too, aint I?" interrupted the captain; "there's two kinds of Northerners, boys. I was in the army, and that's more than he can say. Much freedom *he* brought down in *his* hands, safe at home in his narrer-minded, penny-scraping village! He wasn't in the army at all, boys, and he can't tell you he was."

This was true; the school-master could not. Neither could he tell them what was also true, namely, that the captain had been an attaché of a sutler's tent, and nothing more. But the sharp-witted captain had the whole history of his opponent at his fingers' ends.

"Come along, boys," said this jovial leader; "we'll have suthin' to drink the health of this tremenjous soldier in,—this fellow as fought so hard for you and for your freedom. I always thought he looked like a fighting man, with them fine broad shoulders of his!" He laughed loudly, and the men trooped into the store after him. The school-master, alone outside, knew that his chance was gone. He turned away and took the homeward road. One of his plans had failed; there remained now nothing save to carry out the other.

Prompt as usual, he wrote his letter as soon as he reached his cabin, asking that another teacher, a colored man if possible, should be sent down to take his place.

"I fear I am not fitted for the work," he wrote; "I take shame to myself that this is so. Yet, being so, I must not hinder by any disappointed strivings the progress of the great mission. I will go back among my own kind; it may be that some whom I shall teach may yet succeed where I have failed." The letter could not go until the next morning. He went out and walked up and down in the forest. A sudden impulse came to him; he crossed over to the school-house and rang the little tinkling belfry-bell. His evening class had disbanded some time before; the poor old aunties and uncles crept off to bed very early now, in order to be safely out of the way when their disorderly sons and grandsons came home. But something moved the master to see them all together once more. They came across the green, wondering, and entered the school-room; some of the younger wives came too, and the children. The master waited, letter in hand. When they were all seated,

"Friends," he said, "I have called you together to speak to you of a matter which lies very near my own heart. Things are not going on well at Jubilee. The men drink; the children go in rags. Is this true?"

Groans, and slow assenting nods answered him. One old woman shrieked out shrilly, "It is de Lord's will," and rocked her body to and fro.

"No, it is not the Lord's will," answered the school-master gently; "you must not think so. You must strive to reclaim those who have gone astray; you must endeavor to inspire them with renewed aspirations toward a higher plane of life; you must—I mean," he said, correcting himself, "you must try to keep the men from going over to the Corners and getting drunk."

"But dey will do it, sah; what can we do?" said Uncle Scipio, who sat leaning his chin upon his crutch and peering at the teacher with sharp intelligence in his old eyes. "If dey wont stay fo' you, sah, will dey stay fo' us?"

"That is what I was coming to," said the master. (They had opened the subject even before he could get to it! They saw it too, then,—his utter lack of influence.) "I have not succeeded here as I hoped to succeed, friends; I have not the influence I

ought to have." Then he paused. "Perhaps the best thing I can do will be to go away," he added, looking quickly from face to face to catch the expression. But there was nothing visible. The children stared stolidly back, and the old people sat unmoved; he even fancied that he could detect relief in the eyes of one or two, quickly suppressed, however, by the innate politeness of the race. A sudden mist came over his eyes; he had thought that perhaps some of them would care a little. He hurried on: "I have written to the North for a new teacher for you, a man of your own people, who will not only teach you, but also, as a minister, hold services on the Sabbath; you can have a little church of your own then. Such a man will do better for you than I have done, and I hope you will like him,"—he was going to say, "better than you have liked me," but putting down all thought of self, he added, "and that his work among you will be abundantly blessed."

"Glory! glory!" cried an old aunty. "A color'd preacher ob our own,—glory! glory!"

Then Uncle Scipio rose slowly, with the aid of his crutches, and, as orator of the occasion, addressed the master.

"You see, sah, how it is; you see, Mars King David," he said, waving his hand apologetically, "a color'd man will unnerstan us, 'specially ef he hab libed at de Souf; we don't want no Norder free niggahs hyar. But a 'spectable color'd preacher, now, would be de makin' ob Jubilee, fo' dis worl' an' de nex'."

"Fo' dis worl' and de nex'," echoed the old woman.

"Our service to you, sah, all de same," continued Scipio, with a grand bow of ceremony; "but you hab nebber *quite* unnerstan us, sah, nebber quite; an' you can nebber do much fo' us, sah, on 'count ob dat fack,—ef you'll scuse my saying so. But it is de trouf. We give you our t'anks and our congratturrulations, an' we hopes you'll go j'yful back to your own people, an' be a shining light to 'em forebber more."

"A shinin' light forebber more," echoed the rest. One old woman, inspired apparently by the similarity of words, began a hymn about "the shining shore," and the whole assembly, thinking no doubt that it was an appropriate and complimentary termination to the proceedings, joined in with all their might, and sang the whole six verses through with fervor.

"I should like to shake hands with you all as you go out," said the master, when at last the song was ended, "and,—and I wish, my friends, that you would all remember me in your prayers to-night before you sleep."

What a sight was that when the pale Caucasian, with the intelligence of generations on his brow, asked for the prayers of these sons of Africa, and gently, nay, almost humbly, received the pressure of their black toil-hardened hands as they passed out! They had taught him a great lesson, the lesson of a failure.

The school-master went home, and sat far into the night, with his head bowed upon his hands. "Poor worm!" he thought, "poor worm! who even went so far as to dream of saying, 'Here am I, Lord, and these brethren whom Thou hast given me!'"

The day came for him to go; he shouldered his bag and started away. At a turn in the road, some one was waiting for him; it was dull-faced Esther with a bunch of flowers, the common flowers of her small garden-bed. "Good-bye, Esther," said the master, touched almost to tears by the sight of the solitary little offering.

"Good-bye, mars," said Esther. But she was not moved; she had come out into the woods from a sort of instinct, as a dog follows a little way down the road, to look after a departing carriage.

"David King has come back home again, and taken the district school," said one village gossip to another.

"Has he, now? Didn't find the blacks what he expected, I guess."

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AGAIN.

THE day came at last when they must gain Fort Atchison, if no accident or calamity befell them. Morning dragged on to noon, and noon stretched out, barren and drear, cloud-cast and foreboding, to late afternoon. And then, like the gates of Paradise, the long low line of *chevaux-de-frise* encircling the fort, rose before the eager, far-seeing eyes of Captain Elyot. He broke away from the company. The very horse under him must have felt the sudden bound of his heart as with his head lowered, his teeth shut tight and his eyes fixed upon the goal, he dashed ahead. The dizzy ground flew out from under his horse's feet; he had no gaze for right or left; the familiar landscape wooed no glance, his eyes saw only that feebly waving flag growing, like the soul within him, every moment.

The sentry at the gate was one of his own men, but he had no word for him.

Sergeant McDougal came running, out of breath with haste and gladness, as the gate swung back.

"An' is it you? though we kenned ye were na killed. Major McGrath wi' three coompanies o' infantry an' a sprinkle o' cavalry cam' thro' fra Fort Wallace better'n a fortnight back an' brought the news."

So Blossom knew and waited for his coming!

He could only wring the man's hand and hasten on.

The sergeant stared after him, rubbing his forehead in perplexity.

"Somebody maun tell her," he gasped, and started on a run for the major's quarters.

In the meantime Captain Elyot had gained his own door without meeting any one else. It was the hour of afternoon parade. The band began to play softly as he flung himself from his horse. "Days of Absence" lingered in his memory for many a year after that. He did not pause with his hand on the latch. There was no foreboding in his heart—nothing but impatience and joy to bursting. He threw the door open. Why should he wait to prepare her for his coming? He begrudged every re-

tarding moment. His foot sounded strange upon the floor of the little passage to his wife's parlor. It was dark, and the door refused to open. It had a trick—he touched it with his foot, sending it back with a clang and a dull echo.

And the room was empty and stripped bare!

The very beating of his heart stopped. He staggered to the wall, groping like one struck blind. Then he rallied. Was it the drum outside suddenly awakened, or did the reverberation of his own heart seem to thrash the air and make it quiver to sight and sound? There was some mistake here. He had entered the wrong door. But no; a gust of wind blew in after him, flapping a bunch of dried grass upon the wall. Blossom's own hands had pinned it there. White with the dust of long neglect it fluttered down to his feet. He opened the door of the room where he had laid Blossom's fainting form upon the bed the morning when he rode away. Empty and bare!

Then an awful sense of calamity overwhelmed him. It was too terrible for dread; it was a revelation, like the sudden opening of an abyss beneath his very feet.

Some one stood in the door-way. It was the major's wife who, at Sergeant McDougal's strange tidings, had run out in the bitter wind without so much as a shawl over her head.

"Captain Elyot!" She fairly put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Welcome to life again! Oh, what a fright you gave us! We thought you were dead. But what are you doing here, man? Come home with me or the major and every one else 'll be there before us. Where is your wife?"

"My wife!" Captain Elyot turned a face like death upon her, "Mrs. Bryce, where is my wife?"

"Then you don't know? Is it possible that you don't know? Why, they left the fort full three months ago, and not a word have we heard of them since. But I fancied they had somehow reached you. Don't, pray don't! Why, man, you look as though you were turned to stone. Rouse up and come home with me. My dear boy, I'm a silly woman and don't know what to do,"

sobbed the major's wife, "but do come, come home to the major. He'll say something that'll make it right, I know. I'm so bewildered at the sight of you," and Mrs. Bryce fell to sobbing aloud.

"Where did they go? What does it mean?" and the captain passed his hand over his eyes as though with this movement he could brush away the perplexity of his mind.

"I don't know, and there is little enough to tell; though I saw her more frequently than you may believe, after you left. We ladies were not quite just to your wife at first; I am willing to acknowledge it now. But your marriage was a precedent we hardly liked to see established among us, Captain Elyot, though you might have looked far before finding another so gentle and sweet and altogether lovable as she. I little thought, once, that the day would come when I should say this to you. But the patience of that dear child through all those anxious weeks, even trying to bear up when every one else believed you were dead,—because of some promise you had made her at the last,—the forgiving spirit toward those who had scorned her—and I was one, I say it with shame——"

"Mrs. Bryce, where did they go?"

"I don't know. We have never heard. Mrs. Stubbs was silent and strange as to their plans,—her plans, I might say, for it was she who arranged everything. They were going east, she said—this was after Lieutenant Gibbs came in (and oh, what a mercy it was! and Claudia worn to a shadow!) and we all believed you to be dead; only your wife held out to the last. You would yet come back, she declared. *You had promised her.* Mrs. Stubbs said she would write as soon as they were permanently settled, but we have heard nothing. Still it is hardly time, though I can see that the major is uneasy. I never knew him to be so distressed as when the news came that you were dead——"

"But he should have detained them here."

"He did what he could. But he might as well have tried to stop the wind from sweeping over the plains, as to control that woman. We said everything to persuade them to remain until another spring, when we shall probably be ordered east ourselves. The major seemed to feel that he was left in charge of your wife and he even threatened to use force to detain them, but that was nonsense, of course. What did they know of the world, he said; and between you

and me the old woman was not quite——" the major's wife touched her forehead mysteriously. "But I am keeping you here, and he is at home before now and wondering where you have hidden yourself, for there's not a man, woman or child at the post but knows of your arrival by this time."

"Leave me here," and Captain Elyot turned again to the empty rooms.

"That I will never do," Mrs. Bryce replied with decision. She rested her broad shoulders against the bare wall as she spoke. "I only wish I had brought a wrap of some kind. It is bitterly cold," and she shivered perceptibly.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly, moving toward the door. His hand lingered over the latch. How dear the place had been to him!

"I must set out in search of them at once,—to-morrow. The major cannot refuse to give me leave?" He spoke with anxious haste. He had shut out the happy past with the closing of that door. To search the world over, till he found them, was his only desire.

"Set out for the states! With a storm beginning already! No, no, Captain Elyot, you must be contented to stay with us awhile. Another mail will very likely bring us all news of your wife. But we'll hear what the major has to say," and she led the way to her own door. "And a mercy it is that you got in when you did," as the snow-flakes settled upon her bare head. Her heart had thrown down all its defenses against him, as indeed it had surrendered to Blossom in her affliction. Then, too, Claudia's marriage was arranged for the next month. Lieutenant Gibbs's return from the dead, as it were, had hastened matters. His expectations had borne unlooked-for fruit. And it was really a very desirable connection in every way, so that there was no longer anything to regret on that score.

A bright light shone from Mrs. Bryce's windows. This was like the coming home the poor young man had dreamed of—with the fire glowing on the hearth (and Blossom waiting to greet him).

"Bless my soul, boy, and is it really you?" said the major, struggling with something very like tears which rose and choked him as he bestowed a bear-hug upon the young man. "Here's Gibbs—where are you, —Gibbs?" for the room was full, the news of Captain Elyot's arrival having flown the length and breadth of the fort—"and Blake,

—step up, Blake, and speak to the captain. The rest of the poor fellows——”

The major turned suddenly to stare at the snow falling thick outside the windows.

One after another they crowded up to shake the captain's hand, but when they pressed him for the story of his escape, Mrs. Bryce interfered and dismissed them all.

“Another time, good friends—to-morrow; we must give him a chance to rest and refresh himself before we begin upon that,” and she fairly bowed them out of the house. She would not risk the chance of their inquiring for his missing wife.

“And so you carried the dispatches through, after all?” said the major, when the door had closed upon the last one. “You'll hear of that again, or I'm mistaken. You may be sure I didn't forget to mention it in my report. But what's this they tell me? Don't know your wife's whereabouts? We fancied she must have found you, since every paper we have received has been full of your gallant and meritorious conduct. But the next mail 'll bring you something. Don't look so down in the mouth, boy. They're sure to know of your escape long before this. What the —— do you think newspapers feed on but such narrow escapes as yours? I venture to say that your face has appeared in every illustrated penny-a-line east of the Mississippi (altered over from an old wood-cut of Captain Kidd). Cheer up, man!” And the cheerful assurance of the major's voice did lighten for a moment the load upon the young man's heart.

“But where are they? Did they leave no clue by which they can be traced?”

“No. Though at the worst I suppose we might learn something of them at Independence. I did inquire what had become of them when the wagons returned. But if the old woman had been escaping for her life she could hardly have taken more pains to cover up her trail.”

“Did she try to do that?” Captain Elyot asked, with a start.

“I can't tell. On my soul, I don't know; but it looked like it. She has never been quite herself, you know, since Stubbs was killed. Straight enough in business, but queer; and more close-mouthed than ever about her own affairs. We tried to keep them here. Your wife would have been glad to stay, poor thing! for she had an odd fancy that you would yet come back. (Bless my soul! How the smoke from that confounded chimney gets into one's eyes!)

But the old woman would go. There was nothing to stay for, she said, and the sooner they left, the better. So she hastened to sell out. Gibbs, perhaps you know, has developed a remarkable interest in household stuff. He bought some of the articles, and the sutler took the rest. For Mrs. Stubbs didn't stand upon pennies. She used to be sharp enough at a trade, but I believe she'd have given everything away rather than to wait a month longer.”

“And they almost new, as you know,” broke in Mrs. Bryce. “Why, those rugs ——”

“Never mind, Polly,” said the major. He saw that the young man shrank from hearing his household goods enumerated. “Elyot wont care to know all that. And here comes Jinny, at last. You must be famished, Elyot.”

“I hope I see ye weel, sir,” said Jinny, with a meek obeisance. “Ye're lookin' blithe after the lang illness that we heard of.”

“Thanks, Jinny. I'm quite recovered, I believe,” the captain responded.

“Jinny, here, knew as much of your family as any one,” said the major, as the girl proceeded to set out the tea-table.

“I'll no say that I didna,” and Jinny began to lay the cloth with a critical eye to its exactness. “Mrs. Stubbs was na above a crack wi' an auld friend,—beggin' your pardon, sir,—an' as for the young leddy, bless her sweet face! she was ower gude to me. Many's the letter she wrote for me wi' her ain hand. An' as for the ribbons an' ——”

“And where did they go, Jinny?” Captain Elyot was too eager for any information she might give to bear with this personal digression.

“That's what I dinna ken, sir,” and Jinny set down her cups and saucers and rested her hands upon her hips in a thoughtful attitude. She and Sergeant McDougal had already discussed this question fruitlessly in the kitchen. “Ye mind the day, ma'am,” she went on, to her mistress, “when I gied 'em a hand at packin' their claithes an' the like? ‘Ye hae freens where ye gang?’ said I. ‘I'm thinkin', Jinny,’ said the puir thing, wi' a sigh, ‘that I hae nae freens left.’ An' it would 'a' touched the heart o' a green stane to 'a' seen her wi' the red wiped out o' her cheeks by the tears that were ne'er once dry in her een.”

Mrs. Bryce had frowned in vain upon the girl, whose story was entirely too much for

Captain Elyot. His head had dropped into his hands through which his own tears trickled.

"I'll no tell a lee, ma'am," said Jinny stoutly, in reply to this unspoken reproof.

She was a stanch Presbyterian and regarded her word in trifles as well as in greater matters. "Ye ken yer ain sel' that the puir lass was like a wraith, wi' nae mair red on her face than the snow that's drop-pin' out-o'-doors this blessed night. But for a' that," she went on, having thus relieved her conscience, "it may be that change o' scene an' gude news,—if so be that tidings o' the cap'in's escape ever reach her, which is na to be counted on, sin' ye say yerself that the newspapers tell naething but lees,—it may be that she'll yet be spared;" with which comforting possibility the girl left the room at a sign from her mistress.

"Is it so?" said Captain Elyot. "Is her health so broken?"

"Nonsense," said the major, shortly. "Jinny enjoys startling effects. The poor little thing had cried herself sick. That was all."

"To tell the truth," amended his wife, "she did have a serious illness, from which she was but just recovering when her mother took her away. I am sure she was unwilling to go; but she was not one to set up her own will. She was thin and pale, as Jinny says, but that was not to be wondered at, since she was hardly able to sit up all day when they set out for the states."

"And no one interfered! It may have killed her!" exclaimed the young man, almost beside himself with apprehension over this new occasion for alarm.

"We used every argument but force," the major replied. "But no one of us had any authority to come between the two. Besides, Mrs. Stubbs was thoroughly competent to manage her own affairs and there was, as she said, no reason why they should remain here if they chose to go; and the journey made by easy stages, as she argued, would bring the girl's strength back, as I have no doubt it did. Cheer up, man! Blossom's cheeks are rosy enough by this time, I venture to say, and the old woman promised that we should have word of them before three months—and it is scarcely that—or even sooner if they settled anywhere."

"Don't be down-hearted," and Mrs. Bryce laid her hand upon the shoulder of the bent figure. "It is only a matter of patience. Try and content yourself here

with us—at least until the next mail comes through."

"And then if you hear nothing," broke in the major, "we'll find some way of sending you after her, for I see you'll be useless here. Polly, should I take it so to heart if you were spirited away?"

"Not you," replied Mrs. Bryce with a laugh and a toss of her cap-ribbons. "But come, come, here is the tea growing cold. We will not wait for Claudia. She must be going to spend the evening out." She did not say that she had dispatched a note to that young woman, who was spending an hour with a friend, announcing the startling arrival—which was no news by the time it reached her—and suggesting that it might be as well for her not to return until later in the evening when the influx of visitors would be over.

CHAPTER XXV.

"GOING TO LEAVE US?"

CLAUDIA did not appear until the next morning, when she repeated the assurance her father and mother had already pressed upon their guest, that long before this time his wife must have learned of his safety, and knowing that he would rejoin his command at once, the next mail would, without doubt, bring some tidings of her.

"I am sorry, Captain Elyot, to hear of your disappointment," she said. And so she was, with that indiscriminate sorrow which we bestow, as good Christians, upon all men alike. But secretly, in her heart of hearts, she believed that justice was at last being meted out to him, and that he was only paying the penalty one must pay in this world or the next, for one's sins.

"It goes to my heart," Mrs. Bryce had said, making an early visit to Claudia's bedroom, in wrapper and night-cap. She and the major had sat late with their guest the night before, speculating upon Mrs. Stubbs's intentions and motives, and there had been no opportunity to confer with Claudia, who had come in and gone directly to her own room without seeing their visitor. "Poor fellow! I heard him walking the floor half the night. I do believe he never went to bed at all."

"Indeed," Claudia replied, coldly. She was coiling her hair, standing before the glass, and twisting it about her head like a crown. Her fingers neither trembled nor relaxed in their efforts. So he was unhappy.

Had she not had her full share of wretchedness? And no one had pitied her. She had not walked the floor, keeping others awake as well as herself, but her pain had been none the less because she had striven to hide it in her own bosom.

"You will meet him in a friendly way, as you used to long ago, wont you, Claudia?" Mrs. Bryce put the question fearfully. The one object of her early call had been to ask this, for Claudia had never come round to be gracious to Captain Elyot's wife. Even in Blossom's affliction she had withheld her sympathy. "He is very unhappy," the major's wife continued, with a mournful shake of the head, far from effective in her present costume. And so was I unhappy, thought Claudia bitterly, but no one was tender of me. "Why should I?" she replied, perversely. "We are not at all intimate as we were once. How can I be the same? But I shall not forget that he is a guest in the house, and I suppose I shall tell him that I am sorry, and all that." And then she went on with her toilet, the bitter feelings which had almost died away aroused to aggressiveness by her mother's appeal.

"Well, that is all I ask you, to show something like sympathy for him. He is in great trouble, and though you may not have fancied her, she was his wife, you know."

A faint red spot burned upon Claudia's cheek. The tip of her finger might have covered it.

"I suppose other people have had trouble as well as he, and you will never be ready for breakfast, if you stand there in your cap."

"Bless me, I had forgotten all about it;" and Mrs. Bryce hurried away, not at all sure that she had succeeded in her pacific attempt.

She need have had no fears as regarded Captain Elyot. He was entirely too miserable to resent any fancied ill-treatment or neglect of months before, or, if he had remembered either, Mrs. Bryce's frank admission and warm tribute to Blossom's worth would have set the matter right at once.

He appeared to Claudia both worn and ill-looking, when she entered the parlor a few moments before breakfast, seeing him for the first time, and alone. He rose, and advanced a step to meet her. It stung her afresh to feel that her past neglect and coldness had been nothing to him. She herself had been nothing to him at all, not the shadow of a passing interest touched him in meeting her again. There was not even

the sting of a remembered slight, she could see, as he answered her greeting. For it was then she expressed her conventional sympathy, as related at the beginning of the chapter.

"You are very good," he replied simply, resuming his seat, and falling again into the reverie interrupted by her entrance. The unconscious rudeness provoked her to speech.

"Thanks," she replied, with a smile, though he looked up with a quick stare, as if he had not understood her. "But really, one might take you for the Knight of the Rueful Countenance," she went on, with angry flippancy, advancing and thrusting one foot out to the fire. She had touched the quick this time. His face blazed scarlet. "Why should you give way to despair?" she added, coolly, eying the fire, but aware of his start when her words touched him. "Nobody could be really lost, you know, *unless they desired to be*. It is always possible to track people. I dare say if you had asked at Independence, you might have learned all about them. The world is not so large as people make it out to be, I fancy."

"Yes, if I had known. That is the torment of it—to think I may have been near them. I may have even passed her in the street!" And, regardless of Miss Bryce's presence, he began to pace the room.

"That could hardly have been possible," Miss Bryce replied, in a matter-of-fact tone. "They must have left the town some weeks before you reached it."

It was a relief to Claudia when her mother and the breakfast appeared simultaneously. She had no desire to pursue this subject indefinitely. It was worse than uninteresting, and why should she affect an interest she was far from possessing? There was no danger of an immediate return to the tête-à-tête, since before breakfast was well over visitors began to arrive. Lieutenant Gibbs was among the first of these, and, as the room filled, he managed to draw Claudia away into a corner. But even here she was not safe from an appeal to her sympathies in behalf of the new arrival. "He seems awfully cut up, and no wonder," said the lieutenant. "What do you think I should have done, if I had come home to find you gone?"

"Made love to Augusta Wiley, perhaps," Claudia replied, carelessly. She was more than half in earnest, having very little faith in the vows of men.

"I say, Claudia, I know you don't mean it, but your jokes hit a fellow hard sometimes. Do you really believe I could get over it like that?" Something below the surface was stirred in the man. His moistened eyes searched her face.

"Of course I don't, silly. You'd set out in search of me, I hope."

"I'd hunt the world over, but I'd find you."

"Yes?" Claudia responded absently, making a movement toward the company of which Captain Elyot was the center. This was almost worse than listening to him.

"Don't go!" He caught her dress slyly as she was edging away. "I never have a word with you alone."

"It is so rude to be whispering off in a corner."

"Only a moment. See here, Claudia. If I were you, I wouldn't tell Elyot that we are to take his house."

"Why not?" And Miss Bryce opened her gray eyes. "He will have to know it."

"Well, not just now—not for a day or two; it might seem rough on him, you know."

"As you please," Claudia replied stiffly. "I presume I shall have no occasion to mention it. There will be nothing talked of at present but the Stubbses and their probable location. I wish——" she began, hotly:

"What is it you wish?" the lieutenant asked with some anxiety.

"That he could gratify his desire and set out in search of them," she added, controlling herself.

"So do I, and you are a dear girl to feel such an interest in his affairs, though once I shouldn't have said that. Do you remember—but there, don't pull your hand away. I promised never to bring it up again, I know; but it needn't vex you, now that everything has come round all right,—except with Elyot. It's hard on him, Claudia, to come home and find his house empty and his wife vanished—the Lord knows where," and the lieutenant pulled his long mustache, with a thoughtful shake of the head. "It's like a piece of poetry I remember in the reading-book when I was a little chap—though for the life of me I can't remember what it was all about."

"Don't try;" and there was the slightest perceptible curl of Miss Bryce's upper lip. "But I see it is clearing off. We shall have a fine day after all. I must try to get down to the house this afternoon. It is time something was done toward putting it in order."

Claudia plunged from sentiment into business, thankful of any diversion from this topic which beset her on every side.

"And I'll go with you."

"It isn't at all necessary. Men never can understand such things. Mamma had much better take it in hand." Then, observing her lover's mortified air, she added, in a more gentle tone, "We shall call upon you soon enough; but at first I really think mamma and I had better go alone and see what is to be done." And with this very small sop of graciousness and a sly squeeze of Claudia's hand behind her back, the lieutenant went off happy and full of importance.

Miss Bryce's words, which had appeared so carelessly uttered, came to Captain Elyot's mind again when he was alone,—when the excitement roused by telling the story of his escape and wanderings had passed away. The ebb of this tide carried much with it; but Claudia's words remained. They had sunk deeper than he knew. "No one ever is lost," she had said, "*unless they desire to be.*" He was too unsuspicious to fancy that she meant to give him pain; he tried to forget the thoughtless sentence. But light words hold fast as anchors sometimes, and he could not get rid of these nor of the unreasonable fears they aroused. He knew that Blossom would not change toward him. Nor would she, of her own will, stay away from his side for an hour. But what if her mother held her back? Certain unformed doubts and suspicions, of which he had not been conscious before, took bodily shape now. What might not this woman do?

He remembered that he had married the girl almost in the face of Mrs. Stubbs's opposition. He had forced a confession of his love upon Blossom at a moment when her mother had dismissed him from the house. Later, she had seemed to consent to the marriage—to exult over it, indeed, with an inconsistency he had been too happy at the time to try to fathom. Looking back now, he could see it all, as well as that a few weeks more had brought a change. The woman had become silent and at times almost sullen. Selfish in his perfect happiness, he had paid no heed to her variable moods. If he noticed them at all, it was but to ascribe their changes to an unhappy temper, the best panacea for which was to ignore it altogether. Was the major right in his suspicion that she was not quite herself in these days? This was the simplest solution of the problem. But if so, he trembled to think of Blossom in her hands.

Still his reason told him that there was really nothing to fear. However variable Mrs. Stubbs's moods might be, she never wavered in her devotion to the child. Nor would she attempt to keep the girl from him when once she had learned of his escape. She would know too well that Blossom's happiness was to be found only by his side. Besides, what reason could she have for desiring to separate them? He felt there could be none. And this reflection cheered him in a measure. He had brought in some files of old newspapers. They were going the rounds of the camp. In each one was an item concerning the massacre of his party, while more than once the story of his escape was told, with different degrees of untruthfulness, sometimes even with a change of name, but making a hero of him in every recital. Some of these garbled stories must have caught the eye of his wife. She would be upon the watch for news from the Indian country, even though convinced at last that her husband was dead. But though he soothed his anxiety with these reasonable suppositions, an image of Blossom wasted by suffering and worn by illness would rise in his mind,—the pale, patient mourner described by Mrs. Bryce's Jinny. For Jinny had taken another opportunity, when her word could not be called in question, to assure him that Blossom had the appearance of one not "over lang for this warl."

What if she were to die before the good news reached her!

Although the storm had cleared away, he was locked in here for the present. There was no escape, and the tedious routine of garrison life, with its hours of idleness, became almost unbearable. He shrank from the society of his friends, to brood over his trouble alone. The military force was somewhat less than it had been the previous winter, and there were fewer ladies at the post; but the dull season which the younger officers deplored was a matter of indifference to him. It was, perhaps, because their circle had become so narrow that Captain Elyot's trouble seemed to overshadow them all. He was the cloud, no bigger than a hand, which may yet exclude the sun. Certainly his presence cast a gloom over the little company. He grew silent and morose as days limped into weeks, bringing no tidings of his wife, until after a time his friends wearied of offering sympathy so coldly received.

And, indeed, hearty, outspoken sympathy is not inexhaustible, and a wise man will cover up his wound as soon as may be. It is better so. It is one of the curative processes of nature perhaps, but this poor young fellow, who did not realize that his own manner had altered, was hurt and almost angry. His wound was as fresh, and his disappointment as keen, as the day he had stepped into his house to find it empty and bare; but to those around him his trouble seemed to have become already a thing of the past. He fancied they were tired of his sad face and silent ways, as no doubt they were. "We were dull enough before poor Elyot came back," some one said. He shut himself up from them all. What would have become of him in these days, but for the major and Mrs. Bryce, I cannot tell. The latter had nothing to do since Claudia was so nearly off her mind, but to lament over, and make much of this young man, whom she had quite taken into favor again. So entirely had she forgotten the past, that if one of these frosty mornings, Blossom had stood at the door she would have given the girl a welcome to which that of the Prodigal Son was but cold in comparison. She would even have wept tears of joy over Mrs. Stubbs herself, had that grim female chosen to appear. The captain still made one of the family, for the major's wife would not hear to his going away, and, if the truth were told, the officers' mess hardly desired his company now. So the Bryces had him all to themselves,—quite too much to themselves, Claudia thought sometimes, even though her attention was given to more personal affairs, and he intruded himself but seldom upon her notice. She did not enjoy his presence in the house. It could hardly be said that there remained any of her former feeling for him. His cold indifference, his heartless indifference, as she had called it, had ground that out of her, leaving a kind of sullen anger in its place. It was not that she still wept secretly over his perfidy (as she thought), but his presence reminded her of a time when she had. Wounded pride, after love, is like the lees of wine,—it remains when the draught is drunk up. And to see this man sit day after day, gazing into the fire or out of the window—with eyes themselves like empty windows—was a sight hateful to her. He sat in her gates, and so long as he sat there life was a burden to the girl. She rejoiced in the thought that the time was drawing

near when she should leave her father's house,—not with the joy with which a bride is supposed to go forth to meet the bridegroom, but with the feeling of a prisoner looking toward deliverance. She should be rid of this reminder of the past, which still held her like a tightened cord, cutting her to the quick.

"I think he might rouse himself," she said to her mother. They were trying on the gown in which Claudia was to be married two days later, and she spoke with a pin between her teeth as she re-adjusted a plait. "He may be as wretched as he chooses to be, I don't deny him the right, but there's no reason why he should make everybody about him unhappy. I declare," she added, with sudden anger, "one might as well be married with a corpse in the house!"

"Claudia Bryce!" exclaimed the horrified mother. "How can you talk so? The poor——"

"Don't pity him," broke in Claudia. "I really cannot bear it. And what would you have me do? I am civil enough, or as civil as need be to a man who regards every one about him as so many stocks and stones. I even told him I was sorry for his disappointment, and hoped he would be able to set out before long in search of his wife, which I do indeed. What more can I say? Or why should we go moping about over the loss of this girl, whom we never visited when she was here? The gloom of the house is something awful, and I am heartily sick of sopping my bread in the waters of affliction."

"You don't mean what you say, or you never would talk in such a heartless way," Mrs. Bryce replied. "How can he be cheerful, poor young man! And if you have anything against the girl you ought to forget it, now that we don't know whether she is living or dead."

"What should I have against her?" said Claudia, with a stare. "We never exchanged a dozen words. But it's my belief that they left because they didn't care to stay and learn the truth. However, it's nothing to us. But it's not particularly cheerful for me." Her head was turned over her shoulder, but though she spoke carelessly there was a break in her voice which touched the mother's heart. She determined to speak to Captain Elyot, to urge him to bear up under his trouble,—at least until after Claudia had gone. It was hard that her wedding should be

clouded, and by his sorrow of all others in the world."

But before an opportunity occurred, Claudia opened the subject herself.

It was the evening of the same day, when they sat before the fire, Claudia and her mother, in the quiet half hour before tea. Miss Bryce had been hemming her wedding veil and the soft cloud of tulle overflowed her lap as Captain Elyot turned away from the window—where he had made a pretense of reading Jomini's "Waterloo"—and came to the fire.

"Captain Elyot," said Claudia, in a quiet, even voice, breaking the stillness of the room, "I am going to be married to-morrow."

"I wish you much joy, Miss Claudia." But there was no joy in the voice uttering the words.

"You'll come in with the others? I believe we have asked everybody."

There came back to her with a flash of remembrance that other time in this same room, when he had come to ask them to his wedding and she had scorned his invitation. She had not even excused herself or offered conventional good wishes. The firelight glowed in her face as she waited for his reply. Would he, too, scorn her asking? She little knew how lightly the whole matter had rested on his mind. It had been everything to her and nothing to him.

"I should be a skeleton at the feast," he said. Then he rose abruptly, forgetting the presence of these two, and bowed his head upon his hands as he leaned upon the mantel.

"But you ought not to be," Claudia said hastily, crumpling the lace in her arms. "There is no reason why you should make yourself miserable——" and every one else, she desired to add but did not.

"Claudia," her mother whispered, warningly.

"Let me speak," said Claudia aloud. "Every one is afraid to say it, but I dare tell him the truth. Why should he make himself wretched and every one about him uncomfortable over he knows not what? If he had any real grief——"

Captain Elyot had raised his head. His cheek was scarlet as though she had struck it with her hand. Then it turned deathly white.

"If I had any real grief, as you call it, I hope I should bear it like a man," he said, steadily. "It is the suspense"—and his

voice shook for a moment—"which has made me so forgetful of what is due to others. I did not mean to force my trouble upon you. You should not have taken me in. Now I will go away." And he moved toward the door as though he would go at once.

"What do you mean? Go away! You poor boy, where would you go? And to-night! You shall do nothing of the kind. Claudia, how could you? But indeed she did not mean to reproach you. We only thought it might be well if you would rouse yourself. That was it, wasn't it, Claudia? We were speaking of it to-day." Mrs. Bryce had run around from her place in the corner to catch the young man's hand in both of her fat white ones. But when she looked to Claudia for some response to her appeal, she found the girl had left the room. Nothing remained but the veil which had dropped out of her hands and trailed after her along the floor.

"Yes, I will go," repeated Captain Elyot, more calmly.

"Indeed, you shall not think of it." But Mrs. Bryce's voice was weak, her manner absent. She was vexed with Claudia and her heart was divided. Had she been wise in bringing this young man here—causing her own family to be ill at ease in order to comfort him? And had she lessened his sorrow, after all? In his present state of mind, one place was much like another. Was it not her duty to let him go if he would?

He felt her hesitation.

"You see I am right," he said. "Don't let me make another mistake. I ought to have gone before. But I shall never forget that you took me in—when I was homeless," he added, under his breath.

"But—it seems so ungracious."

"It is I who have been ungracious."

"Perhaps—until after the wedding," Mrs. Bryce went on, following out her own thoughts. She was ashamed to consent to this inhospitable proceeding and yet she realized all at once that his absence would be an immeasurable relief. "But where would you go?"

"I could easily find a place. Lawton would take me in until I could do better."

"And you would promise to come back?"

"What's this?" The major opened the door upon an astonishing tableau. "Ah, Polly, Polly," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"The captain has made up his mind to leave us—at least for a few days, until the wedding is over. He feels hardly equal to it, and I don't know that we can urge him to stay." She did not intend to tell a lie, her ideas had only all at once arranged themselves anew.

"Going to leave us?"

How plain the whole matter became to her mind at once!

"You can easily see, Major Bryce, that to be in the midst of all these preparations —"

There was danger of her comfortable plans being set aside after all. And what if the major should learn of Claudia's outbreak? But Captain Elyot allowed her statement of the case to pass. It was true enough, and the major did not persist.

"Well, well, as you please," he said, rubbing his hands thoughtfully. "You're welcome to stay or to come back when the bustle is over. We'll have something better than a welcome for you by that time. There'll be a mail in by the last of the week, and then, Elyot, if you hear nothing you shall go. We'll give him marching orders, wont we, Polly? But sit down, man, and take a cup of tea; time enough to look up quarters after that—if you will go."

"Do," urged Mrs. Bryce; though she hoped in her heart he would refuse. Claudia's entrance after the tea-tray might set them by the ears again.

"Thanks, but I will not wait. And if I do not appear to-morrow will you believe that Miss Bryce has my hearty congratulations? I fear, as you say, that I am not equal to offering them in person."

Mrs. Bryce hastened to reply and cover his departure with a cloak of words lest some other reference to Claudia should bring out the immediate cause of this hasty move. What would her husband say if he knew that Claudia had fairly driven their guest from the house? Her own conscience was not without its qualms as she followed him to the door.

"You will not mind Claudia's foolish speech?" she said, anxiously. "Her nerves are not as strong as usual, and indeed there is a good deal to try one at such a time, and after all the anxiety she has been through."

"On the contrary, I am grateful for her frankness. I begin to see that I have given occasion for it."

"No, no, I will not allow that. But you will come back?"

"Like black care? You are too kind. I'm afraid I shall. Good-night." And he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHY, MAN, THE MAIL'S IN!"

AND so it came about that Claudia's wedding was a shade less lugubrious than it had seemed likely to be to that much betroubled young woman, though it was by no means a joyous affair, the only person thoroughly happy and satisfied in the assembly—at least of those most nearly concerned—being the bridegroom, whom some subtle and to him incomprehensible influence withheld from all expressions of joy. Although Captain Elyot had taken himself away, his shadow, perhaps, still lingered.

For he did not appear at the wedding. He sat alone through all the long afternoon in the room of a friend, as friends go,—one of the men whose boundaries had been made by circumstances to touch his own without their inner selves coming in contact. In this log hut—for it was hardly more—he sat, smoking a pipe which was anything but a pipe of peace to him. It was one of those days in early winter when a sudden thaw unlocks the scarcely frozen streams and scatters the snow like hoar-frost under the sun. Some fascination drew him to the open window in time to see the wedding-guests disperse and the wedded couple repair to the house which was to be their home. They two alone—till death did them part. The words of the marriage covenant floated through his mind. No, nothing in life could separate Blossom from him. More than that, he even went beyond the words of the prayer-book. She was his, living or dying; even death could not come between true hearts. But he bowed his head upon his arms and groaned aloud. How he hungered for the sight of her face! The warm west wind sweeping over the open prairie touched his forehead as it had done that spring morning only a few short months back, when they two had walked the same path to the same door,—they two, but one. He recalled her shy trembling as she crossed the threshold. The door closed after them, shutting out the dropping rain, shutting out the curious world. Oh, the bliss of that moment when he took her in his arms!

He was roused from a reverie akin to delirium by the grinding of a step on the bare floor. At such a time every comer is a

messenger. He started up, his heart striking great blows, like a hammer in a heavy hand. But it was only the young captain whose quarters he had invaded.

"Hullo, Elyot, you don't mean to say you've sat here the blessed afternoon long! Why, man, the mail's in!" His hands were full of letters and papers.

Captain Elyot staggered to his feet. Death itself could hardly have painted a more ghastly face than his as he tried to speak. Then as the blood rushed back to the surface, the words came with it.

"Do you know—did you hear my name?" Oh, what an agony of anxiety was in the question!

"'Pon my word, I didn't. I never heard another name but my own. But I'll run back and ask." And the kind-hearted fellow, who knew, as did everybody at the post, of Captain Elyot's suspense, threw down his own unopened letters. But he was too late. Captain Elyot had gone.

He was pushing with fierce strength through the little crowd of disappointed seekers still lingering about the chaplain, who held half a dozen unclaimed missives in his hand. When, at last, breathless and panting, he stood face to face with this man, who held for him life or death at the moment, he was speechless. They all stood back; the humblest of them knew his trouble and respected it; while the chaplain turned the letters over unsteadily in his hand.

"Elyot—Elyot; there must be some mistake, Captain; I don't find your name."

The crowd closed upon him, and a sudden darkness seemed to fill the room—a whirling darkness in which he reeled. Some one laid a detaining hand upon his own; but he wrenched himself free, and struck out instinctively for the open air and solitude in which he might hide his hurt. The major's wife overtook him walking straight away, he knew not where. It had run through the garrison, like fire in grass, that no news had come of Elyot's wife, and the kind, blundering woman had put her own letters by unread to search him out.

"Dear, dear, but this is dreadful! Still, it will be better next time. It must be better next time. We should not have placed so much reliance upon this one mail. As if there were never to be another! And yet I am convinced there are letters waiting for you somewhere, if we could only get them."

"Thanks; but I will not trouble you." The captain stood up very straight, and re-

moved his hat as he stepped out of the path for her to go by.

"I said I could bear it if the worst came." His eyes, looking beyond her, were glazed and tearless; his voice was hollow, but held no tremor.

She burst into tears.

"Don't talk to me about trouble, you poor boy! Are we not all one family here? Come home with me, and we'll see what can be done. Your letters may have gone to Fort Wallace. In that case we'll soon hear of them. Or I may have some news for you. There are my own letters to read, and the newspapers. We have forgotten the newspapers. There must be something."

Her own faint hopes gained strength with this last suggestion, as some dim recollection of the "personal" column came to her mind. Might not Blossom, ignorant of her husband's locality, resort to this method of communicating with him?

She took him by the arm and turned him about as though he had been a child. More than one friend saw and eluded them as they retraced their steps. No one wished to meet the man fresh from his disappointment. But Mrs. Bryce's tongue ran on.

"The major 'll have heard of it by this time, and we'll hold him to his promise. For he said if nothing came by this mail you should go in search of your wife, though how you ever are to find her I cannot see. And you no more fit to set out on such a journey than—than Blossom herself!" And, indeed, the strength he had gained in his long, rough ride had been dragged away from him by these anxious weeks. He looked worn and broken.

She led him into her parlor and seated him in the most comfortable chair it contained. Then she bustled about and poured out a glass of wine.

"There, drink that, while I look over my letters." And she tore the first open in haste. "But I forgot; where are the newspapers?" He had swallowed the wine at a draught and lay back in the chair, the quiet of utter hopelessness upon him. But at her quick tone and a shower of newspapers, he sat up and began to turn

them over, reading their superscriptions with vacant eyes, too weak or indifferent to look further.

It will at least take up his mind, thought Mrs. Bryce, as she ran down the first page of her letter.

"And be sure that the 'personals' do not escape you," she added aloud, but without raising her eyes from the sheet before her. "I have known very respectable people to communicate with their friends in that way,"—though Mrs. Bryce's knowledge, it must be owned, was by report rather than actual.

Mechanically turning over the papers, still inclosed in their wrappers, Captain Elyot paid very little heed to this advice, which had hardly reached his understanding, until something in the address of one, struck his eye. His perceptions were dulled by the blow he had received, but a strange thrill ran through his veins at sight of this address,—Mrs. Bryce's name, written in an odd, heavy hand, a chirography regular, yet without elegance, such as any illiterate person of methodical habits might acquire by years of enforced use. All at once he seized upon the resemblance which had puzzled him. It was not unlike the hand in which Mrs. Stubbs had been accustomed formerly to remind her patrons of their indebtedness to her.

Mrs. Bryce, lost in her letter, had entirely forgotten her companion. She had settled herself comfortably to the deciphering of its fourth and most illegible page, when a sound, like a shuddering groan, reached her ears, recalling her to the present. Captain Elyot's head had fallen forward upon his breast. The man was unconscious. A scream brought Jinny from the kitchen, and hastened the steps of the major, just entering the house. Some one took the open newspaper from the loosened fingers, and then they saw that a heavy black line had been drawn about one column,—the column of deaths,—and they read, with a shock of surprise and sorrow which no words can tell:

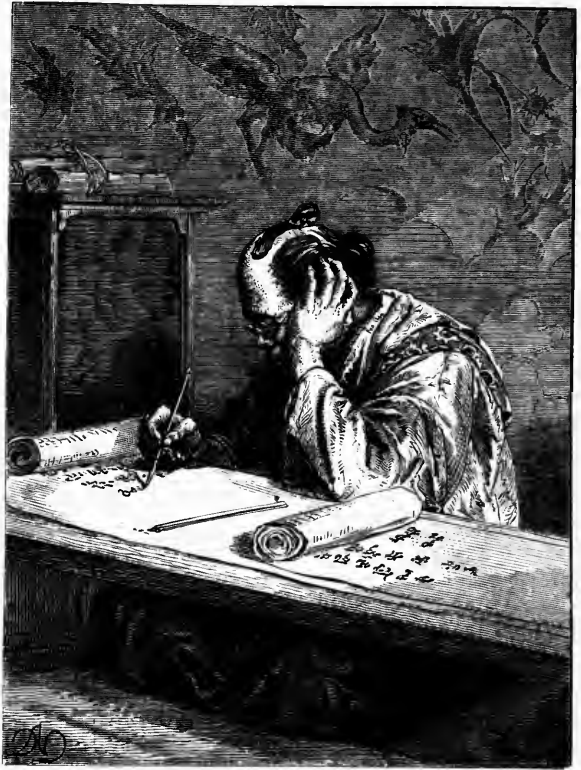
"October 17th, Blossom, wife of Captain Robert Elyot, U. S. A. Aged eighteen."

(To be continued.)

HOW LEAD-PENCILS ARE MADE.

WHEN Job, under the affliction of his comforters, wished that his words were written in a book and graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever, he referred to what was the most permanent form of record then known, although such inscriptions are really less lasting than mere tracings on the surface of the fragile material—paper. Besides impressing upon a soft substance, which afterward hardens,—a method by which some of the decrees or annals of Nebuchadnezzar on clay cylinders have been preserved, and which is continued in use by the waxen seal,—there are only three methods of recording: By cutting inscriptions in relief, by scratching them into the surface of the material, or by marking them upon the surface. Only the last is modern. The ancients had neither pen, ink, pencil, nor paper; but their needs were small and their necessities of publication slight, so that their primitive methods sufficed. They cut upon stone,—as Moses prepared the decalogue,—and sometimes blackened the letters after cutting; more generally and longest, they used a scratching implement called the “stylus.” For materials, they had bronze, brass, leaden sheets, palm-leaves, skins, bark of trees, tablets covered with a thin sheet of wax, and as convenient as the modern slate for erasure, and the layers of the stalk of the papyrus. The brittle papyrus would not endure folding, and so the book was a continuous roll.

The antediluvian pen was a reed; the ink was a paint; and writing of that day was nearly equivalent to the modern use of the marking-pot and brush. True ink, which does not merely lie upon the surface but penetrates the substance, was of much later origin. The use of chalk, colored clays and soft stone, like the modern slate-pencil, must have been known in marking for many centuries, and these dry materials cover the surface of the thing written upon without entering the substance; but the so-called “black-lead,” the universal material for true surface-writing, has been known only about



THE JAPANESE SCRIBE. (AFTER CUT IN "JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.")

five hundred years. Probably this name was adopted, in popular parlance, from the leaden plummet, familiar to the school-boy's pocket, and capable of making a very “hard” mark on paper which is not too smooth. But plumbago, or graphite,—although the misapplied name, black-lead, clings to it,—not only is not lead, but it hardly resembles lead more than chalk does. Its specific gravity is 1.98 to 2.40; that of lead ranges from 7.25 in the ore to 11.45, cast; lead is therefore more than four times as heavy as graphite. Lead fuses at a low temperature; graphite is not fusible at any temperature, and the persons who suppose the pencil-leads are cast would not do so if they knew that the material cannot be melted, and that no substance known surpasses it in resisting heat. Graphite is a nearly pure form of carbon, and this definition suggests the mention of its apparently contradictory qualities. Carbon is the substance which burns. It is carbon which burns in coal, the process of



SPECIMEN OF EARLY HIERATIC WRITING.

combustion being hindered rather than helped, so far as known, by the slate and other materials which remain as refuse after burning. The diamond is regarded as perfectly pure carbon, and by subjecting it to a very intensified heat it undergoes some change which leaves it a cinder-like mass; but science can neither reverse the process nor produce the diamond artificially. Anthracite coal has a specific gravity of 1.36 to 1.85,—nearly the same as graphite,—but the diamond, in substance almost identical with graphite, is considerably heavier, having a

gravity of about 3.52. The diamond is the hardest known substance, and is hard even after being reduced to the finest practicable powder. Graphite is the softest substance dug from the earth. Although it will neither melt nor consume, graphite will gradually waste if kept on a very hot fire; but a piece having sharp, projecting angles, has been subjected for two hours to a heat which would melt steel without disturbing the sharpest points. This quality of refractoriness gives it its value for crucibles; and as the cables of the suspension-bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn are to be constructed of the steel known as “crucible” steel, and that can be produced only by using crucibles made by the Dixon process, it is quite cor-



A CRUCIBLE.

rect to represent the graphite crucible as the mold through which the supports of the bridge must pass to completion.

The soft graphite of which the carvings illustrated were cut—softer than any pencil to the knife and a common substance—is, by analysis, the same thing, excepting a mere trace of impurity, as the rare, costly, and hard diamond, which is nearly twice as heavy. The graphite crucible or pot, buried to the top in a mass of burning anthracite,—carbon in carbon,—refuses to burn itself



THE GRAPHITE MOUNTAIN AT TICONDEROGA.

and melts its metallic contents. The carbon diamond is hard; the carbon graphite is soft; the carbon anthracite burns; the carbon graphite will not burn. Why these things are so is a part of the mysterious chemistry of nature which has thus far baffled every experiment of analysis and every hypothesis of science.

slices were brought to roundness by being drawn through holes in rubies, the first hole being eight-sided, the second sixteen-sided, and the third round. Rushes for chairs, and sometimes other materials, are reduced in size by this "drawing" process; but it could not well be used with graphite. A very old process consisted of compressing



THE DIXON GRAPHITE MILLS AT TICONDEROGA.

The use of metallic lead for marking is very old. Pliny refers to it for marking lines on papyrus. La Moine cites a document of 1387 ruled with graphite; Cortez found the Aztecs, in 1520, using crayons of it, probably obtained from the Sonora mine. But the most famous mine was that of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, England, discovered in 1564. The quantities obtained were of small size, in "pockets." The new material was so highly desired, and was so closely maintained as a monopoly, that, in pursuance of an act of Parliament, the mouth of the mine was guarded by an armed force, but unlawful access was obtained by burrowing secret passages underground. To keep up the monopoly, the mine was worked only six weeks in the year, and its mouth was closed by flooding with water when the workmen retired, the product of that short time being sometimes worth \$200,000 in market. The process of preparing the graphite for use was the simple one of dividing it into slips. A plan is also recorded—although it could hardly have been used to any practical purpose—by which sawed

pulverized graphite, by hydraulic presses, into solid blocks, which were afterward sawed into bars and inserted in the wood. This description only is given by several of the best approved cyclopedias, of recent editions; but for pencil-making on any considerable scale, it is impracticable.

Possessing smoothness without stickiness, graphite is indispensable for dry lubrication, as in the action-work of the piano and the slides of the pipe-organ. For lubrication of wooden surfaces in machinery, for polishing shot and the like, and for a variety of purposes in the trades, it has great value. American graphite, being of two distinct formations, is adapted for both crucibles and pencils; that of Ceylon, being of a single formation or kind, is suitable for crucibles only. The process of crucible-making is very simple. The graphite, reduced to a powder just coarse enough to leave its natural glistening appearance, is mixed with water to the proper consistency, a peculiar clay brought down the Rhine from Mayence being added, to give it cohesion, with a little fine charcoal to give it porousness.

The plastic mass is then pressed upon a small horizontal wheel, and the workman

as to the way of turning his wheel, the potter of to-day, works as the oldest potters worked of whom we have historic knowledge.

The only graphite mine of consequence in this country is at Ticonderoga, N. Y., owned and worked by the Dixon Crucible Company of Jersey City, whose distinctive processes of manufacture are referred to throughout in this article. The mine closely resembles an anthracite coal mine in external and internal appearance, some of the workings being 300 feet below the surface, ventilated by air-shafts, or by mechanical appliances. The graphite runs in nearly vertical veins, inclosed in hard gneiss rock, which is first removed by blasting on each side of the vein, leaving that standing, inclosed in its rock wall, somewhat like a partition in a house; the wall is then broken up and the lumps of graphite, separated as nearly as possible from the rock, are lifted to the surface, only so much of the rock itself being taken out as is necessary to keep the working-space clear. The large veins are of the "foliated" or crystal-



LUMP OF NATIVE TICONDEROGA GRAPHITE, SHOWING THE TWO FORMATIONS.

molds it into the shape of a jar by his hands, as it revolves, adding a "lip" or mouth out of which to pour its contents. The crucible is the ancient pot, scarcely changed; the wheel and the process of shaping are the same as were employed in the days of Moses. Formerly the wheel was turned by hand, the workman taking it by the edge and giving it a spin, then applying both hands to the shaping until the velocity was exhausted and a new start became necessary. This was called a "throw"-wheel, and the first improvement was in placing an additional wheel underneath on the same spindle, so that the workman could keep up the motion by pushing the edge of the lower one with his foot; this was called a "kick"-wheel. The next step was to add levers, to be worked more conveniently by the foot, and the wheel was called a "tread"-wheel, leaving no other improvement to be made but the addition of power. Except



ELEPHANT CARVED FROM A LUMP OF CEYLON GRAPHITE, BY A NATIVE WORKMAN IN THE MINES.

lized formation, used only for crucibles, the compact or granulated form of deposit, which alone is available for pencil-making, being in small veins and what miners call "pockets." The two formations lie together, but are not united closely, and an interesting example is shown in the specimen, of which an illustration is given. This specimen was accidentally dropped in handling, after being kept a long time, and it separated between the two formations on a line as clean and sharp as if cut by a tool.

The graphite is taken, "in the lump," direct from the mouth of the mine to the reducing mill; here it is pulverized by "stamps," under water, the particles floating off with the water through a series of tanks. It comes to the factory in Jersey City in barrels, in the form of dust. If intended for crucibles, it is in scales, very fine but glistening, resembling the choicest gunpowder, but flatter. If for pencils, the proc-



LARGEST PIECE OF NATIVE GRAPHITE EVER SHIPPED FROM CEYLON, WITH CINGALESE INSCRIPTION. WEIGHT, 237 LBS.

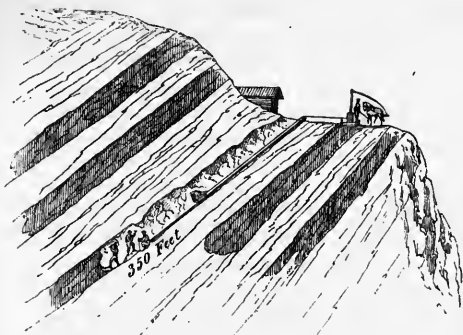


DIAGRAM OF GRAPHITE MINE.

ess of pulverizing has been continued until the graphite is an impalpable powder, lusterless, and of a dingy color. It is then finer and softer than any flour, but does not cohere like flour; it can be taken up in the hand, just as water can, and is hardly retained more easily than water is; if one attempts to take a pinch of it between forefinger and thumb it is as evasive as quicksilver, and the only sensation is that the flesh is smoother than before; although it creaks the skin, to the sense of touch it is literally only a polish.

Its extraordinary purity should be noted. At the Ticonderoga mills, it is refined, for the choicest uses, until it is 99.96 per cent. carbon, leaving less than one-twentieth of one per cent. of other matter—merely a trace. In 100 pounds there is therefore about two-thirds of an ounce of foreign substance, or about one pound in a ton. No other mineral has been found in its natural state so pure. California gold averages about 875 to 885 fine, with some equal to the standard of coin, which is 900; Australian gold averages 960 to 966 parts in the 1,000; the purest specimen ever found was probably one from the Ural Mountains, which was 98.96 per cent. fine. This finest specimen had 1.04 per cent. of foreign substance, against 0.20 per cent. in the purest graphite; or, stating it in another way, the finest gold known had more than five times, and the average gold produced has twenty to fifty times, as much impurity as the finest Ticonderoga graphite. And so far as our present knowledge goes, this mere trace of impurity is all which makes the graphite different in substance from the diamond!

The first process in lead-making is to separate the graphite dust further according to fineness. It is mixed with sufficient water to run very freely, and is then turned into a hopper, from which the water runs slowly

through a series of tubs, as shown in the illustration. The coarsest and heaviest particles settle to the bottom of the first tub, the next coarsest and heaviest in the next, and so on, the movement of the water being made very gentle; on reaching the last tub, the powder, being twice as heavy as water and sinking in it if undisturbed, has so far settled that the water discharges at the top nearly clear. After the flow is stopped and the powder has been allowed to settle, the clear water is withdrawn by removing successively, beginning with the upper one, a number of plugs inserted in holes in the side of each tub, care being used not to agitate the contents so as to disturb the deposited dust; this being done properly, the deposit is removed through the gates at the bottom of each tub. The separation is thus



LUMP OF CLAY, WITH GOVERNMENT STAMP.



BUNCH OF LEADS, IN FORM OF A SHEAF.

performed, by this ingenious process of "floating," more perfectly than it could be by any direct handling, *dry* treatment being wholly impracticable. For the finest pencils, the deposit from the last tub only is used, but for ordinary and cheap grades that from the two before the last will answer.

The graphite is now ready for the clay. This is a peculiar pipe-clay from Germany; after being subjected to the "floating" process, the finest is mixed with the graphite, in proportions varying according to the degree of "hardness" required. The more clay used, the "harder" the pencil; for medium grades the proportion is about seven parts clay to ten graphite, by weight.



"FLOATING" GRAPHITE THROUGH THE TUBS.



STRAIGHTENING THE LEADS.

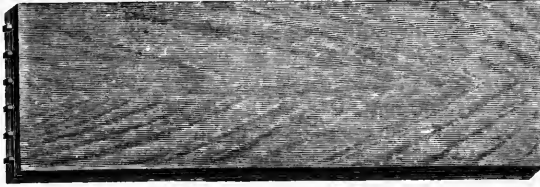
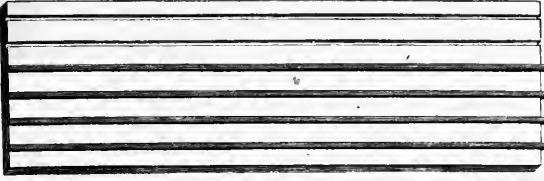
The graphite and clay are mixed together with water, to the consistency of thick cream, and the mixture is fed to the grinding mills, which consist of two flat stones about two feet in diameter, placed horizontally, only the upper one running. Between these the mass is ground like paint,—for the finest pencils as many as twenty-four times,—thus securing the most perfect strength, uniformity and freeness from grit in the leads. After grinding, the mass is inclosed in stout canvas bags, and the clear water forced out by hydraulic pressure, until it becomes a thick dough; it then goes to the forming-press. This is simply a small vertical iron cylinder, having a solid plunger or piston, driven by a screw. A plate is inserted in the bottom, having an opening of the shape and size of the lead desired, and the graphite is slowly forced through the hole, exactly as a stream of water is forced from a syringe, coiling

itself round and round like a coil of wire on a board set beneath the press. The coil is taken up at intervals, “rove” off straight by the hands into lengths sufficient for three leads, which are straightened out, laid in order on a board, pressed flat by putting a cover over them, and are finally hardened by placing them in a crucible and baking in a kiln. The handling must be done expeditiously, as the leads begin drying immediately and become brittle as they dry; but on first issuing from the press they are so plastic that knots may be tied loosely in them. A coil 4,000 feet long, in an unbroken piece, was exhibited by the Dixon Company at Philadelphia; it was run as a curiosity, the length being determined by weighing a small portion; but there would be no practical difficulty in making a coil long enough for an ocean cable or for Puck’s promised girdle around the earth.

The leads are now ready for their wooden case. For the cheapest pencil pine is used; for the common grades, an ordinary quality of red cedar; for all the standard grades, the Florida Keys cedar, which is soft and close-grained, and is so superior for the purpose that even the European pencil-makers are obliged to come to Florida for it. At the saw-mills in Tampa, Florida, the cedar is cut into blocks about seven inches long, and these are sawed into strips about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. The pencil consisting of two parts glued together, with the lead between, each strip is wide enough to make the halves of six pencils; the pencils are made six at a time, and imperfect strips



BAKING THE LEADS.



SLIPS SHOWING PENCILS IN SEVERAL STAGES OF PROGRESS: THE SINGLE SLIP, PARTLY FILLED; THE FILLED AND GLUED SLIP, ONE END SMOOTHED.

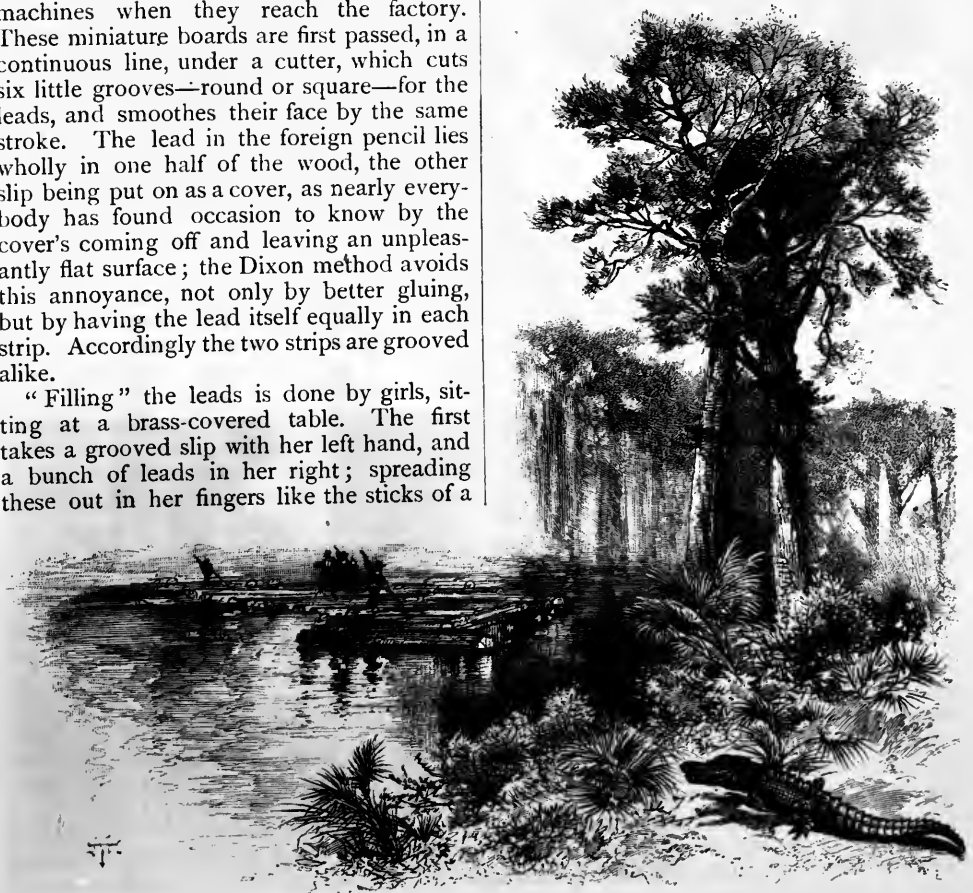
are put together so as to make a full strip out of the parts. These are packed closely in boxes, freight on waste material being thus avoided, and are ready for the shaping-machines when they reach the factory. These miniature boards are first passed, in a continuous line, under a cutter, which cuts six little grooves—round or square—for the leads, and smooths their face by the same stroke. The lead in the foreign pencil lies wholly in one half of the wood, the other slip being put on as a cover, as nearly everybody has found occasion to know by the cover's coming off and leaving an unpleasantly flat surface; the Dixon method avoids this annoyance, not only by better gluing, but by having the lead itself equally in each strip. Accordingly the two strips are grooved alike.

"Filling" the leads is done by girls, sitting at a brass-covered table. The first takes a grooved slip with her left hand, and a bunch of leads in her right; spreading these out in her fingers like the sticks of a

fan, she dexterously lays them in the grooves and passes the filled slip to the girl at her left, who puts over it another slip which has just received a coating of hot glue from a brush wielded by a third. Any two slips fit together, and the united pairs are laid in a row, which is pressed together in an iron frame by a screw, and the row of slips is left to dry. The European makers, until they recently learned to imitate the better way, compressed their glued slips by simply tying a string around them.

The rough ends of the slips and the projecting leads are next ground smooth against a wheel covered with sand-paper, and are then ready for the most interesting and char-

acteristic process of all—that of separating and shaping. The foreign maker still persists in making each pencil separately, in



RAFTING THE CEDAR IN FLORIDA.



THE RAILROAD, WITH BUNDLES OF PENCILS.

too literal fulfillment of the injunction to do one thing at a time; his glued slip is one pencil, and he formerly shaped it by hand, but now does that by a plane driven back and forth by machinery. Yet it is still "one at a time" with him, and after shaping his pencil, he has to smoothen it with sand-paper. Not so in the American factory. The slip is six pencils, in one piece, and the work of separating and shaping them is done by the same operation of a single machine. The slips are fed one by one under a revolving cutter, which separates and rounds them on one side by cutting away the superfluous wood; as they come from under the cutter, they are turned over and passed under a second one, which does the same work on the other side, so that they fall into a basket in a continuous stream, six wide, of finished pencils. The illustrations herewith show the slip in each stage of its progress.

The familiar operation of planing is essentially that of cutting with a pocket-knife. The planing-machine, on the contrary, uses revolving knives, which make a succession

of little gouges in the wood; these gouges, which would otherwise leave the surface very irregular, are made to leave it tolerably smooth by following one another so closely that the gouges become one long gouge or cut; but usually the board is not smooth enough to answer for nice work without further finishing. Yet, so perfect is the operation of these revolving cutters, which make nine thousand strokes upon the wood per minute, that they leave the surface not only "true," but so smooth that the finest sand-paper in ordinary use would scratch it. The machine separates and shapes probably fifty pencils while the foreign maker is shaping one, and requires nobody to complete its work. As the stream of pencils fall, six abreast, they are finished, in point of utility, and are ready to be sharpened and put to use.

Before they leave the room,—and several times afterward,—they are counted by means of the "counting-board." This is merely a board, on which are fastened two strips of wood, about four inches apart, having in each strip one hundred and forty-four grooves. Catching up a handful of pencils, the workman rubs them along this board once and back, thus filling all the grooves.



THE COUNTING-BOARD.

—the pencils lying in them as a pen lies in its rack on the ink-stand,—and he has counted a gross of twelve dozen without possibility of mistake, and in five seconds' time. By a similar device,—the employment of a tray having a number of round depressions of the size of a coin, into which coins are shaken,—counting of gold coins is sometimes performed.

In deference to custom and the habit of associating the desired blackness of the leads with that of the wood, the natural beauty of the cedar is concealed, in the standard commercial grades, by coloring. After being immersed in dye, the pencils go to the very curious little varnishing-machines. From a little hopper they settle through sidewise, and are seized between two wheels which thrust them endwise, one at a time, through a hole in a tube wetted with varnish from above; each pencil, pushed on by its follower in the single-file movement, emerges from the tube and drops on a horizontal belt; it then moves slowly with the belt some thirty feet, drying as it goes, and when the belt, reaching the pulley, releases it, drops in a basket. If you place a pencil in the mouth, pushing it well back, and then, compressing the lips tightly on it, expel the air, it will shoot out with some force; in a similar manner this comical little machine "spits" out from its cylinder a stream of pencils at the rate of one hundred per minute.

The other operations are of minor consequence, consisting of shaving a little from the ends, sharpening certain styles on a wheel, stamping each with its proper marking, and the various manipulations in packing. The patent package is a stroke of inventive genius, the dozen pencils being grouped, each in its groove, around an oval piece of wood; the oval package is more showy than the round, and eight pencils can be slipped out and replaced at will without disturbing it. The same mechanical skill runs all through the work, all the pencils being exactly uniform in size, length, and finish, and even the stamp falling on all in exactly the same relative position. Except the lead-makers and the attendants on the shaping-machines, the operatives are girls, the machines being so automatic that neither strength nor skilled labor is requisite. The work is singularly cleanly. The shaping-machines are covered by a metallic hood connecting with pipes through which all the shavings and dust are sucked down by a blower to the engine-room, where they are used for fuel; thus the floors are kept free

from litter. The work is in no respect unhealthy, and the factory is peculiar in being permeated by the aromatic odor of the red cedar, which is so strong that it may be perceived in the street outside before reaching the premises.

A most rigid system of discipline prevails. Not a pencil can be taken by an operative without being missed, and the understood rule is, that if one is missed from a room, every person employed in that room must be discharged, unless it is found. Some months ago an employé in the crucible factory strolled into the pencil factory, where he had no right to go, and not being aware of the "counting-board" and the various checks, supposed a pencil could not be missed out of a million; so he quietly took one. But it was missed, and upon investigation somebody who noticed his presence at the time reported it. He returned the pencil but was discharged, and although he begged for re-instatement, the rule that no discharged employé can be taken back excluded him. If the visitor, on passing through the rooms with his escort, notices the employés, he will see the eyes of volunteer detectives upon him, watching to note whether, when he picks up a handful of pencils, he lays them all down.

The advantage the foreign manufacturer has is the cheapness of labor. This has been shown in many branches,—notably in textile fabrics and in watches. But in both of these, particularly in the latter, a change has come. The Centennial has shown that Switzerland is beaten, as confessed and reported by her own representatives of watch-making, and nothing but the swift and successful copying of the American use of machinery can save the American market for the Swiss watch; it is questionable, indeed, whether the time for doing that is not past, and whether the only thing remaining to be saved is not the foreign market, which the American watch is already invading. A similar course of trade is almost certain to follow in the matter of pencils. The European has the advantage of cheap labor, and only this has enabled him to compete; but machinery counts so heavily upon the other side that he is destined, unless he can modify his methods so as to keep his position, to lose the American market, as the Swiss watch-makers have lost it, and then to find himself obliged to compete for the home market. The American pencil-makers have proceeded from the first upon the American plan of having machinery do the work and

using human hands to wait upon it. Their machinery is so perfect and gives them such vantage-ground that they can now produce a fair pencil, although not the best, at a cost of one-third of a cent each. They experimented for several years, until they could enter the market with a product of the first quality; indeed, the superiority of their work over the foreign, like that of the American watch, follows necessarily from the methods they employ.

The prejudice against home manufactures resisted the American lead-pencil at first, as it has resisted nearly everything which was not original here. The late Joseph Dixon, after successfully undertaking to make crucibles, resolved, in 1830, to make pencils also. He was a lithographer as well, and made his own labels. One of his first dozens of pencils is still preserved by his successors. They are gritty in the leads and roughly finished by hand, the leads being unevenly placed; they were made in the ancient town of Salem, Massachusetts, and the "a" in the word Salem on the label was omitted by mistake. But when he carried his pencils

to Boston for sale, he was informed that his whole label was a commercial mistake, and that it would be necessary to put a foreign label on if he wished anybody to buy them. Other inventors had been similarly rebuffed, but he was so enraged that he confined himself to crucibles, and never made another pencil. Yet his successors in Jersey City, although only six years in the market, now make ten grades, in respect to hardness, of "American Graphite" pencils, and more than four hundred different styles. Mr. Cleveland, the head of the Dixon manufactory, estimates the consumption in this country at 250,000 pencils a day; this is at the rate of one per day to every 160 of population, or 78,000,000 a year. Assuming the average cost to the purchaser to be five cents each, the people pay for them \$12,500 a working day, or \$3,900,000 a year. The Dixon manufactory, the largest in America, if not in the world, is producing eighty thousand pencils a day,—nearly one-third of the present consumption in the country,—and aims at nothing less than the whole world for a market.

TWO SAINTS OF THE FOOT-HILLS.

It never was clearly ascertained how long they had been there. The first settler of Rough-and-Ready—one Low, playfully known to his familiars as "The Poor Indian"—declared that the saints were afore his time, and occupied a cabin in the brush when he "blazed" his way to the North Fork. It is certain that the two were present when the water was first turned on the Union Ditch, and then and there received the designation of Daddy Downey and Mammy Downey, which they kept to the last. As they tottered toward the refreshment tent, they were welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the boys; or, to borrow the more refined language of the "Union Recorder,"—"Their gray hairs and bent figures, recalling as they did, the happy paternal eastern homes of the spectators, and the blessings that fell from venerable lips when they left those homes to journey in quest of the Golden Fleece on Occidental Slopes, caused many to burst into tears." The nearer facts that many of these spectators were orphans, that a few were unable

to establish any legal parentage whatever, that others had enjoyed a state's guardianship and discipline, and that a majority had left their paternal roofs without any embarrassing preliminary formula, were mere passing clouds that did not dim the golden imagery of the writer. From that day the Saints were adopted as historical lay figures, and entered at once into possession of uninterrupted gratuities and endowment.

It was not strange that, in a country largely made up of ambitious and reckless youth, these two—types of conservative and settled forms—should be thus celebrated. Apart from any sentiment or veneration, they were admirable foils to the community's youthful progress and energy. They were put forward at every social gathering, occupied prominent seats on the platform at every public meeting, walked first in every procession, were conspicuous at the frequent funeral and rarer wedding, and were godfather and godmother to the first baby born in Rough-and-Ready. At the first poll opened in that precinct, Daddy Downey

cast the first vote, and, as was his custom, on all momentous occasions, became volubly reminiscent. "The first vote I ever cast," said Daddy, "was for Andrew Jackson; the father o' some on you peart young chaps wasn't born then, he! he!—that was 'way long in '33, wasn't it? I disremember now, but if Mammy was here, she bein' a school-gal at the time, she could say. But my memory's failin' me. I'm an old man, boys; yet I likes to see the young ones go ahead. I reckon that thar vote from a suckumstance. Squire Adams was present, and seein' it was my first vote, he put a goold piece into my hand, and, sez he, sez Squire Adams, 'let that always be a reminder of the exercise of a glorious freeman's privilege!' He did; he! he! Lord, boys! I feel so proud of ye, that I wish I had a hundred votes to cast for ye all."

It is hardly necessary to say that the memorial tribute of Squire Adams was increased tenfold by the judges, inspectors and clerks, and that the old man tottered back to Mammy, considerably heavier than he came. As both of the rival candidates were equally sure of his vote, and each had called upon him and offered a conveyance, it is but fair to presume they were equally beneficent. But Daddy insisted upon walking to the polls—a distance of two miles,—as a moral example, and a text for the California paragraphers, who hastened to record that such was the influence of the foot-hill climate, that "a citizen of Rough-and-Ready, aged eighty-four, rose at six o'clock, and, after milking two cows, walked a distance of twelve miles to the polls, and returned in time to chop a cord of wood before dinner." Slightly exaggerated as this statement may have been, the fact that Daddy was always found by the visitor to be engaged at his wood-pile, which seemed neither to increase nor diminish under his ax,—a fact, doubtless, owing to the activity of Mammy, who was always at the same time making pies, seemed to give some credence to the story. Indeed, the wood-pile of Daddy Downey was a standing reproof to the indolent and sluggish miner.

"Ole Daddy must use up a pow'ful sight of wood; every time I've passed by his shanty he's been makin' the chips fly. But what gets me is, that the pile don't seem to come down," said Whisky Dick to his neighbor.

"Well, you derned fool!" growled his neighbor; "spose some chap happens to pass by thar, and sees the ole man doin' a man's work at eighty, and slouches like you

and me lying round drunk, and that chap, feelin' kinder humped, goes up some dark night and heaves a load of cut pine over his fence, who's got anything to say about it? Say?" Certainly not the speaker, who had done the act suggested, nor the penitent and remorseful hearer, who repeated it next day.

The pies and cakes made by the old woman were, I think, remarkable rather for their inducing the same loyal and generous spirit than for their intrinsic excellence, and it may be said appealed more strongly to the nobler aspirations of humanity than its vulgar appetite. Howbeit, everybody ate Mammy Downey's pies, and thought of his childhood. "Take 'em, dear boys," the old lady would say; "it does me good to see you eat 'em; reminds me kinder of my poor Sammy, that, ef he'd lived, would hev been ez strong and big ez you be, but was taken down with lung fever, at Sweetwater. I kin see him yet; that's forty year ago, dear! comin' out o' the lot to the bake-house, and smilin' such a beautiful smile, like yours, dear boy, as I handed him a mince or a lemming turnover. Dear, dear, how I do run on! and those days is past! but I seems to live in you again!" The wife of the hotel-keeper, actuated by a low jealousy, had suggested that she "seemed to live *off* them," but as that person tried to demonstrate the truth of her statement by reference to the cost of the raw material used by the old lady, it was considered by the camp as too practical and economical for consideration. "Besides," added Cy Perkins, "ef old Mammy wants to turn an honest penny in her old age, let her do it. How would you like your old mother to make pies on grub wages? eh?" A suggestion that so affected his hearer (who had no mother) that he bought three on the spot. The quality of these pies had never been discussed but once. It is related that a young lawyer from San Francisco, dining at the Palmetto restaurant, pushed away one of Mammy Downey's pies with every expression of disgust and dissatisfaction. At this juncture, Whisky Dick, considerably affected by his favorite stimulant, approached the stranger's table, and, drawing up a chair, sat uninvited before him.

"Mebbee, young man," he began gravely, "ye don't like Mammy Downey's pies?"

The stranger replied curtly, and in some astonishment, that he did not as a rule, "eat pie."

"Young man," continued Dick, with

drunken gravity, "mebbee you're accustomed to Charlotte rusks and blue mangle; mebbee ye can't eat unless your grub is got up by one o' them French cooks? Yet *we*—us boys yar in this camp—calls that pie—a good—a com-pe-tent pie!"

The stranger again disclaimed anything but a general dislike of that form of pastry.

"Young man," continued Dick, utterly unheeding the explanation,—"young man, mebbee you onct had an ole—a very ole mother, who, tottering down the vale o' years, made pies. Mebbee, and it's like your blank epicurean soul, ye turned up your nose on the ole woman, and went back on the pies, and on her! She that dandled ye when ye woz a baby,—a little baby! Mebbee ye went back on her, and shook her, and played off on her, and gave her away—dead away! And now, mebbee, young man—I wouldn't hurt ye for the world, but mebbee, afore ye leave this yar table, YE'LL EAT THAT PIE!"

The stranger rose to his feet, but the muzzle of a dragoon revolver in the unsteady hands of Whisky Dick, caused him to sit down again. He ate the pie, and lost his case likewise, before a Rough-and-Ready jury.

Indeed, far from exhibiting the cynical doubts and distrusts of age, Daddy Downey received always with child-like delight the progress of modern improvement and energy. "In my day, long back in the twenties, it took us nigh a week—a week, boys—to get up a barn, and all the young ones—I was one then—for miles 'round at the raisin'; and yer's you boys—rascals ye are, too—runs up this yer shanty for Mammy and me 'twixt sun-up and dark! Eh, eh, you're teachin' the old folks new tricks, are ye? Ah, get along, you!" and in playful simulation of anger he would shake his white hair and his hickory staff at the "rascals." The only indication of the conservative tendencies of age was visible in his continual protest against the extravagance of the boys. "Why," he would say, "a family, a hull family,—leavin' alone me and the old woman,—might be supported on what you young rascals throw away in a single spree. Ah, you young dogs, didn't I hear about your scattering half-dollars on the stage the other night when that Eyetalian Papist was singin'. And that money goes out of Ameriky—ivry cent!"

There was little doubt that the old couple were saving, if not avaricious. But when it was known, through the indiscreet volubility

of Mammy Downey, that Pappy Downey sent the bulk of their savings, gratuities, and gifts to a dissipated and prodigal son in the East,—whose photograph the old man always carried with him,—it rather elevated him in their regard. "When ye write to that gay and festive son o' yourn, Daddy," said Joe Robinson, "send him this yer specimen. Give him my compliments, and tell him, if he kin spend money faster than I can, I call him! Tell him, ef he wants a first-class jamboree, to kem out here, and me and the boys will show him what a square drunk is!" In vain would the old man continue to protest against the spirit of the gift; the miner generally returned with his pockets that much the lighter, and it is not improbable a little less intoxicated than he otherwise might have been. It may be premised that Daddy Downey was strictly temperate. The only way he managed to avoid hurting the feelings of the camp was by accepting the frequent donations of whisky to be used for the purposes of liniment.

"Next to snake-oil, my son," he would say, "and dilberry-juice,—and ye don't seem to pro-duce 'em hereabouts,—whisky is good for rubbin' onto old bones to make 'em limber. But pure cold water, 'sparklin' and bright in its liquid light,' and, so to speak, reflectin' of God's own linyments on its surfs, is the best, onless, like poor ol' Mammy and me, ye gits the dumb-agur from over-use."

The fame of the Downey couple was not confined to the foot-hills. The Rev. Henry Gushington, D. D., of Boston, making a bronchial tour of California, wrote to the "Christian Pathfinder" an affecting account of his visit to them, placed Daddy Downey's age at 102, and attributed the recent conversions in Rough-and-Ready to their influence. That gifted literary Hessian, Bill Smith, traveling in the interests of various capitalists, and the trustworthy correspondent of four "only independent American journals," quoted him as an evidence of the longevity superinduced by the climate, offered him as an example of the security of helpless life and property in the mountains, used him as an advertisement of the Union Ditch, and, it is said, in some vague way cited him as proving the collateral facts of a timber and ore-producing region existing in the foot-hills worthy the attention of Eastern capitalists.

Praised thus by the lips of distinguished report, fostered by the care and sustained by the pecuniary offerings of their fellow-citi-

zens, the Saints led for two years a peaceful life of gentle absorption. To relieve them from the embarrassing appearance of eleemosynary receipts,—an embarrassment felt more by the givers than the recipients,—the postmastership of Rough-and-Ready was procured for Daddy, and the duty of receiving and delivering the United States mails performed by him, with the advice and assistance of the boys. If a few letters went astray at this time, it was easily attributed to this undisciplined aid, and the boys themselves were always ready to make up the value of a missing money-letter and “keep the old man’s accounts square.” To these functions presently were added the treasurerships of the Masons’ and Odd Fellows’ charitable funds,—the old man being far advanced in their respective degrees,—and even the position of almoner of their bounties was superadded. Here, unfortunately, Daddy’s habits of economy and avaricious propensity came near making him unpopular, and very often needy brothers were forced to object to the quantity and quality of the help extended. They always met with more generous relief from the private hands of the brothers themselves, and the remark “that the ol’ man was trying to set an example,—that he meant well,”—and that they would yet be thankful for his zealous care and economy. A few, I think, suffered in noble silence, rather than bring the old man’s infirmity to the public notice.

And so with this honor of Daddy and Mammy, the days of the miners were long and profitable in the land of the foot-hills. The mines yielded their abundance, the winters were singularly open, and yet there was no drouth nor lack of water, and peace and plenty smiled on the Sierrean foot-hills, from their highest sunny upland to the trailing *falda* of wild oats and poppies. If a certain superstition got abroad among the other camps, connecting the fortunes of Rough-and-Ready with Daddy and Mammy, it was a gentle, harmless fancy, and was not, I think, altogether rejected by the old people. A certain large, patriarchal, bountiful manner, of late visible in Daddy, and the increase of much white hair and beard, kept up the poetic illusion, while Mammy, day by day, grew more and more like somebody’s fairy godmother. An attempt was made by a rival camp to emulate these paying virtues of reverence, and an aged mariner was procured from the Sailor’s Snug Harbor in San Francisco, on trial. But the unfortunate seaman was more or less diseased,

was not always presentable, through a weakness for ardent spirits, and finally, to use the powerful idiom of one of his disappointed foster-children, “up and died in a week, without slinging ary blessin’.”

But vicissitude reaches young and old alike. Youthful Rough-and-Ready and the Saints had climbed to their meridian together, and it seemed fit that they should together decline. The first shadow fell with the immigration to Rough-and-Ready of a second aged pair. The landlady of the Independence Hotel had not abated her malevolence toward the Saints, and had imported at considerable expense her grand-aunt and grand-uncle, who had been enjoying for some years a sequestered retirement in the poor-house of East Machias. They were indeed very old. By what miracle, even as anatomical specimens, they had been preserved during their long journey was a mystery to the camp. In some respects they had superior memories and reminiscences. The old man—Abner Trix—had shouldered a musket in the war of 1812; his wife, Abigail, had seen Lady Washington. She could sing hymns; he knew every text between “the leds” of a Bible. There is little doubt but that in many respects, to the superficial and giddy crowd of youthful spectators, they were the more interesting spectacle.

Whether it was jealousy, distrust or timidity that overcame the Saints, was never known, but they studiously declined to meet the strangers. When directly approached upon the subject, Daddy Downey pleaded illness, kept himself in close seclusion, and the Sunday that the Trixes attended church in the school-house on the hill, the triumph of the Trix party was mitigated by the fact that the Downeys were not in their accustomed pew. “You bet that Daddy and Mammy is lying low jest to ketch them old mummies yet,” explained a Downeyite. For by this time schism and division had crept into the camp; the younger and later members of the settlement adhering to the Trixes, while the older pioneers stood not only loyal to their own favorites, but even, in the true spirit of partisanship, began to seek for a principle underlying their personal feelings. “I tell ye what, boys,” observed Sweetwater Joe, “if this yer camp is goin’ to be run by greenhorns, and old pioneers, like Daddy and the rest of us must take back seats, it’s time we emigrated and shoved out, and tuk Daddy with us. Why, they’re talkin’ of rotation in

offiss and of putting that skeleton that Ma'am Decker sets up at the table to take her boarders' appetites away—into the post-office in place o' Daddy." And, indeed, there were some fears of such a conclusion; the newer men of Rough-and-Ready were in the majority, and wielded a more than equal influence of wealth and outside enterprise. "Frisco," as a Downeyite bitterly remarked, "already owned half the town." The old friends that rallied around Daddy and Mammy were, like most loyal friends in adversity, in bad case themselves, and were beginning to look and act, it was observed, not unlike their old favorites.

At this juncture Mammy died.

The sudden blow for a few days seemed to reunite dissevered Rough-and-Ready. Both factions hastened to the bereaved Daddy with condolences, and offers of aid and assistance. But the old man received them sternly. A change had come over the weak and yielding octogenarian. Those who expected to find him maudlin, helpless, disconsolate, shrank from the cold hard eyes and truculent voice that bade them "begone," and "leave him with his dead." Even his own friends failed to make him respond to their sympathy, and were fain to content themselves with his cold intimation that both the wishes of his dead wife and his own instincts were against any display, or the reception of any favor from the camp that might tend to keep up the divisions they had innocently created. The refusal of Daddy to accept any service offered was so unlike him as to have but one dreadful meaning! The sudden shock had turned his brain! Yet so impressed were they with his resolution that they permitted him to perform the last sad offices himself, and only a select few of his nearer neighbors assisted him in carrying the plain deal coffin from his lonely cabin in the woods to the still lonelier cemetery on the hill-top. When the shallow grave was filled, he dismissed even these curtly, shut himself up in his cabin, and for days remained unseen. It was evident that he was no longer in his right mind.

His harmless aberration was accepted and treated with a degree of intelligent delicacy hardly to be believed of so rough a community. During his wife's sudden and severe illness, the safe containing the funds intrusted to his care by the various benevolent associations, was broken into and robbed, and although the act was clearly attributable to his carelessness and

preoccupation, all allusion to the fact was withheld from him in his severe affliction. When he appeared again before the camp, and the circumstances were considerably explained to him with the remark that "the boys had made it all right," the vacant, hopeless, unintelligent eye that he turned upon the speaker showed too plainly that he had forgotten all about it. "Don't trouble the old man," said Whisky Dick, with a burst of honest poetry. "Don't ye see his memory's dead, and lying there in the coffin with Mammy." Perhaps the speaker was nearer right than he imagined.

Failing in religious consolation, they took various means of diverting his mind with worldly amusements, and one was a visit to a traveling variety troupe, then performing in the town. The result of the visit was briefly told by Whisky Dick. "Well, sir, we went in, and I sot the old man down in a front seat, and kinder propped him up with some other of the fellers round him, and there he sot as silent and awful ez the grave. And then that fancy dancer, Miss Grace Somerset, comes in, and dern my skin, if the old man didn't git to trembling and fidgeting all over, as she cut them pidgin wings. I tell ye what, boys, men is men, way down to their boots,—whether they're crazy or not! Well, he took on so,—that I'm blamed if at last that gal *her-self* didn't notice him!—and she ups, suddenly, and blows him a kiss—so! with her fingers!"

Whether this narration were exaggerated or not, it is certain that old man Downey every succeeding night of the performance was a spectator. That he may have aspired to be more than that was suggested a day or two later in the following incident. A number of the boys were sitting around the stove in the Magnolia saloon, listening to the onset of a winter storm against the windows, when Whisky Dick, tremulous, excited and bristling with rain drops and information, broke in upon them.

"Well, boys, I've got just the biggest thing out. Ef I hadn't seed it myself, I wouldn't hev believed it!"

"It aint thet ghost ag'in?" growled Robinson, from the depths of his arm-chair; "thet ghost's about played."

"Wot ghost?" asked a new-comer.

"Why, ole Mammy's ghost, that every feller about yer sees when he's half full and out late o' nights."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, where should a ghost be? Meanderin' round her grave on the hill, yander, in course."

"It's suthin bigger nor thet, pard," said Dick confidently; "no ghost kin rake down the pot ag'in the keerds I've got here. This aint no bluff!"

"Well, go on!" said a dozen excited voices.

Dick paused a moment, diffidently, with the hesitation of an artistic *raconteur*.

"Well," he said, with affected deliberation, "let's see! It's nigh onto an hour ago ez I was down thar at the variety show. When the curtain was down betwixt the ax, I looks round fer Daddy. No Daddy thar! I goes out and asks some o' the boys. 'Daddy, *was* there a minnit ago,' they say; 'must hev gone home.' Bein' kinder responsible for the old man, I hangs around, and goes out in the hall and sees a passage leadin' behind the scenes. Now the queer thing about this, boys, ez that suthin in my bones tells me the old man is *thar*. I pushes in, and, sure as a gun, I hears his voice. Kinder pathetic, kinder pleadin', kinder ——"

"Love-makin'!" broke in the impatient Robinson.

"You've hit it, pard,—you've rung the bell every time! But she says, 'I wants thet money down, or I'll ——' and here I could'nt get to hear the rest. And then he kinder coaxes, and she says, sorter sassy, but listenin' all the time,—women like, ye know, Eve and the sarpint!—and she says, 'I'll see to-morrow.' And he says, 'You wont blow on me?' and I gets excited and peeps in, and may I be teetotally durned ef I did n't see ——"

"What?" yelled the crowd.

"Why, *Daddy on his knees to that there fancy dancer*, Grace Somerset! Now, if Mammy's ghost is meanderin' round, why, et's about time she left the cemetery and put in an appearance in Jackson's Hall. Thet's all!"

"Look yar, boys," said Robinson, rising, "I don't know ez it's the square thing to spile Daddy's fun. I don't object to it, provided she aint takin' in the old man and givin' him dead away. But ez we're his gardeens, I propose that we go down thar and see the lady, and find out ef her intentions is honorable. If she means marry, and the old man persists, why, I reckon we

kin give the young couple a send-off thet wont disgrace this yer camp! Hey, boys?"

It is unnecessary to say that the proposition was received with acclamation, and that the crowd at once departed on their discreet mission. But the result was never known, for the next morning brought a shock to Rough-and-Ready before which all other interest paled to nothingness.

The grave of Mammy Downey was found violated and despoiled; the coffin opened, and half filled with the papers and accounts of the robbed benevolent associations; but the body of Mammy was gone! Nor, on examination, did it appear that the sacred and ancient form of that female had ever reposed in its recesses!

Daddy Downey was not to be found, nor is it necessary to say that the ingenuous Grace Somerset was also missing.

For three days the reason of Rough-and-Ready trembled in the balance. No work was done in the ditches, in the flume, nor in the mills. Groups of men stood by the grave of the lamented relict of Daddy Downey, as open-mouthed and vacant as that sepulcher. Never since the great earthquake of '52 had Rough-and-Ready been so stirred to its deepest foundations.

On the third day the sheriff of Calaveras, —a quiet, gentle, thoughtful man,—arrived in town, and passed from one to the other of excited groups, dropping here and there detached but concise and practical information.

"Yes, gentlemen, you are right, Mrs. Downey is not dead, because there wasn't any Mrs. Downey! Her part was played by George F. Fenwick of Sydney—a 'ticket-of-leave-man,' who was, they say, a good actor. Downey? Oh yes! Downey was Jem Flanigan, who, in '52, used to run the variety troupe in Australia, where Miss Somerset made her *début*. Stand back a little, boys. Steady! 'The money?' Oh, yes, they've got away with that, sure! How are ye, Joe? Why, you're looking well and hearty! I rather expected ye, court week. How's things your way?"

"Then they were only play-actors, Joe Hall?" broke in a dozen voices.

"I reckon!" returned the sheriff, coolly.

"And for a matter o' five blank years," said Whisky Dick, sadly, "they played this camp!"

SAINT VIOLET.

AN APRIL CAPRICE.

You little love of April skies,
 Small violet upon the hill,
 Lift up to mine your tender eyes,—
 I doubt them: once, when saints were rare,
 Some poet saw you shy and fair,
 And sainted you; and since the earth
 Has always poets for each spring,
 Whose blessed birthright is to sing,
 Your sainthood finds its witness still.

I come not that the year's new birth
 May wake its parallel in me;
 Nor do I pray that as I free
 These dewy grass-blades from your face,
 Their homely drops of Helicon
 Anoint me to spring minstrelsy;
 This living sod I kneel upon,
 That we may hold, as of one race,
 A human-hearted talk to-day.
 Saint Violet, what would you say
 If some keen-visioned star should smite
 You in the hushed and dreaming night
 With sad self-knowledge—bid you probe
 Your simple self—arraign your days
 With failure, and should so disrobe
 You, shrinking, of your poet's praise?

Speak, Violet; would you choose to be
 This soul that from itself would flee?
 Your blameless peace but once to know
 All mortal chance I could forego.
 Think fast within your purple hood:
 The pain of loving you will learn—
 The pain—ah me! how can I turn
 From that dear habit,—that great good?
 And sometimes, to your human eyes
 This changeful sky that bathes and dries
 Your upturned face, will surely seem
 The vestment of a Soul supreme;
 The vestment, thinning to the sight,
 Of an unborrowed parent-light.

Against your loveless peace I set
 One glimpse of God, one chance to say,
 Between the dawn and death of day,
 "I love—am blest!" O, Violet!
 Content you, little, sweet-breathed saint,
 Your choice is past, and my complaint.
 Poor Violet, who ne'er can be
 This hopeful soul that kneels by thee.

THE MOSAIC CREATION AND MODERN SCIENCE.

ALL religions have their cosmogonies. The question, whence and how the world came into existence, has been asked from the earliest days. The idea of creatorship is universal. Combined with ignorance and superstition, it has given birth to cosmogonic myths which sometimes excite admiration by their beauty, but more often astonishment by their grotesqueness. As knowledge increased and superstition vanished, their falsehood became evident, and they are remembered only as curious examples of what the human mind is capable of believing.

Of the many accounts of the origin of all things, only one retains any hold upon the faith of nations which have become civilized and educated. This one is recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, and, whatever its merits or defects, at least is remarkable for its great antiquity, and for the fact that it comes to us from a nation who, at the time we first hear of the story, were just emerging from slavery, and who, whatever their capabilities, never formed a system of natural philosophy, or added anything to the sum of human knowledge in any department of physical science. This people produced in the deserts of Arabia a cosmogony having in it enough truth, or at least enough semblance of truth, to command the belief of some of the profoundest thinkers of this most enlightened century. If it be denied that the Hebrews produced the account, to them must be attributed the credit of valuing it so highly that they preserved it with the utmost care, while, on the supposition that the story is of Egyptian or Assyrian origin, those nations, although noted for their scientific acquirements, allowed it to pass into oblivion, or at most to live in the strangely corrupted story lately exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh.

It is, however, indisputable that many persons of equal acuteness, some of them distinguished for their great knowledge of the world's ante-human history, look upon this account as little better than the monstrous stories of the Hindus. It is, they say, of purely human origin, the work of some long-forgotten sage, who, under the fervid sun of the East, threw into a semi-poetical form the results of his cogitations upon the great problem of existence. So persuaded are they of the justness of

their opinion, that one of their number—Professor Huxley—has publicly announced that “the student of science will no longer trouble himself with these theologies;” while another—Professor Tyndall—says that they “smile at the abortive efforts of its friends to make the beautiful myths and stories of Genesis square with science.”

If that account be but a myth, it is easy to determine its value; but if it be a sober statement of actual occurrences arranged in their true order, the mind is startled at its far-reaching consequences. To ascertain which it is, is a matter, therefore, of great importance. There are, as far as I can see, only two ways of doing this. We may show that the Bible is from God, and then satisfy ourselves that the first chapter is an integral portion of the book. Or, we may compare its statements with the facts of our world's history as science has made them known. Until within little more than a couple of decades, owing to the limited and erroneous “science” then current, the former was really the only method available, and it was satisfactory to those who believed the Bible a revelation from God himself. But to those who do not accept the Bible, this kind of proof has no weight. They require the second mode of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of that account, and claim that such a trial of its veracity will result in clear proof that the God of nature and truth had no part in its production. They affirm that it abounds in false statements and chronological errors. This they have said so positively and persistently that the world has, in a large degree, come to accept it as true; and some who love and revere the Bible have thought it necessary to take refuge in saying that it was never intended to teach science, and, therefore, one ought not to expect it to reveal scientific truths; or as Dr. Cocker puts it, the story “is poetical, symbolical, and unchronological.” (“Theistic Conception of the World,” page 138.) The defenders of such a cosmogony have nothing to fear, for they have nothing to lose.

Whether there is any need of such avoidance of difficulty can be ascertained only by collating the account with the facts of our globe's ante-human history. Perhaps in this case, as in many others, the safer course is

to face the danger square. I propose, as briefly as possible, to see what there is in it.

An examination of the account shows it to consist of two kinds of statements. In the one, God is represented as saying or doing; in the other is a series of facts (if they are facts) pertaining to the physical development of the earth and its contents. The former is outside of our science. We have no test to apply, no comparison to make. The latter is fairly within its domain. It is only of this that I propose to speak.

If we knew the actual history of the earth from the beginning to man, it is self-evident that we should be able to decide upon the claims of this narrative, for, knowing the facts, it would be easy to see if they were stated correctly. The question may be asked, Are we now in a condition to apply such a test? Perhaps not fully so, yet quite near it. Geology and astronomy have made wonderful strides during the past few decades; but as to the period following the Tertiary—the Glacial—there is as yet great conflict of opinions. Up to that time the record is, for the present purpose, sufficiently complete, and undisputed.

It is greatly to be regretted that no one of the eminent scientists who have so positively assured us that the story in Genesis is too erroneous to be worthy of serious consideration, has not given a cosmogony from a purely scientific stand-point, wherein the statements should be true and the order correct.* I am, therefore, compelled to do what might be so much better done by others. If, however, I err in any particular as to what science says, the cause of truth need not suffer; for some of these gentlemen will, I trust, be willing even yet to favor the world with an ante-human history of our globe treating briefly and simply of the identical matters spoken of in Genesis, giving only admitted facts and omitting argument and discussion. I add these limitations, because it is easy for a master of words so to becloud the matter that simple men will be lost in a fog of learned, half-anglicized terms, and callow theories.

To facilitate the present comparison of the two accounts, I shall give first a result attained by scientists, and immediately afterward what Moses says on the same subject. I propose to come down only to the

creation of man (verses 1-27), since *possibly* some human element may after that enter into the account.

THE TWO ACCOUNTS.

As to the Origin and Primordial Condition of the Earth.—All scientists are agreed that our globe is not eternal. Professor Huxley stated his belief to this effect very clearly in his first New York lecture. According to Herbert Spencer, it owes its existence to "the Unknown Source of things," and Tyn-dall assigns it to "a Power inscrutable to the human intellect."

In Genesis, i. 1, we read: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

As to the primordial condition of our earth, there is perfect agreement among all these men, and Professor Huxley but stated the result of the latest scientific discoveries when he said, in the same lecture:

"The parts of the earth were once separated, as little more than a nebulous cloud making part of a whole in which we find the sun and planets resolved."

At that epoch, then, the earth was an integral portion of an immeasurably great, gaseous mass, and, of necessity, destitute of shape, form, or organization.

Moses, also speaking of a period following creation and antedating all else, says that "the earth was without form and void."

If Moses errs it is absolutely impossible that the earth ever was in a nebulous condition.

As an illustration of the many niceties of expression by which the slightest error is avoided, I would point out the fact that, in the first sentence, the writer says, God created both the heaven and the earth, but that it was only the earth that was then without form and void. The human mind is unable to conceive of the great cosmic nebula as in such a condition. The collections of matter always had some form; but while the earth was an integral part of one, it—the earth—was absolutely without any shape. The water which fills my cistern has definite form, but it had none while it was an integral part of the clouds from which it fell.

The Darkness.—Physicists have proved that light is but a mode, or effect, of motion, and consequently before motion was imparted, the nebulous mass was, of necessity, involved in darkness.

Moses, continuing his description of the primordial condition of our globe, says,

* A special request was made upon Professor Huxley through the "Tribune," a little before his lectures in New York, to give such a cosmogony. He did not do it.

first, that "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and then speaks of the impartation of motion. It would be a serious matter for physical science if it could be shown that Moses errs thus far, either as to his description or his order. There would be left neither the nebular hypothesis, nor the undulatory theory of light, nor the correlation of forces.

Scientists place the origin of force or motion near, or at, the beginning, and attribute it to the same First Cause that created matter.

Moses does the same. He places motion close to the beginning, and attributes it to God, for it was "the Spirit of God that moved upon the face of the flowing, mobile mass,"—translated in our version "waters." The word so rendered is derived from a root signifying to flow, and, therefore, radically, the exact counterpart of our word, "fluid."

The Origin of Light.—Motion having been imparted, light, as physicists have proved, was the first visible effect, and the great mass began to grow luminous—a result exemplified in many present nebulae.

In Genesis we read, also, as the next physical step, after God imparted motion: "And there was light."

The spectroscopist has shown that the light of a nebula is of a very inferior quality, its spectrum presenting only three narrow bands of green and blue light.* Such light was utterly unable to paint the landscape, or

to afford the chemical rays necessary for vegetation. That wonderful instrument has also shown that as soon as the gaseous matter of our system passed into a liquid condition, its light had all the properties of present solar light. Hence we easily arrive at the conclusion that the light was perfected, or in other words was "good," as soon as the planets had become liquid globes, and long before they had ceased to be self-luminous, and consequently before the opaque earth formed a division, on one side of which was light and on the other darkness. Not till after this was there any day, in the sense of alternation of light and darkness.

This is the story of science, and Moses observes the same order, for he tells us that God pronounced the light "good" before he "divided between the light and the darkness;" and to make his meaning more evident, adds that the light, after this division, was called day, and the darkness night.

This is the more remarkable because it is so contrary to the beliefs which prevailed almost to the present day. It would apparently have been far nearer the true order had Moses arranged his statements thus:

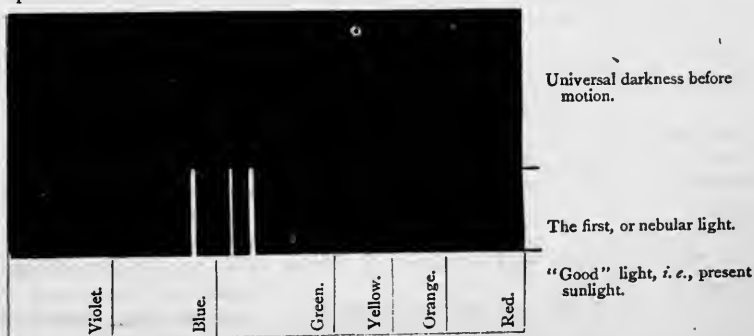
And God said, Let there be light and there was light;

And God divided the light from the darkness;

And God saw the light that it was good; And God called the light day and the darkness he called Night.

The spectroscopist needs not to be told

* The wood-cut below shows the difference between the light of a nebula, and of a body, as the sun, which has reached the liquid or solid condition:



As this is a matter of great interest I quote the following from Lockyer:

"On August 29th, 1864, Mr. Higgins directed his telescope, armed with the spectroscopist, to the planetary nebula in Draco. At first he suspected that some derangement of the instrument had taken place, for no spectrum was to be seen, but only a short line of light, perpendicular to the direction of dispersion. He found that the light of this nebula was not composed of rays of different refrangibility as in case of the sun and stars, and that therefore, it could not form a spectrum. A great part of the light consists of but one color, and was seen in the spectroscopist as a bright line. A more careful examination showed another line, narrower and much fainter. Beyond this again at about three times the distance of the second line, a third exceedingly faint line was seen."

And that was all! "Good" comes only after the process of condensation has been far advanced.

that such an order would have been a flat contradiction of the laws of light.

Astronomers tell us that during its self-luminous condition the globe revolved on its axis, yet that there was no alternation of day and night, any more than now in the sun; hence, when its surface had become covered with an opaque crust, and it began to be dependent on the sun for light, the first evening and morning thereafter, *i. e.*, after the complete division by the opaque earth between the light and the darkness, were really "the first day." If Moses errs in his order, he does not err alone; he has the company of all who accept the nebular hypothesis.

Here I stop to remark that between the appearance of light and the first evening and morning, astronomers place the immeasurable ages during which our globe was in an igneous condition, and that this "first day" sharply divides, as a birthday, the close of the embryonic, or preparatory stage, from the beginning of true planet existence.

This division is a philosophical one, founded in the nature of things. The work of the previous period was wholly finished; for, since that, if scientists are right in their views as to the conservation of force, nothing has been added to the amount of matter or of force, and no improvement made in the quality of the light.

This statement, and the reasons which justify it, science has made known only within the last few decades. The fact of such a division was recorded by Moses. In this, as in all other cases, he offers no explanations, and makes no attempt to co-ordinate his facts. In this respect, his short, clear sentences resemble so many photographs, each giving the actual position at the moment, but leaving the student to do his own philosophizing.

Of the immense interval between the time when light appeared and that at which day and night began, Moses says absolutely nothing.

Our Earth a Planet.—Before that first day our globe was a miniature sun revolving in its present orbit around the grand central body. It now entered upon a true planet existence, *i. e.*, an existence dependent upon the sun for light and heat. What was its condition? What was the order of its development?

The Firmament.—Geologists tell us that for a long time after our world ceased to emit light, and consequently after the first day, its crust retained heat enough to con-

tinue to hold the waters in a state of vapor. Dense masses of clouds, hundreds of miles in thickness, formed an envelope covering the globe, and excluding from its surface the life-sustaining rays of the sun. It is clear that while this continued neither plant nor animal could exist. The next step, therefore, before further progress was possible, was such a reduction of temperature that the waters could descend, the atmosphere be cleared of clouds, and living organisms exist. This, doubtless, was a very long process, but at last it came to an end, and, thanks to modern science, we are able to determine the phenomena which marked the close of the period, to wit: the oceans had become filled, and the thick, dense clouds had gone. A clear open space separated the waters below it from those which still floated as clouds in the upper air, and through their openings one could see the heavens. During its progress this must have been a period of inconceivable uproar and violence—when ten millions of Niagaras were pouring down upon the yet almost glowing crust.

Turning now to Genesis, there also we find, as the next great step, the formation of an open space,—a thinning out of the dense clouds,—with uproar and tumultuous violence, a process well described by the Hebrew word "*rakia*," mistranslated "*firmament*." "*Expanse*" is a much better rendering, but it does not exhaust the wealth of meaning. The word is derived from "*rak-a*," or "*rak-ak*," an onomatopoeic word, used to describe the hammering of metals thin. It includes, in its radical idea, both noise and violence, and no word in any language so fitly describes the condition, as science has in these days revealed it.

Geologists tell us that even after the atmosphere had become freed from its surplus water, and had become so transparent that the light easily penetrated it, it was for a long time loaded with carbonic acid, and hence was unfit for the higher orders of life.

Turning to Genesis to see what Moses has to say about it, we find that this is the sole period that contains no meed of approval.

It was not pronounced "good." For ages the world has wondered why. So strange did the omission seem to the translators of the Septuagint, that they sought to remedy it, and interpolated the words, "And God saw that it was good." It was reserved for the geology of the present day to rebuke their officiousness and to vindicate the accuracy of the Hebrew.

The Land and the Water.—For a time after the deposition of the waters, the present solid dry land was covered with water. So geologists tell us. Professor Huxley in his lecture put it thus: "All that is now dry land has once been under the bottom of the waters." Clearly, the next step needed was the elevation of the land. Turning then to the other record, we find there, too, as the next stage in world growth, the elevation of the land. And God said: "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear."

It may perhaps be objected that, *pari passu*, or possibly somewhat before this elevation, the water began to be filled with forms adapted to it, viz., the lowest orders of vegetable and animal life. But these are passed over in silence, Moses neither affirming nor denying anything as to their existence. Of this I shall have more to say a little further on.

The seas and oceans are really only parts of one great body, having for convenience different names.

Moses says the waters were to be gathered "unto one place," and "it was so."

Geology reveals the fact that the emergence of the land was a very long process, not attaining completion until late in the Tertiary, when it reached essentially its present outlines of coast, and arrangement of mountains and valleys.* During this period, which included the Ages of Molluscs, Fishes, and Reptiles, and the more ancient Mammals, lived the monstrous creatures whose amazing bulk excites our wonder and almost surpasses belief. Vegetation also advanced from the spore-bearing sea-weeds, ferns and equisetæ, and naked-seeded conifers, through the rank growth of the coal period, and completed its development in its crowning glory, the angiosperms and palms, whose common characteristic is the production of fruit inclosing the seed. About this time, too, grasses made their appearance.

Turning to the Mosaic story, we find nothing whatever said of the earlier flowerless and seedless vegetation, nor of the trees whose seeds were not inclosed in a fruit; but instead, a carefully worded description of a flora peculiar to Cretaceous and Post-cretaceous times,—the noblest and most useful orders, beyond which no progress has since been made. The eleventh verse contains a command to the earth to

"bring forth grass, and the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is inside of it; and it was so." And then it is further said that the earth went on bringing forth grass and herbs, and trees yielding fruit whose seed is inside of it, until it satisfied the Divine Worker, who then pronounced it "good."

Turning back to the geological record, we find that while angiosperms and palms (trees bearing fruit whose seed is inside of it) appeared in the Cretaceous, "ferns, conifers, and cycads" (trees whose seed is not inclosed in a fruit) "still preponderated." It is thought by the modern school of geologists, that the new vegetation had its beginning in circumpolar regions, which at this time as is well known, possessed a sufficiently genial climate. Whether this be so or not, it is well established that during the next age—the Tertiary—they spread over both continents, increasing in variety and number, until at last they became the dominant plants.* In these geological facts, do we not find an explanation of the apparent surplusage which, after announcing the fiat and its fulfillment in the words, "and it was so," goes on to say that the earth brought forth (it is, rather, continued bringing forth) grass and herbs yielding seed and trees with seed inside of the fruit, until the flora attained such development that it was pronounced "good"?

It will be remembered that, according to the story of the fossils, it was in this same age—the Tertiary—that the land was completed, and on turning to Genesis, we are startled to discover that the writer has placed both events in one period—the third of this series.

There are but few disputes among scientists in regard to our world's history from the nebulous condition to the close of the Tertiary; but when we leave that, and come to the Glacial Period, we at once enter upon a battle-field. No less than eight different theories have been advanced to account for the cold of that time, and these are all advocated with more or less pertinacity even at the present day. The disagreement extends from the beginning of that cold epoch to the dawn of history.

Here, then, I might justly stop and say to those who impugn the truth of Genesis on scientific grounds: "When you have arrived at some conclusion satisfactory to yourselves

* Dana, "Manual Geology," page 525.

* Dana, "Manual Geology," page 514, says: "The higher plants of this age (the Tertiary) were mainly angiosperms, conifers and palms."

as to the remarkable change which followed the completion of the continents and the dominance of angiosperms and palms, it will be time enough to continue my work into the subsequent Mosaic periods."

Enough has been said already to show that this narrative requires something more than gibes and sneers. Without, therefore, at present entering into the consideration of the conflicting theories to which I have alluded, each of which finds more or less numerous but unsatisfied advocates, I shall briefly speak of a few facts about which there will be no dispute.

During, or perhaps just preceding, the Glacial Period, so styled from the wide covering of ice which extended far down toward the equator, a change of terrestrial conditions occurred, remarkable not merely for the intensity of the cold which it produced, but far more for certain permanent results which are well worth the scientist's most careful consideration. From the first, down to near the end of the Tertiary, a most wonderful uniformity of plants and animals prevailed over the globe. Closely allied, and in some cases identical, species flourished in regions as diverse as Spitzbergen, Florida and Bolivia. As Professor Dana says, speaking of the earlier part of this period, there were "no zones of climate" as far as can be discovered from the plants and animals, and the same may be said far down into the Tertiary. But after the Glacial Period, and from that to the present day, there was a wide divergence in the character of the flora and fauna of high and low latitudes, and from that time they show the clearest indications of "zones of climate."

Turning to Genesis we find placed between the land completion and the production of fruit-trees, on the one hand, and the appearance of "living" vertebrates on the other, some great event which had to do with "seasons." In the order of our world's history deduced from the fossils, the Glacial Epoch was at this very point. And with this I leave the subject of the fourth period, which is much too large to be handled here. I venture the assertion, however, after as careful study in every department of language and physics bearing upon it as I am capable of (and it is a vastly broader field than one would imagine), that no part of the whole narrative is more rich than this in harmonies with the physical history of our globe. To do it justice would need more than one article, for it requires

an exhaustive examination of the condition of the earth before and after the close of the Tertiary, including a solution of the climatic problems of geology. It also requires a careful study of the text itself freed from all prepossessions for or against any particular rendering, and including the peculiar Hebrew use of the verb "to be" followed by the infinitive with lamedh prefixed. I may add that in this discussion are involved several questions as yet scarcely attempted as to the cause and epoch of the present arrangement of the lunar-telluric system. This much by way of apology for passing over what some consider the chief difficulty in the account. I wish to confine myself now to matters which are admitted by all scientists.

To save needless questions, I will say, without further argument, that the luxuriant vegetation and the countless seeing animals demonstrate that the sun shone as clearly ages before this fourth period as after it, and that, as far as I can see, the often stated difficulty arising from plants growing before sunlight, has no foundation in the narrative nor in nature. The reader, of course, is at liberty to refuse his assent to all this, and to charge me with speaking with undue positiveness.

One word more, as to verses 14-19, and I pass on. The spectroscope confirms the suspicion long felt on purely physical grounds, that the stars had the same origin as our system. Moses also attributes them to the same First Cause. "He made the stars also" was written four thousand years ago.

Present Life.—Geologists tell us that of all the vertebrates living before the Period of Ice not a species remains; in other words, every living vertebrate made its appearance after that climatic change. It will be noticed if the reader turns to Genesis, that it is living creatures of which Moses writes, and as these all came after grasses, herbs, and fruit-trees (*i. e.*, after the Cretaceous), the objection founded upon a supposed error in the order falls to the ground.*

As warmth returned and the glaciers began to melt, there must have been a long period when the temperature of the waters was but little above the freezing point. By

* Dana, "Manual Geology," page 485, says: "Not only every species, but also every Mesozoic genus, with perhaps one or two exceptions, became extinct before the Tertiary." Of the latter period he says, page 518: "All the fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals, are extinct species."

all analogy and by that uniformity of law now so much insisted upon, the animals which next appeared should have been similar to those now found in circumpolar regions. Travelers tell us that in these places there is an abundance of fish and other water creatures, and of fowl, surpassing anything known elsewhere.

These seem to be exactly the kind of creatures spoken of in verses 20-22, where we read: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales* and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind * * * And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas and let fowl multiply upon the land." Certainly, if such a fauna followed the Glacial Period, it was in harmony with that uniformity of law of which science boasts.

However it may be with the fish and fowl of the period next after the glaciers, "nearly all the mammals" (Dana, page 563) are now extinct. Hence the cattle, wild beasts, and other mammals of to-day came into existence near this end of the geological record. In Genesis we are told near the close, that the earth was commanded "to bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things, and beast of the earth after his kind, and it was so." To what I have said about animals, I will add only that since the Glacial Period, immense numbers of new species of insects and other inferior creatures have been produced. These may be intended by "creeping things."

According to Lyell, Dana, and other best geological authorities, the remains of man are found only at the very end of the record of the fossils. Whether his appearance occurred six thousand years, or sixty thousand years ago, nothing is said in this narrative.

IN CONCLUSION.

I have stated certain facts as to our world which present science has given us. The other story, four thousand years old, I have sought to collate with them. Omitting for the present, all reference to the fourth period, and to any matters subsequent to it, or, geologically speaking, omitting all reference

to the entire Post-tertiary,—for as to that time scientists as yet are far from being agreed among themselves,—there remains so complete an identity of the two records, not merely as to the events, but as to the order of their occurrence, that it is difficult to see how physical science can stand if the account in the first twelve verses of Genesis be false. Were it possible to prove even their order erroneous, the most disastrous results to science itself would ensue. If, for example, it is not true that motion preceded light, or that light was "good" before day and night began, or that the "expanse" was made before the present land and vegetation appeared, then the most advanced theories of light and heat, as well as the correlation of forces, and the story of geology, are all mere myths. It is important in estimating the real value of this narrative, to observe that its statements are not of trivial importance, mattering little whether true or false, but each is the culminating truth of some department of physical knowledge, or rather, it is also the foundation fact, which, like the granite core of Mont Blanc, supports its bulk and crops out above it.

In view of these harmonies, I submit that instead of "new meanings being necessary to make the beautiful stories of the Bible square with science," the necessity has always been upon the other side, and science has but just struggled into a position, unwittingly, I admit, where, for the first time since her birth, she has been able to approach the heights on which the author of this narrative stood four thousand years ago.

"THE DAYS."

I have purposely said little of the "days," nor do I propose now to discuss them. The facts of astronomy and geology forbid us to believe them consecutive periods of twenty-four hours, and the intensely literal character of the narrative forbids the belief that they were indefinite periods; nor is there the slightest ground for believing that days, at that time, differed in length from present days. The true solution must embrace all the facts, not only of geology, but of the Mosaic account. The wording of the day clauses is very peculiar in the original and is well reproduced in the Septuagint, but not at all in our English version.* Our Bible reads: "The evening and the morning were the first day," or "the second day." In the original

* The word rendered "whale" may, as is well known, mean any large water vertebrate.

* The Septuagint says:

Καὶ ἐγένετο ἑσπέρα, καὶ ἐγένετο πρωὶ ἡμέρα τρίτη.

the verb is repeated in the singular after each, thus: "And it was evening and it was morning, the second day," etc. If the account be, as it seems to me, as intensely real and literal as a series of photographs, then a true solution of the days must give the reason for these peculiar phrases. It must show, also, why Moses wrote "one day," instead of "the first day," as our translators have it.

Such a solution can, I think, be given, but

the length which this article has already attained forbids my pursuing the subject further.

No one can be more sensible than myself of the present imperfect presentation of this subject which my limits compel me to make, but if any shall be led to study this marvellous chapter in a judicial spirit, anxious only for the truth, and willing to hold or give up previous opinions as the account itself shall indicate, my labor has not been in vain.

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

"HERE are roses, red and white"—

"Thanks, dear,—no.

Nature paints them all too bright."

"Is it so?

"Well, then, take this lily's face."

"Chill it seems.

From its calm and stately grace

Coldness gleams."

"Look—blue violets, you said

They were sweet!"

"Best their sweetness seemeth shed

At our feet."

"Heliotrope, the dearest flower

On the earth!"

"Nay, it fades before an hour,

Little worth!"

"Heart's-ease—that you'll surely keep!"

"If you might

Lay it on my spirit, deep

Out of sight!"

"So! I *cannot* please your sense;

You implore

One fair gift to carry hence,

One—no more;

"Yet each choicest bud I bring,

You refuse!"

"Sweet, from out their blossoming

Let *me* choose.

"Kneeling—like love's humblest slave,

Do not start!

Can you guess which flower I crave

Now, sweetheart?"

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



SPEARING EELS IN EEL BAY. [SEE PAGE 837.]

THE terrific combat between Manabozho, the Indian hero, better known as the Hiawatha of Longfellow, and his father, the West Wind, was doubtless suggested to the first narrator of that memorable event by the lakes of northern New York upon the one hand, and those of the St. Lawrence chain upon the other, as marking the cavities from which those Titans might be supposed to have plucked the masses of rock they hurled at each other, the falling fragments of which formed that peculiar geological phenomenon known as the Thousand Islands, scattered through the St. Lawrence for a hundred miles or so of its course.

These islands, about eighteen hundred in number, stretching throughout that broad portion of the upper St. Lawrence extending from Lake Ontario to the Long Sault, are of all sizes and of all kinds; some not more than

a yard or so in extent, and some covering many acres; some bare, rocky, and desolate; some thickly covered with a scraggy growth of scrub pines and hemlocks; some shaded with considerable forests of timber-trees, and some cultivated here and there, producing such slight sustenance as the inhabitants can wring from an unfruitful soil.

In the old Indian days, this beautiful extent of the river from Clayton to Alexandria Bay, embracing an extent of sixteen miles, widening almost to a lake and crowded with a perfect maze of islands, went by the name of Manatoana, or Garden of the Great Spirit; and, indeed, in the time of Nature's undisputed empire, when the larger islands were covered with thick growths of pine, hemlock, white birch and maple; when the wild deer swam from woody islet to woody



FRENCH CANADIAN.

islet, and each little lily-padded bay, nestling in among the hills and bluffs of the islands, teemed with water-fowl undisturbed by the report of a gun, it was worthy, to the semi-poetical mind of the Indian, to be an abode of Him who created all nature, and who had made this lovely region as an especial dwelling-place for himself. Even so late as fifty years ago, before the great, tumult-creating steamboats had disturbed these solitudes, the islands were the favorite retreat of deer; catamounts wailed in the tangled depths of the night-woods, and each cool nook and corner teemed with wild life.

Now, however, the inexorably rotating kaleidoscope of time has shaken away the savage scenes of old, never to be repeated, and new ones appear to the eye of the present. No longer in Alexandria Bay—fortunately still beautiful—does Nature reign in silent majesty, for the constant flutter and bustle of the life and gayety of a summer resort have su-

perseded her. But although Alexandria Bay is in this continual tumult of life, for some fortunate and almost unaccountable reason, the Thousand Islands are not in the least tinctured with the *blasé* air of an ordinary watering-place, nor are they likely to become so. There are hundreds—thousands of places, rugged and solitary, among which a boat can glide, while its occupant lies gloriously indolent, doing nothing, but reveling in the realization of life; little bays, almost land-locked, where the resinous odors of hemlock and pine fill the nostrils, and the whispers of nature's unseen life serve but to make the solitude more perceptible. Sometimes the vociferous cawing of crows sounds through the hollow woods, or a solitary eagle lifts from his perch on the top of a stark and dead pine, and sails majestically across the blue arch of the sky. Such scenes occur in a beautiful sheet of water called the Lake of the Isle, lying placidly and balmily in the lap of the piney hills of Wells Island, reflecting their rugged crests in its glassy surface, dotted here and there by tiny islands.

In the stillest bays are spots that seem to lie in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, where one would scarcely be surprised to see an Indian canoe shoot from beneath the hemlocks of the shore into the open, freighted with a Natty Bumpo or a Chingachgook, breaking the placid surface of the water into slowly widening ripples. In such a spot, one evening, after a day spent in sketching, when

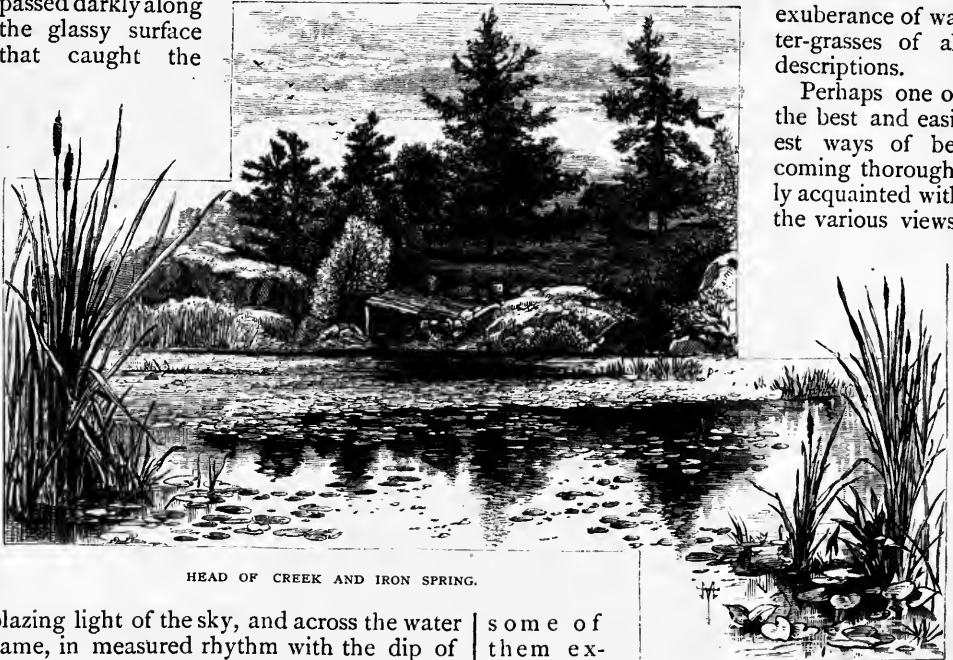


INLET TO THE LAKE.

paddling our boat about in an indolent, aimless way, looking down through the crystal clearness of the water to the jungle of weeds below, now frightening a pickerel from his haunt or startling a brood of wood-ducks from among the rushes and arrow-heads, we found ourselves belated. As the sun set in a blaze of crimson and gold, two boatmen rowing homeward passed darkly along the glassy surface that caught the

verdure, at times almost impassable. A rude wooden bridge spans it at one place, so close to the water that the boatman is obliged to bend nearly double in passing under it. Here one may occasionally see a chubby urchin angling in the glassy water for small pickerel or rock bass. The bottom of the creek is matted, and in some places fairly choked with an exuberance of water-grasses of all descriptions.

Perhaps one of the best and easiest ways of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the various views,



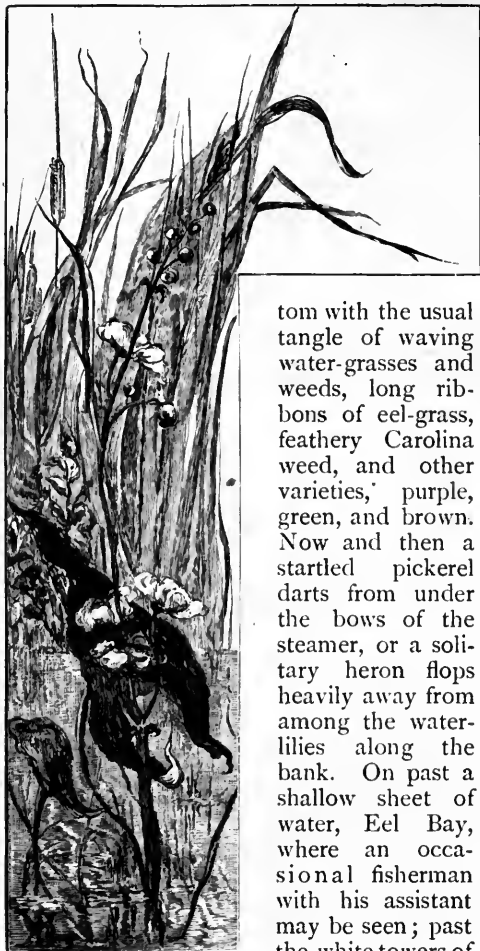
HEAD OF CREEK AND IRON SPRING.

blazing light of the sky, and across the water came, in measured rhythm with the dip of their oars, the tune of a quaint, old, half-melancholy Methodist hymn that they sang. We listened as the song trailed after them until they turned into the inlet behind the dusky woods and were lost to view. From such romantic and secluded scenes one can watch the bustle and hurry of life as serenely as though one were the inhabitant of another planet.

About a quarter of a mile back of the Thousand Island House is a spring of mineral water strongly tinged with iron, clear as a diamond of the first water and cold as ice. A little creek, a perfect conservatory of aquatic and amphibious plants, winding in and out with many abrupt turns, leads to within a few paces of it. On either side of the open water of its channel is an almost tropical tangle and profusion of vegetation; water-lilies, white as driven snow, with hearts of gold, reposing on their glossy, cool green pads; yellow-docks, arrow-heads with purple clusters of tiny flowers, giant bulrushes, cat-tails and ferns,—all in a bewildering tangle of

some of them extremely

beautiful, that the islands present, is by the means of the little steam-yacht, "Cygnet," which runs in daily trips around Wells Island. Starting from Alexandria Bay, she steams up the river among the group of islands lying there, past cottages and camping-tents nestling among the cool green shadows of the trees; past shallow lily-padded bays, at whose edge stands, sentinel-like, an ancient log-cabin or dilapidated barn; past a camp-meeting ground at the upper extremity of Wells Island, the so-called Thousand Island Park; and finally, taking a sudden turn, seems to direct her course against an abrupt shore. As she advances, however, a little inlet gradually opens to view; a few rods further and the land seems to shift and change like a dissolving view, while the little craft glides into a narrow channel between two abrupt islands, the banks on either hand shaded by overhanging pines and hemlocks. The channel, not more than six or seven feet deep, is thickly covered along the bot-



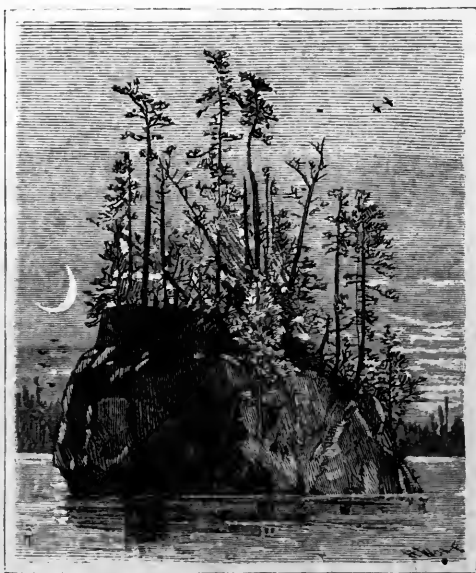
FLOWERS FROM IRON
SPRING.

tom with the usual tangle of waving water-grasses and weeds, long ribbons of eel-grass, feathery Carolina weed, and other varieties, purple, green, and brown. Now and then a startled pickerel darts from under the bows of the steamer, or a solitary heron flops heavily away from among the water-lilies along the bank. On past a shallow sheet of water, Eel Bay, where an occasional fisherman with his assistant may be seen; past the white towers of a stumpy light-

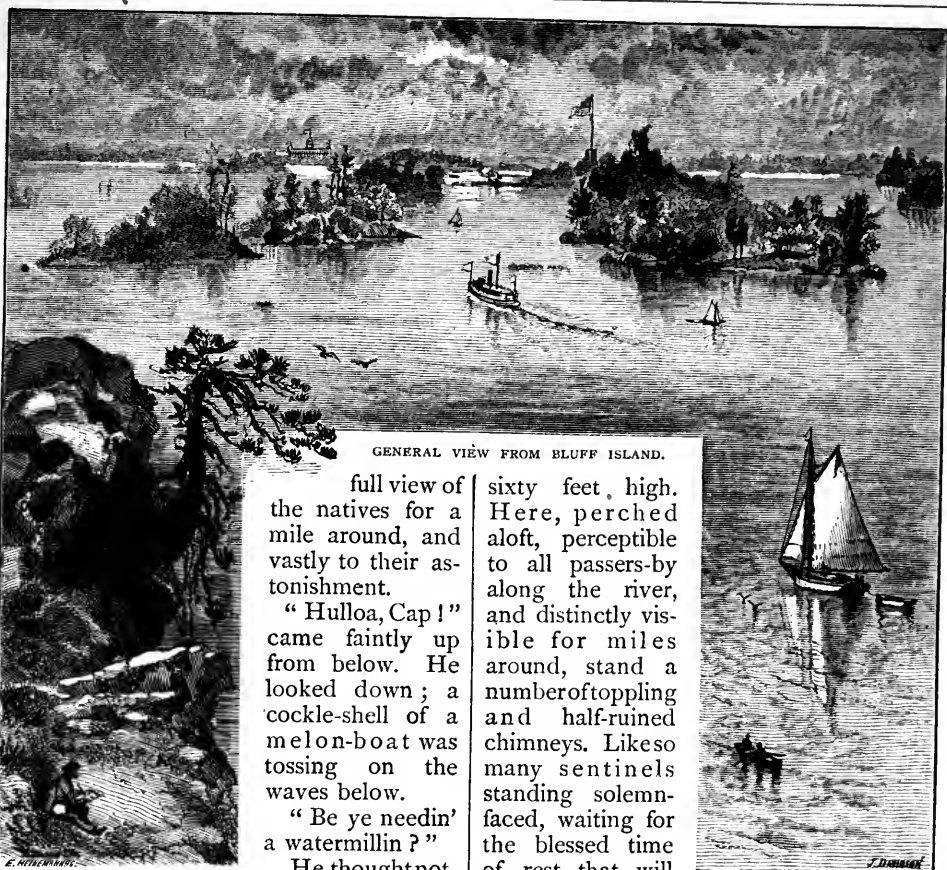
house, perched upon the corner of a little island and defined against the dark green of the pines at its back; on at last into the Canadian channel. Here a bewildering maze of beautiful islands, north, south, east, and west, rises upon every hand. At times the channel seems a lake surrounded by an amphitheater of thickly wooded hills and bluffs, with no outlet but that through which the boat has just entered; proceeding onward it dissolves into a long channel, contracts into an abrupt inlet, or widens to an open bay. Further on is that sudden variation in the course of the channel known to all St. Lawrence voyagers and boatmen as the "Fiddler's Elbow." As the boat enters this portion of the channel, it seems to be directed by the helmsman point blank into an island. At the very moment, however, when a few rods of further progress

in that direction would dash the boat against the rocks, she makes a sudden deviation to the left, another to the right, and lo! the Canadian channel lies before her a good mile and three-quarters broad, and Grenadier Light-house lifts in the far distance. After passing a number of curious Canadian lumber stations, perched high on the steep bank, the boat rounds the lower end of Well's Island, directs her course among the little isles on the American side, and finally stops at Alexandria Bay.

The islands in the Canadian channel of this part of the river are chiefly in possession of the government of the Dominion. Among them are some of the most interesting of the whole group. Old Bluff raises his rugged front from a hundred feet of water to eighty feet of bare, perpendicular rock, his forehead closely matted with a thick growth of scrub pines. Through the center of the island runs a valley, almost a gorge, in which stands an uninhabited frame shanty for the accommodation of visitors. It is but a rough, unfinished structure of the coarsest deal, but looks picturesque and romantic enough, shaded and almost hidden as it is by maples and white birch. From the top of the high bluff, fronting down the river, a magnificent view is obtained of the islands lying beneath, both in the American and Canadian channels. Here the artist sat perched upon the sheer edge of the bluff, sketching diligently, in



DEVIL'S OVEN.



GENERAL VIEW FROM BLUFF ISLAND.

full view of the natives for a mile around, and vastly to their astonishment.

"Hulloa, Cap!" came faintly up from below. He looked down; a cockle-shell of a melon-boat was tossing on the waves below.

"Be ye needin' a watermillin'?"

He thought not, unless the anxious

fruit-vender would carry it up the hill at the rear of the bluff, himself. While engaged in this colloquy the artist's sketch-book slipped from his hand and landed after many gyrations about half-way down the face of the cliff. Two of the party were obliged to go below in a boat, one of them climbing the rocks to secure the lost book, while a third remained above to direct their movements.

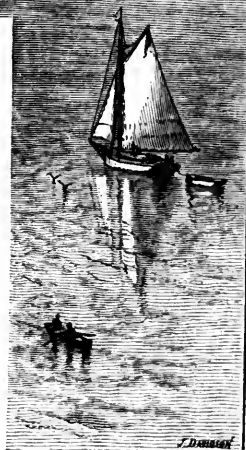
One of the most curious of the American islands stands a short distance above Alexandria Bay,—a cubical block of granite having almost the appearance of being carved by human hands, rejoicing in the not very savory name of The Devil's Oven, its summit giving sustenance to a few gaunt cedars, and its sides perforated by an almost circular opening which at a distance does bear some resemblance to a gigantic baker's oven.

The upper extremity of Carleton's Island, some twenty-eight miles above Alexandria Bay, narrows into a contracted promontory of land ending in an abrupt bluff fifty or

sixty feet high. Here, perched aloft, perceptible to all passers-by along the river, and distinctly visible for miles around, stand a number of toppling and half-ruined chimneys. Like so many sentinels standing solemn-faced, waiting for the blessed time of rest that will relieve them from

duty, they watch over the ruins of an old French fort; so old that its history has been lost in the mists of the past. Attracted by that romantic glamour that hangs in the very air of the antiquated and dilapidated ruin we were induced to pay it a visit, to the mild wonder of the natives who seemed to look upon the artist as a species of harmless lunatic. So interested were we with the time-worn remains that a brief visit developed into a three days' stay.

The early history of the place is almost entirely lost, inasmuch that it is supposed by some to be the ruin of old Fort Frontenac. It was, so far as existing data go to prove, commanded by the French about the year 1760, then fell into the hands of the English with the French possessions, and was finally captured during the war of 1812 by a party of Americans under command of one Hubbard, an ex-Revolutionary soldier, who found this once large and important fortress under the immediate command of two women and three invalids; an Ichabod of





RIVER CRAFT.

forts, its glory had departed from it. The women and invalids were valorously attacked, and after a slight resistance they capitulated; the poor old fort, as if to accelerate its already progressing ruin, was fired, and the Americans with their prisoners retired to the mainland, where they were received with salutes, cheers, and the music of the Cape Vincent band,—one life and a drum.

Since that day the fort has never been rebuilt, but has been allowed gradually to crumble away into ruin, producing, as fruit of its semi-mythical history, a rich crop of romantic stories and legends. An antiquated well, dug through the solid Trenton limestone to the level of the lake, has been converted by the vivid imaginations of the natives into a receptacle of the doubloons which the French upon evacuating the fort are said to have thrown therein, with the

brass cannons on top of them; though why they threw their doubloons into the well instead of carrying them away, has, I believe, never been satisfactorily explained.

Upon either side and immediately in front of the bluff upon which the old fort stands is a pretty little bay, which once doubtless afforded pleasant and easy anchorage for the vessels that lay under its protecting guns. An innocent lumber craft, sunk many years ago in this harbor, has been, through the medium of the romantic atmosphere that hangs about the place, converted into an au-

dacious smuggler that, blown ashore here, sank with a fabulous amount of moneys, silks, laces and Canadian brandies hidden beneath the lumber.

Without doubt the place was once of considerable importance. The fortress has been built in the most elaborate manner after the system of Vauban, and exhibits a skill of the very highest order in the art of constructing defenses. The fortifications in the rear are semicircular in form; the trench, four feet deep and twenty broad, is cut through the solid Trenton limestone, the glacis, which is approached by a gradual elevation, being constructed of the same material to the height of four feet. Directly on the river front it is naturally impregnable, and at the precipitous side was probably defended merely by a stockade.

Numbers of graves lie in a flat field immediately back of the fort, many of which have been excavated by relic-seekers in search of French buttons or shoe and knee buckles. A number of ghost-like rose-bushes standing starkly here and there, long since past the lusty age of flower-bearing, probably marked out paths through this cemetery in the wilderness. Back in the island in a

copse are the remains of an Indian burying ground, where numbers of stone arrow-heads, tomahawks, etc., have been picked up at different times; and to the right of the fortress, immediately upon the bluff overlooking the Canadian Channel, are still older graves, where, it is said, as the bluff slowly wears away an occasional grinning skull or grisly bone is exposed to the long excluded light of heaven.

In this vicinity, numbers of excellent old-fashioned wrought nails are constantly being plowed up or otherwise collected, some buildings being almost completely joined with them.

While here, we had an excellent opportunity of gaining a practical knowledge of the daily life of the Island farmers, being obliged to lodge *pro tem.* at a little farmhouse that nestled beneath the brow of the old fortification, like a swallow's nest in a cannon's mouth.

The proprietor did not seem over-zealous to accommodate us, for what sane man of his own free choice would sit day after day in the broiling sun sketching the old chimneys? The bill of fare of our supper with the farm hands, consisted of stewed potatoes, bread and butter and pie, with the addition of scalding tea. The tea was perhaps rather lacking in the titillating taste of the herb itself, but any weakness in that direction was fully compensated for by the thickness of the bread and the solidity of the pie. After this repast we were solemnly shown to our apartment immediately above the kitchen, dining and reception room, and in consequence intensely hot on this midsummer's night. Our sleeping chamber was evidently the room of state, hung with wonderful wall-paper, the floor pierced by the arm of a stove-pipe from the room below. Here stood the wash-stand, *sans* the usual accompaniments of ewer, basin, and looking-glass, and our couches,—one a trundle bed and the other a gigantic four-poster of antiquated date. The stove-pipe served

as an excellent telephone whereby to hear our landlady in the room beneath discussing with a crony the proper amount of board to charge her guests. "Well," said the crony, "I've a feller a-stayen with me; I'm a-goin' to charge him two dollars a week, and"—in a determined tone,—“I'm a-goin' to git it too!” Modern luxuries should always be paid for at whatever price.

On some of the islands and along the mainland, one sometimes comes upon an antiquated group of Lombardy poplars, almost invariably standing in the vicinity of some equally antiquated log-cabin or farm-house. The poplar is the ancient sign of hospitality, and in the old country was generally planted near an inn or hostelry. These trees doubtless were brought to this country by the old voyagers, and served as a landmark by which many a traveler or sailor on the St. Lawrence, making the long journey from Montreal to Toronto, hailed the vicinity of Christian help and assistance indicated by these darkly colored trees.

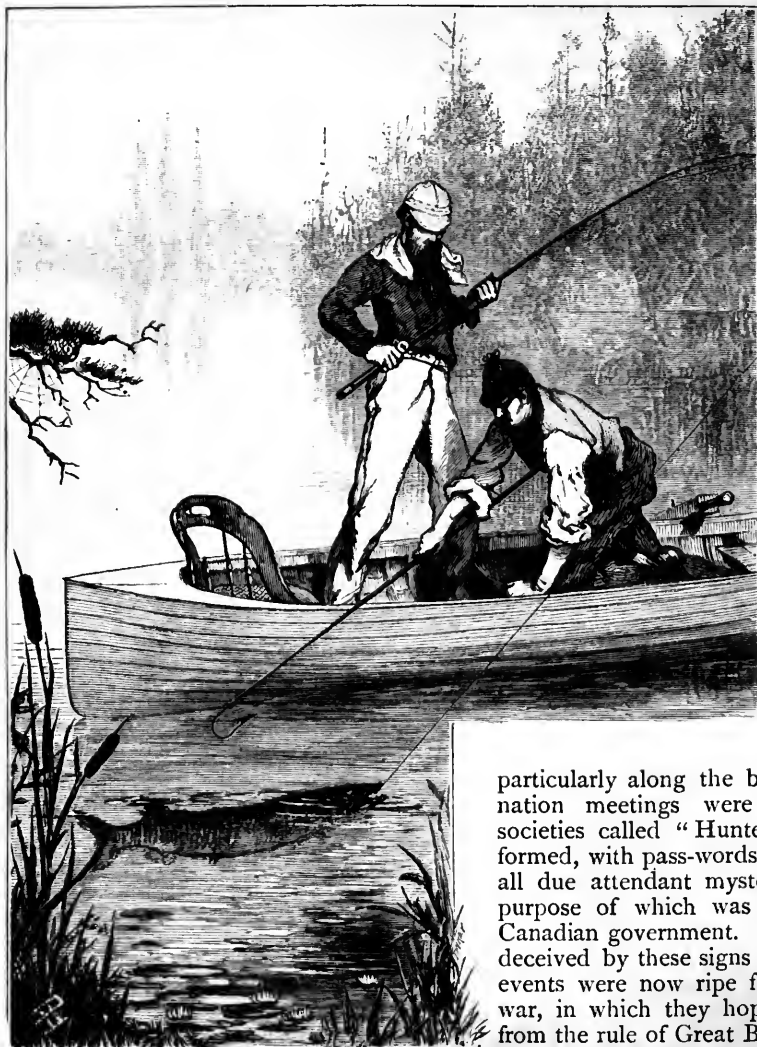
Behind Lower Grenadier Island, and three or four miles from Alexandria Bay, upon the Canadian mainland, are a number of excavations with remains of chimneys which we were puzzled for a long time



RUINS OF OLD FORT, CARLETON'S ISLAND.



to account for. They were certainly underground dwellings, but what was their use we could not satisfactorily explain. At length we met a fisherman who told us he recollected hearing from his grandmother



CATCHING MUSKALLONGE.

that in the "English war" British troops were quartered there during the winter. Whether the English war was that of 1812 or the Revolution we could not discover; probably the war of older date may be referred to, as in many instances trees of considerable size have grown up in the midst of the excavations.

Of late years perhaps no event caused such a stir of excitement in this region as the so-called Patriot war in 1838,—a revolt of certain Canadians dissatisfied with the government of Sir Francis Bond Head, then Governor-general of Canada,—which was joined by a number of American agitators ever ripe for any disturbance. The first

center of operations of these so-called patriots was Navy Island, in the middle of the Niagara River, where they congregated, employing the little steam-vessel "Caroline," in carrying arms and munitions of war to that point. At length the steamer was captured by some Canadians, fired, and run over the falls of Niagara. Considerable indignation was excited in the United States, by this destruction of the property of American citizens,

particularly along the border, where indignation meetings were held and secret societies called "Hunter's Lodges" were formed, with pass-words, secret signals and all due attendant mysteries, the expressed purpose of which was revenge upon the Canadian government. The agitators were deceived by these signs into imagining that events were now ripe for a general border war, in which they hoped to free Canada from the rule of Great Britain.

It was a wild, insane affair altogether, and after some time consumed in petty threats of attack, finally reached a climax in the burning of the Canadian steamer "Sir Robert Peel,"—one of the finest vessels upon the St. Lawrence. The most prominent actor in this affair was Bill Johnston,—a name familiar to every one around this region,—whose career forms a series of romantic adventures, deeds, and escapes,—followed by his final capture,—which would fill a novel. Indeed, we understand that a novel has been written by a Canadian Frenchman on this theme, though we have not had the good fortune to find any one who has read it. The burning of the steamer "Peel," which occurred on the 29th of May, 1838, remains, however, an act of inexcusable and

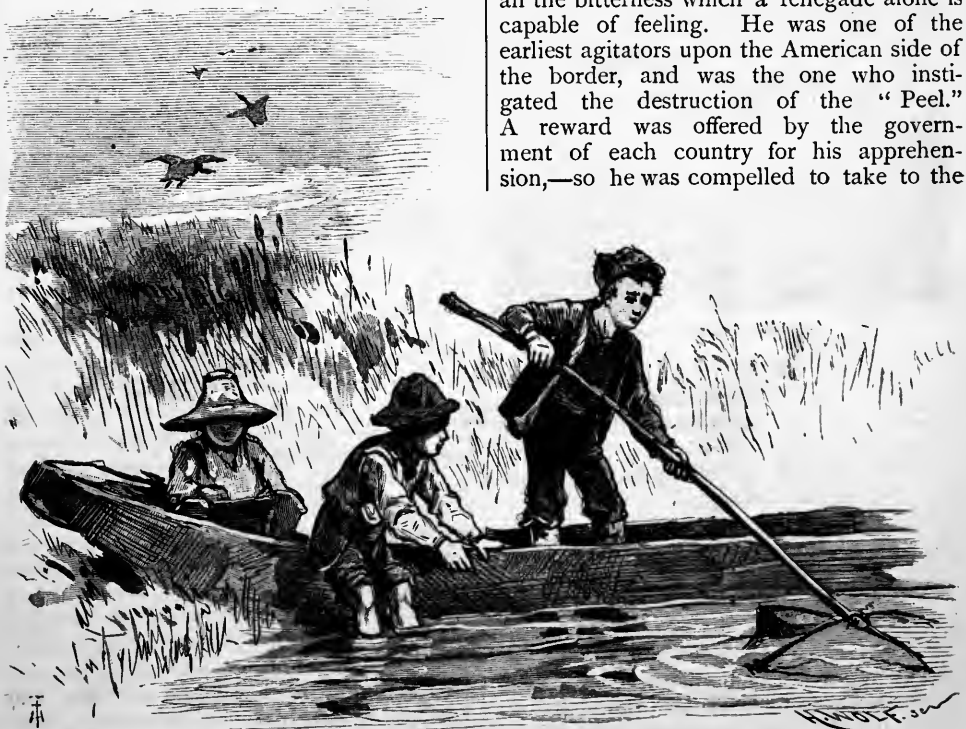
stupid incendiarism, answering no conceivable good purpose.

For some time there had been mutterings among certain of the societies, and for a few days previous to the occurrence something mysterious was felt to be in progress. The night of the 29th was dark and rainy. About eleven o'clock the "Peel," then on her way from Prescott to Toronto, stopped at McDonald's Wharf, on the south side of Wellesley—now Wells—Island, for the purpose of replenishing her almost exhausted stock of wood. The passengers were all asleep in the cabin, and the crew busily engaged in their occupation, when a body of men, twenty in number, disguised as Indians and with blackened faces, yelling tumultuously and shouting, "Remember the Caroline!" ran quickly down the bank, armed with muskets and bayonets, led by a tall, strongly built man, in a red shirt—Bill Johnston himself. In a moment they overpowered the unsuspecting crew, while on board all was tumult and terror. Some of the ladies fainted, and several of the passengers fled to the shore through the rain, clad only in their night-clothes. A short opportunity

was allowed for the passengers and crew to carry their baggage to the shore, but by far the greater part was lost when the vessel was subsequently burned.

Toward morning the "Peel" was drawn off from the wharf, and after being run upon a point of shoal about thirty yards below, was set on fire and abandoned. For some time the flames blazed aloft, illuminating the shores for miles around; but about dawn in the morning she once more got adrift, and finally sank in about seventy feet of water. It was nominally the intention of the captors of the steamer to convert her into a gunboat and use her against the Canadian government; but upon finding that she was firmly aground and resisted all their efforts to get her free, they fired her to prevent her recapture. By some it is asserted that the vessel was deliberately robbed and then burned to prevent detection and throw an air of patriotism over the crime of the perpetrators.

Johnston was originally a British subject, but turned renegade, serving as a spy in the war of 1812, in which capacity he is said to have robbed the mails to gain intelligence. He hated his native country with all the bitterness which a renegade alone is capable of feeling. He was one of the earliest agitators upon the American side of the border, and was the one who instigated the destruction of the "Peel." A reward was offered by the government of each country for his apprehension,—so he was compelled to take to the

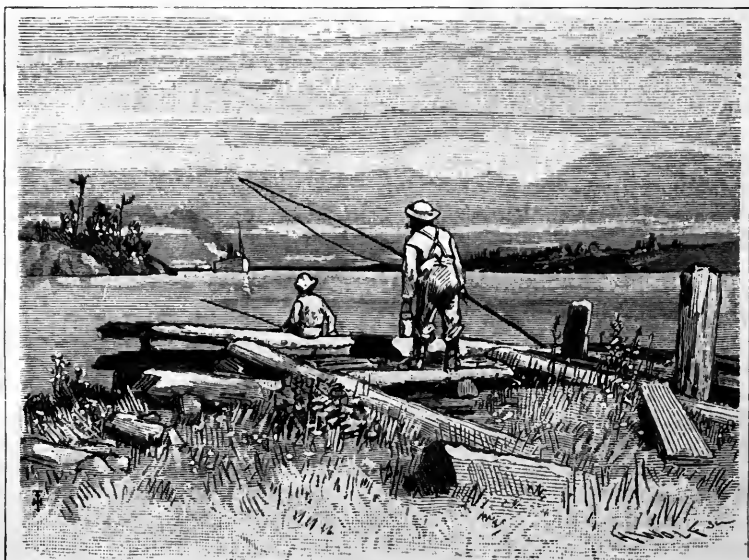


BOYS CATCHING MINNOWS.

islands for safety. Here he continued for several months, though with numbers of hair-breadth escapes, in which he was assisted by his daughter, who seems to have been a noble girl, and who is still living at Clayton. Many stories are told of remarkable acts performed by him,—of his choking up the inlet of the Lake of the Isle with rocks, so as to prevent vessels of any size entering that sheet of water; of his having a skiff in which he could outspeed any ordinary sailing craft, and which he carried bodily across necks of land when his enemies were in pursuit of him, and of his hiding in all manner of out-of-the-way spots, once especially in the Devil's Oven, previously described, to which his daughter, who alone was in his confidence, disguised as a boy, carried provisions. He was finally captured and sent to Albany, where, after suffering a slight penalty for his offense, he was subsequently released, although he was always very careful to keep out of the clutch of the indignant Canadians. His son, John Johnston, still resides at Clayton, and from him, after some pressure, a part of this information as to his father's adventures was extracted.

There is a certain breath of life about the northern United States and the neighboring

winter without intermission; an indescribable reminder of that season when a huge wood fire roars in the capacious fire-place, and when the bellowing wind dashes hissing snow wreaths in among the tossing and writhing pines and hemlocks. There is a rugged look about the landscape, as though Nature, not daring to expend her strength in the labor of growing,—save in little secret nooks here and there,—merely rested to gain fresh strength for her yearly tussle with grim winter. The inhabitants—generally fishermen—are an honest, rough, weather-beaten set, truthful,—with the exception of legends of buried treasure, or perchance wonderful stories of an eighty-pound muskallonge or two,—kind-hearted and hospitable. The fisherman is quaint in dialect, curious in manners, with the invariable story of the huge fish which he almost caught—and didn't. "Be ye a-goin' to skitch to-day?" inquires he, patronizingly, as he leans over the rail of the slip and looks down into the boat, where the artist is making some preparations. "Ye hadn't oughter lose so much time from fishin'." Or, "Where be ye ter dinner (take luncheon) to-day?" An island where it is customary to take picnic dinners is usually denominated a "dinnerin'-place."



THE DOCK WHERE THE STEAMER "PEEL" WAS BURNED.

region of Canada suggestive even in mid-summer of hard winters,—of long months when the face of the St. Lawrence is as adamant; of snow lying four feet deep all

Sometimes, rowing home at night, one passes by the blazing fire of a camping party, twinkling in the gloom of some thickly wooded islet. Around the fire move

the dark forms of the boatmen or cook, preparing the evening meal. To one side the campers themselves lie stretched at ease, smoking, or talking over the day's sport.

fisherman, if he should happen to be George Campbell, one of the Patterson brothers, McCue, or some such competent hand, may afford his lucky party a day's sport that of



CAMPING OUT.

One of the great features of enjoyment to the casual visitor to the Thousand Islands consists in occasional picnic dinners; not the ordinary picnic dinner, where a table-cloth is spread upon the ground, and cold meats and sundries upon the table-cloth; where long-legged spiders or centipedes career across the viands or drop into one's cup of lukewarm coffee; but dinners as luxurious in their bill of fare as any of the hotels can afford, combined with all the unfettered gayety incident to such an *al fresco* meal. A day's fishing is nominally the backbone of the expedition, around which the day's pleasure is actually built. We will suppose that the party of a dozen ladies and gentlemen is formed, and the day planned for the expedition arrived,—a clear, sunny one, with not a ripple stirring the glassy surface of the stream. Six boats are hired, a gentleman and lady going in each, under the superintendence of a fisherman, which

itself would fully satisfy the expectations of most people. Perhaps, if the fishing-ground be distant, a steam yacht is engaged, the boats, stretching in a long line, are taken in tow, and off the jolly party starts, with flags flying merrily.

At length the desired spot is reached and the sport begins, each party fishing as if their lives depended upon it, and all internally praying that if a monster pickerel or muskallonge is caught,—of which there may be about one chance in five hundred,—they may be the particular ones selected by Fortune as the catchers thereof. But whether such a capture is made or not, the fishing is sure to be fine, and so exciting that the dinner hour approaches without notice until, warned by the shrill whistle of the little steam yacht, the boats wend their way from all quarters to the "dinnerin'-place."

The luncheon, mind you, is not made up according to the simple bill of fare presented

at the desk of the hotel, composed of mere necessities, such as eggs, bread and butter, coffee, and fat pork ; but, under the supervision of Isaac, the overseer of the luncheon-room at the Thousand Island House, it crops out in various "extras" and "sundries," in the shape of a tender chicken or two, juicy steak and chops, green corn, tomatoes, and the like. The fishermen—excellent cooks, deft and cleanly—perform the task of preparing the meal with wonderful dispatch, and in a short time a royal repast is laid before the hungry anglers, whose appetites, whetted by healthful exercise and invigorating air, do ample justice to the

feast. After dinner, while the fishermen are packing away the dishes and other et-ceteras, the ladies retire for a short nap and the gentlemen for a social cigar ; then, as evening approaches, back to the hotel, there to doff the flannel shirts and fishing-dresses, and once more to assume society clothes and manners.

Many, however, prefer solitary sport, or with a company of two or three gentlemen only ; and by starting in the early morning, long trips can be made, far down below Grenadier Island. There, in the more shallow portions of the river, striped with long beds of water-grasses, green and purple, un-

disturbed by the turmoil and commotion of passing steamboats, the indolent pickerel lies tranquilly in the secluded tangle of his own especial retreat ; or huge black bass, reaching sometimes to the weight of five or six pounds, stand guard along the edge of the grass, waiting for some unwary minnow or perch to pass. At rare intervals are spots where the savage muskallonge, the tiger of fresh-water fish, lies hidden among the water-grasses in solitary majesty. Sluggishly he lies, glaring with his savage eyes to right and left of him, watching for his prey. He



JOSEPH GLADD.

sees a minnow in the distance, apparently twitching and wriggling in a very eccentric course ; a moment the monarch poises himself, with waving fins, then, a sudden sweep of his majestic tail, and he darts like a



MC CUE.



BILLY PATTERSON.

thunder-bolt upon his intended victim. The next moment the sharp agony of the fisherman's hook is in his throat. For a moment he lies in motionless astonishment, then, as he feels the line tighten and discovers he is indeed caught, he struggles with rage, mak-

upon seeing a fish, he darts this gig at him, fixing the barb so effectually in his victim that to strike is to capture him. The weapon used is called a jaw-spear from its peculiar form, being a jaw-shaped piece of wood, with a sharp



A FISHING PARTY.

ing the water eddy and swirl with the sweeps of his powerful tail, and causing the rod to bend almost double. This way and that he darts, mad with rage and pain, while the line hisses as it spins from the reel; but in vain; in spite of all his endeavors he feels the tightening line drawing him nearer and nearer to the surface. Again and again he is brought to the side of the boat, only to dart away once more, until at last, sullen, exhausted, and conquered, he lies motionless in the water beside the victorious fisherman's skiff. A moment more and the gaff strikes his side, and he is landed safely in the bottom of the boat.

"Hurrah! a twenty-pounder!"

In the early spring, when the shallows of Eel Bay or other sheets of water of the same kind become free from ice, the water, not being deep, becomes warm much more quickly than elsewhere, and here the half-frozen fish congregate in great quantities. The professional fisherman in the bow of the boat holds a spear, in shape like a trident, but with an alternate sharp iron prong between each barbed shaft, the whole fixed upon a long, firm handle. Immediately

iron barb firmly fixed in the angle against which the eels are forced and pinned fast until they are safely landed in the boat. Eel-spearing is generally pursued at night, not only because the water is usually more quiet then than during the day-time, but also because the light of the blazing pine chunks in the "jack" or open brazier fixed in the bow of the skiff makes objects on the bottom more apparent by contrast with the surrounding gloom.

It is a picturesque sight to see the swarthy forms of the fishermen, lit up in the circumscribed circle of light, looking like phantoms or demons, the one in the bow bending eagerly forward, holding the spear and watching the bottom keenly for his victim, the one in the stern silently paddling the boat across the motionless water, not a sound breaking the stillness of night but the tremulous "ho-o-o-o" of the screech-owl or the crackling of pine chunks in the jack. Suddenly the figure in the prow poises himself for a moment, drives his spear forward through the water with a splash, then draws it back with the wriggling victim gleaming in the blazing light of the pine.

The means employed by sportsmen are more legitimate, although, be it mentioned, it requires in no mean degree a quick eye and a ready hand to strike a pickerel upon the run in eight or ten feet of water.

In June, fly-fishing is employed, and fine sport it is to cast a dainty green or peacock fly so adroitly as to tempt a plump bass in the seclusion of his rocky retreat beneath the overhanging birches along the bank, and fine sport to land him too; for the bass, lusty and strong through good living and pure water, will battle with the sportsman as vigorously as ever did dappled trout, struck in the pools of Maine.

Toward summer the fish become more sluggish and refuse to strike at a fly, and then "still-fishing," with live minnows for bait, or the less skillful sport of "trolling" take the place of fly-fishing. Of trolling little is to be said. The lines are merely trolled from the stern of the boat, and if the

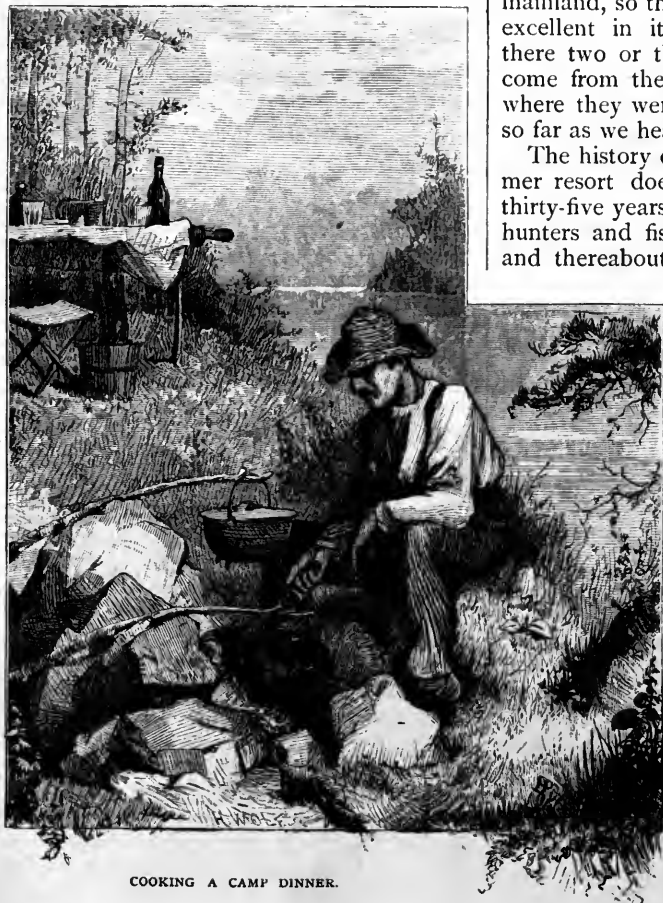
fish bites, unless it be an extraordinarily large one, nothing is required but to haul him in hand over hand, and land him finally, without any skillful handling, in the bottom of the boat.

With still-fishing, however, more skill is required. As a sport it occupies the intermediate point between trolling and fly-fishing, and, should very light rods be used, a great deal of sport may be obtained in playing and landing the fish. Nearly all the boatmen, upon the least encouragement, will recount stupendous stories of eighty-pound muskallonge, forty-pound pickerel or eight-pound bass. The largest fish that I could find reliable record of as having been caught and landed were a muskallonge fifty-one pounds, a pickerel twenty-seven, and a black bass six and a quarter.

Numbers of ducks of different varieties frequent the bays and inlets of the Thousand Islands in the spring and autumn, and quantities of ruffed grouse are found upon the mainland, so that the shooting is said to be excellent in its season. While we were there two or three deer were said to have come from the mainland to Wells Island, where they were diligently hunted for, but, so far as we heard, without success.

The history of Alexandria Bay as a summer resort does not go back more than thirty-five years, though it is probable that hunters and fishermen have camped there and thereabouts for a century. The first

"Crossmon House" was built in 1846, with a capacity for ten guests. In 1850 it was enlarged to a capacity for thirty guests. It was again enlarged in 1864 to hold seventy-five, and in 1873, the present grand establishment was built, capable of accommodating three hundred guests. During all these years the hotel has been under the same management, and few keepers of summer hotels can boast of a more distinguished list of patrons. The old registers hold the names of Archbishop Hughes, George W. Bethune, Horatio Seymour, William H. Seward, Silas Wright, Preston King,



COOKING A CAMP DINNER.



GEORGE CAMPBELL.

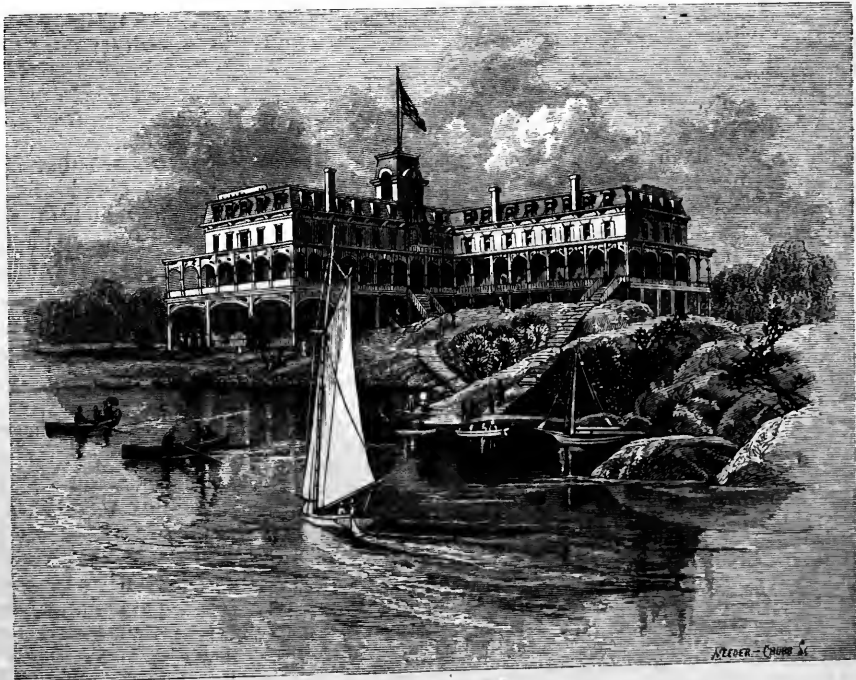
John C. Breckenridge, Martin Van Buren and his son, John Van Buren, with hosts of other present and by-gone notabilities.

This steady and most successful growth of interest in the region attracted the atten-

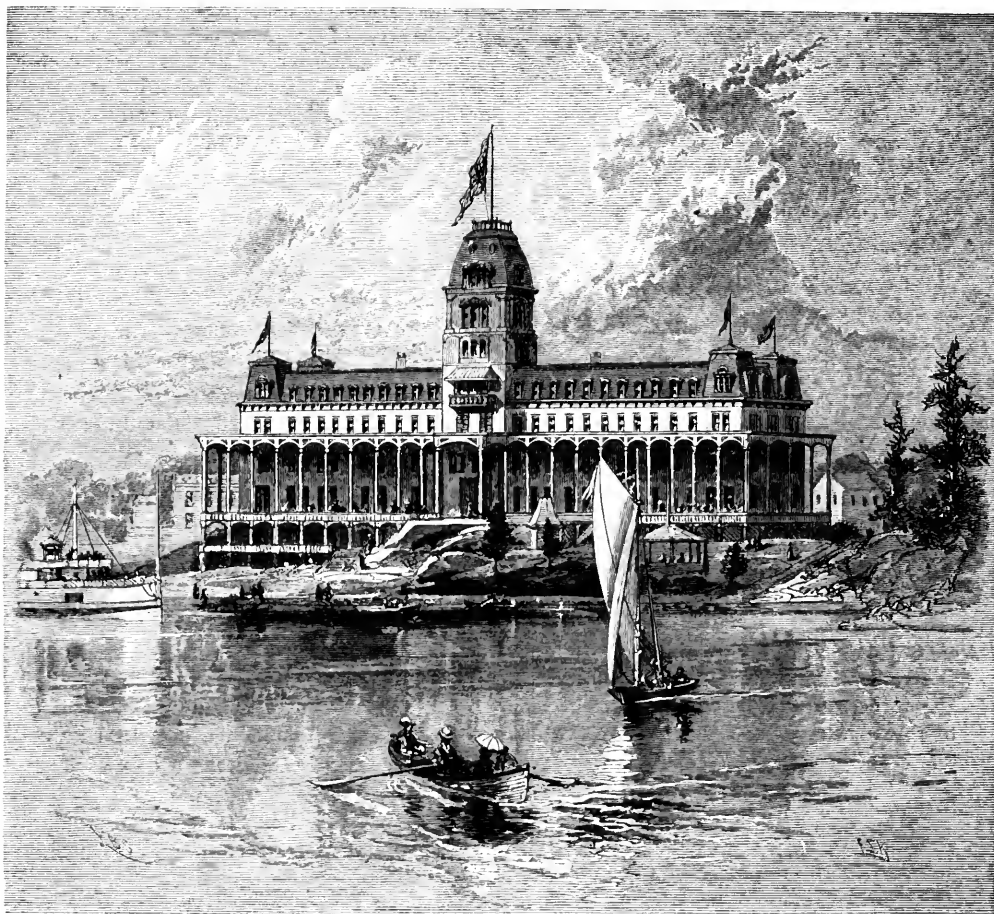
tion of capitalists and hotel men, and in 1873, Mr. O. G. Staples, with an associate, opened the hotel which he has since conducted—the Thousand Island House. Architecturally, and in the magnitude and perfection of its appointments, this is one of the most remarkable hotels in northern New York. All passengers down the St. Lawrence have seen this massive building with its magnificent piazzas, standing close to the southern shore, and mirrored in the crystal waters. The people who live by the sea seem to be learning that a sea-side resort does not give them the change they need; for, during the last dull summer, every room in this immense establishment, as well as in its older neighbor, the Crossmon, was filled, and “colonization” was carried on extensively in the village.*

The most interesting part of the development of this region as a watering-place is that which relates to the settlement of the islands by private residents. The islands have not been held at too high a price, and

* The writer desires to acknowledge the courtesy and hospitality of The Thousand Island House during the four weeks in which he was engaged in sketching and preparing the material for this article.



CROSSMON HOUSE.



THE THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.

a multitude of men have bought them and built houses upon them for summer use.* Some of these are little more than shelters or "shooting-boxes;" some are comfortable houses; and several are expensive and very

* As people in different parts of the country have an interest in the ownership of these places, I have secured an imperfect registry of them. Isle of Pines, E. N. Robinson, New York; Lookout Island, Thomas H. Borden, New York; Pike, Frank F. Dickinson, New York; Isle Helena, Helen S. Taylor, New York; Pittsburg Island, W. J. Lewis, Pittsburg, Pa.; May Flower, Mary E. Flower, Watertown, N. Y.; Indolence, Elizabeth Skinner, New York; Sherwood, William Sherwood, Brockville, Canada; Vanderbilt, J. B. Hamilton, New York; Cedar, Mary E. Curtis, Cleveland, Ohio; South Bay, Camp Meeting Association; Waite's Island, Carrie A. Waite, New York; Lattimer's, Charles E. Lattimer, New York; Cozy, Lattimore and Mosher, Watertown; Comstock, M. Comstock, Brockville; Train, Mrs. Huntington, Watertown; Hog Island, J. W. Reade, Redwood; Proctor, E. R. Proctor, Cincinnati; Ella, R. E. Hungerford, Watertown; Hub Clark, Will

splendid and showy places, so that a passenger on a river steamer, making his first trip down the stream, will find much of picturesque interest in glimpses of the architecture which greet him on every hand. There is no chance for fighting over boundary lines, and

Clark, Jersey City; Quartette, E. L. Egan, Chicago; Eel Bay Isle, E. L. Sargent, Watertown; Plantagenet, A. E. Humé, Charleston, S. C.; Tony, F. Mullen, Watertown; Harmony, C. Berger, Syracuse; No Name, Fanny Hammerkin, Syracuse; Wild Rose, Mrs. W. W. Herrick, Watertown; Sunny Side, Emily Moah, Watertown; Island Home, A. G. Yates, Rochester; Brown's, S. G. Pope, Ogdensburg; Little Angel, W. Angel, Chicago; Pleasant, Mrs. Dr. Carter, Poughkeepsie; Silver and Moss, S. T. Woolworth, Watertown; Devil's Oven, H. R. Heath, New York; Excelsior Group, C. Goodwin, New York; Blank, Libby Frost, Watertown; Little Charm, F. S. Barker, Alexandria Bay; Kit Grafton, Kit George, Watertown; Elephant Rock, T. C. Chittenden, Watertown; Isle Imperial, Joseph McNaughton, Ogdensburg; Nett's Island, E. A. Collamore,

some of the lots with a liquid fence are so small that their owners can throw a fly from their front door step to the bass they can plainly see in the clear water which is never disturbed by a freshet.

There are summer hotels at Clayton and other points along the shore, but Alexandria Bay (reached from the New York Central Railroad by way both of the Utica and Black River Railroad, and by the Rome and Watertown, with a charming additional passage upon the river) is the grand center of the summer life. Of course the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence boats from all parts touch here, and there is a daily line between Ogdensburg and Alexandria Bay.

was founded by the late Rev. Dr. Bethune, who was a famous fisherman in his day, and who, in his summer recreations on the river, did not forget to fish for men. The Methodists have established the "Thousand Island Park," several miles above, where they come in great numbers every year for recreation and a camp-meeting. They have a fine dock and quite a number of private residences. Westminster Park is a new enterprise. An association has purchased five or six hundred acres of Wells Island, nearly opposite to the village of Alexandria Bay, and the enterprise is now in the full tide of development. Fourteen miles of road have been laid out, five of which are already



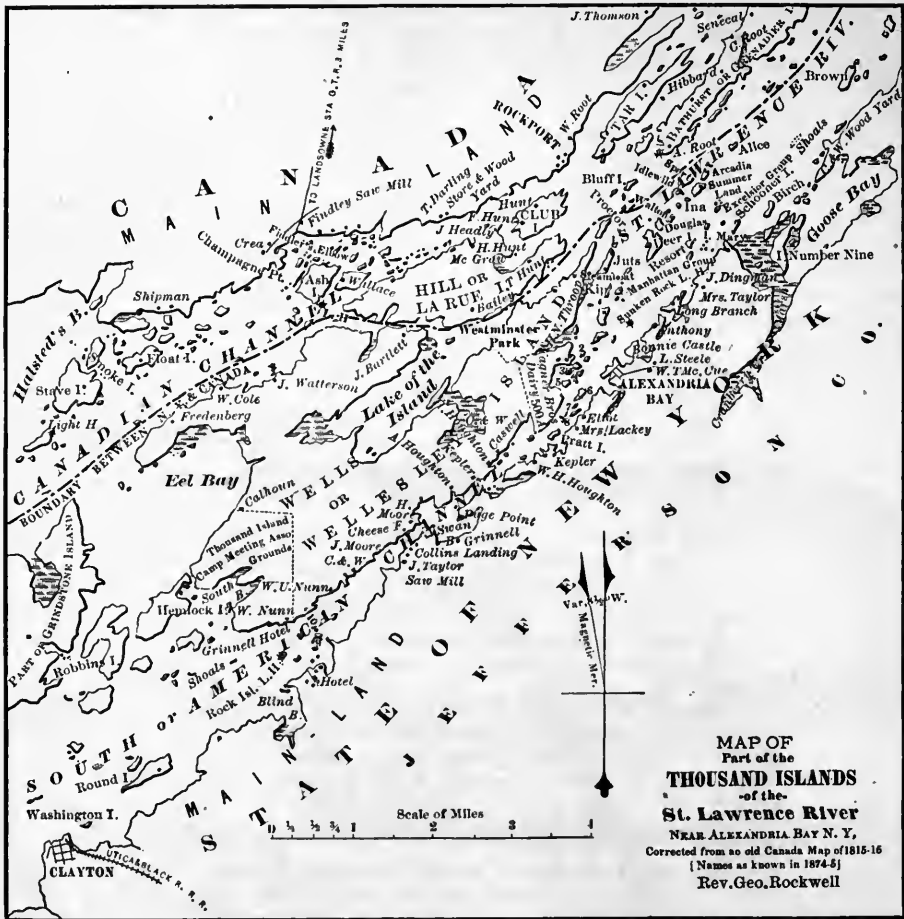
BONNIE-CASTLE.

Here are the great hotels, and here is the multitude. The village contains about five hundred people, with two churches—a Methodist and a Dutch Reformed Presbyterian. The latter is a mission church, and

graded. A dock has been built more than a thousand feet long, and when this article meets the public eye, hundreds of building lots will have been thrown into the market. A boarding-house and a church are either

Brooklyn; Maple, H. Kip, Buffalo; Titusville, A. Smith and others, Titusville, Pa.; Friendly, Parker & Millen, New York; Three Sisters (U. S. Light-house), Deer Island, S. Miller, Rochester; Rabbit, W. Littlejohn, and Oak, J. Dorrity, both of Hammond; Alice, J. G. Hill, New York; Arcadia, S. A. Briggs, Chicago; Summerland, Rev. J. M. Pullman, New York; Idlewild, G. M. Bradford, *et al.*, Watertown, N. Y.; Sport, H. E. Packer, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Walton, Walton Club; Island Mary, W. L. Palmer; Resort, Pioneer Club, all of Watertown, N. Y.; Fairy Land, Hayden Brothers, Columbus, O.; Manhattan, 2, J. C. Spencer, New

York; Deshler, W. G. Deshler, Columbus; Hart's, E. K. Hart, Albion, N. Y.; Long Branch, Mrs. Clark, Watertown; Little Fraud, V. V. Trotter, New York; Maud, Dr. Lewis, Watertown; Welcome, S. G. Pope, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Nobby, 2, H. R. Heath, New York; Pullman, 2, George M. Pullman, Chicago; Cherry, George Rockwell, Alexandria Bay; Cuba, W. E. Story, New York; Warner's, H. H. Warner, Rochester; Page Point, D. C. Grinnell, West Flushing, L. I.; Occident and Orient, E. R. Washburn, New York; Frederick, C. L. Frederick, Carthage, N. Y.; Anthony, Pt., E. Anthony, New York.



N. Y. Map & Relief Line Eng. Co

built or in course of construction, and thus a great accession is to be made to the permanent attractions of the region. Under the influence of this great influx of visitors, the fishing is quite likely to suffer, but the pure water and the pure air that sweep down the mighty channel are enough for the drinking and the breathing of a continent.

Pleasant are the recollections of the place of which some aspects are recorded here; pleasant for all reasons; pleasant as a cen-

ter of watering-place life; pleasant for hours of fishing under the skillful guidance of George Campbell, and doubly pleasant,—delightful,—for hours of silent, solitary communion with Nature in tranquil bays and spicy cedar woods—communion sometimes as uninterrupted as though we belonged to a different sphere than this earthly one of hurry and bustle; a place of legend and romance, of old associations, an unfailing fountain of interest both in itself and its inhabitants.

THE SUICIDE.

THAT man was once as handsome as you,

With the frankest face and the happiest heart;
And they spoke of what he was sure to do—

Of the brave-souled way he would play his part
In the struggles and trials and strifes of men:

They said such things, and they thought them—then.

Yet you see him now with his bloated face,
 His unkempt beard and his vulpine eyes,
 While his tremulous fingers twining trace
 The game, as the *roulette* flags or flies;
 The gray, gaunt look that at times gives room
 To an apathetic and awful gloom.

A sullen, cynical, shameless sneer
 Has changed that sensitive mouth's proud curve;
 Those eyes, once roving so bright and clear,
 With a quick surmise and a sunny verve,
 Are dulled and bloodshot, or only glow
 With the greed or envy that gamblers know.

His brain once burned with a hight intent,
 His soul was shaping out noble ends,
 And all the dreams of his life were blent
 With love and honor, and fame and friends;
 And these are the heaviest stones that roll
 To seal the grave of that murdered soul.

Yes, look at him well as he reels away
 With a muttered curse and a savage glare;
 The outer temple in dread decay,
 The inner altar profaned and bare,
 Haunted by phantoms with gibing face—
 Hopes cast away and ungarnered grace.

But to-night, when he reaches his squalid den,
 Some memory flashes across his brain,
 He recalls himself a man among men,
 And his nerves are stung to intensest pain:
 "Lost, O my God, all lost!" he said,
 And they find him there in the morning—dead!

Do you know that a woman wrought all this—
 A woman he loved with his whole soul's strength,
 Who gave him her red, curled mouth to kiss,
 And called him lover, until at length
 She left him, as Samson was left of old,
 Shorn of his strength? Well, the story is told.

"Only a woman!" "Only" you say?
 Do you know the might of those little hands?
 Do you know they can torture, and starve, and slay,
 Can sear men's souls as with burning brands—
 Can scatter the seeds of a pestilent blight,
 Drearer than death and darker than night?

I wonder whether, when men shall rise
 To give account at the end of days,
 His mother shall meet those siren eyes
 With unspeakably stern, yet sorrowful gaze,
 And in judgment ask an atonement just
 For that ruin wrought by caprice and lust?

But the world wags on; yet methinks to-night
 The silence speaks, and the room is crossed
 By a ghost! Ah, quick, let me strike a light,
 For the air is echoing "Lost! Lost! Lost!"
 And I feel, in a voiceless and utter dread,
 That my soul has talked with the man that is dead.

MACRAMÉ LACE.

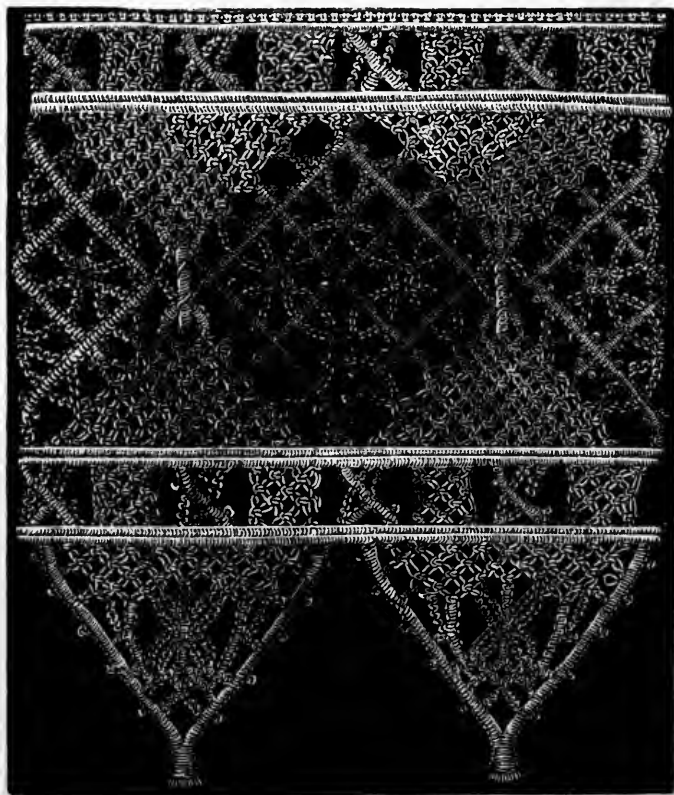
"WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?"

AUTOLYCUS.

"Full happy is he," begins the artful Acropia, "to whom a purse, by this manner and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he shall have cause to account it, not as a purse for treasure, but as a treasure in itself."

"I promise you," says Pamela, "I wrought it but to make tedious hours believe I thought not of them."

THE "ARCADIA."

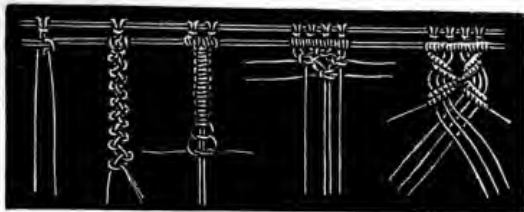


NO. 1. MACRAMÉ (GEOMETRICAL STYLE—ITALIAN).

THE first meaning of the word lace is, I believe, simply a string. It is seen in another form, as latchet. "The latchet of whose shoes," etc.,—that is, "whose shoe-lace," though we also use the expressions, "shoe-string" and "shoe-tie." So Crashaw in his pretty poem, "Wishes":

"I wish her—beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy 'tire, or glist'ning shoe-tie."

And the ladies of our own time speak of their stay-laces. Latch has the same origin, for the original latch was a string. Left hanging out, the latch-string meant hospitality; whoever came along could pull it and let himself in. "Pull the latch, my dear, and come in!" said the wolf to little Red Riding Hood. But if the door were not to be opened, the string, the latch, was pulled in. Perhaps if one were to consult a



NO. 2. KNOTS FOR MACRAMÉ LACE.

dictionary, he might find "lassoo" to be derived from the same root.

In the sense of string, lace is often found in old English poetry. Chaucer, in describing the Shipman, says:

"A dagger hanging by a las hadde he
About his nekke under his arm adown."

And Spenser:

"Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waste,
For more fineness, with a tawdry lace."

What the next stage was is not easy to trace. The string may have become a band, and this band may have been ornamented by drawing out some of the threads of the cloth and hemstitching the threads into a pattern. That a notion of open-work of threads spread about and dividing a surface up into irregular spaces had early become associated with the word lace is evident from Shakspeare's use of that word in describing Duncan's appearance after his death:

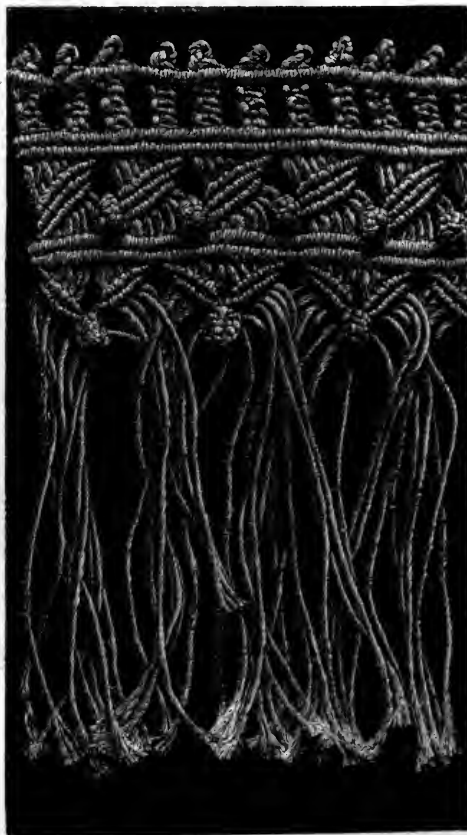
"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood."

That is, his blood was streaked about his face, and the white skin showed between.

The earliest laces were produced in this natural, easy way. It was not till much later that "making" lace—creating a pattern out of threads by twisting them about pins stuck into a cushion, and in other ways far removed from the aboriginal and somewhat savage procedure first described—was introduced. The original lace—to employ the word in its modern acceptation—was Gothic in principle; it was "sincere," to use the fashionable slang of our day; it was an ornamentation produced by playing upon the actual structure of the thing ornamented.

At Shottery, the woman who lives in Anne Hathaway's house, and shows it to strangers, brings out, for a fee, a pair of sheets and two pillow-biers (or cases), which she alleges, and which we believe on the spot, to have

belonged to Shakspeare, and to have made a part of the furniture of the famous second best bed. These sheets and pillow-biers are ornamented by two strips of lace that run the whole length of the sheets and across the middle of each pillow-bier in such a way that when the bed is "made up," and the pillows are in their places, the ornamented work makes a continuous band. This is as I remember it, but 'tis now nigh ten years since, and I may be mistaken in the detail. The woman, who played that her name, too, was Hathaway, informed me that in the old time these sheets were only used at lying-in times and at funerals. This may have been true, for certainly they were in good preservation after close upon three hundred years. She told me also that a lady came once a



NO. 3. PATTERN OF MACRAMÉ LACE. (AMERICAN DESIGN.)

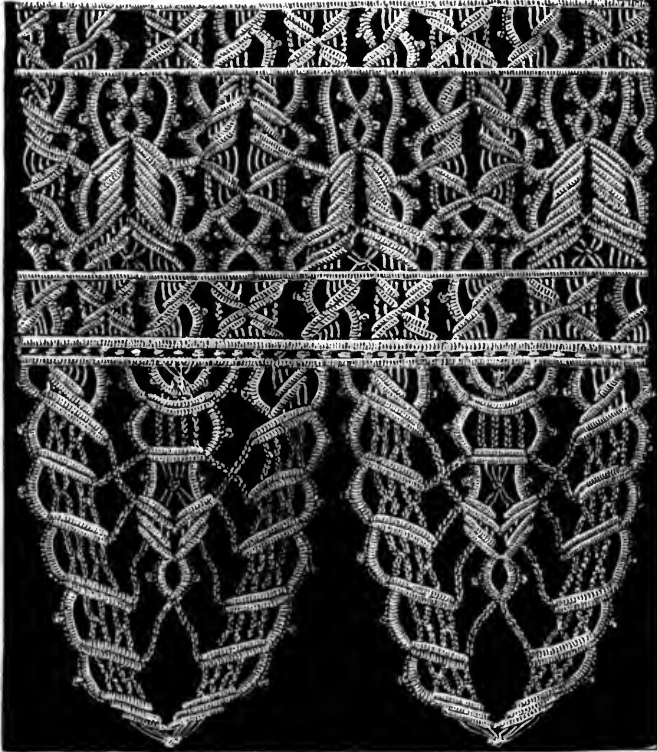
year from Stratford and looked over these pieces of linen and darned them wherever they needed strengthening. This lady must have had fairy fingers and an artistic sense,

for the darning she did was as delicate as lace.

Nowadays, when the Renaissance of the Old-Fashioned is in full vigor, our ladies, looking about for something to do, have welcomed the revival of the old ways of making lace as well as that of the old embroidery stitches. Some of them have performed wonders with the "darned lace," producing work as spirited as the old, which darned lace, by the way, was introduced to

esque handiwork. The turn of the tide has brought up, among other remembrances of the past, a lace with an odd name, "Macramé," derived, it is said, from the Arabic and signifying "fringed border."

This is an old manufacture, the original application of which appears to have been to supply garments, and even altar-cloths and towels with fringes. And the use of a fringe is, besides the use there is in ornament, the protecting the edges of that to



NO. 4. LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY MACRAMÉ. (ITALIAN).

us on this side the water in a picture, I believe; for what attracts one person will attract another, and I remember how much my curiosity was excited by the table-cloth that Gérôme has put upon the table at which Molière is breakfasting with Louis XIV. in the picture well known by the engraving. And, if the reader cares for such trifling, he may find in another picture, the "Portrait of a Florentine Princess," by A. Bronzino, in the Bryan Gallery, New York Historical Society, a lovely hand and a lovely head encircled by some well-painted lace of the old knotted-work. The lady's handkerchief, too, is bordered with the same pictur-

which it is applied from wear-and-tear. The Eastern people often put fringes a foot long upon the ends of their rugs, and besides blending the rug well with the floor,—shading it off, as it were,—these fringes really keep the edge of the rug from being turned up by the foot.

Now, for all such purposes, and for the trimming of dresses made of the sensible, coarse, and, we may add, picturesque, stuffs so much in use at present, the macramé lace will be found very serviceable. It is made of a strong and handsome linen thread spun by the Barbour Flax Company, and at the office of the Domestic Sew-

ing-machine Company, New York, where the lace is made to order, there are always people ready to teach the making of it, and to provide customers with the materials. The threads are of different sizes and colors, and it is claimed that ladies can readily learn to make the knots (shown in No. 2). Afterward it will be easy to vary the pattern in accordance with the taste and ingenuity of the worker. We have had a few of the best patterns engraved. Nos. 3, 5, and 6 are from the manufacturers here. Nos. 1 and 4 are taken from an excellent manual, "The Queen Lace Book," published at the office of the "Queen" newspaper in London. We recommend this manual to those of our readers who would like to know something about the history of lace, but who have neither the time to read, nor the means to buy, such luxurious books as the late Mrs. Bury Palliser's complete and thorough work on the subject.

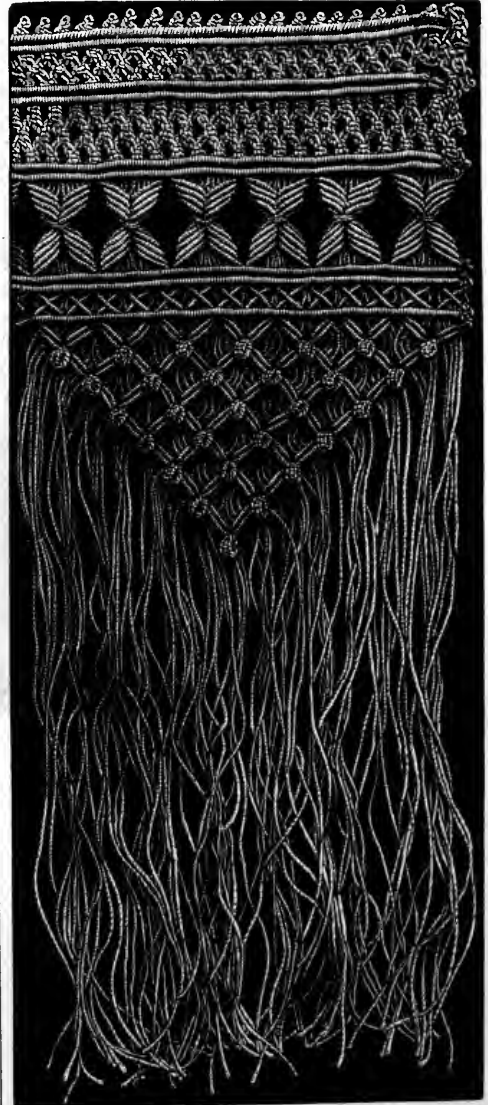
The only drawback to one's pleasure in this and some other revivals is that their cheapness and the ease that attends their production make them common; there is too little temperance in their use, and, as we see them everywhere, we come to weary of them. When they were originally made, there was little machinery in the world and little commerce. Almost everything was made by hand, either wholly or in part, and whatever mechanical appliances were employed were of the simplest. Manufactures sprang up in wide-apart places, and, for lack of easy means of communication, circulated but little, and that slowly, outside these bounds. The mode of production gave an individual character to the things that came out of these workshops, every maker following his own taste, and it was long before enough people saw them to create a demand for copies and imitations.

Now, all this is changed, and the universal employment of machinery and the wide spread of commerce, which, to use Dryden's fine expression,

"Has made one city of the universe,"

have rubbed a good deal of the bloom from the ancient manufactures, by crowding the market with cheap and clever imitations. Not to speak of other things,—pottery, for instance,—lace has suffered a good deal by this cheapening. Imitations—some very coarse, and others very fine—are made of the more expensive sorts, and when there comes along a manufacture that is too cheap

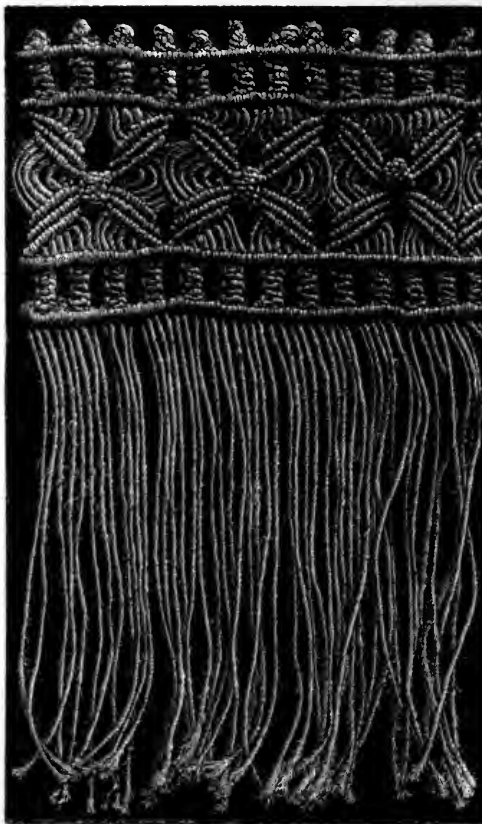
and too easily made to be worth imitating, it runs about like wild-fire, and we beat our brains to devise new and unheard-of ways of displaying it. Chairs and tables, sofas and mantel-pieces, towels and table-cloths, curtains and piano-covers are fringed with it, and there is danger it may soon become as much of an eye-sore as the common run of Japanese goods. In the old time it would not have been easy to have found any market at all for such lace as this, nor was it, indeed, made to sell, but merely for home use,—a cheap substitute for better material,



NO. 5. MACRAMÉ LACE. (AMERICAN DESIGN.)

like the rag-carpets of our grandmothers. Of course, too, no house would have much of it, nor was it probable two pieces of it would be found with the same pattern. The linen thread was spun by the people who made the lace,—all linen being home-spun in those days and much of the linen cloth home-wove. The difficulty of making the lace prevented its becoming tiresome,—a danger that threatens not only macramé lace, but all our other “decorative art” revivals.

It may be said of most of these things, as is said of a certain kind of cheese, that a very little goes a great way. A drop of attar-of-roses will scent a drawer for a thousand years, as any one may prove who will try it, and so a very little macramé lace will be enough in any household. It will serve to take the edge off the commonplace of an occasional pine-table, or to enliven the upstairs bedroom mantel-piece, or, edging the toilet-cover in the spare bachelor's bedroom, will perhaps cheer the occupant's loneliness with thoughts of the womanly fingers that wove it. But we do not think it serves any useful purpose wound around flower-pots, or fringing wood-boxes, or helping parlor coal-bins to play the gay deceiver and put on Ottoman airs; nor do we see how good taste and common sense can continue to live together like brother and sister, as they should do, if we keep on putting this sturdy peasant lace, born in a cottage and meant for hard work, to doing duty for silk fringe round chairs



NO. 6. MACRAMÉ LACE. (AMERICAN DESIGN).

and tables covered with the most expensive silk plush.

THE TELEPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

Two recent American inventions are at the present moment exciting the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. The first, known as the telephone, or far-speaker, is a device for transmitting to a distance over an electric circuit, and accurately reproducing thereat, all kinds of sounds, including those of the human voice; the second, called by its inventor the phonograph, or sound-recorder, is a device for permanently recording and faithfully reproducing, at any time or place, all kinds of sounds, including those of the human voice. The function of the telephone is analogous to that of a speaking-tube capable of almost infinite extension, through which conversa-

tion may be carried on as readily as with persons in the same room. The function of the phonograph is to stereotype the actual tones of the human voice, so that they may be preserved or bottled up, as it were, and kept for future use.

Although a description of these inventions must necessarily partake of a somewhat more scientific character than is usually found in the columns of a popular magazine, I shall endeavor to make it as free from technicalities as possible.

It is well known that the sensation which we call sound is excited by the action of the vibrations of the atmosphere upon the tympanum or drum of the ear, and that these

vibrations are conveyed from the tympanum to the auricular nerves in the interior parts of the ear, by means of a mechanical apparatus of wonderful delicacy and precision of action, consisting of a series of

given time, the greater is the amplitude of the movement of the tympanum, and consequently of the mechanism which acts upon the nerves. Hence it follows that the function of the human ear is the mechanical transmission to the auditory nerves of each expansion and contraction which occurs in the surrounding medium, while that of the nerves is to convey to the brain the sensations thus produced. A series of vibrations, a definite number of which are produced in a given time, and of which we thus become cognizant, is called a tone.

The action which has thus reached our consciousness, being a purely mechanical one, may be rendered much more easy of comprehension

by graphical delineation. If, for example, we assume the horizontal line *ab* to represent a certain period of time, let the curves extending above the line *ab*

a—*b*

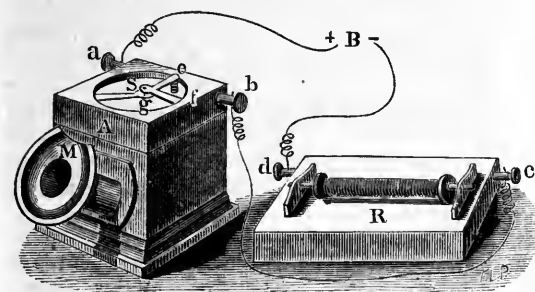


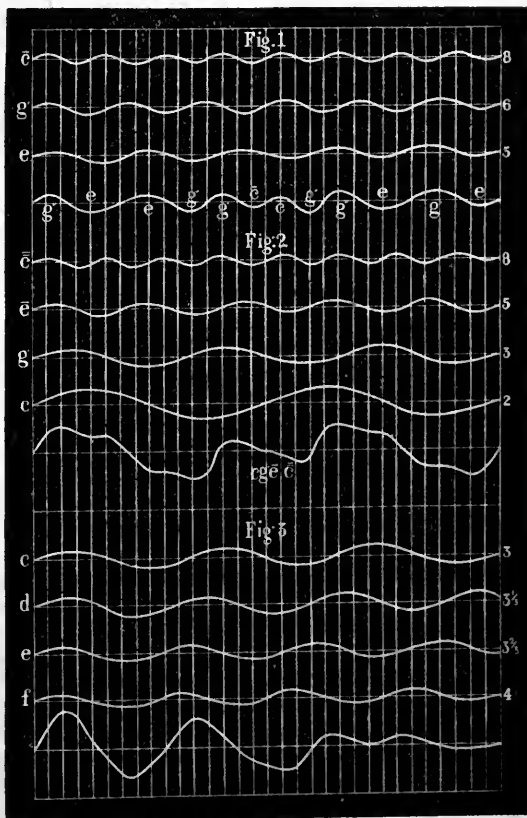
FIG. 4. REISS'S MUSICAL TELEPHONE.

bones termed, respectively, the hammer, anvil and stirrup. In the process of reproducing tone by electro-magnetism, an artificial imitation of the mechanism of the human ear is employed, consisting of a stretched membrane or diaphragm corresponding to the tympanum, which by its vibrations generates and controls an electric circuit extended to a distant station by a metallic conductor.

Before proceeding to give a description of the apparatus employed for communicating or reproducing articulate speech at a distance, it will be well to devote some consideration to the process by which the ear distinguishes the vibrations of a particular tone, or the aggregate of the vibrations of all the tones which simultaneously act upon it, for by this means we may be enabled to ascertain the conditions under which the transmitting and receiving apparatus must act in order to effect the desired result.

If we analyze the process by which the ear distinguishes a simple sound, we find that a tone results from the alternate expansion and condensation of an elastic medium. If this process takes place in the medium in which the ear is situated, namely, the atmosphere, then at each recurring condensation the elastic membrane or tympanum will be pressed inward, and these vibrations will be transmitted, by the mechanism above referred to, to the auricular nerves.

The greater the degree of condensation of the elastic medium in a



FIGS. 1, 2, 3. GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF SOUND VIBRATIONS.

represent the successive condensations (+), and the curves below the line the successive expansions (—), then each ordinate represents the degree of condensation or expansion at the moment of time corresponding to its position upon the line *ab* and also the amplitude of the vibrations of the tympanum.

A simple musical tone results from a continuous, rapid, and uniformly recurring series of vibrations, provided the number of complete vibrations per second falls within certain limits. If, for example, the vibrations number less than seven or eight per second, a series of successive noises are heard instead of a tone, while, if their number exceeds forty thousand per second, the ear becomes incapable of appreciating the sound.

The ear distinguishes three distinct qualities in sound :

1. The tone or pitch, by virtue of which sounds are high or low, and which depends upon the rapidity of the vibratory movement. The more rapid the vibrations, the more acute will be the sound.

2. The intensity, by virtue of which sounds are loud or soft, and which depends upon the amplitude of the vibrations.

3. The quality, by which we are able to distinguish a note sounded, for example, upon a violin, from the same note when sounded upon a flute. By a remarkable series of experimental investigations, Helmholtz succeeded in demonstrating that the different qualities of sounds depend altogether upon the number and intensity of the overtones which accompany the primary tones of those sounds. The different characteristics of sound may be graphically represented, and the phenomena thus rendered more easy of comprehension.

In figure 1, for example, let the lines \bar{c} 8 represent a certain length of time, and the continuous curved line the successive vibrations producing a simple tone. The curves above the line represent the compression of the air, and those below the line its rarefaction; the air—an elastic medium—is thus thrown into vibrations which transmit the sound waves to the ear. The ear is unable to appreciate any sensations of sound other than those produced by vibrations, which may be represented by curves similar to that above described. Even if several tones are produced simultaneously, the elastic medium of transmission is under the influence of several forces acting at the same time, and which are subject to the ordinary

laws of mechanics. If the different forces act in the same direction, the total force is represented by their sum, while, if they act in opposite directions, it is represented by the difference between them.

In figure 1 three distinct simple tones, *c*, *g*, and *e*, are represented, the rapidity of the vibrations being in the proportion of 8, 6, and 5. The composite tone resulting from the simultaneous production of the three simple tones is represented graphically by the fourth line, which correctly exhibits to the eye the effect produced upon the ear by the three simultaneously acting simple tones.

Figure 2 represents a curve formed of more than three tones, in which the relations do not appear so distinctly, but a musical expert will readily recognize them, even when it would be difficult in practice for him to distinguish the simple tones in such a chord.

This method of showing the action of tones upon the human ear possesses the advantage of giving the clearest illustration possible of the entire process.

We may even understand by reference to figure 3 why it is that the ear is so disagreeably affected by a discord.

It will be observed that the curves in the diagram represent the three characteristics of sound which have been referred to. The pitch is denoted by the number of vibrations or waves recurring within a given horizontal distance; the intensity, by the amplitude of the vibrations—that is, their comparative height above or depth below the horizontal line; and the quality, by the form of the waves themselves. It is, therefore, easy to understand that if, by any means whatever, we can produce vibrations whose curves correspond to those of a given tone or a given combination of tones, the same impression will be produced upon the ear that would have been produced by the original tone, whether simple or composite.

The earliest experiments in the production of musical sounds at a distance, by means of electro-magnetism, appear to have been made in 1861 by Philip Reiss, of Friedrichsdorf, Germany. His apparatus was constructed in the manner shown in figure 4.

A is a hollow box, provided with two apertures,—one at the top and the other in front. The former is covered with a membrane, S, tightly stretched in a circular frame. When a person sings into the mouthpiece, M, which is inserted in the front opening, the whole force of his voice

is concentrated on the tight membrane, which is thrown into vibrations corresponding exactly with the vibrations of the air produced by the sound of the singing. A thin piece of platinum is glued to the center of the membrane and connected with the binding screw, a, in which a wire from the battery, B, is fixed. Upon the membrane rests a little tripod, e, f, g, of which the feet, e and f, rest in metal cups upon the circular frame over which the skin is stretched. One of them, f, rests in a mercury cup connected with the binding screw, b. The third foot, g, consisting of a platinum contact-point, lies on the strip of platinum which is placed upon the center of the vibrating membrane and hops up and down with it. By this means the closed circuit which passes through the apparatus from a to b is momentarily broken for every vibration of the membrane. The receiving instrument, R, consists of a coil or helix, inclosing an iron rod and fixed upon a hollow sounding-box, and is founded on the fact—first investigated by Professor Joseph Henry—that iron bars, when magnetized by means of an electric current, become slightly elongated, and at the interruption of the current are restored to their normal length. In the receiving instrument these elongations and shortenings of the iron bar will succeed each other with precisely the same interval as the vibrations of the original tone, and the longitudinal vibrations of the bar will be communicated to the sounding-box, thus being made distinctly audible at the receiving station.

Reiss's apparatus was capable of producing only one of the three characteristics of sound, viz., its pitch. It could not produce different degrees of intensity or other qualities of tones, but merely sung, with its own voice,—which was not very unlike that of a toy-trumpet,—the melodies transmitted. Referring to the graphic representation of the composite tone in figure 1, this apparatus would reproduce the waves at properly recurring intervals, but they would all be of precisely the same amplitude or intensity, for the reason that they were all produced by an electric current of the same strength.

In the spring of 1874, Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, invented a method of electrical transmission by means of which the intensity of the tones, as well as their pitch, was properly reproduced at the receiving station. This was a very important discovery,—in fact, a prerequisite to the development of the telephone both in respect

to the reproduction of harmonic musical tones and of articulate speech, as it enabled any required number of different tones to be reproduced simultaneously, without destroying their individuality.

In this method a separate series of electrical impulses of varying strength as well as rapidly passed into the line, thus reproducing at the distant end the intensities of the vibrations, corresponding to the graphic representation on the fourth or bottom line of figure 1. By this means a tune could be reproduced at any distance, with perfect accuracy, including its pitch, varying intensity and quality of sound. With a receiving instrument consisting of an electromagnet, having its armature rigidly fixed to one pole, and separated from the other by a space of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, and mounted upon a hollow sounding-box which, like that of a violin, responded to all vibrations which were communicated to it, the tones became very loud and distinct.

Subsequently Mr. Gray conceived the idea of controlling the formation of what may be termed the electric waves, as represented in the diagram, figures 1, 2, and 3, by means of the vibrations of a diaphragm capable of responding to sounds of every kind traversing the atmosphere, so arranged as to reproduce these vibrations at a distance. When this was accomplished the problem of the transmission and reproduction of articulate speech over an electric conductor was theoretically solved.

The principle and mode of operation of Gray's original telephone are shown in the accompanying figure 5. The person transmitting sounds speaks into the mouthpiece T. D₁ is a diaphragm of some thin substance capable of responding to the various complex vibrations produced by the human voice. To the center of the diaphragm, one end of a light metallic rod, N, is rigidly attached, the other extending into a glass vessel, J, placed beneath the chamber. This vessel, whose lower end is closed by a metallic plug, p, is filled with slightly acidulated water, or some other liquid of the same specific resistance, and the metallic plug or end placed in connection with one terminal of an electric circuit, the other end being joined by a very light wire to the rod, N, near the diaphragm. It will thus be seen that the water in the vessel forms a part of the circuit through which the current from a battery placed in this circuit will pass. Now, as the excursions of the plunger-rod vary with the amplitude of the several

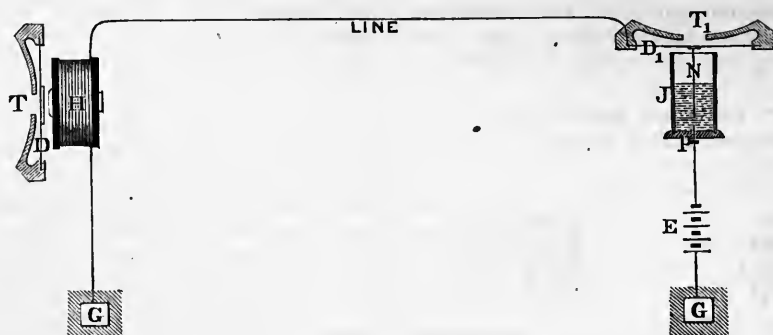


FIG. 5. GRAY'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

vibrations made by the diaphragm to which it is attached, as well as with the rapidity of their succession, it will readily be seen that the distance, and consequently the resistance to the passage of the current, between the lower end of the rod and the metallic plug, must vary in a similar manner, and this produces a series of corresponding variations in the strength of the battery current.

The receiving apparatus consists simply of an electro-magnet, H, and armature, a diaphragm, D, and a mouthpiece, T. The soft iron armature which is attached to the diaphragm stands just in front of the electro-magnet; consequently, when the latter acts, it does so in obedience to current pulsations, which have all the characteristics of the vibrating diaphragm, D., and thus, through the additional intermediary of the soft iron, the vibrations produced by the voice in T., are communicated to the diaphragm, T, of the receiving apparatus, and thus sounds of every character, including all the tones of the human voice, are reproduced with absolute fidelity and distinctness.

In the summer of 1876, Professor A. G. Bell, of the Boston University, exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, a telephonic apparatus by which articulate speech could be transmitted over an electric circuit, and reproduced at a distance with some degree of distinctness.

The accompanying diagram, figure 6, illustrates the principle and method of working of this apparatus. A represents the transmitting, and B the receiving, apparatus. When a person speaks into the tube, T, in the direction of the arrow, the acoustic vibrations of the air are communicated to a membrane tightly stretched across the end of the tube, upon which is cemented a light permanent bar magnet, *ns*. This is in close proximity to the poles of an electro-magnet,

M, in the circuit of the line, which is constantly charged by a current from the battery, E. The vibrations of the magnet *ns* induce magneto-electric pulsations in the coils of the electro-magnet, M, which traverse the circuit, and the magnitude of these pulsations is proportional to the rapidity and amplitude of the vibrations of the magnet. Consequently, this apparatus is capable of transmitting both the pitch and intensity of the tones which enter the tube, T. The receiving instrument consists simply of a tubular electro-magnet, R, formed of a single helix with an external soft iron case, into the top of which is loosely fitted the iron plate, *r*, which is thrown into vibrations by the action of the magnetizing helix. The sounds produced in this manner were quite weak and could only be transmitted a short distance; but the mere accomplishment of the feat of transmitting electric impulses over a metallic wire which should reproduce articulate speech, even in an imperfect manner, at the farther end, excited great interest in a scientific as well as a popular point of view throughout the civilized world.

During the ensuing autumn some important changes in the telephone were effected whereby its articulating properties were greatly improved. Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, observing that the actual function of the battery current with which the line was charged in Bell's method, had simply the effect of polarizing the soft iron cores of the transmitting and receiving instruments, or of converting them into permanent magnets, and that the mere passage of the constant voltaic current over the line had nothing to do with the result, conceived the idea of maintaining the cores in a permanently magnetic or polarized state by the inductive influence of a permanent magnet instead of by a voltaic current. Permanent magnets with small helices of insulated copper

wire surrounding one or both poles were therefore substituted by him in place of the electro-magnets and battery previously employed.

Another important improvement which was made consisted in using the same in-

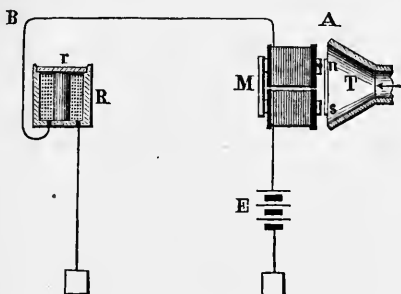


FIG. 6. BELL'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

strument for both sending and receiving instead of employing instruments of different construction, as had been previously done.

The principle and mode of operation of the improved apparatus is represented in figure 7.

It consists of an ordinary permanent bar magnet, N S; a single helix, H, of insulated copper wire placed upon one end of the magnet, and a metallic diaphragm, D, consisting of a disk of thin sheet-iron two and a quarter inches in diameter and one fiftieth of an inch thick, forming an armature to the magnet, N S. The vibratory motions of the air produced by the voice or other cause are directed toward, and concentrated upon, the diaphragm, D, by means of a mouthpiece, T. It will thus be seen that when vibrations are communicated to the air in front of the mouthpiece the impact of the waves of air against the elastic diaphragm will cause a corresponding movement of the latter. This in turn, by reacting upon the magnet, disturbs the normal magnetic condition of the bar, and since any change of magnetism in this tends to generate electrical currents in the surrounding helix, the circuit in which the helix

may be placed will be traversed by a series of electrical pulsations or currents. Moreover, as these currents continue to be generated so long as the motion of the diaphragm continues, and as they increase and decrease in strength with the amplitude of its vibrations, thus varying with the variations of its amplitude, it is evident that they virtually possess all the physical characteristics of the agent acting upon the transmitting diaphragm. Consequently, by their electro-magnetic action upon the magnet of an apparatus, identical with the one above described and placed in the same circuit, they will cause its diaphragm to vibrate in exactly the same manner as that of the transmitting apparatus.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, of Menlo Park, New Jersey, has invented a telephone, which, like that of Gray, shown in figure 6, is based upon the principle of varying the strength of a battery current in unison with the rise and fall of the vocal utterance. The problem of practically varying the resistance controlled by the diaphragm, so as to accomplish this result, was by no means an easy one. By constant experimenting, Mr. Edison at length made the discovery that, when properly prepared, carbon possessed the remarkable property of changing its resistance with pressure, and that the ratios of these changes, moreover, corresponded exactly with the pressure. Here then was the solution, for, by vibrating a diaphragm with varying degrees of pressure against a disk of carbon, which is made to form a portion of an electric circuit, the resistance of the disk would vary in precise accordance with the degree of pressure, and consequently a proportionate variation would be occasioned in the strength of the current. The latter would thus possess all the characteristics of the vocal waves, and by its reaction through the medium of an electro-magnet, might then transfer them to a metallic diaphragm, causing the latter to vibrate, and thus reproduce audible speech.

Figure 8 shows the telephone as now

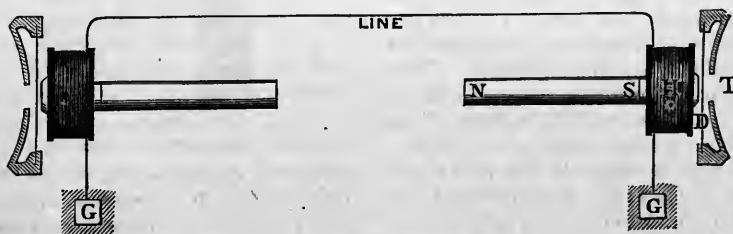


FIG. 7. DOLBEAR'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

constructed by Mr. Edison. The carbon disk is represented by the black portion, E, near the diaphragm, A A, placed between

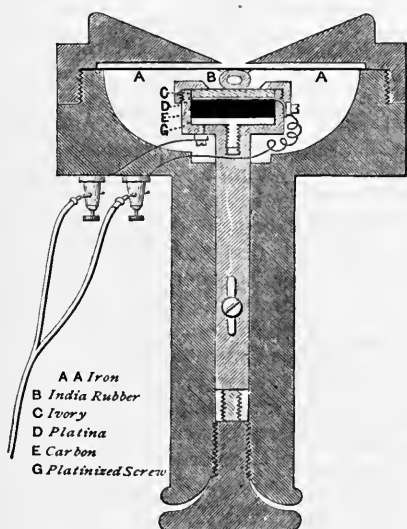


FIG. 8. EDISON'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE. TRANSMITTING APPARATUS.

two platinum plates, D and G, which are connected in the battery circuit, as shown by the lines. A small piece of rubber tubing, B, is attached to the center of the metallic diaphragm, and presses lightly against an ivory piece, C, which is placed directly over one of the platinum plates. Whenever, therefore, any motion is given to the diaphragm it is immediately followed by a corresponding pressure upon the carbon and by a change of resistance in the latter, as described above. It is obvious that any electro-magnet, properly fitted with an iron diaphragm, will answer for a receiving instrument in connection with this apparatus.

Figure 9 shows a sending and receiving telephone and a box containing the battery.

Many other modifications of the speaking telephone have been devised, but they all possess certain common characteristics embodied in Mr. Gray's original discovery, and are essentially the same in principle although differing somewhat in matters of detail. All, for example, employ a diaphragm at the transmitting end capable of responding to the acoustic vibrations of the air; all employ a diaphragm at the receiving end, capable of being thrown into vibrations by the action of the magnetizing helix, corresponding to the vibrations of the transmitting diaphragm; and finally, all depend

for their action upon undulating electric currents produced by the vibratory motion of a transmitting diaphragm which increases and decreases the number and amplitude of the electric impulses transmitted over the wire without breaking the circuit.

During the past year many ingenious persons have turned their attention to the subject of speaking telephones, and by the introduction of various modifications have succeeded in greatly improving the invention, so as to make it available for practical use. Prominent among these is Mr. G. M. Phelps, an inventor of several valuable telegraph instruments, to whose ability in the scientific arrangement of details in the construction of the apparatus, the public is indebted for the most effective telephones yet introduced. The peculiar excellence of these instruments consists in their distinct articulation, combined with a loudness of utterance that is not met with in the numerous other forms that have appeared up to the present time. Both of these qualities, manifestly so desirable, are, in these in-

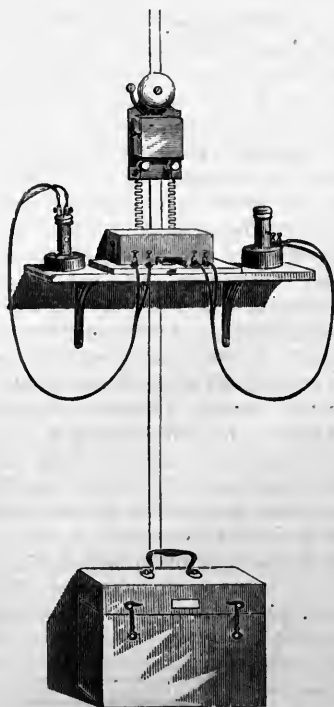


FIG. 9. EDISON'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE. TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER.

struments, developed to a very remarkable degree, while the distance over which they may be used is also another of their distinguishing characteristics, circuits of over one

hundred miles in length having been worked by them with the most admirable results.

The form designed by Mr. Phelps, which is now being extensively introduced into practical use, consists of a polished oval-shaped case of hard rubber (figure 10), with magnet, diaphragm and coils inside. In connection with this there is also a small magneto-electrical machine, contained in an oblong wooden box (figure 11), which is used for operating a call-bell when the attention of the correspondent at the distant station is required. The currents, which are generated by this machine by turning a crank, are conveyed by the conducting wires through the helices of a polarized magnet, or relay, and cause a hammer attached to an armature lever to vibrate against a bell, thus producing a violent ringing, sufficiently loud to be heard at a considerable distance from the apparatus.

Probably the value of no invention was ever more promptly recognized by the public than the telephone. Already many thousands of them are in practical use in this country and abroad. It is employed as a means of communication between the counting-room and the factory, the merchant's residence and the office, the publishing house and the printing-office, and, in short, wherever oral communication is desired between persons separated by any distance beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice. In Germany it is being rapidly introduced into the various military establishments, and has also been adopted by the telegraph administration for connecting small villages and hamlets with the regular telegraph offices. It will undoubtedly afford the means of extending telegraphic facilities in this country to many thousands of places where the amount of business is insufficient to support a regular telegraph office, but where a line could be built and the telephone could be brought into use for the transmission of messages to the nearest telegraph office, at a trifling expense.

The speaking phonograph, also invented by Mr. Thomas A. Edison, is a purely mechanical invention, no electricity being used. It is, however, somewhat allied to the telephone in consequence of the fact that, like the latter, its action depends upon the vibratory motions of a metallic diaphragm capable of receiving from, and transmitting to, the air, sound vibrations.

In its simplest form, the speaking phonograph consists of a mounted diaphragm, so arranged as to operate a small steel stylus

placed just below and opposite its center, and a brass cylinder, figure 12, six or more inches long by three or four in diameter, which is mounted on a horizontal axis ex-



FIG. 10. PHELPS'S SPEAKING TELEPHONE.

tending each way beyond its ends for a distance about equal to its own length. A spiral groove is cut in the circumference of the cylinder, from one end to the other, each spiral of the groove being separated from its neighbor by about one-tenth of an inch. The shaft or axis is also cut by a screw thread corresponding to the spiral groove of the cylinder, and works in screw bearings, consequently when the cylinder is caused to revolve, by means of a crank that is fitted to the axis for this purpose, it receives a forward or backward movement of about one-tenth of an inch for every turn of the same, the direction, of course, depending upon the way the crank is turned. The diaphragm, figure 13, is supported by an upright casting capable of adjustment, and so arranged that it may be removed altogether when necessary. When in use, however, it is clamped in a fixed position above or in front of the cylinder, thus bringing the stylus always opposite the groove as the cylinder is turned. A small, flat spring attached to the casting extends underneath the diaphragm as far as its center and carries the stylus, and between the diaphragm and spring a small piece of india rubber is placed to modify the action, it having been found that better results are obtained by this means than when the stylus is rigidly attached to the diaphragm itself.

The action of the apparatus will now be readily understood from what follows. The cylinder is first very smoothly covered with

tin-foil, and the diaphragm securely fastened in place by clamping its support to the base of the instrument. When this has been properly done, the stylus should lightly press against that part of the foil over the groove. The crank is now turned, while, at the same time, some one speaks into the mouth-piece of the instrument, which will cause the diaphragm to vibrate, and as the vibrations of the latter correspond with the movements of the air producing them, the soft and yielding foil will become marked along the line of the groove by a series of indentations of different depths, varying

sequently, rising and falling with the depressions in the foil, its motion is communicated to the diaphragm, and thence through the intervening air to the ear, where the sensation of sound is produced.

As the faithful reproduction of a sound is in reality nothing more than a reproduction of similar acoustic vibrations in a given time, it at once becomes evident that the cylinder should be made to revolve with absolute uniformity at all times, otherwise a difference more or less marked between the original sound and the reproduction will become manifest. To secure this uniformity

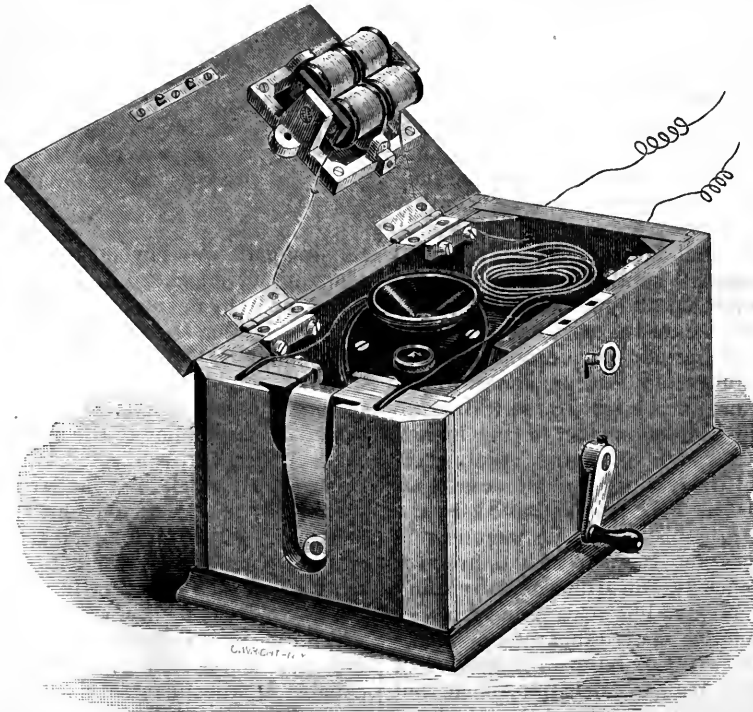


FIG. 11. MAGNETO-ELECTRIC SIGNALING APPARATUS.

with the amplitude of the vibrations of the diaphragm; or, in other words, with the inflections or modulations of the speaker's voice. These inflections may therefore be looked upon as a sort of visible speech, which, in fact, they really are. If now the diaphragm is removed, by loosening the clamp, and the cylinder then turned back to the starting point, we have only to replace the diaphragm and turn in the same direction as at first, to hear repeated all that has been spoken into the mouth-piece of the apparatus; the stylus, by this means, being caused to traverse its former path, and con-

of motion, and produce a practically working machine for automatically recording speeches, vocal and instrumental music, and perfectly reproducing the same, the inventor has devised an apparatus in which a plate replaces the cylinder. This plate, which is ten inches in diameter, has a volute spiral groove cut in its surface on both sides from its center to within one inch of its outer edge; an arm guided by the spiral upon the under side of the plate carries a diaphragm and mouthpiece at its extreme end. If the arm be placed near the center of the plate and the latter rotated, the motion will cause

the arm to follow the spiral outward to the edge. A spring and train of wheel-work regulated by a friction governor serves to give uniform motion to the plate. The sheet upon which the record is made is of

How startling also it will be to reproduce and hear at pleasure the voice of the dead! All of these things are to be common, everyday experiences within a few years. It will be possible a generation hence to take a file

of phonograph letters, spoken at different ages by the same person, and hear the early prattle, the changing voice, the manly tones, and also the varying manner and moods of the speaker—so expressive of character—from childhood up!

These are some of the private applications.

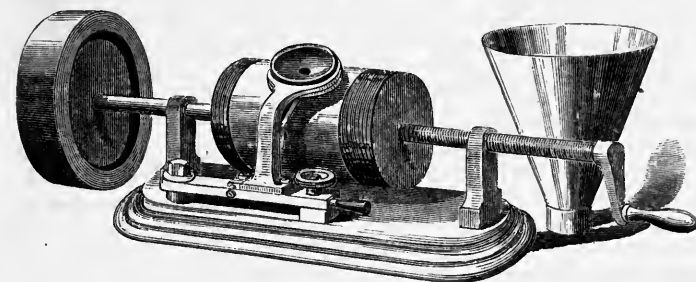


FIG. 12. EDISON'S SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH.

tin-foil. This is fastened to a paper frame, made by cutting a nine-inch disk from a square piece of paper of the same dimensions as the plate. Four pins upon the plate pass through corresponding eyelet-holes punched in the four corners of the paper, when the latter is laid upon it, and thus secure accurate registration, while a clamping-frame hinged to the plate fastens the foil and its paper frame securely to the latter. The mechanism is so arranged that the plate may be started and stopped instantly, or its motion reversed at will, thus giving the greatest convenience to both speaker and copyist.

The articulation and quality of the phonograph, although not yet perfect, is full as good as the telephone was six months ago. The instrument, when perfected and moved by clock-work, will undoubtedly reproduce every condition of the human voice, including the whole world of expression in speech and song.

The sheet of tin-foil or other plastic material receiving the impressions of sound, will be stereotyped or electrotyped so as to be multiplied and made durable; or the cylinder will be made of a material plastic when used, and hardening afterward. Thin sheets of *papier maché*, or of various substances which soften by heat, would be of this character. Having provided thus for the durability of the phonograph plate, it will be very easy to make it separable from the cylinder producing it, and attachable to a corresponding cylinder anywhere and at any time. There will doubtless be a standard of diameter and pitch of screw for phonograph cylinders. Friends at a distance will then send to each other phonograph letters, which will talk at any time in the friend's voice when put upon the instrument.

For public uses, we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photographs and books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be

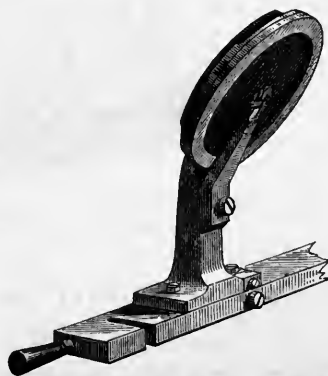


FIG. 13. DIAPHRAGM OF THE SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH.

induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

In public exhibitions, also, we shall have reproductions of the sounds of nature, and of noises familiar and unfamiliar. Nothing

will be easier than to catch the sounds of the waves on the beach, the roar of Niagara, the discords of the streets, the noises of animals, the puffing and rush of the railroad train, the rolling of thunder, or even the tumult of a battle.

When popular airs are sung into the phonograph, and the notes are then reproduced in reverse order, very curious and beautiful musical effects are oftentimes produced, having no apparent resemblance to those contained in their originals. The instrument may thus be used as a sort of musical kaleidoscope, by means of which an infinite variety of new combinations may be produced from the musical compositions now in existence.

The speaking phonograph will, doubtless,

be applied to bell-punches, clocks, complaint boxes in public conveyances and to toys of all kinds. It will supersede the short-hand writer in taking letters by dictation and in the taking of testimony before referees. Phonographic letters will be sent by mail, the foil being wound on paper cylinders of the size of a finger. It will recite poems in the voice of the author, and reproduce the speeches of celebrated orators. Dramas will be produced in which all the parts will be "well spoken,—with good accent, and good discretion;" the original matrice being prepared on one machine provided with a rubber tube having several mouthpieces; and Madame Tussaud's figures will hereafter talk, as well as look, like their great prototypes!

OF FLOWERS.

THERE were no roses till the first child died,
 No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's-ease,
 No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
 The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
 And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,
 Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
 Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze
 Runs giddy races playing seek and hide.
 For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
 And all the world was flowerless awhile,
 Until a little child was laid in earth;
 Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
 And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
 And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

TWENTY-SIX HOURS A DAY.

II.—HOW TO USE THEM.

IN a previous paper some suggestions were made in regard to the various ways of saving time from home work for purposes of culture. It may be worth while to consider how this time may be used to advantage; for it will be very easy to let it slip through our fingers, even after we have worked hard to get it.

The first thing is to set apart some definite time in the day for this purpose. Consider that you have earned it. You certainly

have, if a long day's work can do it. Talk about the ten-hour law! I wish every mother of little children could get her whole day's work into twelve hours. Most mothers find their heads and hands employed till the younger children, at least, are in bed. Take that hour, then, as early in the evening as possible. I know the mending-basket will loom up before you; there will be a three-cornered rent in Mary's school-dress, boot-buttons will be off of shoes that must be put

on in the morning. But do only what is imperative, and let the rest go. Impress it on your mind that you take this time, not as a mere selfish indulgence, but to fit yourself better for your other duties, and obstacles will vanish.

Perhaps your tired head and nerves will refuse to read anything serious. Then laugh over "Alice in Wonderland," or H. H.'s "Bits of Travel." Whatever hour you choose, be resolute about taking it. There will be plenty of necessary interruptions: accept these cheerfully; but do not let trifles interrupt you, and do not be yourself guilty of making any unnecessary hinderances. You will be fortunate if you can average four or five evenings a week. But that time steadily improved for a year will accomplish an amount of work which will surprise you. You have probably heard the story of the young man who read Macaulay's "History of England" in a few months, by reading a little every day while waiting for his meals. The books lay on the parlor table of his boarding-house, and while his companions were "fooling," as they appropriately called it, he read a few pages, finishing the volumes long before he or any one else would have supposed it possible. After awhile you will find yourself planning your work ahead and crowding other duties closer, so as to leave this time free, just as your boy expedites his hoeing in the garden when there is a baseball match in prospect.

When the hour is over, if you *must*, take up your work again; you will at least have something better to think of than your servants' failings or the neighbors' gossip. Add to this time all the little odd minutes of the day. Keep your book (with a mark in it, so that you can open it instantly to the place) where you can catch it up when you are waiting for John to come to dinner, or holding the baby, or watching the baking of your cake. Only take warning from King Alfred's example, and don't let the cake burn.

First of all, however, be careful not to fritter away the best of the hour reading the paper. There is a deal of time wasted over newspapers. Now *don't* look at me that way, nor say in that severe tone, "We must read the papers. We ought to keep informed about events in our own country, at least." Granted; but how does a woman read the papers? She generally begins with the first thing she happens to see on the first page without much regard to the arrangement of that particular journal. If political news comes first, she reads a little

on that subject till she thinks, "Oh, this is stupid," and then her wandering eyes light on the column of jokes and anecdotes. Perhaps close by is a "fashion chit-chat" or a "what to wear" article. She reads this, of course, with a vaguely virtuous hope of getting some ideas about making or selecting her winter wardrobe, though experience ought to have taught her that practical ideas are seldom found in a fashion article. In the next column is the local news, including a thrilling account of Tom Jones's runaway. She knows T. J. and is interested to hear that "the spirited animals were finally controlled with no more serious damage than"—etc. Next comes the notice of Miss Cressus's wedding. To be sure she don't happen to belong to that "set," and so was not invited, but she feels a mild flavor of second-hand delight at the glowing descriptions of the bride's superb point-lace and her general gracefulness, and it is certainly worth knowing that the "bridesmaids, Misses Gusher, Puffer and Troddle, daughters of some of our most wealthy and influential citizens, were radiant with the charms of their youthful beauty." If she is "musical," she must read about Madame Hi-puff's concert, in order to learn that she treated somebody's concerto "with exquisite phrasing and delicate shading, and that her *technique* was almost perfect, especially in the *arpeggio* passages." If artistically inclined, she must look at the art notices. It is worth some sacrifice of time to know that "our young townsman, the gifted Mr. Burnt-Umber, throws his whole soul into his pictures," that he has a "judicious feeling for nature," and displays "great breadth of treatment," and "depth of color," and "vigorous handling." Her imagination delights itself in the description of his "wonderful *chiaroscuro*," "the crispy freshness of his foliage," "the juicy tenderness of his greens," etc., etc. By this time half an hour or more has gone and she has not read the paper yet; that is, has not read it as she fondly imagined she was doing, viz., to learn about important current events.

Now, how does a man read his paper? He first reads whatever is of value in his particular business, then the news from Washington, if Congress is in session; next that from Europe; then fires and failures, and the money market; after that, if not too hurried, he turns to the editorials, or searches out items of especial interest. In fifteen minutes he is ready to lay the paper aside.

In planning to use our reading hours to

the best advantage, it is well to remember that it takes no longer to read the best than the poorest. It is easy to spend time enough over some foolish newspaper story to read one of Shakspeare's plays. Keep on hand some good, hearty book with "meat" in it, chosen because you are really interested in it, not because it is "considered" the correct thing to read. If you are too tired and sleepy to read anything difficult, try something light, but let it be the best of its kind, not "slops." It is a good plan to have some book like Howell's "Wedding Journey," or Warner's "Back-log Studies," to read in the odd minutes and in those evenings when you are too thoroughly tired in mind and body to read anything heavier, and keep the "hearty book" for the times when you are fresher. The great danger of this is that the easy reading becomes so interesting that the steady, substantial work is crowded out. But are we not sometimes frightened into thinking that good reading must necessarily be tiresome? Novels with exciting plots are more fatiguing to a brain weary with the distractions of woman's work than a thoughtful essay or a majestic poem. It is not stimulus that is needed, but change. In Macaulay's "Essays," or a good translation of the "Iliad," the perfection of the style or the music of the rhythm falls on a tired spirit like showers on the thirsty earth. Yet fatigued and busy women stir up their already excited nerves with Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, and then complain that they "can't read evenings; it makes them so nervous they can't sleep."

Women sometimes think they will not be interested in the standard English classics, just because they are standard and classic. Not long since, an intelligent lady was telling me how surprised she was to find Bacon's "Essays" so interesting. She said: "I was lying on the lounge in my husband's library, one evening, after an unusually wearisome day, and took it up because it was the nearest book, and I really felt as if I could not go across the room for another. I was perfectly absorbed before I knew it, and read for an hour with a sense of freshness and exhilaration which I had not known for a long time. I felt as if somehow I had got back to the beginnings of things. I had always supposed that Lord Bacon, being very learned, was therefore very dull and entirely beyond my comprehension."

If you like history,
"The world is all before you, where to choose."

If you are fond of science, you cannot fail to be interested in the papers and books in this field,—never so numerous and never so well adapted for popular reading as now. If you imagine any of these departments "too literary," and cannot be happy without a novel, there are works of fiction that are as important a part of one's education as—quadratic equations, to say the least: "Romola," "Ivanhoe," "Hypatia," "David Copperfield," "Pendennis," "The Scarlet Letter." Just think of all the books so well worth reading, and yet people will continue to draw out of the libraries dreary "society novels," or poor translations of worse French and German love-stories! It is like eating apple-skins and potato-parings when bananas and oranges might be had for the picking! Bishop Potter says: "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read." Consider, therefore, what kind of books you read.

No doubt many read poor books because they do not know just what they want. The catalogue of the library is a bewildering labyrinth, and they choose books at random, for a "taking" title, or because somebody else says they are "splendid." To avoid this, it is a good plan to make a list of books and authors that you wish to read. Have in your work-basket or table-drawer, where you can lay your hand on them easily, some slips of paper or a little memorandum-book and a pencil. If you have to go into the next room or down-stairs after paper, and then hunt up a pencil, and perhaps a knife to sharpen it with, the chances are that you will never make your list. Then if in your reading, or in conversation with some one who knows, you find a tempting allusion to some book or author, you can "make a note of it." With your list in your pocket or your head, you can go to the public library and intelligently choose something you really care to read and which will pay you for the time you spend.

There is very little difficulty in getting good books. Most of the large cities and towns have well-selected public libraries, and in smaller places half-a-dozen ladies, by a systematic exchange of their own and their friends' books, could find good reading enough for several months at least. Very few people would refuse to lend books to a club of ladies, were some one of their number responsible that they were carefully used and promptly returned. The persons who really love books most devotedly

generally take pleasure in lending them to appreciative readers.

Not only keep on hand one substantial book, but let your reading run for awhile on one topic and its relations. A great deal of the good of our reading is dissipated by leaving one subject before we have read enough about it to clinch it in our minds. The next topic taken up pushes the first one out before it has had time to get rooted.

Now don't conjure up an elephantine vision of a ponderous "course of reading." The very name is depressing, for it recalls to almost every one some discouraging experience. In the ignorance and enthusiasm of girlhood, I asked a "bookish" elderly clergyman for a "course of reading." He very willingly handed me a list of books covering a sheet of commercial note paper, made up largely of such works as Rollin's "Ancient History," Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Buckle's "History of Civilization," with Whately's "Evidences" and Butler's "Analogy" for a diversion. With a commendable desire to be thorough and to begin at the beginning, I attacked Rollin. On account of some trouble with my eyes, half an hour a day was all I was allowed to read. By chance I happened to mention what I was doing to an enterprising sophomore of my acquaintance, who asked merrily:

"How long do you suppose it will take you to read Rollin, in half-hour installments?"

"I am sure I can't tell," I answered.

"Well, somewhere between ten and fifteen years," he replied; "and you may expect to finish your list some time in the next century." The very thought so frightened me that I never opened the book again, not even to count the pages to see if he was right.

But this is reading by course, and not by topics. A friend of mine tried to read Macaulay's "History of England," without much knowledge of the detail of English history. She found so much of which she knew nothing taken for granted as familiar, that she grew quite discouraged, and gave it up. One day she saw the "Students' Hume." Here was the very book she wanted, and taking that and the "Students' France" for a basis, she constructed a course of reading to meet her own necessities. She began with the Norman conquest, for she had no interest in the endless squabbles of the Saxons and Danes. (Some time afterward, however, when she was tracing the rise of the European nations, she was glad

to read this earlier history.) She read first the story of the reign of an English king, then that of the contemporary French sovereign, at the same time weaving in a woof of poetry, romance, and biography. Bulwer's "Harold" made the times of the Norman conquest vivid and real; "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and Shakspeare's "Henries," filled out the pictures of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; and the "Abbot" and "Woodstock" gave her the "local coloring" of the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cromwell. She ran over some of the Erckmann-Chatrian tales and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," for a more vivid idea of the awful days of the French Revolution. The gossipy "Queens of England" (abridged edition) showed her how the royal wives and mothers felt and acted, and Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," furnished a thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo. In this manner, with a poem here, a novel or biography there, she made up a glowing mosaic of the most important events in the history of the two countries nearest allied to our own, and with none of the tedium which belongs to the popular idea of reading history, and was thus prepared to enjoy Macaulay, Thiers, or Carlyle. How much more satisfactory her two or three years' work than if, like a humming-bird, she had sipped a little here, and a little there, and alighted nowhere! Green's "Short History of the English People" (the revised edition) is even better than the "Student's Hume," for the frame-work of such a course of reading, and Yonge's "Parallel History of France and England" has the important events arranged in tables, in such a way as to enable the eye to assist the memory.

The deeply interesting story of the downfall of the Roman empire, the progress of Christianity, the growth of the church, the invasions of the barbarians, and the rise of the modern European nations, can be read in the same manner with the "Student's Gibbon" for a basis, with Charles Kingsley's "Roman and Teuton," White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries," and Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World," to group events and trace out causes and consequences, and Guizot's "History of Civilization" for the profounder philosophy of history.

The modern discoveries in astronomy and chemistry made by spectrum analysis, form another intensely interesting group of topics. One must read scientific books, however, as

we make children's dresses, with great tucks and "turnings-in," to allow for growth.

Take some standard work on English literature for the basis of another set of subjects, and read selections from the works of such authors as interest you most. Taine would be excellent for this purpose.

Imagine the delight of a course of reading which should take in biographies like "Recollections of Mary Somerville," Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," Lockhart's "Walter Scott," Forster's "Life of Dickens," "Life and Letters of Macaulay," "Memoir of Charles Kingsley," "Autobiography of Harriet Martineau," and supplement each with two or three of each author's best and most characteristic works, and with extracts from the writings of his most noted contemporaries. Why, one could move in "the best society" all the while, and that without the bother of dinner-parties and new dresses, either!

Reading by topics in this way necessitates the cultivation of the art of judicious "skipping." Not by any means a picking out of the easy passages and excluding the difficult ones—often just the reverse; but a selection from the book of what you want *now*. Another time you may want something entirely different. Suppose you are reading "Romola," and want more information about Savonarola and his times. The first four chapters of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo" will be just what you need. You may leave the rest of the book till some future day, when you wish to trace the intricacies of Florentine history, or are interested in the life of the artist or the history of art. Many people who would never have patience to read the whole of the first volume of Taine's "English Literature," would enjoy very much his chapters on Dickens, Tennyson, and Macaulay, especially if they had just read some of the works of these authors. Others, interested in the rise of the English language and literature, would turn to his opening chapters with equal enjoyment.

When you find what you want, pounce upon it, whether it is in the last, middle, or first chapter. It is not necessary to begin at the beginning of the world. Begin right in the very middle of things, wherever you are interested, and "read out." When you have got out, you will want to turn around and "read in" again, to the place you began. A recent writer maintains that the best method is to read backward, taking the present as a vantage-point of vital interest, and searching for causes.

Gibbon is said to have read from several books at once. One topic would suggest another in a different book; that would broaden out into something else; that to something still different, until he had a dozen books piled up about him before he was ready to return to the original work.

Do not be afraid that your reading will be disconnected. Everything *must* hang on to something else, and have something else hanging on to it. Group the events around some central point, and then what goes before and what comes after that will take their proper places naturally.

Or, again, let the different events in the history of a nation or a century be strung on the thread of some important idea. In English history it might be the rise and progress of English liberty; and then John and the Magna Charta, Henry VIII's defiance of the pope, the Stuarts and Cromwell, and a hundred other persons and events will fall into line. In mediæval history let it be the progress of Christianity,—and the confusion and clamor of sects, the roar and smoke of battles, will be only the cloud of dust that conceals, not impedes, the march of human progress.

But you say, "I can't remember history." *Don't try to.* Most people try to remember too many details, and end by forgetting everything. Here, as in every other department of knowledge, you must "dare to be ignorant of many things, that you may not be ignorant of everything." It is not the detail of battles and generals, and kings and emperors and prelates, and assassinations and dethronements and dates, that you want; it is the march of events—"the swing of the centuries." The details are useful to give vividness to your idea of the whole. If, when you read that "the first century of the Christian era was characterized by a series of execrable emperors, who by their extravagance and their crimes were sowing the seeds for the dissolution of the empire," you have no knowledge of the details, these words alone convey very little meaning to your mind, and are soon forgotten. But if this sentence brings before you Claudius and Caligula, and the martyred Christians flaming in tarred sheets as torches to light Nero's pleasure-gardens, it matters little if you have forgotten the exact succession, or the dates of each emperor's reign. Dates are great bugbears. Some people remember them naturally; for others it is hard and unsatisfactory work. But almost any one can remember the century in which an important event

took place. There are only eighteen since the Christian era; that is not very formidable. Group events together in centuries, and characterize each one by some memorable facts, or men, or discoveries. Make little lists of the representative great things in art, war, literature, science. The making of the lists will help you to remember them; looking them over afterward will refresh your memory, without forcing you to read long chapters again.

But somebody asks, "If you go reading here and there in this manner, how do you know what books you want, and when you get the books, how do you find out what parts you want?" Just as you do other things. *Look and ask.* By what mysterious free-masonry does a new fashion in hair-dressing spread itself through the country? "French twists" break out in New York and Boston. In a week a few favored heads in New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Worcester, are arranged after that fashion. In less than three months there isn't a young lady of any pretension to style in any town in New England who would think of wearing her hair in any other way.

One girl says to another:

"Did you see Mary New-fangle's hair last Sunday?"

"Yes, dreadfully unbecoming, wasn't it?"

"Of course; but then it is so stylish. I wonder how she does it."

"I don't know exactly, but I got a good look at it, and I think I know how it goes up."

So one retires to her room, and, after an hour's struggle with hand-glass and hair-pins, comes forth with that satisfying consciousness of being in the latest style which, according to Emerson, "gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." The other girl, on the strength of a greater intimacy with the fortunate possessor of the "French twist," makes her a morning call. Naturally she speaks of the becomingness of the new style, and asks her how she does it. Of course she gives the required information, and if she is good-natured, takes her friend into her own room and does it for her. Some of the thought and ingenuity required to follow the fashions would help to teach us what books we wanted.

Glance over the heads of chapters and tables of contents and you will soon find whether what you are looking for is in that book or not. Ask people who know where you can find the best reading on such and

such a topic or epoch. The faculty of picking up information is a very valuable one, and like the skillful playing of the chromatic scale can only be cultivated by practice.

Reading in this way, too, soon awakens the desire to own books, as it shows the need of having at hand a library—even if only a small one—of well-selected and standard books of reference. To wait till you can get the book you want from the public library is often to wait till your interest in that particular matter has gone.

How strange when books are such a "fountain of delight" that people gratify almost every other want first! How few young people of moderate means in furnishing a house make any reasonable provision for the buying of books! Yet often the difference between ingrain and Brussels carpets, common and cut glass, plain shades and lace curtains, would be sufficient to make a good beginning for a library. And if the books were properly selected, and not of the kind that "cometh up as a flower," they would be as good as new long after the carpets have faded and the dainty goblets gone to the ash-heaps. When people know how to buy books there is nothing of which they can get so much for their money. Almost any family that can afford a piano could by a little self-denial have some good encyclopedia, and what an amount of information and culture may be gained by both parents and children by a habit of constant reference to it! Yet many people who consider themselves cultivated and intelligent, who perhaps wear velvet cloaks and costly jewelry, keep horses and smoke expensive cigars, content themselves with a showy edition of Dickens, half a dozen "blue and-gold" poets, and a few miscellaneous books, and call it a library.

If you wish to get the full good of your reading cultivate the habit of writing something, either out of, or about, the books you read. You would probably wish to make a brief synopsis of the important facts and arguments in historical and scientific works. Of many other books it would be most natural to write a few words concerning the general impression the book makes on your mind, whether you like it or not and the reasons for your opinions. It cultivates one's taste and judgment as well as assists the memory. It helps, too, to get one's ideas about the books into some tangible shape.

I have a lady friend,—by no means a lady

of leisure,—who for several years has made it a rule to write in a small blank-book kept for that purpose a few words about every book she reads,—sometimes an abstract of the principal points in the volume. A habit of frequent recurrence to that little note-book keeps her reading fresh in her mind. This is not formidable business if you do not attempt anything too elaborate. And even if it should take time and patience you may find your reward in the reflection that a few good books remembered are worth twenty poor ones forgotten.

Before this time, perhaps some of you have asked, "But what do we want to save all this time for? Why are not things well enough as they are?"

There is a large class of women whose one ambition is "to have things like other people;" *i. e.*, to have them a little better than their neighbors, or in the "latest style." Beyond that, there is nothing more to wish for, and any one who bestows much time or thought on anything else is a puzzle to them. Besides these, there are other women who do not care for reading and study. Not because they are frivolous, but, as they say themselves, "they haven't the head for it." They agree with George IV. "What, what, what—did you ever see such stuff as Shakspeare?" Of course this is a misfortune, not a fault, any more than color-blindness or deafness is. But they must not try to limit other women to their own narrow horizon. Neither of these two classes will be interested in the answer to our question,—why we want more time for reading and study? But there are a great many women who conscientiously think that they must give up their lives to sewing and house work, and feel grieved and disappointed that they have so little time for anything else. To read an hour a day seems to them as impossible as to climb the Himalayas, and they have been so educated by years of precept and habit that they actually feel as if they were doing something wrong when they sit down deliberately with a book.

To be sure, sometimes, they are carried away by the whirlwind of a fascinating novel, but they feel, all the time, an uneasy sense of the necessary after-repentance. Some of these women, however, will attempt any marvel of fancy work or dress-making, and "take no note of time." Now, if these conscientious, hard-working women could only be convinced that their usefulness would be increased by reading, they would

find time even among their many duties, for that which would help them to do more and better work.

Let us see if such is not the case, and if it is, will it not answer our question—Why? And we will begin with the very lowest and most selfish reason of all, *viz.*: *Reading rests us, physically and mentally.* Said an overworked, care-worn woman, "It does me good sometimes to forget about my work for a little while. If I can put it out of my mind I can go back to it, and do twice as much as I could if I kept on, when I was all tired out." Overwork of any kind unfits us for our duties, as we know by sad experience. How wretched those days are when we get up in the morning with every muscle aching and every nerve on edge, when a child's voice asking a question irritates us like a blow in the face, when we feel "as if we couldn't speak a civil word to any body," all because we "overdid" house-cleaning or sewing or preserving the day before! This work may have seemed necessary. But this is only an additional reason for us to be economical of our physical strength. Now after some such day draw up your lounge, where the light will fall just over your shoulder, arrange your sofa-pillows so that your head will be erect, while your spine and shoulders are supported, lift up your feet on the lounge and take your book. Try reading an hour in this position, and see if the rest and change of thought do not lighten your burdens, and make you forget your weariness.

The lawyer needs to get away from his briefs, the merchant from his ledgers, the mechanic from his shop. A man would soon go crazy who could not turn the key upon these things, however much his mind may revert to them from a distance. The men who have combined great power of work with great power of endurance, have been those who could enter heartily into something else when the working day was done. But a mother with young children can not get away from her work. It wakes up in the morning with her (generally *before* she does), and goes to bed beside her at night. If she leaves the children it is only for a short time and that with an uneasy sense of direful accidents to clothes, if not of life or limb. But she can sit, with her cares and comforts asleep upstairs, or may be at her feet, and

"Gloriously forget herself, to plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth."

As much as she needs to read for the sake of her children, she sometimes also needs to read that she may forget for the time being that she has any children.

This habit of reading will also be of great comfort to us if our lives are quiet and commonplace. We shall not fret and chafe and long after excitement and gayety if we are shut up in solitary farm-houses or in unfrequented and unfashionable by-streets. We shall not be "driven to go to bed at nine o'clock, evening after evening, because there is nothing going on," like some uninteresting young ladies I once heard of. We shall not dread long winter evenings and rainy days, for we shall always have good company and plenty of it.

But laying aside the thought of our own rest and comfort, let us look a little higher. *For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves.* Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "Ma" in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.

The love even of husband and children to be permanent and valuable must be founded on genuine respect for character. Every mother has a right to time for mental and spiritual development as really as she has a right to sunshine and air and to food and sleep. She cannot exist physically without the one; she cannot grow

mentally and spiritually without the other. If she throws herself so energetically into her duties as seamstress and nursery-maid that she has no time nor strength for anything else, ought she to be disappointed if in the end she receives only seamstress and nursery-maid's wages? Is there a more beautiful sight than a circle of grown-up sons and daughters with their mother as the chief center, not merely of physical comfort but of intellectual and spiritual companionship? She must have brains, you say, to be this. Of course she must, and most women do have more brains than they get credit for; the trouble being that they do not know how to use or cultivate what they have. She must love her reading and study, that she may have enthusiasm to arouse, and tact to sustain, the children's interest in these things. If she is musical, the practice hour under her supervision will be no longer a distasteful drudgery. If she loves history, mamma's true stories of Columbus and Arthur, Hannibal and Alexander, will be better than fairy tales. If she is fond of poetry, the children will listen entranced to the "Lady of the Lake" and the "May Queen," to the melody of Longfellow, and the ballads of Whittier. If she enjoys scientific studies, she will set the boys, armed with hammers and baskets, to turning over every stone-wall in the country, not after chipmunks, but after minerals for their cabinets. They will shut up and feed great ugly caterpillars and eagerly watch them turn into gorgeous moths and butterflies. The girls will come to her with flowers from every ramble, as I saw a four-year-old "tot" last spring go running to her mother with a little basketful of dandelions and "pussy-willows," to ask for an "atomy" (botany) lesson.

Charles Kingsley's mother "was full of poetry and enthusiasm, with a love for science and literature." If Lord Byron's mother had been a Monica his fate and influence might have been very different. Lord Macaulay says, after a speech which Lord John Russell said was the best he ever heard, "Affection has at least as much to do as vanity with my wish to distinguish myself. This I owe to my dear mother and to the interest which she always took in my childish successes."

In contrast to all this is it not pitiful to see a mother made of such pallid, neutral stuff, that she is only a negative element in the formation of her children's characters? Yet some of the zeal which goes into the

latest fashions or into pie-crust would give her time enough for these other things. Remember that to every child (till he learns better) his mother is the ideal of everything that is noble and beautiful in womanhood. Happy the child who never is, because he never needs to be, disenchanted! And on the other hand, as Richter says, "Unhappy the man whose mother does not make all mothers interesting."

A mother needs to read also that she may learn the best methods of managing and educating her children. Now laugh and say something about "old maid's theories." This is the place for it. It is true that one great-hearted, quick-witted mother without a "speck" of theory but rich with the wisdom of experience will do better in bringing up a family than twenty old maids stuffed full of all the theories ever made or books ever written. Yet such a mother could not read Abbott's "Gentle Measures with the Young," or Harriet Martineau's "Household Education," without being helped at least to realize something of the importance of her work. But she must have time to think as well as to read. She needs to look carefully at each child's peculiar disposition, and to think about her management of it. She must ask herself whether she is patient enough with the heedless, firm enough with the rebellious, stimulating enough with the indolent, thoughtful enough for the sensitive, and winning and tender enough with the reserved and undemonstrative. It is a fearful thing for a mother to be so absorbed in work of any kind as not to be acquainted with her own children, for sometimes her sins of omission are more fatal than her sins of commission.

Another reason why a mother should read is that she may direct the children in the choice of books. It is as important in these days to teach our children what to read as how to read, else they are at the mercy of a flood of trashy fictitious literature. Hear what a New York librarian says: "You would be surprised to know the number of books young girls manage to get through with. I have an unceasing call for works of fiction. Some of these young misses average two or three books a day, and the more 'love' the better they like them." But how can a mother direct her children if she seldom reads at all and then nothing better than such books? How can she educate, unless she herself has been educated by careful reading into an appreciation of what is really good? A well-

read mother can direct her boy to adventures as marvelous as those of the cheapest fiction in the chapters of Dr. Kane and Dr. Livingstone, to stories as interesting in Jacob Abbott's histories of kings and heroes. Her girls need not devour Miss Braddon's and Mrs. Southworth's novels, while there is Mrs. Muloch-Craik, and Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Whitney. Children are generally glad of suggestions about, and interest in, their reading, if it is only begun soon enough, and done in the right way.

"But how can I do all this," asks a young mother despairingly, "with this little baby in my arms?" Comfort yourself, my dear woman; he will not be a baby in your arms always, and even if brothers and sisters take his place, they must grow up, too. For a few years they will fill up the most of your time. But if you only realize that the quality of your character is to enter into the make-up of his mental and moral status, as truly as the quality of his oat-meal porridge is to enter into his bodily substance, you will not put all your energies into the care of the one, and leave none for the cultivation of the other.

A woman may do all this for the sake of her husband, as well as for her children. Sir James Mackintosh said of his wife, "To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be." We need only to mention the names of Lady Augusta Stanley, Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Seward, Mrs. Mill, and Mrs. Charles Kingsley, to understand what a help a cultivated and intelligent wife may be to a husband in public life. A gentleman who stands at the very height of his profession said, only a few months ago, of a friend just called to one of the most important and honorable places in this country, "He is thoroughly a self-made man, except in so far as his wife has given him the assistance of an excellent mind."

But you say at once, young men are afraid of "superior girls;" they do not want "gifted" wives. That is because they share in the popular delusion that a "gifted woman" always is a being with indefinite back hair and inky fingers; whose table is set with sour bread and sticky crockery; and whose children roam uncombed and untaught, a terror to the neighbors. But it is a delusion, after all; for there have been women who were "domestic," and yet were not entirely absorbed in the quality of their soft gingerbread, or the heels of their children's winter stockings. In a New England village lives a bright-eyed little woman,

whose excellent classical education is of practical assistance to her husband. He is a teacher. She corrects the Latin exercises of his classes, does all her own house-work, and takes the entire care of her little child, and does it all well. Her house is bright with plants and flowers, and "like wax-work" in its beautiful neatness; she is always tastefully dressed; her child has that unmistakable air of being happily and tenderly cared for; and her Latin is *not* like Aurora Leigh's Greek,

" * * * lady's Greek,
Without the accents."

A woman's influence and work should radiate beyond the circle of home life. Here at once we stumble involuntarily upon a most perplexing discussion. We have had the question of woman suffrage dinned into our ears with such an unceasing clatter that some women have a latent suspicion that everything said about lifting them above their commonplace routine is a part of some secret plot to take them, willy-nilly, from their quiet homes, and make them presidents and governors, or at least judges of police courts at once.

Women of quite ordinary capacity will say, perhaps holding in their hands the fashion-book they have been diligently studying for half an hour, "Well, I like these other things very much; but, after all, you know a 'woman's proper sphere' is among domestic duties"—words as true as mathematics, unless made an excuse for indolent lapsing into stupidity.

It is quite pertinent to ask, What is woman's proper sphere? Every true woman instinctively feels, whether she confesses it or not, that a woman's happiest place is, as Mrs. Browning says, in

"The sweet, safe corner of the household fire,
Behind the heads of children."

Such a home is the ideal of almost every girlish heart. But there are some who never have it. To enter upon life with the desire to get such a home, is to defeat that very purpose, or to obtain in its place a miserable substitute; for, like every other gracious gift, it comes not by seeking, but in its own natural way.* With some the bright vision

of married life has faded in its realization into a cruel mockery. With others the black pall of bereavement has shut the very sunshine out of the heavens. In other homes, the woman's heart yearns for the little ones who have never come, and she looks forward to a future where her name will always be written "childless." What shall these do? Because the heart is desolate and the hands are empty, must the head be empty, too? Let us not deceive ourselves. Whether a woman works in the shelter of her own home or outside of it, she has duties to society and an influence over it, which she cannot avoid. How good or how broad that influence may be, depends upon her intellectual and moral culture. We must not be hindered from any possible attainment by the fear that we shall be suspected of sympathy in a movement which so many of us regard with distrust. Just as some women drag their long dresses through the dirt, for fear that if they shorten them that terrible somebody, of whom we are all so afraid, will think they want to wear the hideous "Bloomers."

Whatever the past may have been, we know that in the future woman can and will take any place she is competent to fill. *She ought to wish no other.* It is of little use for women to whine over their "wrongs," or to storm and scold at "man's tyranny." Men are quite as willing to give us a place in the ranks of the world's workers as we are to earn it, or to let other women earn it, in peace and comfort. It is well to remember that whatever has helped to elevate woman to her present position has been done by those brave spirits who have resolutely wrought at their chosen labor, ignoring the petty ostracism of their next-door neighbors, who called them "singular," "eccentric," or "strong-minded." And it takes some courage to bear just that, especially if the woman is also sensitive, and longs for the approbation of others to supplement the approval of her own conscience. Did it ever occur to you how much more comfortable it must be for ordinary mortals to have the cordial sympathy of the people one must see every day, than to meet chilling indifference or downright opposition from them, even if a distant public applaud—especially if, as is usually the case, the public praise brings with it the public right of criticism?

No, we must be careful not to judge harshly those who are called to work outside of the beaten paths. We do not know how the woman's nature has drawn back,—how

* "I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry, much to blame. For my part, I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance what I always said in theory: Wait God's will."—*From a letter of Charlotte Brontë, in Reid's "Life."*

the woman's voice has pleaded, "Who am I, that thou shouldst put such a word into my mouth?" how, perhaps, the hinderances of home life have been stricken away one by one, till she is fain obliged to listen to the voice, either from within or without, which calls her to her task. When a woman has exceptional gifts, she has probably an

exceptional work in the world to do, and ought to do it.

Let the suffrage question take care of itself. It sinks into insignificance beside the more important and practical one: Are American women doing the most that is possible with the opportunities they now possess?

[The foregoing paper is continued from the February number.]

A QUEEN AT SCHOOL.

LETTERS FROM A FELLOW-PUPIL OF THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN, AT A FRENCH CONVENT, DURING THE WINTER OF 1873-'74.

PENSIONNAT OF THE CONVENT
OF _____, NEAR PARIS,
Tuesday, October 7th, 1873.

DEAR _____: This night we bid farewell to liberty. To-morrow is the grand "*Rentrée*" at the convent, when all the scholars come back, and then vacation will be over, lessons will begin, and there will be no more peace for the wicked. At present only about a dozen of us have come, mostly foreigners, and we have an easy time of it, with very little restraint, but of course when there will be one hundred and fifty girls to manage, everything will have to go like clock-work. I am beginning to get a little acquainted with the nuns, who are lovely, each one more so than the other, so cheerful, and many of them so clever. But you never saw anything like the number of superioresses; there seems to be one at every turning, like the captains on the ship in "*Innocents Abroad*." As we are going to breakfast a nun is seen approaching, and we all stand aside and courtesy, for this is the superior-general. On the way back another nun looms up in the distance. This turns out to be the superioress of what we call the "*Little Convent*," a building the other side of the park, where the younger children live. While we are at lessons somebody else comes in and we all rise. I inquire who this may be, and am informed that it is the superioress of the "*Great Convent*." At the noon recreation we wander out to the grounds to play, and soon up one of the paths the superioress of the convent at Malaga is seen, coming to speak with the little Spanish children. She is here as she had to leave Malaga for some reason; possibly there were too many superioresses there. Meanwhile another nun has hove in sight, and the sister in charge of us suddenly calls out, "Make your court-

esy, my children. This is the superioress of the novitiate." I begin to wonder with Mark Twain if you could heave a rock in any given direction without hitting a superioress; but it wouldn't do to try the experiment, for the superioress of the Pensionnat is sitting in the room where I am writing. Shouldn't you think this was enough for any earthly institution without counting first and second mistresses of class, and I don't know how many others? The last-named superioress has been an angel of comfort to us poor little homesick wretches, for this has been a night of tears. You never saw such a melancholy set as we all were a few minutes ago. It began at dinner, where a Greek girl, Alexandrine by name, big enough and old enough to have known better, cried because she didn't like something we had to eat. That started another girl, and there soon broke out a chorus of sympathetic sobs from the younger children, while the rest of us sat round looking pretty dejected. It is forlorn enough at best at meal-time. The refectory is a great stone room meant to accommodate the whole school, and we sit, forming a very insignificant group, at one extreme end, cheerless rows of empty tables and benches stretching before us, and our voices echoing with a most sepulchral sound. Up in the recreation-hall it all broke out afresh. We tried to sing and have games, but they wouldn't go off. There are half a dozen little Spaniards who don't know a word of French, and of course they feel utterly deserted and forlorn, and one after the other they began crying as if their hearts would break. The Greek girl soon joined in, and then the English girl followed. When I saw Regina go, I could hold out no longer, and two girls from the French provinces were soon the only sur-

vivors of the general wreck. But before long the door opened, and there stood the lovely superiress of the Pensionnat, in the purple serge robe and long white veil of the order, looking like a vision from a better world. She sat down among us and we crowded round her, on the floor or wherever we could be nearest, each trying to get hold of her dress, as if that could do us any good, and by and by she succeeded in getting us consoled and our eyes dried. Regina and I are now writing letters home, and Madame Marie is telling the other children a story; I can't make out what the story is, but there must be a horror to it, they all look so deeply interested and excited, and Antoinette's hair is quite standing on end. However, that is rather the normal condition of Antoinette's hair.

Sunday, October 12th, 1873. All the scholars are back again now, and you wouldn't know the old building, it is so swarming with girls. We are divided into two classes, the "*Grande*" and the "*Moyenne*." The "*Petite Classe*" of fifty or more little ones is at the other convent, and entirely separate from us in every way. There is to be a distinguished addition to the Pensionnat next week in the shape of one of the Orleans princesses, a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. She is to be installed here as a day-scholar, and will have her seat in class and be in every way just like one of us. The Countess of Paris, who is her sister, was also educated here. This little princess, they say, is betrothed to her cousin, the young prince of the Asturias, and if that is the case, she may be queen of Spain some day, though to be sure it doesn't look much like it just now. My neighbor in class, Alexandrine, the Greek girl, is much excited over the advent of this royal damsel, and has been entertaining me lately with her notions of rank. It is strict silence in study-hour, but Alexandrine is afflicted with no conscience to speak of. She has a way of lifting the cover of her desk to hunt for a book, and, screened thus from the eyes of the mistress in charge, she proceeds to give me the benefit of a few remarks. Alexandrine being rather given to the vanities of this world, her notions of what is consistent with royalty get little further than dress. I verily believe she expects the princess to appear among us in a satin gown and diamonds.

Propos of dress, I have been getting "riled," lately on the subject of our blue uniform. We wear a black dress for every

day,—a single skirt made in one with the waist, and no trimming, its plainness only relieved by a little cape or pelerine which gives it rather a jaunty air. But on Sundays and on Wednesday afternoons, when our friends come to see us,—parlor day, as we call it,—we wear the same thing in blue. Now of course the blue is the prettiest; but it is supposed to be so extra fine that, except when we are in the parlor or the chapel, it has to be all covered up with a big, high-necked, black apron, buttoned up behind, just so managed that we can't fasten it ourselves, but must go about disturbing the class to find some angel to do it for us,—an operation of at least ten minutes. And no sooner is the affair on—which doesn't include keeping it on, for it is so loose that it threatens to slip off every moment—than we are sure to be called to parlor, or chapel, or something, and it must off again. Then after all this trouble we don't even have the satisfaction of keeping on the blue dresses all day, but have to trudge up to the dormitories before dinner, and put on the black ones again. By this time I get wrought up to such a pitch of exasperation that I am ready to vow I will never touch the blue thing again. However, it is the rule of the school to wear it unless the girls are in mourning, so I have to console myself with reflecting that we all stand in need of patience, and that there can be no more excellent and praiseworthy means of acquiring that virtue than through this same blue dress.

Monday, October 20th. This morning I staid in from recreation to help one of the Ribbons arrange a desk for the little Princess of Montpensier, who was expected to-day. There was not much choice among the desks; they are all pretty well battered and ink-stained, and hacked with pen-knives; but we chose one that, on the whole, was as respectable as any we could hope to find, and went to work to wipe it off and scrub up the inkstand. The school-rooms are high and sunny, with long windows opening to the ground and giving a pretty view over the lawn and walks. They are furnished with several rows of desks, painted black originally, at which we sit on square wooden stools. The only visible difference between the princess and ourselves will be that she will have a chair instead of a stool at her desk. We have chosen the front row for her seat, and she will be next to and under the special charge of Anne de G—, one of the Ribbons,—the first scholar of her

division, and the youngest in it. It is always the custom to put a new-comer under the protection of one of these children wearing the white ribbon and medal, who are the good girls and monitors of the school. The princess will be just in front of me as we sit in class, so I shall have a good opportunity to observe her. This will also put her in front of Alexandrine, who is much elated at the prospect of being in such a distinguished neighborhood, and kept hovering about us during the arrangements, in great fear lest we might undertake to change her seat, much to the distress of the good little novice guarding the recreation, who kept calling her back to the grounds and threatening her with bad notes every time she wandered into the school-room. We had such a laugh over Alexandrine this morning! She has been inquiring lately, with great anxiety, if we were not to dress up the day the princess came, and was quite distressed to hear that we were to wear our black dresses and everything was to go on as usual. She made up her mind that if no one else knew what was befitting to royalty, she at least did; so this morning, while we were expecting the princess any minute, Alexandrine sailed into the school-room, attired in her blue uniform, a velvet ribbon round her neck, and her hair done up on the top of her head with one long curl hanging down her back. How she came by her finery nobody knew, for our things are kept in the *lingerie*, and we can't get anything without permission; but, there she was. She tried to slip into her seat unobserved, but of course she was pounced upon immediately. She excused herself by saying her other dress was torn. None of us believed it, but the nuns never like to appear to doubt a girl's word, so the mistress said if she was obliged to wear her blue dress she might cover it up with her black apron and pelerine, and sent her to the dormitory to take down her hair and braid it up as usual, with an admonition never again to appear with any of it hanging down in that disorderly fashion. Meanwhile there was great excitement at the *lingerie*. The good little lay sister, who has charge of things there, whom we girls disrespectfully call "the little yellow hag," discovered a blue dress missing, and coming down to see about it, caught Alexandrine in her clutches, and, as she is very good and conscientious, of course she insisted on her changing immediately, and said it couldn't be allowed, and so forth. I am afraid we all rejoiced

secretly in Alexandrine's downfall, and received with relish the little lecture on simplicity which followed. After all, the princess is not to come till to-morrow, so poor Alexandrine suffered this mortification for nothing.

Tuesday, October 21st. The princess actually arrived this morning, and is now well installed here. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier came out with her, to call on the superioress and see the school. It was just at the noon recreation and we were all out in the park, so they walked round and visited the play grounds of the different classes, and staid some time watching our games. We had been told we were to stand still and courtesy as they passed, but the duke and duchess begged particularly that our game of prisoner's base should not be interrupted, as they wanted to see how well we could play. You can imagine that on hearing this, we chased each other with great zeal. Poor Alexandrine has dropped from the clouds! She doesn't think much of the French royal family now. Of course we were all looking out eagerly for our new schoolmate, and she soon appeared, walking with the governess a little way behind her parents and the superioress. All we could see was that she was a girl of thirteen or so, still in short dresses, with a pleasant, dark face, almost hidden under a broad-brimmed straw hat. She had on a very simple little suit of some purple-and-white striped stuff, and wore white cotton gloves and boots without heels. Fancy the feelings of Alexandrine! They were somewhat assuaged however by the appearance of the duchess. She is the sister of Queen Isabella, and is a tall, distinguished-looking woman, and was very richly dressed, and full of animation, and seemed very much interested in everything she saw. The princess was not formally introduced to us till after we had gone into class, when the superioress brought her in to show her her seat. She had taken her hat off and looked very shy and pretty as she came in. She seemed to be a good deal embarrassed at facing so many girls, and hung her head a little, and answered in a very low voice when she was spoken to, but her eyes looked up bright and full of intelligence. There is something very attractive about her: she is perfectly simple and unassuming. She took her seat at her desk, and Anne de G—— showed her about her lessons and the books she would need. I had a good chance to examine the princess as she sat directly in

front of me. She is large and well-formed for her age, and sits up very straight, though she droops her head a little. Her complexion is very fine and clear, with a healthy tinge, and her features are pleasing, especially the eyes, which are of a soft gray or hazel, with dark lashes, deep set, and very bright and full of expression. Her hair is jet black, and splendidly thick and glossy. She wears it brushed tight to her head and braided in two braids, which are fastened low across the back of her head. Then she has a very white throat and pretty-shaped ears, and altogether promises to develop into quite a handsome woman. We had been told beforehand by the nuns that we must all call her "Madame." It seemed a funny idea to call such a little girl Madame, especially here, where we all call each other by our first names, whatever the difference in age or rank, but the nuns didn't think it right that we should be quite so familiar with a future queen. I noticed however that they themselves called her by her name "Mercédès." *

At the three-o'clock recreation, instead of going to the play-grounds we had permission to walk up and down the alleys with Madame and show her the grounds, which we were delighted to do. We always like a walk, for then we can chatter to our hearts' content, and after so many hours of study and silence, liberty to talk is what we most crave. But it turned out afterward that poor Madame was dreadfully disappointed at there not being any games, as she was crazy to play with us. We had such a shout at Louise R—. When the rolls were being passed for lunch she was told to put one on the princess's desk, and she looked up in such a surprised way and asked, "But can she eat plain bread?" Madame staid out with us till six. We all like what we have seen of her. She tries very hard to fall into all our ways, and was quite distressed at having a chair when the rest of us sat on stools. The chair was not much to boast of, but she didn't like being different in any way from the other girls.

Wednesday, October 22d. Our little princess lost her prisoner's base again, for this was "parlor day," and at noon we all go up to the dormitories to have our heads

shampooed, and after that operation is over we put on our blue uniforms, to be ready if we are called to the parlor.

Madame was to study her English lesson while we were upstairs; and it was decided that I should stay with her to keep her company, as I could help her with her English lesson if she wanted it. So downstairs I staid. I had never spoken to Madame yet, and I suppose each of us felt a little shy, and there we sat for some time at different ends of the room, each pretending to study very hard and secretly eyeing the other. After a while I ventured to ask in English if I could give her any help. She refused, and we took to our books again and there was another silence. Pretty soon, however, she looked up and asked me if I knew her English teacher, Sister Mary of the Incarnation, and there a spring of sympathy was opened. This lovely nun, who is half worshiped by the girls, is to be sent on a mission to the little savages in New Caledonia, and in mourning her departure Madame and I grew quite friendly. She is rather shy at first about talking, but is quite animated after she gets started, and I fancy she likes a little fun as much as anybody else. At the afternoon recreation, which is an hour long on Wednesdays, we took great pains to get up a game for Madame's benefit, but so many of the Grandes were called to the parlor that we had to condescend to play with the Moyennes, who were much honored, and we had an exciting game. The Moyennes had been awfully jealous when Madame was put in our class, as she is younger than most of the Grandes, but the superioress put them down nicely when they grumbled by saying, "When the Moyennes are as reasonable and studious as the Grandes we shall be glad to put a new-comer amongst them, but at present we think the princess would receive a better example of good-conduct and industry from the Grandes." At this the Moyennes blushed and were silent, for in all their great class they have only one girl wearing a ribbon of any kind. At first, some of us undertook to instruct Madame in prisoner's base, but we soon found she knew it as well as any of us; she is a fast runner and will make a capital player. Some of the girls were a little shy with her and wouldn't chase her very hard at first, but she saw through it and seemed quite hurt by it, and would purposely put herself in their way so that they couldn't avoid catching her, and we soon felt at ease

* Marie de las Mercédès-Isabelle Françoise d'Assisi-Antonie-Ferdinande d'Orléans, Princess of Montpensier, Infanta of Spain; born 1860, married the 23d of January, 1878, to Alphonso XII de Bourbon, King of Spain.

all round. I think she is going to be a trump. Without losing the gentleness and simplicity of her manners she is fast getting over her shyness, and though there is nothing rough about her yet she is bright and gay, with plenty of spirit and ready for all sorts of adventures.

November —. Such a funny time as I have of it at the drawing class! I am seated next to two Moyennes who are noted as the greatest chatters in their class. The nuns, who are deluded enough to look on me as one of the good girls, expect me to keep them in some sort of order, but I have given up the task long ago. On the other side of me is the little Princess of Montpensier, and she is my hope and comfort, for she has some susceptibilities. She is not very industrious; she works well a little while and then waits for the teacher to come and correct her drawing, and meanwhile employs herself scribbling her name and initials, "M. O.," "Mercédès d'Orléans," "M. O.," in every corner of the paper. But she takes the slightest hint very nicely, just giving a good-natured little laugh and shrug and going right to work again. But I get every day more confirmed in the opinion that the consciences of those two Moyennes are proof against all impression. The one nearest me, Julie —, is a rough, boastful kind of girl, not very bright, and rather a butt in the class. The other girl, Blanche A —, is one of the characters of the school, and the only person known who can completely subdue Julie. Julie is very credulous, and Blanche being very clever easily imposes on her. They distract one greatly in class. The rule being "no talking," Blanche consequently ceases not for an instant to talk. She gets tired of drawing, mutters to herself, declaring she won't take another stroke, and leaves her Jupiter Tonans looking helplessly out of one eye. Blanche always attacks her heads at the top lock of hair, and never gives them one feature till the last is done to her satisfaction. Nevertheless she is convinced that the prize of drawing lies in store for her. Now Julie has the same conviction in regard to herself, but, having great faith in Blanche's powers, thinks it very likely she may get the second prize; so she flatters her a little, telling her she draws wonderfully and is sure of the prize, all of which Blanche accepts gracefully, and, holding her production at an admiring distance, surveys it with great complacency. Soon, however, dissatisfaction begins to creep in; she calls

upon Julie to criticise certain points, and then, with that long guttural, expressive of disgust and impatience peculiar to the French race, she tears the paper through the middle, breaks her charcoal to bits and smooches the drawing all over. Having thus disposed of it she folds her arms, leans back in her chair and settles herself to talk, only stopping occasionally to throw in a few criticisms on Julie's work. Blanche relates the most wonderful stories with herself for the heroine, in the course of which she makes mysterious allusions, drops hints respecting the supposed splendor of her connections, seems on the point of taking Julie into her confidence, then hesitates, and finally stops short with an impatient wave of the hand. By this time, Julie, who has stopped work long since to listen with wide-open mouth and eyes, is firmly persuaded that Blanche is some princess in disguise. Julie likes well enough to talk herself, and sometimes ventures on a little story of her own, but that is the only thing that sends Blanche to her drawing. As soon as Julie takes her turn in the conversation Blanche yawns, then gets restless, takes a fresh sheet of paper, sharpens a new pencil, and we have the opening scene over again. They are a hopeless case I am afraid. If any one should suggest to Blanche that rules were made to keep and not to break, she would only open her great gray eyes in utter amazement and disdain. The princess evidently thinks Blanche's stories great fun and listens with all her ears, often giving me a mischievous little look that shows she sees through them perfectly. Madame is quickly getting used to our ways here. She is very ambitious to do everything just as we do and watches us closely, so that now she falls into rank with the rest of us as we march in files from one room to another, or from the refectory to the playground, and makes her courtesy on entering or leaving a room as if she had been trained to it for years.

She told us a little to-day about her ways at home. The Duchess of Montpensier brings up her children very sensibly, and they all have to get up at six and go to bed at eight. Madame was quite disappointed when she came here to find that our hours are even earlier than hers, for we get up at half past five. However her bed-time is earliest, which consoled her somewhat. Her playmate is the Prince Ferdinand, a year older than herself. They treat their parents with the greatest respect

and never dream of going to bed without their father's blessing. Mercédès says that sometimes when their father is off with the hunt he is delayed till nearly midnight; but, instead of undressing, the children stay down-stairs and take naps in chairs till he gets back. They are never allowed to lie on sofas when older people are present, but Mercédès says she can sleep very soundly in a chair. When the father comes home, they just wake up enough to receive his embrace and blessing and get off to bed as fast as they can.

November 26th, 1873. Yesterday was the feast of St. Catherine, the patroness of young maidens, which is a great holiday in France. Of course, we had grand doings at the convent,—no lessons all day, a lottery and games in the morning, a concert in the afternoon, extra courses at dinner, and theatricals in the evening. But the day began all wrong. After breakfast the whole school was called into one of the halls, where the various superioresses and mistresses were found assembled. There it turned out that the girls in the larger dormitory, excited by the anticipation of the day's festivities, had "cut up" like everything. The irrepressible Blanche A—— was the ringleader, as usual. She had waked up in the middle of the night, and, feeling lively, woke the girls around her, and began to act Punch and Judy with the pillow-cases for their entertainment. They got laughing so and made such a racket that the whole dormitory was roused, and the girls jumped up and ran round to see what the fun was. The two poor nuns who guard the dormitory had their hands full trying to bring them back to order, and it was nearly morning before anything like sleep was possible. The superior-general spoke seriously to the principal offenders, and Blanche A—— and half a dozen others, besides a perfect shower of bad notes, were not to come to the concert or join in any of the games during the day; only they were to be let off for the theatricals, as some of them were going to act. But one girl didn't escape so easily. The chief instigator of the frolic had been Alice de L——, one of the older girls, who ought to have known better. She had got in some scrape last week, and the nuns threatened to separate her from the class; but she had been penitent and they had been lenient. But this time they said they could not pass over her disobedience; so she was marched upstairs into a little room opening out of the lingerie, where

she will be under the eye of a mistress, and there she is to stay, taking her walks and her meals alone, till she is willing to beg pardon of the whole school for her bad example. All this cast a gloom on the beginning of the day; but it ended up brilliantly. In the morning, while we were in the midst of some exciting games, Fanny N—— came rushing to me in a state of despair. One of the plays that evening was to be the ghost scene from Hamlet, got up among the girls of the English class, and they wanted me to take the place of Alice de L——, who had had the second part. I was horrified at the thought of acting with so little preparation; but I finally consented, to prevent the play's falling through, for Fanny N——, who had the principal part, knew it so splendidly that it would have been too bad not to give her the chance to distinguish herself. So that whole day I haunted the garden, book in hand, like the troubled spirit I was, missing the concert and half the other good things. Just before dinner we had a rehearsal, and it was some compensation for my woes to be drilled by Sister Marie N——, a pretty English nun, with whom I am much in love. Things looked rather hopeless at this rehearsal. My part went haltingly enough, and it turned out that Bertha V——, who was Bernardo, didn't know the first word of hers, and stumbled so over what she did know that we were afraid we should have to give up the play, after all. But at dinner the girls found out the trouble we were in, and were full of sympathy, and eager to get up a petition from the whole school begging the superior to release Alice de L—— just for this one night to act; then she could take Bertha's part, which she knew as well as her own. In honor of the holiday we were allowed to talk in the refectory, to change our places, and sit wherever we liked. The uproar that ensued in this great room full of girls chattering, laughing, shouting across the room to one another, dragging heavy benches over stone floors, and dropping cups and knives on the marble-topped tables, was enough to have driven the whole community distracted. Sister Françoise was as indulgent as possible, for she likes to have us enjoy ourselves; but at last things came to such a pass that she brought down her gavel on the table with a rap that hushed us in an instant. We listened with downcast faces while she said that we were not only very ill-bred, but were abusing our privileges, and now we might finish the meal in

silence. At this a few Moyennes rebelled; but as they were the principal offenders, we Grandes quickly hushed them down, and we sat the rest of dinner in mournful, silent rows. After dinner, when we were free again, the girls renewed their offer of begging for Alice's release, and a deputation was formed to be sent to the superior-general. It was suggested that the proper person to head it would be the Princess d'Orleans, and so the deputation adjourned to the little parlor where the princess had been dining with the Ribbons. Poor little Madame was much urged, and had a hard time of it. She refused at first; but the girls thought it was from shyness, so they teased her to go, painting our case and the disasters that would ensue if Alice were not to act, in the most dismal colors, and reminding her that this was the first chance she had ever had to do anything for her schoolmates. The poor child hesitated a long time, divided in her mind between her feeling that the superioress was right in punishing Alice, and her eager wish to be popular with her playfellows. She colored, and the tears came into her eyes; but she was firm in refusing, confiding in Anne de G—— that she thought the nuns knew better than we what was good for Alice's character, and we ought not to interfere with their plans and give them the pain of refusing us. Some of the girls were provoked with Madame, and muttered "Little prig," and "She's afraid," but most of the Ribbons came forward and supported her, taking their stand against the deputation. However, they couldn't prevent its starting off. After they had gone, Horatio, Bernardo and I repaired to the dressing-room to get ready, studying our parts till the last moment, and Sister Marie N—— flying round to put us in order. What a palpitation of the heart it does give you to have a pretty creature, with whom you are desperately in love, suddenly drop on her knees before you to strap up your boots! As soon as we were dressed, we flew down-stairs again and paced the cloisters in suspense, for the girls were gone so long that we began to grow quite hopeful. When they appeared they said the superioress had been as kind and sympathetic as possible, and would be very glad to release Alice, only that she must go through the form of begging pardon first; and had mounted way up to the lingerie to have an interview with Alice, and give her the girls' message. But Alice was obstinate, and would not beg pardon. I think she clung to the hope that

they would let her out at the last moment, to prevent the play's being given up, and she didn't care how long she was in punishment afterward. By that time, the Petites had come over from the other building, and the nuns and the few invited guests were beginning to assemble in the grand parlor, where they had put up a stage which is kept ready for such occasions. We determined to try our scene, anyhow, so we rehearsed till the last moment in the dressing-room, while the first play was going on; Fanny and I sending Sister Marie N—— into fits of laughter by overacting absurdly, and going into ecstasies of terror over the ghost. We noticed that Bertha was unwontedly quiet, and just as our turn came to go on to the stage, the poor child burst into tears, declaring she could not, would not play—that she was frightened to death; and really she was as pale as a sheet, and her teeth chattered in her head. We were in despair what to do; but Fanny and I scolded and encouraged her by turns, and between us we managed to drag her on to the stage. There, between Fanny's spirited acting and the ghost, which was a grand success, the thing really went off very well. But Bertha came near spoiling the whole. She stammered, corrected herself, had to be prompted every time, and finally broke down on her only long speech. Fortunately, Fanny, with great presence of mind, finished it up for her somehow, and went right on, so that nobody noticed it. I could have hanged Bertha, if the poor soul hadn't felt so badly about it. The ghost was very effective. We got Camille R—— to take the part,—a tall, black-eyed girl, with marked aquiline features. She appeared enveloped in grayish-white draperies, and a blue flame playing about her mouth,—caused by phosphorus, or something,—quite startling the audience, and frightening some of the Petites almost out of their wits. Camille don't know a word of English, so Sister Marie N—— had to stand behind her and shove her on when the time came. The French plays that followed ours were very bright and pretty, full of good hits and funny misadventures. They were written for the occasion by two of the nuns; who are very clever at dashing off such things. One of them was a sort of operetta, adapted to music we all know. They were capitally acted by a dozen girls, among whom was Blanche A——, the heroine of last night's adventures. The audience were kept in shouts of laughter, the nuns enjoying it all

as much as any of us. We mingled with the audience after the acting was over, and had a jolly time of it. Cakes and candy were passed free to the actors, and fruit and lemonade sold among the girls, who feel justified in wasting their substance on such things, as the proceeds go to the poor. Since the English play turned out a success, the girls seem to have experienced a revulsion of feeling. I found them all saying that it was just as well Alice had not been allowed to act; that she would learn that she was not all-important on such occasions, as she seemed to think herself; and they couldn't understand her being so obstinate; while Madame, the "little prig," has become quite a heroine in their eyes for having taken the stand she did.

Thursday, December —. The third division in history, Sister Marguerite's class in the Middle Ages, came down in quite an excited frame of mind this evening. It is a large class, made up mostly of Moyennes, and contains a number of girls as full of mischief as any in the school. Sister Marguerite has had a good deal of trouble all winter in trying to keep order and silence during the recitations, and now to-night the girls reached a pitch of noise and dissipation that made lessons almost impossible. Bad notes, usually so effectual, were now of no avail, and as one by one the older girls got led away by the spirit of mischief that prevailed, poor Sister Marguerite felt that all authority was fast slipping from her hands; and when at last little, quiet, demure Madame, to the delight of the offenders, could resist their overtures no longer, but began too, to join in the pranks, she felt that something desperate must be resorted to. With a rap on the desk that made every one jump, she said, sternly, "Mercédès!" The princess started to her feet, and turned crimson, and the girls looked up to hear what was coming next. Sister Marguerite went on gravely: "Mercédès, I am grieved to see you encouraging this conduct in your classmates. You may go and stand at the door till the class is quiet." All was hushed in an instant, and the girls were aghast; for to stand at the door is considered one of the most humiliating of punishments, and is seldom resorted to except with the Petites. The door of the recitation-room is a glass one, leading into the hall, right at the foot of the staircase where people are continually passing; so that the offender, who stands outside, is in full sight of the passers-by, as well as of the class.

The girls looked wonderingly at each other, at the mistress, then at the princess, to see what she would do. For a moment she hesitated, then she turned and walked quickly, with head bent down, to the door, opened it, went out and stood there with her hands folded and with a very red face. This step had the desired effect of bringing the class to order, for there was hardly a girl but felt she deserved the punishment far more than Madame. However, Sister Marguerite let her stay there several minutes. Just as she was about to call her back, down the stairs came the good, kind mistress of class, who has a soft spot in her heart for all little sinners, and who couldn't help laughing at Madame's discomfiture at being seen in such a position, and, embracing her, led her back to class, asking Sister Marguerite if the child hadn't been doing penance long enough. From this till the end of the lesson, the girls were all like little models. This evening, after Madame had left, the nuns told us that after class, she came up to Sister Marguerite and thanked her for having given her this punishment, saying, "You have reminded me that, in my position, I ought always to give the highest example. I hope I never shall forget it." She always takes a reproof in such good spirit that I don't wonder the nuns think so much of her.

December 29th, 1873. The dreadful day of judgment is passed and the New-year's vacation is at hand. The last week has been taken up by the quarterly examinations, and yesterday was the grand "*Lecture des Notes*"—an ordeal dreaded by good and bad alike. It takes place in the big recreation-hall, where all the classes, with the superioresses and whole staff of teachers, are assembled. The mistress of class calls the girls' names in order, and each one has to stand up before the whole august assemblage while the mistress reads her average in conduct and studies for the term, and the list of good and bad notes; and then those of her teachers who have any complaints to make, or any praise that it would be judicious to bestow, do it then and there. Some of the poor sinners of the class have a hard time of it, though we all stand more or less in awe and trembling. However, the nuns are always very quick to see little efforts at goodness and most kind in making allowance for faults. Among those who fared the worst was our young friend Blanche A—, from whose teachers there went up one universal wail, for Blanche's sins were in number

as the sands of the sea. My neighbor, Alexandrine, was another sufferer. It seems, Alexandrine has been discovered lately perusing "Les Malheurs de Sophie," and other harmless books, during study hour. Now, Alexandrine has tried class after class in school, and in each she has straightway taken her place at the foot; and the picture of this fat, lazy girl, with her preference of infantile literature to serious application, was too much for the nuns, with their quick, French sense of the ridiculous, and there was a great deal of merriment and jesting at her expense. When Alice de L—— stood up, her report was received with a silence more mortifying than the severest reproach, and as she sat down the poor girl burst into tears, the first sign of feeling she has shown since her punishment. Afterward, when we had gone back to class, she came into the room with the superioress and knelt down in sight of us all, while the mother, in a few words, begged us to pardon Alice and receive her back, as she was earnestly desirous of doing better. She came and took her seat in class again, and I have been much pleased with the tact and consideration the girls have shown in treating her. I was curious to see how the Princess d'Orléans would fare on this occasion; but she had to take her share, as I supposed. Madame, it was said, had given perfect satisfaction in her behavior, and studied very well in class, but she did not make the progress they could wish in her private lessons. Also, her English teacher remarked an aversion on Madame's part to talk in any language other than her own, whereupon the superioress gave a little lecture on the necessity of conversation in becoming familiar with a language. That reminds me of a funny scene at the English examination, where Madame was called upon to recite something. She chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and stood up quite bravely at first. She did very well till about half-way through, and then, all at once, she got stuck, and the first thing we knew she had utterly disappeared from view. The child had been so mortified at her failure that in her embarrassment she sat down; but so comic an effect had this sudden disappearance that the whole room burst out laughing. Nothing would persuade Madame to get up and face us again. On the whole, the nuns have been most kind and indulgent to us. I suppose they have had a great deal of experience with children and know how it is best to deal with them in the long run.

January 12th, 1874. We have just come down from chapel, and I seize this opportunity for a letter, though the mistress is looking at me very hard as if she thought I was wasting my time. Alexandrine, my *bête noire*, has had her seat changed and is now a heavy cross to Anne de G——. Anne has a horror of all untidiness, and Alexandrine has been meddling with the inkstand and now there it goes, spattering all over Anne's immaculate copy-book—the pride of her heart. Anne loses command of her temper, rasped by such constant little annoyances, and flies out at Alexandrine. But repentance follows quick on her wrath, and now she bursts into tears, sobs she knows she is not good enough to wear the ribbon, and for a moment there is quite an uproar, but at last Anne gets consoled, and Alexandrine gets a note of carelessness. At the next desk is little Madame struggling to fold up her veil. We wear long muslin veils at chapel instead of hats. After the muslin is washed it is soft and clinging, but Madame's veil being new, is stiff as a board, stands out in all directions, and keeps slipping off her head; so the poor child has no peace in chapel with trying to keep it on, and finally had to ask permission to wear her hat. Just now we are all looking forward to the 18th, which is the *fête* of the superior-general, and a great holiday here. There is to be a representation of "Athalie" that night, and we have been rehearsing diligently for some time. I say *we*, though I am only one of the chorus of Levites. We are going to have Mendelssohn's music, and the acting will be very good, I think. Camille R——, our friend of ghostly memory, is Athalie, and she is tragedy queen personified, and Elizabeth de M——, President of the Ribbons, who is the High-priest, has a great deal of dramatic power. They have got a precocious mite from the Little Convent to be Joas, little Margot de H——. The self-possession and dignity of this atom of a child and her appreciation of the fine points of the play are wonderful. There was great tribulation before a suitable Mathan was found. Stéphanie S——, a talented Polish girl of high rank, was to have the part, and we thought she would do it very well, but unfortunately she is very sensitive, and the nuns got tired of being answered by a burst of tears every time they proposed a different accent or gesture, so they tried several girls before alighting on Jeanne L——, one of the Ribbons. Jeanne has a good deal of spirit and acts capitally, but has to stand

no little roughing about her appearance, —it looks so funny to see her pretty baby face and innocent eyes in the character of the crafty apostate. However, she looks as dignified as possible while acting, and afterward joins heartily in the laughter at her own expense. We rehearse almost every day, in fact everything is “*Athalie*” now. The girls are always addressed in their various characters, and go round spouting hexameter, and as for poor Margot de H—— the appellation of “*cet enfant fatal*” will probably stick to her for the rest of her days. We don’t expect to do anything in a sober-minded way again till the 18th is safely over. There is also to be a reception of Ribbons that day. I don’t mean a party, but that a few girls are to be chosen for the white ribbon from among the aspirants, and probably some new aspirants chosen too. The aspirants wear a purple ribbon, which it takes from four to six months’ good conduct to earn. With it they get certain privileges, and then are on probation about the same length of time again before they can get the white ribbon and medal, as there are so many responsibilities attached to that, that the nuns have to be very sure of a girl’s character before they will give it. If the Ribbons prove trustworthy and efficient, they can be a great help in running the school. There are only eight of them now, and we generally have as many as twelve or fourteen. If—there! I’m caught! The mistress has been staring at me for some time, and now asks if this is not my hour to be at the piano, so I have to answer meekly, “Yes, *ma mère*,” and put away my pen.

February 1st, 1874, à l’Infirmierie. The superior-general’s feast was a most successful day throughout. We were not told till the night before who had been chosen for the ribbons, and of course I was quite excited to find that I was to be one of the four new aspirants. Madame la Princesse d’Orléans was also one, and three aspirants were chosen for the white ribbon, all of them girls who are very popular in the school. The reception was to have taken place right after early mass, but at the time appointed Madame never appeared. We waited and waited and got no message, and at last it got so late we had to go on without her. We were given the ribbons in chapel, kneeling before the altar, in our veils, and with lighted tapers in our hands. There was some lovely singing, and as we left the chapel the girls crowded round us to give us their congratu-

lations, and in the midst of the general rejoicing Madame made her appearance. We were all inquiry, but could get nothing out of her, and she was taken off immediately to apologize to the superioress. We were curious to find out why she hadn’t come, and as well as we could gather from different sources, the case seemed to be this: When the nuns told her she was to have the ribbon, she was much surprised, for she had thought that, being only a day scholar, she would not be allowed to wear it. She was very much affected, and kept repeating that she didn’t deserve it; that not spending the nights here, she didn’t have half the temptation to break rules that the other girls had, and she was afraid they offered it to her more to remind her that she ought to have it than because she really had earned it. After she got home, she decided that she would be better satisfied to wait till the next reception, in June, to be made aspirant, and feel sure in her own mind that she deserved the ribbon. Whether she consulted with her parents or not, I don’t know. I believe she did, and that they sustained her in refusing; but at any rate she dreaded so having a fuss made over it, that she said nothing about the reception being at such an early hour, and did not come out till her usual time. Some of the girls thought she had no right to be so scrupulous, but that she ought to take the ribbon, if the nuns gave it to her, and try to deserve it afterward. At any rate, we are all sorry not to have Madame an aspirant, for she has made herself very much liked by her sweet, modest ways, and the spirit with which she enters into all our doings. Yet, on the whole, I don’t know but that she is more popular than ever, for French nature is so quick to see and admire anything a little above the common standard, and the ribbon is so much thought of here. As blunt, honest Augustine M—— said, “I never could have refused it, if I had felt I deserved it ever so little; why, my shoulders fairly *ached* to wear it!” When the princess came back she was very cordial in congratulating us, kissing us on both cheeks, as the other girls had done; but, I fancied, looking a bit wistfully at our decorations. Of course, “*Athalie*” was felt by all to be the grand event of the day, if not of the age. We had a final rehearsal of the choruses in the morning, and had to practice grouping ourselves for the different scenes, so as to make the most effect and yet take up the least room on our small stage. Then there were the costumes to try on, which have been got up with great care,

and are really quite gorgeous and oriental. The scenery, too, which was painted by the nuns, was very effective. Madame was to have spent the night out here, in order to see the play; but just at the last moment she bid us good-bye, very much disappointed not to stay. The girls had a report—I don't know how true it was—that the Duchess of Montpensier did not wish Mercédès to spend so much time here, as she was already so much attached to the convent that they were afraid she would want to become a nun, and they had other plans for her future. Well, the play went off without a hitch, and everybody thought it was wonderfully well done, Elizabeth de M—— and "*le petit Joas*" carrying off the honors, of course. We had more fun than a little behind the scenes. I never saw people so quick as the French to seize on any absurdity, and there were very clever hits, and take-offs, and a great deal of roughing of the actors between the scenes. But they can be serious, too, and the play was a great deal of it pretty tragic and impressive. A quantity of sugar-water and candy was provided for the actors and chorus, to prevent their getting hoarse, and we all profited by it, especially Blanche A——, who, from the amount she dispatched, you would think had the leading part of the play. She had only a dozen lines to say; but she made more fuss than any one, giving herself the most important airs, criticising freely, and making the most unasked-for suggestions to the actors. The Grandes got perfectly furious with Blanche; but she is so impervious to all snubs that there is nothing to be done with her. After the play was over, we were sent up to the dormitories, to take off our costumes and put on our uniforms before we were allowed to mingle with our friends in the audience, for fear of catching cold. The audience had been delighted with everything, and the actors got no little praise. It was quite difficult to subside into ordinary school life again, after all this excitement. However, everything is running very smoothly just now, and I am gradually getting used to wearing the ribbon and to my duties as aspirant. I have not entered on my duties very vigorously though, yet, for I have been confined to the infirmary for some days. In spite of the care taken of us on the night of "*Athalie*," I managed to take cold, and this cold has developed into a cough; and though I made every effort to suppress it, I have been sentenced to the infirmary. The history of how it came

about is rather funny. I sleep in a little room, one of the nuns' cells, right at the door of the dormitory, and the superior-general, who has a severe cold, has lately been moved into the cell next to me, as it is supposed to be warmer than the others, having the benefit of the kitchen chimney. This move of hers seemed to cause a good deal of excitement among the nuns, for it was told me about thirty-six times. In the first place it was publicly announced in class so that the girls might be very quiet in passing her door on the way to the dormitory. Then I got a private warning. One of the nuns who guards the dormitory said to me as I was going into my room, "Perhaps you don't know, my dear child, that the superioress has just moved into the room next to you, so you must be careful to make as little noise as possible in undressing. You had better take off your boots first thing." I thanked her for the warning and retired. I followed her advice, took my boots right off and undressed as quietly as possible. In a few minutes I felt I must cough or perish. I swallowed about six glasses of water and stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth, but it was no use, the coughing fit came on and I couldn't stop it to save my life. Then there came a gentle tap at the door. I opened it. A nun was passing by and hearing me cough she thought she had better warn me, so she said very softly, "My dear child, you must try not to cough if you can help it, or you will disturb the superioress. Perhaps you have not been told that she is quite ill and has just moved into the next room." I promised to be quieter, and consequently I passed the night in the most uncomfortable, half-strangled condition, with my head buried under the pillows. The next morning I was half awake when I heard a knock so low that I thought it must be at the next door. But it was repeated, so I got up and opened a crack of the door. A lay-sister poked her head in. "I am sorry to disturb you, Mademoiselle, but I thought you would be already up, so I stopped to let you know that the superioress has just moved into the next room, and as she is not well, if you will be good enough to make as little noise as possible in dressing. For instance, if you did not put on your boots till the last thing. I beg your pardon for disturbing you." I smiled and said it was no matter, and she departed. But in my efforts not to make a noise I was twice as long as usual

dressing, for it took about ten minutes to put on each separate thing; consequently when I got ready it was so late that the others had already gone down to mass. I hurried out of the room, but the door has no handle and shuts with a key, and no one can do anything in a hurry; so, after rattling a good deal to no purpose, the key finally fell on the hard floor with a great clatter. One of the nuns was outside at the fountain and looked at me reproachfully. "My child, try not to be so careless again, for the superioress is in the next room and is not feeling well." During the day I had some rest from the subject, but as bedtime drew near, I knew it would be brought up again, and I was not mistaken. I had gone into chapel a few minutes before evening prayer to make my little meditation. The chapel is lovely at that hour; it is not lighted, except for the one lamp always burning before the altar; there is no service going on, only a few nuns kneeling at the stations of the cross, and everything is very sweet and peaceful. I had not been there two minutes when I felt a hand laid lightly on my shoulder. I turned and saw the superioress of the pensionnat. "I am sorry to disturb you, my child, but will you come with me a moment? I have a little word to say to you." I followed her into the entry and she began in the most mysterious manner: "I wish to tell you, my dear,—it may be quite useless to give you the warning, as I do not suppose you are a noisy child at all,—but as Our Mother [they always call the superior-general, 'Our Mother'] is suffering from a bad cold, she has just been moved into the room next to you; so you must be as still as possible. For instance, you had better take your boots off when you first go in your room. You have slippers, have you not, that you can put right on? I dare say you always do this, but still I thought it safest to tell you." I thanked her, and went off, wondering who would be the next. I knew it wouldn't stop there, and, sure enough, as we were forming into rank to go up to bed, the mistress of class beckoned me aside. "My dear child, have you been told that the superioress has taken the room next you?" I said I believed I had, so she went on, "*Notre Mère* tells me that you cough continually at night, and she feels worried about you. Not that your cold is serious at all,—it is only that we have lost so many Sisters by consumption, that she dreads the very sound of a cough. You had better stop at the infirm-

ary, and get something to take for your throat, and I hope you will control your cough as much as possible." To control a cough is easier said than done, so I mounted to the infirmary. Before I had fairly got into the room, the mistress of the infirmary caught sight of me, and began, "You are the very little person I most want to see. I was just going for you, to give you something to stop that cough of yours. By the way, I don't know whether anyone has told you yet that *Notre Mère* has just moved into your neighborhood. She is not at all well, and I am afraid it will disturb her to have such a noisy person next to her. You must let her see how good and quiet you can be." I laughed, and said I would do my best, and Sister Constance, the little lay-sister of the infirmary, was sent to concoct a draught for me. After I had got upstairs and my boots off, she appeared at the door with it, coming into the room to see that I drank every drop,—“For perhaps you haven't heard, Mademoiselle, that *Notre Mère*, who is quite ill, is in the next room to you.” She was for continuing, but I interrupted. I made her sit down, and I told her the whole story from beginning to end, and she laughed till she cried. That was not the last of it, though, for the superioress inquired what child it was that roomed next to her and had a cough, and was told it was one of the Americans; but as there are three Americans in the school, she always confuses our names, and before she got hold of the right culprit, she had spoken to each of the others, mentioned the fact that she was now their neighbor, and hoped their cough would soon be better. She was much amused, after each in their turn had declared their innocence, when she alighted on me, and I had to acknowledge myself the guilty one. In spite of my protestations that I was fast getting well, she felt worried about me, and when I went upstairs that night there was no bed in my room. I exclaimed, and was quietly told that it had been taken down to the infirmary, and I might collect my things and follow it there. I felt rebellious, but it was too late to alter things that night, so I went down, and somehow I seem to be here still. The infirmary is pleasant enough, large and sunny, with a cozy open fire and several arm-chairs—things which don't exist in any other part of the house, so we make the most of them. Still, I miss my little room very much, except for one thing, and that is the bell. As I lie in bed, there is about six inches of wall between my head and the

chain of that bell, which scrapes up and down close to my ear. At five in the morning the nuisance begins. They call it the angelus bell, but it is not the angelus bell of poetry and song. You know how precious are the last few moments of the morning's nap, and it is just then that that wretched bell is the most busy. It begins and rings out, solemnly, one, two, three, three times; then, very deliberately, it tolls twenty. Then it suddenly starts off as if distracted and rings, rings interminably. The first morning I thought it was bewitched. I lay there counting,—would it never stop? Forty, fifty,—surely that was enough to waken a household! But on it went mercilessly till I lost my count somewhere in the eighties, and was nearly wild. I tried counting several mornings, always getting out long before it stopped, till at last I got so nervous over it that I would wake up at about four in the morning, in my eagerness to be ready to begin. I have decided finally that the number is a hundred and twenty. There is a few minutes' rest from that quarter till getting-up time, but the nuns undertake to arrange their rooms just then, and as the fountain is in the hall just outside my door, there is a grand stampede till the next bell, when they all rush off to chapel, and sometimes they don't get quite through in time, and there is a muttering of, "*Déjà! est-ce possible!*" and pitchers and brooms are dropped like so many hot potatoes. This time the bell rings in a general kind of way, and ends by tolling twenty-five; but we don't mind it so much after this, as we are up and dressing, which is fortunate, as it rings pretty much all day,—what between the hours and half hours, the services, and every time a nun is wanted, each one having a number, which is rung out after the manner of the fire-districts in Boston, and has quite a home-like sound.

March, 1874. We have just had a visit from Monsignor Capel, the distinguished English prelate. I was very glad to see him, as I had always heard so much of him. He is connected with the English branch of our convent and pays a visit here every year, and is very popular with the children, as he always begs a holiday for us on his visits, and we look forward with delight to Monsignor Capel's day, as we call it. We heard him preach twice, in English of course. He is a tall, square-built, handsome man, with a strong face and a very impressive manner in preaching,—dignified, but full of zeal. I expected to be

carried away by his sermons but they struck me as being more forcible and sensible than brilliant. He is very fascinating in private. He asked to see the girls, so we were assembled, Petites and all, in the *Salle des Enfants de Marie*. There he was very kind and pleasant and entertained us nearly an hour. He began by making a funny little speech in French, which he talks in the most English way possible, and got us all laughing. Then he asked to have the rogues of the school come up to him, and half a dozen of the Petites actually did step forward; and he made them tell all about the latest scrapes they had got into, till they were covered with confusion and the rest of us laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks. He amused himself guessing the nationality of the foreigners and was right in every case but mine for he made me out to be Scotch. The foreigners make quite a respectable show—one Russian, one Pole, one Swiss, four Belgians and several Spaniards. Madame stood up among the Spaniards, for she is very proud of her nationality and devoted to everything Spanish. The poor child is in the deepest mourning now, for she has just lost her brother and playfellow, the young Prince Ferdinand of Montpensier, a year older than herself. She had the measles a little while ago and was away from school some time. She only had them slightly, but her brother caught them and died after a few days' illness. It is very sad, for now the only son left is a sickly little fellow of seven or eight. Madame has been quieter than ever since she got back, and no wonder.

We English-speaking girls were brought up and introduced to Monsignor Capel afterward, as he asked particularly to know us. We are seven, two English, two Irish and three Americans. He talked very pleasantly with us, but without trying to make us laugh as he had before. He preached again that afternoon at the *prise d'habit* of a young novice, an American I believe and a convert. It was curious to see how he changed from the agreeable man of the world to the earnest and dignified prelate. Before leaving Monsignor Capel elicited great applause from the scholars by begging and obtaining from the superioress the half holiday for us. It is, however, to be put off till mid-Lent.

July, 1874. There have been a good many changes lately in the school. Sister Madeleine, the lovely mistress of the Moyenne class, has had to be sent to some baths

on account of her health, and since then, instead of appointing a new mistress, the class has been put under the charge of the Ribbons, and we take turns in guarding it. I wear the white ribbon now, so I come in for more than the usual responsibilities of my station. To do the Moyennes justice, they have behaved extremely well. They feel put on their honor to be silent and good when they have only one of their own companions to look after them, and every one remarks how quiet and studious they are. How long the supernatural goodness will last it is impossible to tell. The Princess d'Orléans is now aspirant, and has worn the purple ribbon for one month.* Madame has just been formally betrothed to the Prince Alfonso. There has been a great family gathering, and she was absent from school for several days, and when she came back we knew it had all been arranged. Poor child, I am afraid she will have an uncomfortable life of it in such an unsettled

country as Spain. Another change in the school: Blanche A——, the irrepressible, has at last overstepped all bounds. Even the long-suffering nuns have found her unbearable, and Blanche, to the unmitigated delight of the Grandes, has been sent to a branch convent at N——, where, as it is a much smaller school than ours, she will get more discipline and more particular attention. Another cause of joy to our souls is the removal of Alexandrine, who has been caught in a succession of *bêtises*, till at last they took a quantity of false curls out of her dressing *caisse*, at which she got so angry that she stole into the Moyenne class, spilt ink *partout*, over books and everything, and then let another girl be blamed for it for some time. But at last the nuns found out the truth and she was expelled. This is an immense relief to poor Anne de G——, who has had the worst of it to bear. Anne is as wonderful at her studies as ever, and is certain of the prize of success. The school-year is almost at an end, and we are all hard at work, for the matter of the prizes is soon to be settled, and that is our great excitement now."

* The Princess d'Orléans received the white ribbon and medal of the Society of the "*Enfants de Marie*," in the spring of the following year.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Acting under Excitement.

THERE is great fear, on the part of some amiable persons who write for the public, lest, in certain excited movements of reform, there should be those who will take steps for which they will be sorry. They argue, from this, that it is not best to have any excitement at all, and especially that nothing should be done under excitement. It so happens, however, that the path of progress has always been marked by sudden steps upward and onward. There are steady growth and steady going, it is true, but the tendency to rut-making and routine are so great in human nature that it is often only by wide excitements that a whole community is lifted and forwarded to a new level. Men often get into the condition of pig-iron. They pile up nicely in bars. They are in an excellent state of preservation. They certainly lie still, and though there is vast capacity in them for machinery, and cutlery, and agricultural implements,—though they contain measureless possibilities of spindles and spades,—there is nothing under heaven but fire that can develop their capacity and realize their possibilities.

There are communities that would never do anything but rot, except under excitement. A community often gets into a stolid, immobile condition,

which nothing but a public excitement can break up. This condition may relate to a single subject, or to many subjects. It may relate to temperance, or to a church debt. Now it is quite possible that a man under excitement will do the thing that he has always known to be right, and be sorry for it or recede from it afterward; but the excitement was the only power that would ever have started him on the right path, or led him to stop in the wrong one. It is all very well to say that it would be a great deal better for a drunkard, coolly, after quiet deliberation and a rational decision, to resolve to forsake his cups than to take the same step under the stimulus of social excitement and the persuasions of companionship and fervid oratory, but does he ever do it? Sometimes, possibly, but not often. Without excitement and a great social movement, very little of temperance reform has ever been effected. Men are like iron: to be molded they must be heated; and to say that there should be no excitement connected with a great reform, or that a reform is never to be effected through excitement, is to ignore the basilar facts of human nature and human history.

At the present time there is a great temperance reform in progress. Men are taking the temperance

pledge by tens of thousands. They go around with glad faces and with ribbons in their button-holes. They sing their songs of freedom from the power that has so long and so cruelly enslaved them. It is said, of course: "Oh, this will not last. It is only a nine days' wonder. Many of these people are now drinking in secret, and soon the most of them will be back in their old courses." The most of them,—possibly. It is not probable, however, that the most of them will recede. Suppose half of them remain true to their pledges; does not that pay? We should have had none of them without the excitement, and to have had a great mass of brutal men, who have long disgraced and abused their wives and children, sober for a month, or for six months, was surely a good thing. It was at least a ray of sunshine in a great multitude of dark lives. The point we make, is, that the alternative of a reform through popular excitement is no reform at all. And we make the further point that a man who will not sympathize with a reform because of the excitement that accompanies it is, ninety-nine times in a hundred, a man who does not sympathize with the reform on any ground; and the hundredth man is usually an impracticable ass.

Let us take this matter of paying church debts by what has become known as the Kimball method. A church builds a house of worship. It costs more than the original estimate, or some important members have failed in the expected or pledged subscription, or, worse than all, debt has been incurred with the eyes open and by intent. It has been carried along for years, the whole organization groaning with the burden. To a few it has become intolerable. They see the church dwindling. They see strangers frightened away by this skeleton in the closet; they see their pastor growing gray and care-worn or utterly breaking down, and, knowing that nothing stands in the way of the usefulness and happiness of their church but the debt, they cast about for help. We will say that in most instances the church is able to pay the debt, provided every man will do his duty; but it so happens that every man will not do his duty, except under some sort of social excitement, which Mr. Kimball or his helper supplies. Now it is simply a question between paying a debt and not paying it at all. It is not practically a question between paying in one way or another.

This method has been tried many times with the most gratifying success. In one brief half day, by means of everybody doing his part under the influence of eloquence and social excitement, debts have been lifted and churches made free. Churches and congregations have sung and wept over their success, and with the joy that came of duty done and sacrifice made for the Master. Just here steps in the critic. He has known nothing of the burden that the church has carried. He knows nothing of the happiness that has come from the sacrifices made, or of the hopes that have been born of them. He only knows that it is probable that men and women, under the excitement of the occasion, have subscribed in some instances more than they could

afford to subscribe. Therefore, in the opinion of the critic, a public excitement for the purpose of securing the payment of a church debt is wrong. The critic does not take into account the fact that without the excitement the debt not only would not but could not be paid. He does not take into account the fact that the willing part of the church has been most unjustly burdened with this debt for years, and that nothing under heaven but an excitement will stir the unwilling part of the church to do its duty. Of course he does not take into account the further fact that no sacrifice is too great to the man who appreciates the sacrifice that has been made for him, and for which he can only make a poor return, at best.

To the critics of this method of paying church debts who object to it on account of its profanation of the Sabbath, no better reply can be made than that of one who found occasion to defend himself in their presence. "We are told," said he, "that it was permissible in the olden time for a man to relieve his ass on the Sabbath day when the animal had fallen into a ditch, and I am only trying to relieve a multitude of men and women who have been asses enough to stumble into a church debt." The answer is a good one, and justifies itself.

Once more the Tramp.

It is very strange that no more vigorous measures are taken for the abatement of what is very properly called "the tramp nuisance." It is strange, because the nuisance is as great in the country as it is in the city, and there is no section and no interest that would not be served by a sweeping measure of suppression. A feeling has undoubtedly existed that much of the tramping is attributable to the bad times,—that men are wandering in honest search of employment. This feeling should be corrected by this time. If anything is notorious now, it is that ninety-nine tramps in a hundred,—an overwhelming proportion at any rate,—would not work at any wages if they could. The experiment tried in Massachusetts by detectives exposes the utter hollowness of the pretense that these fellows desire work. They scorn work and scout the idea of engaging in it. They coolly propose to live upon the community, and to "eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces," and to do this *in perpetuo*.

In the city, where these parasites prefer to spend the winter, it is not so very hard to get along with them. They are an offensive, dirty, disgraceful set to have around, it is true. One shrinks from contact with them—shivering in their abominable rags and dirt—and feeds them with cold victual at his basement door, but he is not afraid of them. In the country, during the summer, and near the great lines of travel, the tramp is a different being. Whatever of enterprise there may be in him is exhibited during that season. Then he can steal eggs, rob hen-roosts, bully women and children who find themselves unprotected at home, while the men are in the fields, set forests on fire, and commit burglaries and murders whenever it may be desirable

and convenient. They rove in bands. We have seen them in forests during the past winter near inland cities—a dozen of them smoking and lounging beside a fire made of stolen wood. They are to be counted by tens of thousands, and they stand ready to go into any mischief into which the demagogue with money in his pocket may see fit to lead them. They are the very lowest layer of the proletariat,—a class whose existence in America has been declared again and again, and in no case more distinctly and deplorably than in the labor-riots of last year. No difficulty can rise between labor and capital at which these fellows will not be ready to “assist.” They stand waiting, a great multitude, to join in any mob that will give them the slightest apology for pillage, and the safety in robbery that comes of numbers. We have no doubt that they would have been glad to sign a petition for the passage of the Bland silver bill.

We cannot do what the French government once did under similar circumstances,—banish fifty thousand of them to colonial servitude; and it is a great pity that we cannot. If we could gather the whole disgusting multitude, wash them, put new clothes upon them, and under military surveillance and direction set them to quarrying stone, or raising corn and cotton for ten years, we might save some of them to decency and respectability, and relieve the honest people of the country of their presence and their support. If we cannot do this, however, there are things that we can do. Every state in the union can gather these men, wherever found, into work-houses where they can be restrained from scaring and preying upon the community, and made to earn the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. It is necessary, of course, to throw away all sentimentality in connection with them. The tramp is a man who can be approached by no motive but pain,—the pain of a thrashing or the pain of hunger. He hates work; he has no self-respect and no shame; and, by counting himself permanently out of the productive and self-supporting forces of society, he counts himself out of his rights. He has no rights but those which society may see fit of its grace to bestow upon him. He has no more rights than the sow that wallows in the gutter, or the lost dogs that hover around the city squares. He is no more to be consulted, in his wishes or his will, in the settlement of the question as to what is to be done with him than if he were a bullock in a corral.

Legislation concerning this evil seems to have been initiated in various states, but at this writing we cannot learn that anything effective has been done. It would be well if the states could work in concert in this matter, but one great state like New York, or Pennsylvania, or Ohio, has only to inaugurate a stringent measure to drive all the other states into measures that shall be its equivalent. The tramp whose freedom is imperiled in New York, will fly to New Jersey or New England, and New Jersey and New England will be obliged to protect themselves. So one powerful state can compel unanimity of action throughout the country. The legislature of New York had a bill up a year

ago which came to nothing. We hope the present session will see something done, but legislators have so many things to do besides looking after the public safety and the public morality, that we are quite prepared to hear that this matter will be overlooked. But something must be done, somewhere, very soon, if we propose to have anything like safety and comfort in our homes, or to relieve ourselves of a great burden of voluntary, vicious, and even malicious pauperism.

Falling from High Places.

HIGH Christian society, both in New York and Brooklyn, has been shocked again and again during the past few years, by the fall from rectitude of its eminent members. These cities have not been singular in their experiences. Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, have all furnished their instances of fall from high Christian and social positions into infamy. Men who have been trusted have betrayed their trusts. Men who have “made a good profession” have shamefully or shamelessly belied their profession. Whole families have gone down into financial ruin and social disgrace with these men. Some of the delinquents are serving out their terms in the state-prison, and some of their innocent victims and family friends are in lunatic asylums. The whole matter has been horrible—too horrible to dwell upon, or talk about. It has even been too solemn and suggestive to gossip over. Under the revelations of these great iniquities, carried on for years in secret, men have trembled for themselves and their friends. It has been feared that these were but the out-croppings of an underlying mass of infidelity to truth and honor. We have almost dreaded to look into the morning papers, lest some more shocking fall than all should be revealed.

Of course there has been a good deal of comment upon the subject—wise and otherwise. The scoffer at religion has had his fling. The conscious scamp has had his little crow over his long-bruited conclusion that men are all alike, and that all are scamps as far as they dare to be. But the good men and women, in the church and out of it, have taken the whole matter very sadly to heart; and they wonder what it means. Why is it, at this particular time, that there should fall upon the Christian church such disgrace in the fall of its members? Has Christianity no hold upon men? Does it give them no strength under temptation? Does it in no way put them beyond temptation? How is it that men can go on punctiliously in the performance of their outward Christian duties, while consciously guilty of offenses against the law which, if proved, would consign their persons to prison and their names to public execration?

There is a good deal that might be said upon the matter, but there are only two things which we care to notice. The first is that we have passed and are passing through an exceptional period in political, social and financial history. Smooth times would have spared us most of the disasters which we so

sadly lament. The civil war furnished great opportunities for making money rapidly, and the men who made it rapidly raised their style of living to a luxurious grade. So many made money swiftly that they had the power to revolutionize the general style of living. In this way, life became more expensive to everybody, and the most extraordinary exertions were made by all men to win a share in the general prosperity, and to display a share in their dresses, equipages and homes. We did not hear very much about betrayals of trust while the prosperity was in progress; but when the times began to pinch, and men were trying to bridge over little gaps in their income, without showing to their families or their friends that they were in trouble, the mischief began. The first steps were undoubtedly very small, and were intended to be immediately retraced; but the pinch in the times did not relax, and the false steps never were retraced and never could be retraced. The following ones were the steps that a man makes when dragged at the tail of a hangman's cart—irresistible.

Now we are simply harvesting the crop. The mischief began long since, under the pressure of special and exceptional temptations. But ought not Christianity to have been equal to such an emergency as this? This is the question the church is asking of itself. This is the question the world is asking of the church, and this is the second point that we have thought worth considering in this article.

Now why does the world ask of the church such a question as this? Who taught the world its morality? Where did it acquire its nice notions of personal honor and honesty? Whose influence has planted in the public mind the sense of integrity and purity—the sense of the heinousness of infidelity to private and public trusts? Christianity has been the world's teacher, and it only asks the

question which the church has taught it to ask. Why does the church feel through all its membership the deep disgrace of these untoward revelations, save for the reason that it is truly Christian, and is permeated and moved by the spirit which these crimes have violated. If the church were trying to cover up these crimes and to shield these criminals; if she were not shocked and grieved to her center; if she were not sadly questioning herself as to the causes of these terrible backslidings, she might be flouted with them. As it is, no decent man will fail to give her his sympathy.

Feeling just this, and saying so much as this, we believe that we have the liberty to say a little more. We feel at least the liberty to ask a question or two. Is it not possible that in the pulpit teaching of the present day we make a little too much of salvation, and not quite enough of righteousness?—a little too much of the tree, and not quite enough of the fruit?—a little too much about a "saving faith," and not quite enough of good works?—a little too much of believing, and not quite enough of living?—a little too much of dogma, and not quite enough of character? Certainly the pulpit has erred in this matter, and erred not a little. It is the weak place, not only in modern preaching, but in modern orthodox theology of all names; and if the church wishes to learn the lesson of her failures, she will find it here. A man whose principal motive is to get himself saved by compliance with certain hard conditions of repentance and service, is a pretty poor staff to lean upon in the emergency of a temptation which attacks his selfishness from another direction. Our revival preaching, unless supplemented by a long course of instruction in morality, is pretty poor stuff. It serves its temporary purpose well enough, perhaps; but if conversion is anything less than the beginning of a drill and training in righteousness, it amounts to very little.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Lincoln.

IT may interest some of the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE to know that since the publication of my "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln," in the numbers for February and March, I have received many letters from friends and acquaintances of the good President. Most of these attest the faithfulness of the portrait which is incidentally given in the article referred to, and some of them furnish new material for biographical sketches. From one of the latter, written from Des Moines, Iowa, I venture to make an extract. The writer, after describing his first sight of Lincoln, proceeds as follows:

Lincoln spoke in the grove in the court-house square, Dixon (Illinois). I think you and I sat together and made a little fun of his excessively homely appearance. He was dressed in an awkwardly fitting linen suit, evidently bought ready-made at a country

store, and intended for a man at least five inches less in stature than he was, the vest and trousers not meeting by at least an inch and a half, and the last-named garment being short at the feet.

Lincoln made on that occasion his second speech on a Republican or Free-soil platform. No other speech I have ever heard made such a lasting impression on my mind; and no other man that I have ever seen or met, before or since, has stamped so indelibly in my memory his likeness—his dress, the very lines and features of his countenance—as did Lincoln at that time. In answer to one of the arguments made by the Democratic speaker who had addressed the Dixon people the day before, Lincoln illustrated his point by telling a story, which I have never seen in print. Perhaps you may recollect it. It ran thus:

"A young gentleman in Tennessee was once traveling a country road, mounted on a fine black racing horse of great value. His casual companion was a shrewd old fellow, who was known in those parts as a Yankee, and rode

a rack-o'-bones of a horse, apparently hardly able to stand on his feet. The Yankee bantered the Southerner for a horse trade, which of course the Southerner indignantly declined. The Yankee however insisted that his was a very remarkable horse, of what was known as the setter breed, which sets for big game as a dog sets for small game, and that as animals of this breed are very scarce, his horse was accordingly valuable. The Yankee soon had an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of his statement, as his horse had the peculiarity of dropping on all-fours when touched in a certain spot by the spur or heel of the rider. The Yankee seeing a deer on a knoll not far away, touched his raw-bones in the tender spot, and, sure enough, down he went on all-fours, assuring the Southerner that there was game ahead. The would-be horse-trader told the Southerner that there must be game nearby, for his horse never 'set' in that way except when on the scent of game. Immediately after, the deer made its appearance to the Southerner, who succeeded in bringing him down, and so much pleased was he with the wonderful instinct of the horse that he immediately swapped with the Yankee, on even terms. Soon after they came to a stream which the Yankee, mounted on the Southerner's fine horse, crossed in good style; then standing on the opposite bank, he looked back after his companion. The 'setter horse' had sunk, his head being hardly above water; his rider was dismounted and nearly drowned. Reaching the bank and blowing the water from his mouth, he exclaimed: 'Here, you infernal Yankee! what kind of a horse is this to drop on his knees in the middle of a stream?' 'Hush! hush!' replied the Yankee, 'keep perfectly quiet. That's a setter horse; he sets for fish as well as for deer, and I tell you there's game there!'"

Another correspondent who was a member of the Senate during Lincoln's administration, writes as follows from New England:

I can't help thinking that you could have added to the interest of the scene at the delivery of that address at the White House, by incorporating the figure Lincoln used there to enforce the need of organizing loyalty by giving civil government to Louisiana and Florida, "Better hatch the egg than crush it." Is it not in that address that that argument occurs? I remember your telling me of it shortly after, and that you took the liberty of suggesting that the figure was inelegant, but he chose to keep it because it best expressed his purpose. Do you remember this?

Some one should write the account of the interview between the Senate Finance Committee and President Lincoln concerning the nomination of ex-Governor Tod of Ohio as Secretary of the Treasury, after Chase's resignation. He drew from one of the pigeon-holes in that hanging closet to which you refer, all the papers relating to the controversy with Chase. That interview has many good points. Lincoln told how he made his cabinet, to show how Chase came into it; he described their intercourse afterward. Then he described Mr. ———, in regard to whose nomination as ——— at New York the late difficulty had occurred with Chase, and how he, the nominee, drunk at a private party, threw and kicked his own hat to the ceiling of the room, in the presence of the company. And Lincoln said he would not promote that man. Then he proposed to resign his own office as President to the committee, saying, "Take Hamlin for President." The

whole interview was characteristic and creditable. The committee first met in their own room to consider the nomination of Governor Tod, and after consultation, voted to wait upon the President in a body, to ask, first, why Chase had resigned, and whether the case admitted of settlement, and next, why Tod's name had been sent in. Some one should write of this, because it is full of good points and is of historical interest.

This letter recalls to my mind some facts concerning the speech alluded to by the writer. When the good news of the fall of Richmond came to Washington, April 9, 1865, the city was early astir. Everybody made speeches, and the streets were full of impromptu processions. The first dispatches of the victory had been received late in the night of the 8th, and messages of congratulation began to pour in upon the President during the next forenoon. Toward noon, a great crowd of people, dragging several boat-howitzers, with which salutes were fired from time to time, poured into the space in front of the White House. The President appeared at the "historic window." For a few minutes, the scene beneath was almost terrific. The crowd seemed mad with delight, and the most fantastic expressions of joy were made. The President said, when quiet was restored, and he had congratulated his audience on the glorious victory, that he should not make a speech. Arrangements were being made, he understood, for a more formal celebration of the virtual end of the war, "and," he added, "I shall have nothing to say then, if it is all dribbled out of me now." It was on that occasion that he asked the band to play "that good old tune, 'Dixie,'" which he said was now our property, having been lawfully captured on the 8th of April. When he left the window and we had gone back to the library, Lincoln said that he should not make a jubilant speech at the celebration of the victories. He said that the political situation was now very critical. He wanted to give his views on reconstruction as early and as frequently as possible. Then he used, in conversation, the figure of the egg and the fowl. The formal written speech was delivered April 11, 1865. It was during the delivery of this speech that the writer performed the office of candle-holder. The speech was a great disappointment to most people, for, though the President began with the words, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," it was almost wholly taken up with a discussion of the Louisiana reconstruction question, then exciting much acrimony among Republicans. Before he went to the window upstairs, the President, who had the manuscript of his speech in his hand, said that he had been so pleased with his simile of the egg and the fowl that he had put it into his address. "Don't you think that is a good figure?" he asked. I replied that it might be thought inelegant, especially as he had admitted that he had been found fault with for using the phrase, "turned tail and run," on a former occasion. He laughingly said that he should keep the illustration. That was Lincoln's last public speech. On the 13th, he corrected a printed report

of the address, at the request of Mr. Edward McPherson, for insertion in his "Political History of the Rebellion." On the night of the 14th he was assassinated. The curious reader will find in the recorded address these words: "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is to what it should be only what the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it."

Writing from Chicago, a friend of Lincoln recalls this story, which may not be new, but it is good:

We congratulated the President on the defeat of Hood's army, and some one said that it seemed "pretty much used up." Lincoln laughed, and said, "That reminds me of a story. A certain rough, rude and bullying man in our county had a bull-dog, which was as rude, rough and bullying as his master. Dog and man were the terror of the neighborhood. Nobody dared to touch either for fear of the other. But a crafty neighbor laid a plan to dispose of the dog. Seeing Slocum and his dog plodding along the road one day, the dog a little ahead, this neighbor, who was prepared for the occasion, took from his pocket a junk of meat in which he had concealed a big charge of powder, to which was fastened a deadwood slow-match. This he lighted, and then threw into the road. The dog gave one gulp at it, and the whole thing disappeared down his throat. He trotted on a few steps, when there was a sort of smothered roar, and the dog blew up in fragments, a fore-quarter being lodged in a neighboring tree, a hind-quarter on the roof of a cabin, and the rest scattered along the dusty road. Slocum came up and viewed the remains. Then, more in sorrow than in anger, he said, 'Bill war a good dog; but, as a dog, I reckon his usefulness is over.'" The President added, with a twinkle of his eye, "Hood's army was a good army. We have been very much afraid of it. But, as an army, I reckon its usefulness is gone."

This "little story" reminds me of another told by the President, which, though it has been often told in print, is worth revival. In the autumn of 1863 General Burnside was besieged in Knoxville, Tennessee, and his communications interrupted. For several anxious days no news from Burnside reached Washington, and during this time nobody knew how it fared with him. At last, despatches were received from him, asking for re-enforcements. A gentleman called on the President just after the news that Burnside had been heard from was published. The visitor expressed his satisfaction at this intelligence, whereupon the President said, "Yes, Burnside's call reminds me of a woman in Sangamon County, who had a great flock of small children. She lived in a log-house, in the midst of a growth of hazel-brush. The children were continually coming to grief by various accidents among the brush, or were getting lost, bitten by snakes, and so on. The mother of this flock, with the care of her children on her mind, would sometimes pause in her work, as the cry of a child would reach her from the distant depths of the brush, and say, 'Well, there's one of my young ones that isn't lost, anyway.' Burnside isn't lost, any way, for he's crying for help!"

NOAH BROOKS.

The Future Usefulness of the Erie Canal.

[We give place to the following communication from a gentleman who is not altogether satisfied with the conclusions reached by Mr. Stevens in his paper on "The Erie Canal" in SCRIBNER for November, 1877.—ED.]

THE facilities of transportation on the Erie Canal accommodate six thousand boats, averaging in capacity 225 tons each. Assuming that one-half of this number of boats is returning from the east, and that the other half is on the way to tide water, we have at one time moving toward New York City, 22,000,000 bushels of grain, all to arrive within thirteen days. To accomplish the same result by rail, there would be required 100 trains of cars, made up of fifty cars each, making the total of 5,000 cars per day, for a fraction less than thirteen days,—each car averaging ten tons burthen. It is safe to say, therefore, that the facilities of the Erie Canal to move freight, are far greater than the capacity of all the railroads coming into New York put together.

As to the future usefulness of the Canal, the first question to be asked is in relation to the moving power used for transportation, Whether the late improvements in the power used, will enable the canal to compare favorably with the rail as to the actual cost of moving freight. Many plans for quick and economical transit have been submitted to those persons designated by the State to examine them, embracing the use of steam, water-power, towing by endless cables, etc. The plan of coupling two boats together, with the steam-power applied only to one boat which pushes the other ahead, shows a great saving of labor and fuel. The coupling is so ingeniously arranged, that it is a very simple matter to uncouple the boats in order to allow them to pass through the locks separately. The expense of moving them, as seen by a statement submitted, is \$602.58 for making the entire trip from New York to Buffalo and return, with an average load of 315 tons; and in this expense are included tolls, fuel, oil, depreciation of, and interest on, property, labor, insurance and sundry expense, etc. The time consumed is nineteen days. This comprises a distance of about 1,000 miles, over which 315 tons of freight have been moved at a cost of \$602.58, which is a little less than *two mills per ton per mile*. A comparison with the old method of towing by horses shows a saving of time of at least *five days*, while the capacity is *twice* as great and the actual cost is only one-quarter as much. It has been mentioned by excellent authority that for 47 years the actual cost of transportation of freight by canal, where horse-power has been used, averaged a trifle over eight mills per ton per mile. It is hardly probable that the rail can bring it down to six.

Much of the commerce of our country has sought the seaboard through other sources than the Central Railroad, the Erie Canal, and the several important trunk lines coming into Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The immense patronage given to Montreal, together with the evidences of a new route about to be opened to New Orleans, should open the eyes of those who feel an interest in the commercial

supremacy of New York. When water transportation such as is offered by the Erie Canal receives the attention from capitalists which it deserves, and the railroad mania has been cured, then will New York harbor receive back this commerce now diverted to other channels. The geographical position of the Erie Canal is such, and the conveniences of loading and unloading are so great, that with cheap and rapid transit, with new and improved equipment, and the gradual unlocking of the immense resources of the West, the Erie Canal will come in for a large share of this great freight of the future.

During the past four years the receipts from canal tolls have been comparatively small, and this can be attributed to the fact that until this year the toll tax has been too high. This made it almost impossible for boat-owners to keep their property in reasonable repair, and as the boats became incapable of service they were allowed to go to ruin. The equipment of the Canal has rapidly wasted away, as the result of excessively high tolls, and not from the low rates on freight. If the low toll-sheet had prevailed earlier the effect would have been entirely different; for not only would the old boats have been duly repaired, but more rapid progress would have been made toward introducing the cheapest and most approved plan of vessels fit for canal purposes.

In view of the many obstacles in the way to discourage those whose endeavors have been directed to canal improvement, the result shown in regard to the use of steam is highly satisfactory, and worthy of all commendation. To be sure, the reduction of tolls has something to do with this result; but the accomplishment of this very satisfactory result has been effected mainly by a trial of steam for four years, during which time a very extensive business of transportation has been conducted, and certain improvements have suggested themselves. Those in charge of the steamers have become better acquainted with their duties, by this four years' experience. The competent captains, engineers, and deck hands have been retained, while the incompetent, dishonest, intemperate and indifferent have been weeded out. Last, but not least, the patent coupling arrangement has been applied, and in a very short time its adoption has become so eminently important that the introduction of steam in vessels of two hundred tons burthen could hardly reach an entirely satisfactory solution without it.

The business of the Canal for the year has come to an end. It has been a prosperous season, so far as the volume of freight transferred is concerned. This season 6,908 boats cleared at Buffalo, an increase of

2,058 over last year. The grand shipment of grain was 48,446,768 bushels, against 27,615,023 last year, an increase of 20,831,745 bushels for the season of 1877. In all kinds of lumber shipments there has been the same increase. If these things continue, next season will see the workshops along the line open, and the tap of the caulker's mallet will be heard, signifying a new, progressive, and vigorous life for the Erie Canal. Her steam-vessels will go alongside of the ocean steamer to have their cargoes transferred, thus avoiding the expense and delay of towing, and the inconvenience and extra expense of transferring from the cars to the elevator, and from the elevator to the sailing-vessel or steamer, as in the case of rail.

The cost of Canal equipment sufficient to perform the great work of bringing into the harbor of New York more tonnage in less time than is now occupied by all the railroads touching this point, would hardly exceed \$15,000,000. The cost of two of our railroads coming into the city of New York, runs up into the hundreds of millions.

The new method of steam-carriage on the Canal will revolutionize the system of conducting the business of transportation. The shortages of cargoes, the unnecessary detention of boats in port the extra expense of loading and trimming cargoes, together with other obstacles which are a fair accompaniment to the primitive method of horse-towage, must give way to the introduction of steam, which will be strong enough to overcome them all, thus effecting a reform that will preserve this great artificial water-way which has cost the State \$70,000,000, and enable it to triumph over all its enemies.

So much having been accomplished, it remains now for the State to encourage those engaged in canal enterprises. The toll-sheet should be abolished altogether and the channel of the canal should be dug out to its legalized depth of seven feet throughout its entire length. It is not so highly important that the widening process should begin immediately. The time will come, however, when the use of steam will be so popular that the most incredulous will be forced to admit that the Erie Canal is the only source to which New York City can look to preserve her commercial footing. With these facts before us, we may hope that the merchant and shipper will be protected from the influence of those whose natural wish is to see this important route closed to commerce, and its traffic given over to a gigantic railroad monopoly, to which it is already a great barrier.

GEORGE ROWLAND.

THE OLD CABINET.

SHALL we have a "Black-and-White Exhibition" in New York? The "black-and-white" room of the Water-color Society's Exhibition was one of the most interesting features of this year's show in the Academy Buildings. It was interesting in itself, and it was interesting also as suggestive of what could be done in an exhibition devoted entirely to black-and-white. Only a few days before the opening of the recent exhibition word was sent around that possibly the large south room of the Academy would be opened, and the entire corridor, or one of the other large rooms, given up to "black-and-whites." A good many wood-engravings, some with their originals, were sent in in response to the informal invitation. On this short and insufficient notification, there were, as it transpired, not enough examples offered to warrant the opening of the entire suite of rooms of the Academy Building; but there were too many for the little north-west room, the result being a small, but rich, collection, and the return of some of the best proofs and drawings offered. Here are some of Mr. Marsh's well-known butterfly engravings, unsurpassable in delicacy and correctness of imitation; also his reproductions of Mr. La Farge's drawings on wood,—engravings which, for subtlety, for richness of color, and for sympathetic translation of the originals, have already gained a reputation unique in the history of the art. Mr. Marsh's frames included some interesting examples of the wood-designs of Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, this being the first time, so far as we remember, that the work of this artist has appeared in a public exhibition in New York. The wood-engravings of most interest after those of Mr. Marsh were the portraits from originals by Wyatt Eaton and others, reproduced by Mr. Cole, a young engraver whose manual execution is both accurate and refined, and who possesses a knowledge of drawing and a sense of art not as common in his profession as they should be.

There are not many who are aware of the existence, even, in this city of an Etching Club. Yet the members of this young organization showed in the black-and-white room some creditable and promising work: Mr. Dielman, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Miller and others. From Philadelphia also were a number of examples by Mr. Peter Moran. A small head, by Mr. Dielman, was perhaps the most remarkable of the American etchings. We would say, of course, that Mr. Whistler's were altogether the most skillful etchings here by any American artist, were we not almost tired of calling Mr. Whistler an American artist. The most important of the foreign etchings was a vigorous reproduction, by Seymour Hayden, of Turner's "Calais Pier." We understand that one great drawback to the progress of etching in New York is the difficulty of getting the plates well printed. Even the London etchers (if we are not mistaken) have to send to Paris in

order to get satisfactory impressions—unless they do the work themselves. Why cannot one of our young artists, who has trouble to make both ends meet, start a little printing business of this kind? As every artist, and especially as every etcher, knows, making the impression should command almost, if not quite as much art-sense as making the plate. Good printing is never simply mechanical, and, least of all, the printing of an etching. It is, in fact, the final process in the drawing.

The great variety of interesting work crowded into this little room—etchings, wood-engravings by those named (and by King, Nichols, Wolf and others—in some cases with their originals, by T. Moran, Eaton, Abbey, Laffan), drawings by C. S. Reinhart, Miss Oakey, Richard Gross, C. H. Miller, etc.—gives an idea of what could be done in an exhibition devoted entirely to black-and-white. It may be that the Water-color Society should take such an exhibition under its auspices; it may be that the enterprise could be better managed separately,—certainly if it were separate there would be a chance for a less confused and confusing catalogue than the pages devoted in the society's catalogue to the contents of the north-west room. That the public would be greatly interested in, and greatly instructed by, such an exhibition there can be no doubt, and it is equally clear that it would be of benefit to our art and to our artists. One of the marked features of the development of art in this country is the increasing excellence of our popular illustrated literature. The public demand, and artists and publishers supply, better pictures than formerly, both in periodicals and books. Such an exhibition would include among its advantages the opportunity for close comparison, as well as for emulation and healthy rivalry among our draughtsmen, and their interpreters the engravers on wood.

The Water-color Exhibition proper had many points of interest. In its way, there was perhaps nothing else so masterly as Mr. Swain Gifford's "On the Lagoon," another picture marking the steady advance of this artist,—though Messrs. Colman, Tiffany, H. Farrer, W. T. Richards and Wyant, showed some of their strongest work. The *genre* pieces of Messrs. Eakins, Abbey, Reinhart and Pranishnikoff were, perhaps, the best in this line, Mr. Eakins's pieces attracting especial attention for originality, and strength of characterization. Justice requires us to say, in view of what was said by the critic last year, that Mr. Satterlee's work, though not all that could be wished, has improved surprisingly. Mr. La Farge's "Sketch" of a figure with iridescent butterfly wings, was not only curious as an experiment in material, but supplied an imaginative element of a kind not too frequent on these walls. Among the pictures from abroad, "A Ballet," by Degas, gave us an opportunity of seeing the work of one of the strongest members of the French

"Impressionist" school, so called; though light, and in parts vague, in touch, this is the assured work of a man who can, if he wishes, draw with the sharpness and firmness of Holbein. After these, the landscapes of Stacquet and Priquereau, of Belgium, took our fancy; and Mrs. Stillman's "Bloom Time." The latter, though not free from the mannerism of the English pre-Raphaelites, has a thoughtfulness and loveliness altogether individual.

THE STUDENTS' ART LEAGUE of New York, among its various methods of instruction and culture, has adopted the plan of special exhibitions at the regular monthly meetings. These exhibitions each month differ in character. Sometimes the work of the students is shown, with one wall devoted to the latest sketches of older artists friendly to the League. At one meeting were exhibited the life-studies of a number of our younger artists, as well as those of some of the young foreign painters, their fellow-students, made in the European schools. This was, without doubt, the fullest and most interesting exhibition of the kind ever made in this country. Here could be seen the studies (and sketches) of Julius Weir, Low, Ward, Eaton, Wencker, Dastuck, Simi, Gortelmeyer, Shirlaw, Dielman, Chase, Duveneck, Gross, Dannat and Humphrey Moore. The value of such an opportunity for observation and comparison of the studies made under the living masters of France, Germany and Italy, every painter and every one interested in painting will understand. It is to be regretted that the collection could be kept together only a single day. At another meeting of the League the walls were covered with photographs, engravings, and copies of the old masters, loaned for the occasion. Later there was to be (and will have been before this is printed) a "black-and-white" exhibition.

Large and well-selected collections of photographs and engravings from the works of the old masters are needed more than anything else just now in our American art schools. To study art without having access either to these or to their originals is, of course, like trying to study literature without having the opportunity of reading the standard writers, either in their original languages, or in translations. Those who have to do with the management or endowment of art schools sometimes forget that a good photograph of a cartoon by Michael Angelo or Raphael is, to a young artist, what a poem of Shakspeare or Milton is to a young writer.

As we have said before, there have never been so many well-trained artists in New York as at present, and never so many art-students,—young people hard at work and under better instruction than has been hitherto obtainable here. Yet our artists, old and young, have had a pretty hard time of it this winter. The business of selling pictures has been perhaps duller even than other businesses of late; though the bric-à-brac mania is supposed to be particularly to blame for the lack of activity in the "picture market."

There is one great disadvantage suffered by our resident artists. They are almost entirely ignored by the powerful picture-dealers. These are generally foreigners, and naturally take comparatively little interest in American artists or American art. It is a simple matter of business; they can make more money out of imported paintings. We think of one exception to the above rule: that of a foreign-born dealer who does take a lively and intelligent interest in American painting and sculpture.

One of these days there will be a change. It will be a matter of interest to deal in American paintings. It is true that art has no nationality; that good art is in no deep sense foreign. But as the public taste improves, the demand for the clever, shallow European work now so popular here will be followed by a demand for the good and sincere work of both foreign and native artists. Of course shallowness and pretension, native and imported, will never lack a following. On the other hand, the chances for the substantial recognition of merit are improving, and will continue to improve.

Meantime some of the most wide-awake of the smaller dealers are making a specialty of the work of American artists, and the feasibility of opening a sales-room for pictures under the charge of the Society of Decorative Art is being discussed.

THE "Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne"* show that the girl to whom Keats was engaged was not the "Charmian" described in his already published correspondence, but a very different sort of a person; cold, handsome, selfish, "self-sufficing." Her only two recorded utterances regarding the poet are, first, that "the kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him," and second, that his letters should be carefully guarded, "as they would some day be considered of value,"—a prediction at last fully verified by her dutiful and thrifty offspring. There is not one of these most intimate letters of the dying poet that fails to increase our respect and admiration for him. It is true his mistake was fatal with regard to this woman (and his approaching death a merciful release); yet, while himself sternly and immovably constant to the last, it is evident that his sensitive, pure, and upright spirit detected in her the unlovely qualities which are now so plain to all the world. Even if he may have exaggerated the actual extent of her dereliction in the way of "flirtations" with Brown and others, he was still, though unconsciously, aware of the shallowness and unfaithfulness of her nature.

The industrious editor fails lamentably in his perfunctory defense of the heroine of his book. We see little that is morbid in Keats's state of mind at this time, notwithstanding all that Mr. Forman has to say under this head. The letters are repressed; he is fighting hard for life; carrying on his literary

* Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, written in the Years MDCCCXIX and MDCCCXX, and now given from the Original Manuscripts, with Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

work manfully; refusing every indulgence that would interfere with his recovery. The irritation occasioned by contact with a nature which had both great attraction and great repulsion for him, was entirely natural.

There is another point in which we utterly disagree with the editor, namely, in his opinion that "the world at large" had any good claim "to participate in the gift of these letters." What, by the way, does Mr. Forman mean by "gift?" Keats never gave them to "the world at large;" and, if the world owns them now, it is, we suppose, by barter, and not by gift.

If a New Zealander had sauntered into the Lyceum Theater in this city during a recent Shakspearean engagement, he would have found material for an interesting note on the manners of American audiences. "In America the theater audiences whistle and sing popular song and hymn tunes in chorus, not merely in time with the band, during intermission, but during the progress of the play itself. This custom is so general that no exception is made with the most solemn tragedies of the greatest of dramatists."

We believe that on the first nights of the engagement the gentleman who took the leading parts protested now and then against the boisterous interruptions of the performance. But the night that we dropped in, later in the season, he (as well as all the other actors) had come to understand pretty well what the audience required, namely, that the play should go straight ahead, with a running commentary by different individuals in the crowd, and the occasional accompaniment of the full chorus, as mentioned above. Never did a "star" earn his money with greater ease. As it was impossible for the audience to catch more than three consecutive words during an entire play, it was really not necessary for him to elevate his voice above the conversational tone; in fact, so long as his jaw wagged visibly he need not use his voice at all. He did not even have to be droll. All he had to do was to walk through the play in the stilted, commonplace fashion which was natural to him, and which is natural to all actors of his caliber. The Count Joannes has method in his madness. He knows how to attract attention, and to make money. He is merely a marked specimen of a very common type: a man of mediocre talents, conceited, bombastic. The only point in which he differs from a host of other mediocrities is that, for the sake of notoriety and the money that can be made out of notoriety, he is willing to be made a fool of.

One reason, however, for the popular success of the Joannes entertainments may be found in the fact that here was a performance in which every one could take part. A Methodist friend of ours said that it reminded him of a good old-fashioned revival meeting,—one continual roar of voices, from beginning to end, with here and there a sentence ringing out above the rest from pew or pulpit.

MY DEAR MR. M.: Can you tell me what warrant there is in precedent or taste for the introduction into light comedies of the element of pain or horror? Does it not show inadequate constructive ability when the writer of a comedy thinks he must use every device, no matter how violent, to force the attention of his audience? It would seem to be bad enough to be compelled to witness the progress of diseases such as paralysis, consumption and idiocy upon the melodramatic stage; but to mix incongruous elements like these with the lightest of comedy makes an effect as unpleasant as it is grotesque. Are the public supposed to like this sort of thing? I apply to you as an "expert."

O. C.

DEAR OLD CABINET: I can scarcely suppose that you would dare to call me as an "expert" without warrant, so I surmise you are in possession of a diploma of some sort setting forth that I have duly passed my examination in "old comedy," and the "legitimate" and "sensation" and other branches of the humanities as seen through an opera-glass, and that the *Prex de hac auctoritate mihi commissa* has duly sent me forth to criticise and expound.

And I do not see how I can begin my mission better than by trying to find answers for your questions.

By a "light comedy" you mean that class of play not infrequent which is neither farce nor comedy, or rather which is both farce and comedy; the author—like the minister who was asked if he would have pudding or pie—apparently preferring to have a little of both, if you please. Now, a comedy, I take it, is a play, the main object of which is satire of society. A farce is a play which merely aims at amusement,—to be obtained most readily by comic complication of situation and equivocal, not always without some sacrifice of probability. There is a large class of plays which do not rise to the dignity of comedy, and yet scarcely sink to the level of farce. They depend for their interest on the graceful and easy turn of their plot, rather than on that clash of character from which we must expect to strike the spark of true comedy. The incidents form the characters instead of the characters making the incidents, as they should in comedy, from which "light comedy"—to use your expression—differs therefore in kind rather than in degree. As they do not depend on extravagance for comic effect, or outrage probability in search of fun, but seek merely a sort of surface amusement by such quiet means as the lively twist of imbroglia or neat turn of dialogue, they differ from farce; but the difference is in degree rather than in kind. Push the situations of a comic drama, as the English playwrights call it, a little farther, overcharge the situations a little, and the result is farce.

Now, if my definition that a light comedy is a play, depending for its effect on the easy treatment of humorous situations, is accepted,—and I do not see where it leaks,—your question is answered. A painful situation of any kind—physical, mental or moral—would be obviously out of place; and still

more misplaced would be any exhibition of physical deformity. The introduction of anything of the sort would inevitably spoil that unity which every work of art should have; and the lowliest farce, like the most exalted tragedy, should be—each after its kind—a work of art. To “use every device, no matter how violent, to force the attention,” shows that the dramatist is either incapable of developing his theme or that he has none, and relies upon haphazard expedients, pitched together hastily and helter-skelter to fill out his play.

There is thus no warrant in taste for the abuse you complain of; and the only warrant in precedent which may be pleaded is that painful situations are to be found in French comedies. That this is but a slender reed to lean on is evident when we consider the different meanings the Latin word comedy has in different languages. In Italian it means one thing, when we speak of Dante’s “Divine Comedy.” In Spanish it meant another thing to Lope de Vega and Calderon,—to them it was merely synonymous with play. In England it meant something else to Shakspeare and to Sheridan, writing at an interval of two centuries. In France it means yet another thing to-day. The French idea of comedy has altered since Diderot, and his disciples developed the *comédie larmoyante* and the *tragédie bourgeoise*. The result is that the French definition of comedy includes “Frou-frou” and “La Dame aux Camélias,” and the English does not. These plays owe their success to the sadness and pathos of their situations, not to the strength of their characters; and if by a comedy we mean a play which satirizes society, obviously we cannot include under that definition either “Frou-frou” or “La Dame aux Camélias.”

Your reference to melodrama suggests another remark. The Greeks objected to a murder in sight of the audience. When Medea killed her children, she did it behind the scenes, and their outcries reached the spectators, but not the sight of their struggles; and it may be noted that Salvini was so far under Greek influence that he took Desdemona

out to kill her. Evidence in favor of the Greek practices is to be derived from “A Celebrated Case,” a play which has doubtless been seen by many of your readers. In the first act, a ruffian murders a defenseless woman, plunging a dagger to her heart, and leaving her to die before us, while he escapes. The scene is simply shocking; it is both brutal and brutalizing, and it is no wonder that a mute protest runs through the theater; and this is because the victim is murdered, and because she is a woman. No such feeling is evident when man meets man, and after a fair fight kills him or wounds him to the death. When Hamlet dies, when Macbeth is killed, when Richard falls at the feet of Richmond, we feel no such shock; nor do we when the Corsican brother calmly kills his foe, or when the cripple in the “Two Orphans” becomes the avenger of injured innocence. But assassination, especially of a defenseless woman, is more than shocking, it is revolting. And this tends to show that the Greeks of old knew more about the true principles of the drama than the French of to-day, in spite of all their cleverness.

Yours truly,

J. B. M.

SO MANY questions have been asked about the methods of producing the portrait of Lincoln, printed as a frontispiece to the Midwinter number, and so many theories have been set afloat as to “material” and “processes,” that it may as well be told that Mr. Wyatt Eaton made the original drawing (from the photograph), less than half life-size, on white paper, in India ink, with a Chinese brush. This drawing was photographed on the block, and engraved by Mr. T. Cole, who engraved in the same number, “A Moose-Fight,” “A Girl of the Mexican Camp,” “A Wedding under the Directory,” and St. Gaudens’ panel of “Angels.” For its proper effect, the engraving should be held at a greater distance from the eye than is necessary with most magazine illustrations.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

On the French spoken by those who do not speak French.

I HAVE always thought it a great pity that Thackeray did not leave us a “Roundabout” paper “On the French spoken by those who do not speak French.” No one is as competent and as capable of doing justice to the topic as Thackeray. It is a subject which seems most suitable for the author of the “Book of Snobs;” for, above all things, is there snobbishness in the pretense of knowing French when you do not know it; in the affectation of being on speaking terms with the language, when in very truth it barely returns your bow. The title of the proposed paper is perhaps a little long—but there

is wealth enough of material to warrant an article as ample as the name may promise. Indeed, the title is almost too comprehensive, for it includes the blunders of those who know they cannot speak French, but nevertheless try to make themselves understood, and the errors of those who think they can speak French in spite of oral testimony which convinces every one else. And it would also include certain extraordinary phrases which pass for French in ordinary English speech.

The first of these two classes is the French of Stratford at Bow, the French of the hoosier or the cockney, the French of those who affectionately refer to the capital of France as “Parry,”—as

though it were an Arctic explorer; there are even those, I am told, who descend so low as "Parree,"—because, mayhap, like Mrs. General Giffory, they "have been so long abroad." At this type the French themselves never tire of poking fun. In caricature, pictorial or dramatic, it is an endless source of amusement, and the seeker for illustrative anecdote has an abundance to choose from. One of the most amusing is a dialogue between a cockney passenger who has full belief in the purity of his French, and the conductor of a diligence. The cockney begins by calling the coachman a pig,—and, indeed, *cocher* is not so very unlike *cochon*. Then he addresses himself to the conductor:

"Étes-vous le diligence?"

"Non, m'sieur, je suis le conducteur."

"C'est tout le meme chose. Donnez-moa doux places dans votre interieur."

Unable to get inside seats, he tries to mount to the roof. Unfortunately, he slips and falls heavily to the ground. The conductor runs to his assistance.

"Avez-vous de mal, m'sieur?"

"No, moa pas de malle, moa only a portman-teau."

The second kind of French which is spoken by those who do not speak French, consists of those words and phrases which pass current at the conversational exchange as French coins, although they bear no French mint mark. They are of varying degrees of reprehensibility. Sometimes it is a lingual slip,—the dropping in *bouquet* of a necessary *u* for which compensation is sought by the injection of an unnecessary *u* into *sobriquet*. This is more the result of carelessness than anything else, and it needs but to be pointed out to correct itself at sight.

Somewhat akin to this is the use of *matinée*, to indicate an entertainment in the afternoon,—a *matinée musicale* is a musical forenoon really, but I doubt if you would ever think of attending one before mid-day. And yet this is perhaps rather Irish than French,—one, may be, of those Irish bulls, which, as the professor said, were calves in Greece. But what a *thé dansante* might be,—and I am assured the mystic words have been seen upon many an invitation card,—no Frenchman could haply guess. He would doubtless understand the use of the phrase *crème de la crème*, to designate those whom N. P. Willis happily nicknamed the upper ten thousand; but, if he were a well-bred and well-educated Frenchman, it is not a term he would ever employ, preferring no doubt the phrase brought into fashion by Mme. de Sévigné, the *dessus du panier*—the top of the basket.

But the one expression, which above all others deserves to be pilloried for fraudulently and with intent to deceive giving itself out to be French, is *double entendre*. It is a phrase of which the theatrical reporter of an Oshkosh or Sheboygan newspaper is certain to be fond, but which he fondly believes to be French. Nor is he so very far out of the way. The Frenchman's phrase for words with two meanings is *double entente*, and with *double entendre* he is wholly unfamiliar,—as unfamiliar, indeed, as he is with *gendre*: pictures, an artistic

classification of which a young American in Paris was guilty not long ago.

To the ignorant and affected misuse of French or quasi-French, there is another kind of snobbishness closely akin and deserving castigation as severe. It is the use of the native name of a place, or worse yet, of the French name, instead of the English. What sort of figure would be cut by a returned traveler who described his journeys and his sojournings in *Italia* and *Deutschland*? Is it not as bad to speak of Mainz? and worse still, of Mayence?—when there is an honest English name, Mentz, inscribed in a hundred lusty chronicles of illustrious wars? And how often do we hear ladies talk of Malines lace, meaning the while the lace made at Mechlin,—for the town is Dutch, although the French have chosen to give it a name of their own fashioning, as they have also to Mentz and many another town. In the very slipshod catalogue of the recent loan collection at the Academy of Design for the Society of Decorative Art, there was an absurd wavering and confusion between the French and English words; lace was sometimes from Mechlin and sometimes from Malines, and I doubt not that many a stranger did not discover the identity of the places.

If the English language is not good enough for us, let us follow the suggestion of Mr. Marcy and the Russian Czar, and write and talk American. French, I fear me, fails us when we keep it, like our front parlors, merely for show.

J. B. M.

Horticultural Suggestions.

PRUNING.—To produce the best forms of trees, shrubs, or vines, as well as the best results in either fruits or flowers, the accepted horticultural authorities recommend the use of the pruning-hook. This instrument, in the hands of unskilled persons is often made to do great damage, but when guided by trained hands and common sense, it is a necessity that no one can dispense with, no matter how limited the spot planted. The time for doing this sort of work will depend, of course, on the locality. In the North and West, the last days of March, and all through the month of April is the season usually selected for trimming and cutting. Grape-vines that should always have a large portion of the previous year's growth of wood cut off, are usually pruned earlier; say from January to March, so that the wounds may have time to heal over before the sap starts with the approach of warm weather, and by this timely precaution check what is commonly known as "bleeding" of the vines, which is supposed to weaken and otherwise injure them. There is no objection to pruning the grape-vine in either January, February, or March; it may be cut any time during the winter; still there is not the slightest foundation for the popular prejudice of "bleeding," and vines not pruned in the months named may be cut back in April without fear of injury.

For vines, trees, or shrubs, the instrument used should have a sharp, keen edge, so as to make a clean, smooth surface to the cut.

Common shrubs, such as the *Althæa wiegela*, purple-leaved berberry, sweet-scented shrub (*Calycanthus floridus*), and others of this class should be cut back freely, and this kind of treatment will be productive of good results, both in the growth of new wood and in more profuse blooming, while they may be shaped to suit the fancy of the owner. Rose-bushes may be gone over with profit, cutting back very freely the Tea, China and Bourbon, and thinning out more and cutting back less the Baltimore Belle and Prairie Queen, and roses of this class. Every bush, tree, and vine has peculiar characteristics, and when the owner is familiar with these, the pruning-hook is an indispensable implement to promote vigorous habits and aid in making shapely forms, besides increasing the blooming capacities.

In pruning young pear-trees, encourage an upward and outward growth. Cut back from one-half to two-thirds of the young wood. With older trees, of both apples and pears, the heads ought to be kept open, although it may call for the removing of large branches. These, when necessary, can be taken off without injury. Peaches need thinning out of the young wood, but, after the first year, shortening in will do more harm than good. This plan is followed now by the most successful peach-growers. Raspberries and blackberries in bearing should have the dead wood taken away and the ends of the larger twigs cut back, before the canes are fastened to the stakes or wires.

GRAFTING.—The spring is the best time to graft, and the process is simple, rapid, and when once understood, failure becomes the exception. Cleft-grafting is the method in most common practice among modern gardeners when "working over" fruit and ornamental trees. The branch should be sawed off at the point where the scion is to be inserted. The stock is then split in the center and kept apart by a wooden wedge. The scions should be taken from young healthy trees and of last year's growth. The lower end of the scion—about three inches long—should be cut wedge-shape, and when pressed into place, the inner bark of both stock and scion must be in line. When the stock is large, a scion can be set on either side. When these are in place, by removing the wooden wedge, the scions will be held firmly if the stock is over two inches in diameter. But when less in size, it is better to tie with a strip of bass matting around the stock, and cover over the end and sides of the same with grafting-wax. This prevents decay until the union takes place. Grafting small fruit stock, shrubs and vines is a pleasant and interesting amusement that may be practiced by ladies who are fond of horticultural pursuits.

The cherry is one of the most difficult, and is the first that should be grafted in the spring. The other fruits, shrubs and vines can be gone over any time in April. I have frequently set pear-scions the first week in May, when the trees were in full leaf, and with entire success. In changing the variety of fruit by grafting, it is not safe to cut off more than one-third of the head each year, taking three years to accomplish the work. This rule need not be observed with small trees or shrubs, although it is always better to leave a branch or two to elaborate the excess of sap.

SHADE-TREES.—There is a great satisfaction in knowing what selection of shade-trees those who are competent to judge would make for road or lawn planting. Just such information is now before the public, and it will prove of very great value to those who intend to beautify their road-sides or private grounds. The Park Commission of Washington, D. C., composed of three men of high standing in horticultural circles, have planted miles of street-trees, numbering about forty thousand. The bulk of these are made up of twelve varieties, and are named herewith in the order in which the commission valued them for the purpose: White maple (*Acer dasycarpum*), American linden (*Tilia Americana*), American elm (*Ulmus Americana*), scarlet maple (*Acer rubrum*), box elder (*Negundo aceroides*), sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*), American white ash (*Fraxinus Americana*), English sycamore (*Acer pseudoplatanus*), button-ball (*Platanus orientalis*), tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), honey locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*), Norway maple (*Acer platanoides*).

This is an excellent assortment to select from for road-side planting. Each variety here named when full grown assumes handsome proportions, and most of them have brilliant and attractive foliage in the fall. In planting shade-trees along the road-side, especially in a clay country, they should be set at least fifty feet apart, for if closer there will be too much shade, and bad, wet roads in the spring are sure to follow. This close planting should also be strenuously avoided in decorating private grounds. Any system that excludes the free access of sun and air from the dwelling-house is pernicious. Go wherever one may he will find this faulty system of close planting in vogue, and in eight cases out of ten there are two trees or shrubs on a space where one would have been enough. The plea for this is a desire for immediate effect. The remedy is to cut down in time every other tree. This last is seldom, if ever, carried out.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Joseph Cook's "Transcendentalism," and
"Orthodoxy."*

THE saying is current that "great faults and great virtues make the poetry of great natures." If this saying is as true of books as it is supposed to be of men, then this second volume of the Monday lectures ought to be called a great poem. It certainly has great merits. There can be no possible question that its faults are many and great. Its merits are the boldness, the earnestness, and the eloquence with which the author asserts truths that are eminently important, and are often overlooked. The occasional extravagance of the language, and the still greater violence of the illustrations and the occasionally still more offensive incongruity of the images that are woven into what purport to be single metaphors, do not destroy the force, although they weaken the impression, of the many energetic and passionate utterances of condensed and forcible poetry and eloquence blended into one. Take the following sentences from "Transcendentalism:" "The whole of metaphysics, the whole philosophy of evolution, the whole of materialism, the whole of everything that calls itself scientific, must submit itself to certain first truths; and therefore on these first truths we must fasten the microscope with all the eagerness of those who wish to feel beneath them somewhere in the yeasting foam of modern speculation a deck that is tremorless." "Let us test quadrant by quadrant around the whole circle of research. Let us conjoin the testimony of intuition, instinct, experiment and syllogism. Show me accord between your quadrant of intuition and your quadrant of instinct, and between these two and the quadrant of experiment,—the latter is the English quarter of the heavens, and that of intuition is the German,—and between these three and the quadrant of syllogism; and with these four supreme tests of truth agreeing, I know enough for the canceling of the orphanage of doubt. I know not everything, but I assuredly can find a way through all multiplex labyrinths between God and man, and will with confidence ascend through the focus of the four quadrants into God's bosom [applause]." We submit that if these sentences in a speaker so imposing and gigantesque are "most tolerable" when uttered, yet they are "not to be endured" when printed in a book. The same is true of not a little of the criticism, philosophy and theology in this volume. The title of the volume is a misnomer, being an accommodation to a popular error of speech. It is in reality a discussion of Theodore Parker's theological teachings. But among these teachings his affinities with the transcendental school, and his partial adoption of transcendental

tenets are of very minor importance. Mr. Parker did indeed reject the Christian revelation as being unnecessary in the light of that natural revelation which he contended that every man possesses of the essential principles of religious truth. In this position, Mr. Parker was at one with Lord Herbert of Cherbury. But that this position did not necessarily make him reject the supernatural Christ is evident from the fact that a great number of transcendentalists have been believing Christians. This Mr. Cook himself asserts when he distinguishes rationalistic from anti-rationalistic transcendentalism. We do not know where his wits were, however, when he styled the Kantian transcendentalism as anti-rationalistic, inasmuch as it is notorious that Kant went as far, if not farther, than Parker in eliminating the transient from the permanent and historical in Christianity. Indeed the very slenderest knowledge of the rise and growth of modern rationalism should have taught Mr. Cook that Kant was eminently its *fons et origo*. Mr. Cook occupies several lectures in defending the reality of transcendental or first truths, and in illustrating their necessity, but without making the slightest use of his conclusions, except to show that a man might be a transcendentalist and also a Christian believer—a truth which no Bostonian would think of denying. He does indeed attempt to show that Parker confounds intuitions with instincts, but proves little thereby except that he himself uses instinct as very nearly synonymous with intuition. But this adds little or no strength to his polemic against Mr. Parker. Singularly enough, on almost the same page on which Mr. Cook objects very strongly against Parker that he holds that our belief in God's existence is intuitive, he criticises him severely because he does not hold with Julius Müller that we have an intuitive consciousness of sin.

The candid critic is forced to conclude that the earlier lectures of this volume are anything rather than satisfactory, either as an exposition of rationalistic or anti-rationalistic transcendentalism. They neither adequately set forth what a Christian transcendentalism is, or wherein the anti-Christian transcendentalism of Theodore Parker is deficient. But as Mr. Cook leaves these expositions and criticisms and proceeds to examine Mr. Parker's views of man's character and obligations and possible destiny, his argument gathers strength and dignity. He stands here upon the phenomena of conscience, and utters truths to which every man's experience and convictions respond. Here he is strong and eloquent, for here he is as simple as he knows how to be, and is eloquent in spite of his exaggerations. We cannot speak as favorably of the theory of the Trinity, which occupies the two concluding lectures. This theory seems to us to be thoroughly incoherent and irreverent, and without the slightest claim to a sober consideration by any logical thinker or intelligent reader of the Scriptures.

* Boston Monday Lectures. Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Boston Monday Lectures. Orthodoxy, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The most noticeable feature in the volume entitled "Orthodoxy" is Mr. Cook's attempt to defend his own orthodoxy in this same theory of the Trinity. He is successful only so far as he corrects his careless and incongruous definitions, and abandons all that was peculiar in his own vaunted illustrations and arguments. Perhaps this is the reason why the third volume was entitled "Orthodoxy." No other reason is very obvious. So far as the topics are concerned it is but the continuation of the volume entitled "Transcendentalism;" the first lecture being on God as an object of fear, the two following on the Trinity, the fourth on Theodore Parker's contradictions, the fifth on the atonement, the sixth on the harmonization of the soul with its environment, the seventh on true and false optimism, the eighth a consideration of the Reverend Messrs. Clarke and Hale, the ninth on skepticism in New England, the tenth on Theodore Parker as an anti-slavery reformer, and the eleventh on Theodore Parker's errors.

The recital of these topics is sufficient to show that the two volumes are a continuous discussion of kindred themes, all having a more or less close relation to the teachings of Theodore Parker. The logic and the eloquence of several chapters are more satisfactory than in the volume preceding. We find the following remarkable sentence, however: "Let a man surrender to God; let him hew himself into a religious prism, which has reason, conscience, and self-surrender to God, as revealed in his word and works, for its three sides,—and the instant that posture of total, affectionate, irreversible self-surrender is reached, God will flash through the human faculties; the seven colors will fall on your face, on your families, on public life, on all the great fraud of American civilization, and give you as a people that coat of many colors which shall prove you to be the beloved son of the Father as a nation." This sentence reminds us of the sonorous utterances of Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler. It is more than a pity that a man of Mr. Cook's gifts and resources should utter such extravagances, or, having uttered them, should allow them to be printed with "applause" at the end.

Perhaps the most interesting of these lectures is the fifth, upon the atonement. It certainly has occasioned a somewhat active discussion which may in some form or other be maintained for a long time; the topic being none other than whether any moral governor can assume suffering upon himself in place of the punishment which an offender merits. This will lead to the wider and deeper question whether any analogies of this sort can adequately or even tolerably illustrate such truths as the atonement and redemption of man. The lecture itself is one of the most original contributions of Mr. Cook to our stock of theological theories, and whether tenable or not, will not soon be forgotten.

The lecture on skepticism in New England is in some points original with him,—at least so far as the proportioning of the causes is concerned, to which he assigns the new infidelity of Parker and his adherents. The chief of these causes he finds

in the admission of unspiritual or unconverted persons to the communion and covenants of the visible church. Upon this practice he lays the utmost stress, and expends not a little eloquence in setting forth its operation till it finally terminated in the slow but certain consequence of the anti-supernatural theories of Theodore Parker. It is most unfortunate for the force of the argument that the practice in question has, with few exceptions, prevailed in every part of Protestant Christendom. Even in Scotland, with its severe theology and its earnestly spiritual and evangelical dialect, conversion as a technical or actual experience has not been insisted on as a qualification for the communion. The Wesleyans and the Congregationalists have been prominently exceptional in endeavoring to apply this view in practice. The history of infidelity in the colleges of New England, and of the influence of Dr. Dwight in repressing it at Yale, is very eloquently told; but we question very much whether Mr. Cook is not unjust to Harvard in attaching so great importance to the absence of such a passage in her annals in those critical years. The story of the anti-slavery movement and the attitude toward it of the evangelical churches compelled Mr. Cook to walk through embers of fires scarcely yet extinguished. But Mr. Cook never minds embers of any kind, but stalks through them with a sturdy tread. We do not propose to follow him over these hot ashes, although we thank him for having at this point spoken some generous words for Parker. Perhaps we may seem to be hypercritical in dwelling upon these excesses and blemishes; we are not unmindful of the important services which the author has rendered to the cause of earnest and spiritual Christianity, nor of the genius and learning and courage which he has displayed in rendering them. We have none but the kindest wishes for Mr. Cook and his work. He has rare opportunities for usefulness. Would he learn simplicity and moderation in his thinking and utterances, he might attain to a most enviable position in defending and enforcing the Christian faith. But in these two characteristic fruits of true genius and essentials to permanent success, he evidently has had but little faith, and seems likely, amid the plaudits of his uncritical admirers, to retain still less.

Dr. Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt."*

DR. KLUNZINGER'S "Upper Egypt" is a valuable book, a record of original study and observation. The author is an Arabic scholar, an accomplished physician and naturalist, and he has spent several years in Egypt in intimate association with the common people. His qualifications for writing of the people and the country are uncommon, and his work takes rank among the books most serviceable to the traveler. But it has been commended more for what it is not than for what it is. The reviewers, misled by a paragraph in the introduction of Dr. Schweinfurth, have indorsed it as an excellent guide-

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

book. It has not, except in the second part, a single characteristic of a guide-book. It is in no sense a hand-book for the tourist, a guide to the sights of the country, nor in its routes of travel; it has nothing about its antiquities or its monuments. Consequently it does not touch upon the province of Wilkinson's work; nor, on the other hand, does it supersede Lane's. The first part is in some sort a supplement to Lane's great work, but to one familiar with Lane's, Dr. Klunzinger's contains little that is new. Lane's "Modern Egyptians" is the most exhaustive book ever written of the habits and customs of any people; and, in his own field, gleaning after him is rather unremunerative. Dr. Klunzinger made his observations in a country town; they are original, and exceedingly entertaining. His accounts of the Coptic Christians are fuller than Lane's, and in one other respect he surpasses his predecessor. The traveler on the Nile has heretofore felt the want of information concerning the fauna and flora; this want Dr. Klunzinger supplies most satisfactorily, and for this reason his book is indispensable.

The traveler in the Nile valley must have certain books. These are either Baedeker's or Murray's Guide-book, Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," and Lane's "Modern Egyptians." He will need also Mariette Bey's "Itinéraire" of the Nile, his "Aperçu de l'Histoire d'Égypte," and his catalogue of the Boulak Museum; and he will find very useful Dr. Birch's little book on Ancient Egypt, and his lecture on its Monumental History, delivered at the University of Cambridge in 1876.

We speak of these books as almost indispensable to the common tourist. To these may profitably be added Klunzinger's; and if the traveler is going out of the Nile valley into the country between the river and the Red Sea, this volume is the only one he can procure that will be of service to him. It describes the old caravan route from Kenah to Kosier. This was formerly a great highway of the English to and from India; stations were established in the desert; ladies made the journey of four or five days on camels or in palanquins. But the opening of the Suez Canal diverted the trade and travel from Kosier, and the desert route has resumed its ancient aspect. It is still traversed by a few trade caravans yearly, and by a few pilgrims to Mecca. Dr. Klunzinger passed over this route, and was for several years a resident physician at Kosier. During this time he explored the desert of this part of Upper Egypt in all directions. He lived with the nomad tribes; he searched the country for its plants and minerals. He has reproduced for us the desert life, and sketched with freedom and fidelity one of the most interesting of all the tribes—the Ababdeh. This portion of the volume is illustrated with the pencil as well as the pen, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most important contributions ever made to our knowledge of aboriginal tribes and desert-life. Since Burckhardt's travels, which it somewhat resembles, we have had nothing to compare with it. The whole region west of the Red Sea, its natural products, geograph-

ical and climatic features, and its inhabitants, are described with marvelous particularity and interest.

Harvey's "Reminiscences of Webster."

ONE measure of a man's greatness—not infallible, for what rule can be laid down that will always prove true in this matter?—is the length of time that it takes for him to receive due appreciation after his death. When a noted man's earthly career closes, if he has been a secondary magnitude, opinions are quickly made up, and his "case" is finished; if he has been molded on a very large plan, either there is an immediate and active discussion carried on for years as to what verdict should be entered in history concerning him, or else a silence of suspense—possibly of indifference—sets in, broken only after a considerable time. Of the first class, we may instance at sight, John Stuart Mill; of the second, Goethe; of the third, the pre-eminent example is Shakspeare. Talleyrand, who was a master in the mere artifices of securing fame, acknowledged the advantage of a postponement when he directed that his memoirs should not be published till half a century after his death. In the case of Daniel Webster, however, fortunate accident and pressing public events seem to have caused the delay. The fact that eighteen years passed after his death before the production of a complete and authorized biography is not without significance; and now, after a quarter of a century, comes the volume of recollections by Peter Harvey, a most intimate friend of the great leader. We have scarcely read it, when the journals announce a projected society for the collection of further material relating to Webster, for the continued study of his mind and character, and the commemoration of his patriotic services. Our readers do not need to be reminded of Mr. Wilkinson's essay on "Webster and the Compromise Measures of 1850" in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for July, 1876, which probably gave voice to a reactionary sentiment in the minds of many besides the writer. These publications, we think, show that the time has come—a quarter of a century after Webster's departure from the scenes of his fame—when people are disposed thoroughly to review his career. Mr. Harvey's reminiscences, though doubtless partial in their unvaried exaltation of the man, will prove useful in this review; and apart from this, they are full of interest in themselves. Instructive, pathetic and humorous anecdotes follow each other without interruption, and form a mass of gossip, yet useful reading of a kind which is always in favor, and not too common, in this country.

Field's "From Egypt to Japan."

DR. HENRY M. FIELD has now completed the circuit of the globe in his two published volumes of travel. The previous volume took the reader into the author's company at the lakes of Killarney and

* Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster. By Peter Harvey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† From Egypt to Japan. By Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

left him at the Golden Horn. The present work, which is uniform in appearance and style with the first volume, finishes the circuit by resuming the line of travel at Constantinople and concluding the trip in the midst of the Pacific, in sight of the western shores of the American continent. The tourist who travels only by the aid of these two volumes, then, may stay at home but pass before his mind's eye all that is worth seeing in "the grand round."

This second stage of the journey takes the traveler through Egypt, India, Burmah, the Malay Peninsula, the Straits Settlement, Java, China, and Japan. The major part of the book is occupied with the first-named two countries. China and Japan are most superficially and lightly treated. This is partly due to the fact that Dr. Field's observations in China were confined to Canton and Hong Kong, and, in Japan, to the vicinity of Yokohama and Tokio. But the bulk of the volume is not allowed to suffer by this cursory view of things Asiatic, as several essays on cognate subjects, admirable in their way, are introduced in the regular record of the traveler's experiences. Several episodes of the Indian mutiny are retold with much freshness and minuteness of detail, and in that part of the book devoted to Egypt, we are treated to three chapters which severally discuss the Egyptian idea of a future life, the religion of Mohammed, and the suggestion that Moses may have borrowed his law from the Egyptians. All of this is very interesting, and the author satisfactorily shows that though Moses was "learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians," the law which he gave to the Israelites was as utterly foreign to the ideas of Egyptian priests as light is unlike the darkness. The chapter on missions in India, and the author's answer to the question, "Do missionaries do any good?" will be read with pleasure by many people.

As for the rest of the book, it seems only necessary to say that it possesses the same traits which have made its predecessor so widely popular. Dr. Field's literary style is absolutely clear, and he has the faculty, by the use of a few words, of enabling the reader to see exactly what the author desires him to see. His pictures are vivid as well as agreeable. If you are his companion in the East, you do not dismount and make your weary way through unwholesome places, where you are assailed by uncertain sounds, repulsive sights, and noisome odors. You drive through the streets, and along desert roads, accompanied by a gentleman of intelligence, who is careful not to crowd your mind with so many things that you remember nothing distinctly. The result is a pleasant, chatty, unambitious book, the perusal of which leaves upon the mind none but pleasurable impressions.

Perhaps we may add that the discussions interpolated here and there, to which we have just alluded, are precisely what well-bred and well-read travelers would hold with each other as they journeyed through the enchanted lands of the East.

Louise McLaughlin's "China Painting." *

THE accession of interest in art which the American public has shown within a few years has, in some quarters, and especially since the Centennial Exhibition, taken on the character of an important social development. One of its first results, very naturally, has been the production of a great deal of crude amateur work, especially in what is called "art pottery," and the painting of porcelain. Miss McLaughlin, in her pamphlet on china painting, begins, therefore, with wholesome words of warning to aspirants in this branch of decorative work. "Success depends on knowing how to be patient, how to endure drudgery," she quotes from Taine. For her own part she says plainly: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the idea that one can successfully practice any branch of art without having previously learned to draw is false." She tells how work may be done with little of this knowledge, but also tells how imperfect it will be; and, pointing out the pleasures of true perception and good execution, she goes on to give much useful and clear information as to firing, colors, composition of palettes, and ends with a few general maxims about the character of decoration. Colors for china painting are now put up in tubes, mixed with a proper vehicle, and this saves much labor and uncertainty; but there are so many things to be looked after, in this industry, that the beginner will do well to profit by Miss McLaughlin's experience.

New English Books.

LONDON, Feb. 1.

THE leading book of the year, so far, is unquestionably, Mr. W. H. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," the first portion, two volumes, 8vo, embracing one-half of the work. It differs from the ordinary histories of the period in the grouping together of the various subjects allied by their mutual relations, rather than the narration of events in strict chronological order. As might be expected, the book exhibits careful research, strict impartiality, and much spirited writing; while many points, such as the history and condition of Ireland during the period of Protestant ascendancy and others, are brought out into unusual prominence. Still, Macaulay has in his various reviews and essays so made the period his own, and Horace Walpole's correspondence furnishes such a complete picture of the time, that much of Mr. Lecky's matter reads like an echo or reminiscence of what is found in these inimitable writers, and it is to be regretted that the historian of "The Spirit of Rationalism" has not employed his great power on a topic where more freshness and novelty could easily be attained. Another work of equal or superior research is continued, but not concluded: Professor David Masson's "Life of Milton," vol-

* China Painting, a Practical Manual for the use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain. By Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

umes 4 and 5. They bring down the narrative to the Restoration of Charles II, and the consequent withdrawal of Milton from the sphere of political life, to the quieter scenes where "Paradise Lost" was produced; one more volume is required for this final period. As Milton's life is professedly related in connection with the "Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of the Time," Professor Masson's book, while doing justice to his hero, is, in reality, an elaborate history of Puritanism and the Commonwealth; so that Milton himself is rather entombed than illustrated amid such a profusion of historic detail; but as a monument of faithful and conscientiously performed labor, and a complete thesaurus of all that relates to the subject and the period, the book must live and occupy a permanent place in English literature. The re-appearance of Miss Martineau's "History of the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-'46," in a convenient form, is a well-deserved compliment to that writer's best work. Recent and contemporary history is always the most difficult to acquire any notion of, and it is a branch of composition where Miss Martineau's finest qualities as a woman, and an author, found their most appropriate expression. As the complete picture of an epoch (from which all the later progress of the world may be dated), in its political, social, artistic, and literary relations, there is no book in the language that surpasses it.

Mr. Augustus Hare, who, as the most instructive and satisfactory of guides, has led so many readers through the historic cities of Italy, now performs the same graceful office for his native capital, and in his "Walks in London," two volumes, supplies a guide and manual for visitors who would investigate the rapidly disappearing relics of the past that yet reward the pilgrim to London. The recent destruction of the old landmark, Temple Bar, is only a specimen of the fate that awaits most similar memorials, so that Mr. Hare's book, as illustrated by his facile pencil, becomes every day of greater value, particularly to American visitors. For it is an undoubted fact that for one Englishman who steps aside for a moment from the rush of commerce to see the burial-place of Milton, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the haunt of Dr. Johnson, the old monastic gate-way of St. John's, Clerkenwell, or the tomb of Goldsmith in the Temple church-yard, twenty Americans may be encountered, drawn to the spot by remembrance of the illustrious dead. By a curious coincidence at the same time, the similar kind office has been performed for the Scottish capital in a book by Dr. Daniel Wilson,—"Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh," in two volumes, with drawings of the delightfully quaint towering edifices of the old town, accompanied by good store of the weird and ghostly relations that seem naturally appropriate to such surroundings.

The want of a standard work on an interesting subject is well supplied by "The Talmud: selected Extracts, chiefly Illustrating the Teachings of the Bible, with an Introduction, describing the General Character and Contents of that ancient Jewish Col-

lection of Writings," by Dr. Joseph Barclay, in one volume, octavo. It affords material for the understanding of the peculiarities of the social and mental life of the Jewish people at the time they were brought into contact with the teachings of Christianity, almost indispensable for the proper comprehension of the New Testament; and exemplifies fully the national exclusiveness that called down the severest denunciations and reproofs from the preachers of a less restricted system. An authorized edition of Dr. Arnold's "Sermons, mostly Preached in the Chapel of Rugby School," shows the enduring influence of the words of that noble-hearted man; they are revised and edited by his daughter, and include the well-known series on "Christian Life, its Course, Hindrances, Helps, Hopes, Fears, and its Close; On the Interpretation of Scripture," etc., complete in six convenient-sized volumes. As a sign of the course of thought of the times, a class of books may be mentioned, now meeting with a very large sale. They relate to the future destinies of the human race in its extra-mundane state, and include the sermons lately delivered in Westminster Abbey by Canon Farrar, now published under the title of "Eternal Hope;" "Life in Christ," by Rev. Edward White; "Savior Mundi; or, Is Christ the Savior of all Men?" by Rev. Samuel Cox, and others.

The remarkable book of Professor Piazzi Smyth, royal astronomer for Scotland, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," with its curious mixture of antiquarian, theological, and scientific lore, treats of a subject that possesses great attractions for an increasing number of serious thinkers. It had grown very scarce, and could hardly be procured until the issue of a new and enlarged edition lately from the press, wherein the writer reiterates his conclusions with many additional arguments and illustrations.

A portion of the great American continent, little heard of, except by a momentary notice, now and then, of some revolutionary crisis, forms the subject of a book of some consequence: "The Land of Bolivar; or, War, Peace, and Adventure in Venezuela," by J. M. Spence, two volumes, 8vo, with map and numerous illustrations. The author visited the country in connection with some mining operations, and his account adds very considerably to the existing stock of knowledge of the region. "Pioneering in South Brazil; Three Years of Forest and Prairie Life in the Province of Para," by Thomas Bigg-Wither, two volumes, post 8vo, may be classed with the former work. The two motives that generally take men to South America are the study of natural history, and the practice of civil engineering. Both Mr. Spence and Mr. Wither belong to the latter class, so that these books do not possess the peculiar charm that is found in those of the devotees of nature, such as Professor Wallace or "The Naturalist on the Amazon," H.W. Bates; but they have merits of their own, and do good service in drawing attention to a land of such immense capacities for commercial enterprise. A traveler of still another class appearing in a

capital book of adventure and daring deeds within our own borders, is Major J. S. Campion (First Brigade U. S. A.), whose "On the Frontier: Reminiscences of Wild Sports, Personal Adventures, and Strange Scenes," has proved one of the most amusing works of the kind that has been seen for many a day. The writer's experience covers a wide field,—nearly the whole, indeed, of the western border-

land of the United States beyond the Rocky Mountains, from the Missouri to the Colorado region and the Apache country; both as an independent hunter and trapper, and afterward as a United States officer, he seems to have proved the truth of the proverb that "adventures are to the adventurous," but, unlike all of that class, has lived to fight over again the battles of the past.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Phonograph.

THIS novel and remarkable instrument has quite passed the experimental stage and is now practically successful in every respect, and must be regarded as instrumental in opening a new field for scientific research and making one more application of science to industry. Its aim is to record and reproduce speech, to make a permanent record of vocal or other sonorous vibrations, and to re-create these vibrations in such a manner that the original vibrations may be again imparted to the air as sounds. The speaking phonograph is a natural outcome of the telephone, but, unlike any form of telephone, it is mechanical and not electrical in its action. The instrument is fully described in an article on the telephone and phonograph in this number of the magazine, and the reader is referred to the article for a clear conception of the apparatus. In using the phonograph it is found best to speak in a loud clear voice, and with distinct enunciation, that the vibrations may be sharply and deeply impressed on the foil. Attention must be also given to the movement of the handle, so that the passage of the foil under the stylus will be uniform and steady. As the speed of the apparatus decides the distance between each dent marked by the sonorous vibrations, it must also decide the pitch of the tone when the sounds are reproduced. A bass voice will give only half as many vibrations as a soprano voice, one octave higher, and print half as many marks on the foil in a given space. If, in turning the instrument swiftly, the speed at which these marks pass under the stylus is increased, then the pitch of the resulting tones will be raised and the bass voice may re-appear as a soprano, or in a high piping treble far above the pitch of any human voice. In a contrary manner, by turning the handle slowly, a soprano voice may re-appear as a very deep bass. This curious circumstance, in connection with the speech of the phonograph, will undoubtedly make it necessary to employ clock-work to move the apparatus in order that an absolutely uniform rate of speed, and, consequently, rate of vibration, may be preserved while the machine is in operation. The foil after having been impressed with the vibrations presents a regularly lined or scored appearance. But so minute are the indentations stamped in the groove that they can hardly be seen without a glass. The foil is

quite soft and is liable to injury, and it is proposed to make stereotype copies of the proper size to fit the cylinder of the phonograph. Such cylinders will be permanent and durable, and can be used many times over without injury, or can be duplicated by electrotyping. The tone of the phonograph is usually rather shrill and piping; but this defect will undoubtedly be corrected by improved instruments. It must be observed, that, marvelous as this instrument is, it is still quite new, and it is impossible to say to what degree of perfection it may yet be carried. It has already opened the door to an entirely new and untried field in the physics of sound. It is a new instrument in the hands of science wherewith to search out yet unknown laws in nature. Already it has suggested many valuable uses in trade, manufactures and social life, and it will be the aim of this department to report the progress of this, one of the most remarkable inventions of this century, and to show its applications to science and industry.

Improvement in Electric Gas-Lighting.

THE various appliances that are now so successfully employed in lighting gas-lamps in halls, theaters and in the streets, usually aim only to furnish the spark or hot wire that will fire the gas. The supply of gas must be turned on by hand or by some mechanical means, and thus a part of the work of gas-lighting must still be performed at a waste of time, labor and gas. To obviate this, and to save the gas thrown away after it is turned on and before it is lighted, a new system of electric gas-lighting has been brought out that turns on the gas and at the same time sets it on fire. The same apparatus will also shut off the gas and extinguish the light, and by attaching it to a clock, it can be made to light and put out the lamps automatically at any hour at which the clock may be set. The apparatus consists of a small electro-magnet designed to be placed on the gas-jet just above the gas-cock, and a vibrating armature and platinum wire for lighting the gas. The gas-cock is a two-way valve and having a small ratchet wheel in the place of the usual handle. This wheel is placed on one side of the gas-pipe, and the electro-magnet is put on the opposite side; between them is hung a rocking-bar supported on pivots on the pipe; at one end of

this bar is the armature of the magnet, and at the other end is a pawl playing in the ratchet-wheel; a spring is also added to give the bar a vibrating motion when the magnet is excited by the current from the line. When the circuit is made with the battery at the station, the rocking-bar vibrates and by means of the pawl turns the wheel part way round, and thus lets on the gas. The same current that sets the bar in motion also inflames the gas at the same instant. The gas being turned on, an eccentric on the side of the wheel breaks the circuit and the wheel stops, leaving the gas turned on. After all the lamps in the circuit have been lighted in turn, the circuit is broken and everything remains as it is till it is again closed. This second closing of the circuit produces the same effect on each apparatus in turn, but with the reverse effect in the lamp, for the wheel is pulled round by the vibrating bar, and the gas is shut off and the lamps extinguished. This same arrangement may be attached to single lamps in the house by omitting the electromagnet and substituting a small chain that may hang below the lamp. On pulling this chain by the hand the pawl plays in the ratchet-wheel and turns on the gas, and at the same time lifts the platinum wire into contact with the jet, and the resulting spark fires the gas. To shut off the gas the chain is pulled again, and in the same manner the wheel is carried part way round and the gas is shut off. This apparatus is designed for lighting street lamps by a cable laid just under the pavement, and from lamp to lamp. Circuits of 200 street lamps may be turned on and lighted, and turned off in a few seconds from a central office or the police station, either by hand or by means of clock-work. By a simple arrangement the same cable may also be exposed at each lamp-post so that the police on the beat may communicate by telephone with the station-house.

Improved Form of Sewer-Gas Trap.

THE usual S-shaped trap for arresting the backward flow of gas from sewers, has the disadvantage of being liable to siphonage. That is, it becomes emptied of its load of water, and leaves the pipe open to the free escape of dangerous gases. Such water-seals have also the objection that, even if the water keeps its place, it will absorb the gas and afterward emit it, and thus the gas practically finds its way through the trap. An improved form of trap that will not act as a siphon and discharge the water, and that will prevent the passage of the gas through the water, employs a deep cup-shaped trap having a loose globe-shaped valve. The pipe from the house descends half-way into this cup, and fits tightly into the cover of the trap. The outlet is placed at the side of the trap near the top. The end of the inlet pipe is cut off square, and below this is placed a hollow rubber ball. On letting the water run, the trap fills and the rubber ball rises by its buoyancy, and seating itself against the end of the inlet pipe, effectually closes the trap. The excess of water overflows into the sewer-pipe and a perfect water-seal is established. If more water enters, the

ball gives way before it and the water flows through the trap till the equilibrium is restored, when the ball again acts as a valve and closes the trap. It will be seen that there can be no escape of the gas by absorption through the water, because the water is not exposed to the air above the valve. Nor can the back pressure of the gas from the sewer drive the water out of the trap, as the greater the back pressure the tighter the valve is pressed up against its seat. This trap may be constructed of glass, so that it may be conveniently inspected without taking it apart. The great importance of this whole question of preventing the inflow of gas from sewers, makes this and all inventions of a like character worthy of careful attention.

Important Improvement in Locomotive Construction.

THE so-called "American" type of locomotive seems destined to become the universal pattern for construction in all parts of the world. The forward truck, that so perfectly adapts itself to the irregularities of the road, makes one of the chief features of the American engine, and it naturally retains its place in a new form of tank-engine that has been recently put into successful operation on one of the narrow-gauge roads of this country. In the common style of passenger locomotive, the forward end of the engine is carried on a truck that runs in advance, while the larger part of the weight is put on the driving-wheels to secure adhesion to the rails. The tender is detached and follows behind the engine. This leaves an opening between the engine and the tender that is constantly changing its width and making a shifting and troublesome platform for the men. The new type of locomotive departs radically from all this, turns the engine completely round, puts the leading truck just under the cab, dispenses with the tender, places the smoke-stack at the rear, and puts nearly the whole weight of the boiler and engine on the driving wheels. In appearance the locomotive moves backward, practically it does not, for it is a whole, and has one stiff frame and platform including engine and tender. The water-tanks and coal-boxes are placed in front, the cab comes behind these, and has large windows looking directly ahead over the water-tank. The boiler and engine are of the usual "tank-engine" shape, and extend backward behind the cab. The advantages found to result from this novel form of locomotive are in the increased adhesion obtained for the driving-wheels by placing nearly all the weight upon them, and the forward truck that guides the locomotive and carries the coal and water. The cab is in front and in the steadiest part of the locomotive, and gives a clear view ahead free from smoke and dust. The floor is also whole and unobstructed. An incidental advantage has also been found in the new position of the smoke-stack. In the usual form of engine, where the cab is behind the stack, there is a partial vacuum formed behind the cab as it moves through the air which tends to pull the smoke downward over the train. By placing the stack at the rear and next the cars, the smoke and

cinders are swept away from the engine. The cars slide under the smoke and it is swept away by the wind before it can fall on the cars and becloud the train. Another advantage is also found in the increased comfort of the cab in summer, as the heat from the boiler is swept away from the cab, while, in winter, the cab may be completely closed from the weather.

Novel Method of Showing the Movement of Subterranean Water.

STREAMS of water flowing either on the surface or underground sometimes pass so near each other that one may drain the other, and thus impair its value as a water-power or a source of supply. For this reason it is important to be able to trace the movement of waters that flow underground, and some recent experiments in this direction point out a simple and effective method of determining the path of subterranean streams. The two rivers that were made the subjects of experiment were the Danube and the Aach, the first rising in the Black Forest and flowing easterly; and the second, starting from a powerful spring situated about fourteen and a half kilometers (nine miles) from the Danube, and flowing in a southerly direction into Lake Constance, whence its waters find their way to the Rhine. The bed of the Danube, opposite the head of the Aach, is a friable limestone, much split up and displaced, so that the water finds numerous cracks and fissures through which it escapes underground. In dry seasons, this sinking of the stream causes so great a waste of the water that the mill privileges

become nearly valueless. The proprietors, therefore, attempted to check the waste by stopping up the cracks in the bed of the river. This was opposed by the mill-owners on the Aach, who claimed that the waste of the Danube fed the Aach and that the wastage could not be stopped without damage to the water-power of the latter stream. It thus became necessary to find out if the water really passed from one river to the other. The first experiment to test the matter consisted in placing 11,000 kilogrammes of salt in a hole in the bed of the Danube. The water flowing from the spring that supplied the Aach was then examined for salt every hour for several days, and traces of salt were readily obtained. The second and more important experiment depended on the remarkable coloring properties of flourescine. One part of this substance in twenty thousand parts of water is sufficient to be visible, and forty-five liters (about fifteen gallons) of a solution of flourescine were placed in one of the openings in the bed of the river. In about sixty hours the spring that feeds the Aach showed a decided green, and this coloring from the flourescine gradually increased to an intense color that exhibited light green and yellow reflections in the sunlight. The coloring of the water continued for twenty-four hours and then gradually faded away. These experiments definitely proved the filtration of the water of one river into the other, and they may show a ready method of tracing the movement of underground streams wherever disputes arise concerning the contamination or waste of valuable water supplies.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Biddy McGinnis at the Photographer's.*

ARRAH! hould yer whist now, Whinny, til I'm afther tellin' ye' all about gettin' me good-lookin' pictur' tuk. Sure, an' ye see, I got a famous letther from home, axin me viry purticular from me father, an' mother, me frinds an' relashuns, me ansisters, an me gransisters,—iv I was thrivin' bravely? An' how Ameriky was agreein' wid me? Yis, an iv the blush av me cheek was as rid, an' as warrum, as whin I lift the ould dart? Aye, troth, an' iv the clothes av the counthry wur becomin' to me? An' be the same token, it minton'd that all that wus livin' wur injoyin good health, plase God. An' that Judy Mulligan had sint home her pictur'; an' that all the b'ys in our parts wur nearly mad over it; 'twas so, grand-lookin'; an', be dad, sure they must hav' bin quare things, that wan had on the back av hur, to draw a remark from any b'y in the whole parish, whin I was there, or afore she lift home hersilf. Och, but she was th' ugly drab thin, wid her

carrotty head an' her turnip nose. How well, she niver minton'd she was goin' to hav' her pictur' drawn to sind home, d'ye mind! Och, the devil skure the shly ould fox! She thought she'd intice th' whole town av Mullingar quite unbeknownst to me,—d'ye mind that? Bad cess to her! Arrah, d'ye think now, Whinny, that I'd let that wan bate or outdo me in anything? No, thin, be the powers I wuddent, unless it was quite unbeknownst to me, indade.

Says I to mysel'—"Och, glory be till the whole wurreld, sure 'tis you, Miss Biddy McGinnis, cud be sindin' home the pictur', that cud turn the b'ys' heads, an' that wud be worth lookin' at."

Sure, be the same token, there was me illigant new frock; and be the powers, 'twas med up beauti-ful, just aqual to the greatest lady's in the land; wid side plaitin's, an' rufflin's on the tail av it. Yis, an' a luvly top skirt, an' it tuckad back that snug now, that faix whin I do be plantin' mesel on me sate in the kars—it does be burstin' on me a thriffe wid the tightness av it. Och musha, an iv ye cud only see me missus onst, cockin' her two eyes at me,

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an' she watchin' me from the winday, whin I'm goin' out av a Sunday. Indade I think the crature's jealous av me dacent looks. For, be gorra, whin 'tis hersilf that's tightened an pulled back, she's that thin now, ye'd think it was three slats out av the bedstid that was tied flat thegether an was approachin' ye, drissed. 'Tis the truth I'm tellin' ye—av coorse it is. But the consait av the poor thing, now. Troth it bates Bannagher, an' Bannagher bates the whole world, ye know.

Well, sure 'twas av a Tchoosday mornin' whin me letter kem, an' me day out as ye know is Friday,—an' havin' me mind so med up on havin' me pictur tuk, how in the wide world cud I wait or contint mesel, so long before I cud git out! For, heath, 'tis herself that's sometimes very crass entirely. Now what'll I do? Wurra, wurra, what'll I do? "Be dad," says I to mesel, afther reflectin a minit or so, "whist, jewil, I hav' it."

Sure wan day ud be as good for the ironin', as another? 'The divil a tack av the clothes will I be afther ironin' this blissed day. D'ye mind that! So, puttin' a mild and considerin' face on me, wid a slight touch av grief in it, I mounted up to the back parlor, where hersilf was sated before the fire, wid her book in her hand an' her two feet cocked up on the fender, just as comfortable as ye plaze.

"Well, Biddy, what's the matthur now? What's wantin'?" says she, lookin' quite dishturbed like.

"Nothin's wantin', mum," says I, considerate like, "an' the matthur is, that I'll hav' to be goin' out th' day, an' I lave me ironin' til the morrow, an' ye'll hav' to be seein' to the dinner yersilf, mum."

"Is it go out th' day? An' lave yer ironin' standin'? Yer out av yer head. Ye must be jist crazy to think av sich a thing, and I 'ont allow it," says she, wid the eyes av her stretched that way at me, an' a dark look on the face av her. "Yer a most un-ra-i-s-o-n-a-b-l-e gurril," says she (rowlin' the words at that way), "to ax sich a thing, is what I think."

"Well, mum, thin ye's may jist think what ye's like," says I, "an' yer the first lady, what purtinds to be a lady, that wud refuse to let a dacent gurril go to the buryin' av her furst cousin's child when she axis it; an' it's yersilf, I'm thinkin' that's out o' yer head." An' I spoke shiff. Ye see avick, I cud tell be the looks she gev me that the blood av her was risin'. An' I had to think av somethin' that wud mollify her like.

"Give none av yer impidence," says she; "an' as for the child, 'twill do it no good, but my clothes much harrum; so ye'd better go down to yer kitchen, and attind to yer work; for I'll not put up with ony sich unreasonnable conduct," says she. Och, an' the looks av dark night an' black t'under on her!

"Thin, ye can find some wan to plaze ye better," says I. "I've shtopt longer wid ye than ary a gurril ye iver had, an' served ye better; an' iv I hadn't the greatest raison, an' patience, an' interrist in me place, an' yer work, it's not slavin' over yer tubs, an' yer dirty clothes, I'd hav' bin til' after night-fall yesterday, but aff to the wake av th' poor craytur, —yis, an' injoyin' mesel wid me frinds an' ac-

quaintance. Sure, goin' to a funeril now an' thin is all the bit av divirshun a poor gurril like me gits, ony way. But that's all the thanks a gurril gits from a lady like yersilf, for all the interrist wan takes. Some ladies nivr are satisfied. Bad min-tion to their mane opportoonities!"

Sorra word kem out av her afther that; but the two eyes av her stare-in, an' her brews strich'd like a cat, d'ye mind?

D'ye think now, Whinny Murphy, that I'd allow ony missus to interfere wid me bit av pleasure, or shothp me goin' out, wid her crabbed looks, or her impedint palaver aithur? No, thin, I wuddent. Indade, be all the powers av war, I wud not. So I jist left her gazin' at me, and I gev the doore that bang afther me, the way she'd know I wasn't plased wid her, an' taich her better manners the nixt time I wanted to git out.

Now, I 'ont deny it, Whinny, she med me that angry I cud hav' done onything to her, I was that dishplased wid her; an' tho' I wint down the stairs, singin' as loud as I cud roar, troth, I was jist mad enough to choke her,—so I was.

There's wan thing I've found out,—iv I hav'n't bin in the counthry so long itsilf,—an' that is, not to take no kind av black looks nor sass from no lady. Be all the saints, but I'd giv' thim warnin' an' lave, before I'd put up wid thim an instint. An' ye mind, they can't get along widout us; for the bulk av the misthresses in this counthry are very wakely, whin they have to face the work thimsilves.

An' ye that's longer wid thim knows well the dirty mane ways that some av thim hav',—yis, an' thim too that calls thimsilves great, lady's,—comin' inter yer kitchen, an' shnoopin' roun' yer closets. Yes, faix, an' thay do be cockin' their ear at the listhnin' hole in the wall above,—aye to be catchin' at ivery word ye's wud be sayin', whin ye'd hav' compiny cummin' for a bit av a while. An' for fear ye'd be dallyin' yer time, they like to be blowin' the little whistle jist to kape ye travelin' up an' down, busy wid nothin' at all. Divil a bit av the grocery b'y, or the butcher's, cud come in to me but ye'd hear hersilf tearin' hotfut to the listnin' thube. It's a spout I do be callin' it ginerally. Troth, an' indade, 'tis many a bit av discorse an' plisinty she did be hearin' betune oursilves, quite unbekownst to me. But, be gorry! now I'm up wid the tricks av her, for I jist sthuff it well wid a rag or a bit av papur before I let wan av thim in. D'ye mind that?

Well, as I was afther tellin' ye, whin down I wint to me kitchen, an' I jist slashed an' banged an' hurried wid things as fast as iver I cud. An' I crammed all the clanc clothes intil the basket, barrin' wan illigant new petticoat av her own that I jist thought I'd iron an' take a turn out av mesel that day. So I clapped on the irons, put an extra ring av starch intil it, an' whin I had it done up, och, 'twud hav' delighted yer two eyes to have be'n lookin' at it. Troth, 'twas that stiff, it cud stand its lone.

An' dear gracious knows 'tis jist little enough for wan to take a turn onct in a while out av their things wid all the toilin' an slavin' an flutin' wan has to be

doin' ivery wake for thim. Yis, an' thim to be sthrealin' the streets through the clabbur and mud wid them, the clatty things.

Now it was my intin'ion in the beginnin' te clane the chickuns, payl the praties, and termatersis, an' lay the table for her before I wint out. But sorra bit av thim wud I touch now. Let her git the dinder the way she likes best, says I to mesel, an' take that for her impidence. Iv she had spoken nice an' dacint an' rispictful, as a lady shud, I was intindin' as I ould ye.

Och, musha, musha, Whinny, dear! Iv ye cud hav' seen me goin' out that day, an' the head av me, curled an' chrisped that tight now, ye'd have takin it for a naygur's barrin' the complexion av it. Och, an' the way that I had it fix'd. Troth, then the missus, wid all her taste an' the frizzies she does be pinnin' on, cuddenould a candle til it,—'twas that, luvly now. But ye cudent make her blave that.

Well, allanna, dear, away I wint down the street wid me frock hiked up on the wan side av me, the way she does be doin' it,—och, nearly up to me knees, an' the tail av it in me hand, an' I niver made a sthoph until I kem to the likeness shop. An' after inquirin' a bit, I spel'd up three flights av quare, durty little stairs. An' I walked strel intil the doore av the room at the top av thim. An' there sthoo'd a fine big man wid-in as smilin' as the flowers av May, resaivin' the ladies that kem in as grashus now as a king.

"What kin I be afther doin' for ye, miss?" says he to mesel as p'lte as ye plaze, an' a grate smile in the eye av him. "I know," says he, "'tis yer pictur ye want takin'; and mebbe it's home ye'd want to be sindin' it to yer fellay there in ould Ireland, or some other furrin counthry," says he, spakin' och, viry rispictful, but wid a knowin' wink at the same time, d'ye mind?

"Be gorra, sur," says I, "but it's good ye are at the guessin', for be me sowl an' troth that's jist what I cum for," spakin' frindly to him, for he had that civil, mild, enticin' way wid him. "An' iv ye can make a purty wan av me, I'd like to git one drawn immai-jately," says I.

"A purty one?" says he, lookin' quite sharp at the head av me, an' castin' his eye ovir the driss av me. "Indade 'tis a luvly pictur ye'll make, miss, an' 'tis proud I am that 'tis to our place ye come to git it tuk, for there's no better in the land av Ameriky," says he, wid a fine tass av his head, d'ye mind? "Ye'll pay for it furst," says he, "an' thin take off yer bonnit, and go intil the room beyant there an' the man inside will attind to ye."

Av coarse I did jist what he bid me, an' he passed me in wid a flourish av his hand, an' wid as much condesinshun now as a lord, an' the doore wide opin before him.

Well, Whinny, agra, the divil a sich a smill I iver smilt at home or abroad as was in that room wid some haythen potacary sthuff.

"Ye'll take a pictur av this young lady," says himself to an ouldish-lookin' chap that was standin' up wid-in. An' he, the crayture, that starved-lookin' an' pale as iv he was expictin'—

"Cum this way," says the ould man, an' he plantid me down in a cushi'ned chair forninst a bit av a box histid up on three legs an' wid two eye-holes in the frunt av it.

An' after pushin' it an' straightin' it to his mind, back he cums an' tuk me be me two showlders an' twishted me round on the chair, an' thin, wid me face betune his ugly-smel'in', clatty hands, an' thin, och, the color av a naygur's, he gev me head a twisht, an' howldin' it in wan hand, he clapped a grapplin'-iron til the back av me, an' fell to the shcrewin' av it wid the other hand, d'ye mind?

"What in the name av goodness are yes doin' that for?" says I, for be all that's good an' bad I was gettin' afear'd av the ould skiliton. "What are ye doin' to me at all at all?" says I, quite shcared-like.

"Och, be aisy, be aisy," says he, "an' kape sthilla the way I'll fix ye, for I don't want the whole av yer face to appear in the pictur'," l'avin' go his clutch av me at the same time, an' afore I cud hindur or prevint him, didn't he dust a lock av flour ovir me head, an' jewkin' down in front av me, admirin'-like at the same time. "Now don't move," says he, "kape viry sthilla til' I cum back," an' away he wint intil a little dark room beyant.

Now, it wint through me like a flash av lightin' that they were rogues, the pair av thim, an' that they wur goin' to chate me,—the one fellay outside wid me money safe widin his trowsers, an' this ould pick'd-lookin' divil shrivin' to pa'm aff the half av me face on mesilf for the whole av it, d'ye mind? "Yez may take me for a granehorn," says I to mesil, "but the divil skure me iv I don't git satisfacsun or me money out av yes, me fine laddie bucks. Yis, aven iv I hav' to take in the purlice to the both av yes." Howly faythers! may I niver brathe another breath, an' ye'll blave me, the anxiety I was sufferin' under was terribbil—it was.

Be dad! he was no sooner in that little room but I was out av that sate, an' me roun' to the back av the little box to satisfy mesel, that he had no murthrus waypins consailed widin it ready to fire at me may be in an unguardid minute.

But, divil a haporth cud I see, for a black cloth he had hung ovir the frunt av it, an' jist as I was puttin' me hand ovir to raich the ould rag, may all the saints in hivin purserve me, but there stude the ould bag iv bones at the side av me; and, an' he wid me hand grab'd. Och, may I niver stir but I was all av a violint thrimble—I was.

"What are ye doin' here?" says he. "What tuk ye out av there?" says he. "Didn't I till ye to kape sthilla, an' not stur?" says he, och, lookin' wild at me.

"I'm not takin' anything, sur," says I, when I cud command mesel a thrife, an' the heart av me givin' ivery lape widin me throat, be the token.

"Sure, sir, I was shrivin' to look through the little windies at mesel beyant there," says I, still kapin' my eye viry jubius-like on the little box, d'ye mind?

"Well, yez needn't git so frightened," says he, seen' the state I was in. "There's no great harrum

done, an' ye needn't be lookin' that way at the instrument," says he, "for there's no wild baste in there that'll jump out an' devour ye. An' to quiet ye, I'll let ye look an' ye'll see how yer pictur's tuk,"—sez he,—an' wid that he pull'd away the cloth. "Now," says he, "look in—an' ye'll see yersilf."

"Och! sure that's not me, at all, at all, that I'm lookin' at down beyant there," says I.

"Tut, tut," says he, "av coorse it's not ye, but me. Amn't I sthrivin to show ye the way ye will look whin yer here," says he. "That's the way ye'll look."

"Are ye sure av it?" says I.

"I am," says he.

"That I'll look that way?" says I.

"Exactly. The identicle way," says he.

"Thin mailie, murther! mailie, murther! let me out av here," says I, gaspin' like. For iv you'll b'lave me, there he was, stan'in' forninst me, as plain as ye plaze; wid his heels in the air, an' his head on the floore.

"Och, giv' me me money, an' let out av here this minit," says I, "ye murtherin' ould thafe av a blaguard ye. Be gorra, I niver stud on me hed for any man yit, dead or alive,—an' dacint gurril that I am. I'll see ye, an' yer breed, to Ballamacue, aye, or the devil, afore I'd turn heels up to the likes av yez, ye ugly, ould, pick'd crow, ye; ye old villain av a spalpeen, ye!"

"What's the row? what's the row?" says the big man, comin' in out av the other roome.

"Row, thin, enough," says I. "That ould blaguard av a starved crow, there beyant, was goin' to git me down there, an' whin he'd got the grappers tight on the back av me lugs, he was goin' to stand me on the tap av me hed, an' may be murther me entirely. Yez tuk me for a granehorn, did yez?" says I; "well, I'm not so grane as ye think now, may be, an' iv ye don't giv' me money, an' let me out av here, I'll hav' yez both up afore the coort for a pair av thavin' blaguards, that ye are."

Och, thunder an' turf, Whinny. Iv you'll b'lave me, an' may I niver stir, but it's the truth, I'm tellin'. What wur thim two villians doin', but laughin' an' roarin' at me, yis, that hearty now, that y'u'd think the virry sides av thim wud split open. Aye, troth, an' me that ragin', I cud hav' torn ivery hair out av their heads, iv I cud hav' clutched thim wid me two hands. Oh, Lord forgive me! They just curdled the blood av me with the rage, they did. An' whin the outside wan—yis—the wan that had me hard earnin' in his pockit—cud control himsilf from burstin' wid the laughin', says he, lookin' viry sawdherin' like, "Och, bless ye! bless ye! Ye didn't understand him, Miss. Sure, it's not ye at all, at all; but your pictur'

that'll be reversed in the takin'," says he; "an' it's yersilf will be sittin' quite quiet—in yer chair—like a quane upon her throne. Come now," says he, "an' I'll fix ye, mesilf." At the same time, takin' me by me hand and ladin' me back to the sate I was in afore,—yis, an' twhistin' me the viry idintical way, the ould scare-crow did. Aye, faix! an' grapped the ould screwin' iron on me, too, just the same now as the ould rashkill did.

"Now, ye'll sit quiet,—an' look at that sthick, at the corner av the box,—an' don't move whilst I'm countin'," says he. At the same time puttin' somethin' that ould picky-bones had gev him intil the frunt av the little box. "Now mind," says he, "don't stur," an' wid that he turn'd his back an' begun to count for his life. For I cud see plain enough, that the laugh wasn't out av him yit. Och, lave me alone, but I knew enough to not let thim bate me out av anythin' this time, d'ye mind? So I jist planted mesilf stret round an' cock'd me two eyes, stret in the frunt av me. An' troth, I had quite enough to kape me employed watchin' the little sthick, and the box, and his own back, d'ye mind? "That'll do for the prisint," says he, "but remain where ye are, for I may hav' to take you ovir ag'in." An' wid that he handed a bit av a slate to ould skinny-bags, an' he whip'd wid it intil his little din. Purty soon he kem out, an' the two wur talkin' thegether like a couple av pirates, dishputin' betune thimsilves. So, whin thay had sittled it, himsilf walks up to me, an' says he, "I hav' the picture av you now, only," says he, "it has far more than belongs to ye, but I'll show it to ye to convince ye, that we wur not chatin' ye out av yer eyes, ony-way." An', Whinny,—och, Whinny, acushla! Iv there wasn't mesilf wid four eyes an' two mouths in the face av me. All other ways, as natural as life, top skirt an' all.

"I'm not willin' to giv' ye so much for the price," says he, "an' iv ye'll just look at a luvly little burd that I'll hould in my hand intil I count thurty, I'll jist take two av yer eyes out an' clap thim intil me pockit to remimber ye by, and yer mouth an' yer voice. 'Deed, I'll niver forgit, as long as I live," sez he.

So wid that the ould fairy gev him the slate back agin, an' he clapped it intil the box,—fixed me ovir, avick; held up his little burd for me to look at, an' be jabbers! he niver tuk his two eyes off me face, this time, an' him countin' as solimn now as an ould judge, readin' the dith sintince; an' whin they got through, this was what they brung to me; an' iv ye don't say it's as good a lookin' gurril as iver left the county Connaught—heath, I'm sure my mother will, whin she sees it. Och, look it there! Isn't it the dazzler?

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